



THE  
SPECTATOR;

WITH NOTES  
AND  
A GENERAL INDEX.

THE  
EIGHT VOLUMES,  
COMPRISED IN ONE.



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G Corbould S

These are my companions.  
Page XV.

LONDON:

Printed for SHARPE and MALES, Piccadilly;  
TAYLOR and HESSEY, Fleet Street; CRADOCK and JOY,  
Paternoster Row; and J. M. RICHARDSON, Cornhill.

1811.





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1811.



TO THE  
RIGHT HONOURABLE JOHN LORD SOMERS,

BARON OF EVESHAM \*.

MY LORD,

I SHOULD not act the part of an impartial Spectator, if I dedicated the following papers to one who is not of the most consummate and most acknowledged merit.

None but a person of a finished character can be a proper patron of a work which endeavours to cultivate and polish human life, by promoting virtue and knowledge, and by recommending whatsoever may be either useful or ornamental to society.

I know that the homage I now pay you, is offering a kind of violence to one who is as solicitous to shun applause, as he is assiduous to deserve it. But, my lord, this is perhaps the only particular in which your prudence will be always disappointed.

While justice, candour, equanimity, a zeal for the good of your country, and the most persuasive eloquence in bringing over others to it, are valuable distinctions; you are not to expect that the public will so far comply with your inclinations, as to forbear celebrating such extraordinary qualities. It is in vain that you have endeavoured to conceal your share of merit in the many national

services which you have effected. Do what you will, the present age will be talking of your virtues, though posterity alone will do them justice.

Other men pass through oppositions and contending interests in the ways of ambition; but your great abilities have been invited to power, and impertuned to accept of advancement. Nor is it strange that this should happen to your lordship, who could bring into the service of your sovereign the arts and policies of ancient Greece and Rome; as well as the most exact knowledge of our own constitution in particular, and of the interests of Europe in general; to which I must also add, a certain dignity in yourself, that (to say the least of it) has been always equal to those great honours which have been conferred upon you.

It is very well known how much the church owed to you, in the most dangerous day it ever saw, that of the arraignment of its prelates †; and how far the civil power, in the late and present reign, has been indebted to your counsels and wisdom.

But to enumerate the great advantages which the public has received from your administration,

\* This illustrious patriot, who has been justly said to have 'dispensed blessings by his life, and planned them for posterity,' was born at Worcester, 1652. He was educated at Oxford, and afterwards entered himself of the Middle Temple, where he studied the law with great vigour, judiciously blending it with polite literature. He soon distinguished himself at the bar; and in 1681 had a considerable share in a piece intitled, '*A just and modest Vindication of the two last Parliaments.*' In 1688 he was of counsel for the seven bishops at their trial, and argued with great learning and eloquence against the *dispensing power*. In the convention which met by the Prince of Orange's summons, Jan. 22, 1688-9, he represented Worcester; and was one of the managers for the house of commons, at a conference with the house of lords, upon the word *abdicated*. Soon after the accession of King William and Queen Mary to the throne, he was appointed solicitor-general, and received the honour of knighthood. In 1692 he was made attorney-general, and in 1693 advanced to the post of lord keeper of the great seal of England. In 1695 he proposed an expedient to prevent the practice of clipping the coin; and the same year was constituted one of the lords justices of England during his majesty's absence, as he was likewise in the two following years. In 1697 he was created Lord Somers, Baron of Evesham, and made

lord high chancellor of England. In the beginning of 1700 he was removed from his post of lord chancellor; and the year after was impeached of high crimes and misdemeanors by the house of commons, of which he was acquitted upon trial by the house of lords. He then retired to a studious course of life, and was chosen president of the Royal Society. In 1706 he proposed a bill for the regulation of the law; and the same year was one of the principal managers for the union between England and Scotland. In 1708 he was made lord president of the council, from which post he was removed in 1710, upon the change of the ministry. In the latter end of Queen Anne's reign, his lordship grew very infirm in his health; which indisposition is supposed to have been the reason that he held no other post than a seat at the council table after the accession of King George I. He died of an apoplectic fit, April 26, 1716. Lord Somers, besides being a most incorrupt lawyer, and honest statesman, was a master-orator, a genius of the finest taste, a great patron of men of parts and learning, and was the person who redeemed Milton's '*Paradise Lost*' from that obscurity in which party-prejudice and hatred had suffered it long to lie neglected. He wrote several pieces on the subject of politics, and translated certain parts of Plutarch and Ovid.

† Trial of the seven bishops, June 30, 1689.

would be a more proper work for an history, than for an address of this nature.

Your lordship appears as great in your private life, as in the most important offices which you have borne. I would, therefore, rather chosse to speak of the pleasure you afford all who are admitted to your conversation, of your elegant taste in all the polite arts of learning, of your great humanity and complacency of manners, and of the surprising influence which is peculiar to you, in making every one who converses with your lordship prefer you to

himself, without thinking the less <sup>meanly</sup> of his own talents. But if I should take notice of all that might be observed in your lordship, I should have nothing new to say upon any other character of distinction. I am, MY LORD,

Your lordship's most devoted,

Most obedient humble servant,

THE SPECTATOR.

\* This must certainly be an error; and for fear we should read more.

# THE SPECTATOR.

VOL. I.

Nº 1. THURSDAY, MARCH 1, 1710-11.

*Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem  
Cogitat, ut speciosa dehinc miracula promat:*  
HOR. Ars. Poet. ver. 143.

One with a flash begins, and ends in smoke;  
Another out of smoke brings glorious light,  
And (without raising expectation high)  
Surprises us with dazzling miracles.  
ROSCOMMON.

I HAVE observed, that a reader seldom peruses a book with pleasure, till he knows whether the writer of it be a black or a fair man, of a mild or choleric disposition, married or a bachelor, with other particulars of the like nature, that conduce very much to the right understanding of an author. To gratify this curiosity, which is so natural to a reader, I design this paper and my next as prefatory discourses to my following writings, and shall give some account in them of the several persons that are engaged in this work. As the chief trouble of compiling, digesting, and correcting, will fall to my share, I must do myself the justice to open the work with my own history.

I was born to a small hereditary estate, which, according to the tradition of the village where it lies, was bounded by the same hedges and ditches in William the Conqueror's time that it is at present, and has been delivered down from father to son, whole and entire, without the loss or acquisition of a single field or meadow, during the space of six hundred years. There runs a story in the family, that when my mother was gone with child of me about three months, she dreamt that she was brought to bed of a judge. Whether this might proceed from a law-suit which was then depending in the family, or my father's being a justice of the peace, I cannot determine; for I am not so vain as to think it presaged any dignity that I should arrive at in my future life, though that was the interpretation which the neighbourhood put upon it. The gravity of my behaviour at any very first appearance in the world, and at the time that I suckled, seemed to favour my mother's dream: for, as she has often told me, I threw away my rattle before I was two months old, and would not make use of my coral until they had taken away the bells from it.

As for the rest of my infancy, there being nothing in it remarkable, I shall pass it over in silence. I find that, during my nonage, I had the reputation of a very sullen youth, but was always a favourite of my schoolmaster, who used to say, 'that my parts were solid, and would wear well.' I had not been long at the university before I distinguished myself by a most profound silence; for, during the space of eight years, excepting in the public exercises of the college, I scarce uttered the quantity of a hundred words; and indeed do not remember that I ever spoke three sentences together in my whole life. Whilst I was in this learned body, I applied myself with so much diligence to my studies, that there are very few celebrated

books, either in the learned or the modern tongues which I am not acquainted with.

Upon the death of my father I was resolved to travel into foreign countries, and therefore left the university, with the character of an odd unaccountable fellow, that had a great deal of learning, if I would but show it. An insatiable thirst after knowledge carried me into all the countries of Europe, in which there was any thing new or strange to be seen; nay, to such a degree was my curiosity raised, that, having read the controversies of some great men concerning the antiquities of Egypt, I made a voyage to Grand Cairo, on purpose to take the measure of a pyramid; and, as soon as I had set myself right in that particular, returned to my native country with great satisfaction\*.

I have passed my latter years in this city, where I am frequently seen in most public places, though there are not above half a dozen of my select friends that know me; of whom my next paper shall give a more particular account. There is no place of general resort wherein I do not often make my appearance; sometimes I am seen thrusting my head into a round of politicians at Will's, and listening with great attention to the narratives that are made in those little circular audiences; sometimes I smoke a pipe at Child's†, and, while I seem attentive to nothing but the Post man, overhear the conversation of every table in the room. I appear on Sunday night at St. James's coffee-house, and sometimes join the little committee of politics in the inner room, as one who comes there to hear and improve. My face is likewise very well known at the Grecian, the Cocoa-tree, and in the theatres both of Drury Lane and the Haymarket. I have been taken for a merchant upon the Exchange for above these ten years, and sometimes pass for a Jew in the assembly of stock-jobbers at Jonathan's‡. In short, wherever I see a cluster of people, I always mix with them, though I never open my lips but in my own club.

Thus I live in the world rather as a Spectator of mankind than as one of the species; by which means I have made myself a speculative statesman, soldier, merchant, and artizan, without ever meddling with any practical part in life. I am very well versed in the theory of a husband or a father, and can discern the errors in the economy, business, and diversion of others, better than those who are engaged in them; as standers-by discover blots, which are apt to escape those who are in the game. I never espoused any party with violence, and am resolved to observe an exact neutrality between the whigs and tories, unless I shall be forced to declare myself by the hostilities of either side. In short, I have acted in all the parts of my life as a looker-on, which is the character I intend to preserve in this paper.

\* An allusion, no doubt, to Mr. John Greaves, a mathematician and antiquary, who, after visiting Egypt, published a book entitled 'Pyramidographia.'

† This coffee-house, in St. Paul's Church-yard, was the resort of the clergy.

‡ In Change Alley.



the lump. He is studying the passions themselves when he should be inquiring into the debates among men which arise from them. He knows the argument of each of the orations of Demosthenes and Tully, but not one case in the reports of our own courts. No one ever took him for a fool; but none, except his intimate friends, know he has a great deal of wit. This turn makes him at once both disinterested and agreeable. As few of his thoughts are drawn from business, they are most of them fit for conversation. His taste of books is a little too just for the age he lives in; he has read all, but approves of very few. His familiarity with the customs, manners, actions, and writings of the ancients, makes him a very delicate observer of what occurs to him in the present world. He is an excellent critic, and the time of the play is his hour of business; exactly at five he passes through New-Inn, crosses through Russel-court, and takes a turn at Will's till the play begins; he has his shoes rubbed and his periwig powdered at the barber's as you go into the Rose\*. It is for the good of the audience when he is at a play, for the actors have an ambition to please him.

The person of next consideration is Sir Andrew Freeport†, a merchant of great eminence in the city of London: a person of indefatigable industry, strong reason, and great experience. His notions of trade are noble and generous, and (as every rich man has usually some sly way of jesting, which would make no great figure were he not a rich man) he calls the sea the British Common. He is acquainted with commerce in all its parts, and will tell you that it is a stupid and barbarous way to extend dominion by arms; for true power is to be got by arts and industry. He will often argue, that if this part of our trade were well cultivated, we should gain from one nation; and if another, from another. I have heard him prove, that diligence makes more lasting acquisitions than valour, and that sloth has ruined more nations than the sword. He abounds in several frugal maxims, amongst which the greatest favourite is, 'A penny saved is a penny got.' A general trader, of good sense, is pleasanter company than a general scholar; and Sir Andrew having a natural unaffected eloquence, the perspicuity of his discourse gives the same pleasure that wit would in another man. He has made his fortune himself; and says, that England may be richer than other kingdoms, by as plain methods as he himself is richer than other men; though at the same time I can say this of him, that there is not a point in the compass, but blows home a ship in which he is an owner.

Next to Sir Andrew in the club-room sits Captain Sentry‡; a gentleman of great courage, good understanding, but invincible modesty. He is one of those that deserve very well, but are very awkward at putting their talents within the observation of such as should take notice of them. He was some years a captain, and behaved himself with great gallantry in several engagements, and several sieges; but having a small estate of his own, and being next heir to Sir Roger, he has quitted a

way of life in which no man can rise suitably to his merit, who is not something of a courtier, as well as a soldier. I have heard him often lament, that in a profession where merit is placed in so conspicuous a view, impudence should get the better of modesty. When he has talked to this purpose, I never heard him make a sour expression, but frankly confess that he left the world, because he was not fit for it. A strict honesty and an even regular behaviour, are in themselves obstacles to him that must press through crowds, who endeavour at the same end with himself, the favour of a commander. He will however, in his way of talk, excuse generals, for not disposing according to men's desert, or inquiring into it; for, says he, that great man who has a mind to help me, has as many to break through to come at me, as I have to come at him; therefore he will conclude, that the man who would make a figure, especially in a military way, must get over all false modesty, and assist his patron against the importunity of other pretenders, by a proper assurance in his own vindication. He says it is a civil cowardice to be backward in asserting what you ought to expect, as it is a military fear to be slow in attacking when it is your duty. With this candour does the gentleman speak of himself and others. The same frankness runs through all his conversation. The military part of his life has furnished him with many adventures, in the relation of which he is very agreeable to the company; for he is never overbearing, though accustomed to command men in the utmost degree below him; nor ever too obsequious, from an habit of obeying men highly above him.

But that our society may not appear a set of humprists, unacquainted with the gallantries and pleasures of the age, we have among us the gallant Will Honeycomb\*, a gentleman who, according to his years, should be in the decline of his life; but having ever been very careful of his person, and always had a very easy fortune, time has made but very little impression, either by wrinkles on his forehead, or traces in his brain. His person is well turned, and of a good height. He is very ready at that sort of discourse with which men usually entertain women. He has all his life dressed very well, and remembers habits as others do men. He can smile when one speaks to him, and laughs easily. He knows the history of every mode, and can inform you from which of the French king's wenches our wives and daughters had this manner of curling their hair, that way of placing their hoods; whose frailty was covered by such a sort of petticoat, and whose vanity to show her foot made that part of the dress so short in such a year. In a word, all his conversation and knowledge has been in the female world. As other men of his age will take notice to you what such a minister said upon such and such an occasion, he will tell you, when the Duke of Monmouth danced at court, such a woman was then smitten, another was taken with him at the head of his troops in the Park. In all these important relations, he has ever about the same time received a kind glance, or a blow of a fan, from some celebrated beauty, mother of the present Lord Such-a-one. If you speak of a young commoner that said a lively thing in the house, he starts up, 'He has good blood in his veins, Tom Mirabel begot him, the rogue cheated me in that affair, that young fellow's mother used

\* On the outside of Temple-Bar.

† It has been conjectured, and not without an appearance of probability, that this character was sketched from Mr. H. Martin, a gentleman acknowledged by Steele (No 555) to have assisted in the Spectator; and known to have been principally concerned in 'The British Merchant,' 3 vols. 8vo. 1721.

‡ Supposed to have been Captain Kempenfelt, a native of Sweden, and father of the rear-admiral of that name, who lost his life in the Royal George of 100 guns, which sunk at Spithead, Aug. 29, 1782.

\* A Colonel Cleland is the one alluded to under this character.





and earth, in the Rehearsal, that danced together for no other end but to eclipse one another.

The reader will easily suppose by what has been before said, that the lady on the throne would have been almost frightened to distraction, had she seen but any one of these spectres; what then must have been her condition when she saw them all in a body? She fainted and died away at the sight.

*'Et neque jam color est misto candore rubori;  
Nec vigor, et vires, et quæ modo visa placebant;  
Nec corpus remanet'*

OVID. Met. iii. 491.

Her spirits faint,  
Her blooming cheeks assume a pallid teint,  
And scarce her form remains.

There was as great a change in the bill of money-bags, and the heaps of money, the former shrinking and falling into so many empty bags, that I now found not above a tenth part of them had been filled with money.

The rest that took up the same space, and made the same figure, as the bags that were ready filled with money, had been blown up with air, and called into my memory the bags full of wind, which Homer tells us his hero received as a present from Æolus. The great heaps of gold on either side the throne, appeared to be only heaps of paper, or little piles of notched sticks, bound up together in bundles, like Bath faggots.

Whilst I was lamenting this sudden desolation that had been made before me, the whole scene vanished. In the room of the frightful spectres, there now entered a second dance of apparitions very agreeably matched together, and made up of very amiable phantoms. The first pair was Liberty with Monarchy at her right hand. The second was Moderation leading in Religion; and the third, a person whom I had never seen\*, with the Genius of Great Britain. At the first entrance the lady revived, the bags swelled to their former bulk, the pile of faggots and heaps of paper changed into pyramids of guineas: and, for my own part, I was so transported with joy, that I awaked, though, I must confess, I would fain have fallen asleep again to have closed my vision, if I could have done it.

ADDISON.

C.

#### Nº 4. MONDAY, MARCH 5, 1710-11.

*Egregii mortalem altique silentii?*

HOR. 2 Sat. vl. 58.

One of uncommon silence and reserve.

AN author, when he first appears in the world, is very apt to believe it has nothing to think of but his performances. With a good share of this vanity in my heart, I made it my business these three days to listen after my own fame; and as I have sometimes met with circumstances which did not displease me, I have been encountered by others, which gave me much mortification. It is incredible to think how empty I have in this time observed some part of the species to be, what mere blanks they are when they first come abroad in the morning, how utterly they are at a stand, until they are set a-going by some paragraph in a newspaper.

Such persons are very acceptable to a young author, for they desire no more in any thing but to be new, to be agreeable. If I found consolation among such, I was as much disquieted by the

incapacity of others. These are mortals who have a certain curiosity without power of reflection, and perused my papers like spectators rather than readers. But there is so little pleasure in inquiries that so nearly concern ourselves (it being the worst way in the world to fame, to be too anxious about it), that upon the whole I resolved for the future, to go on in my ordinary way; and without too much fear or hope about the business of reputation, to be very careful of the design of my actions, but very negligent of the consequences of them.

It is an endless and frivolous pursuit to act by any other rule, than the care of satisfying our own minds in what we do. One would think a silent man, who concerned himself with no one breathing, should be very little liable to misinterpretations; and yet I remember I was once taken up for a jesuit, for no other reason but my profound taciturnity. It is from this misfortune that, to be out of harm's way, I have ever since affected crowds. He who comes into assemblies only to gratify his curiosity, and not to make a figure, enjoys the pleasures of retirement in a more exquisite degree, than he possibly could in his closet; the lover, the ambitious, and the miser, are followed thither by a worse crowd than any they can draw from. To be exempt from the passions with which others are tormented, is the only pleasing solitude. I can very justly say with the ancient sage, 'I am never less alone than when alone.'

As I am insignificant to the company in public places, and as it is visible I do not come thither, as most do, to show myself, I gratify the vanity of all who pretend to make an appearance, and have often as kind looks from well-dressed gentlemen and ladies, as a poet would bestow upon one of his audience. There are so many gratifications attend this public sort of obscurity, that some little distastes I daily receive have lost their anguish; and I did the other day, without the least displeasure, overhear one say of me, that strange fellow; and another answer, I have known the fellow's face these twelve years, and so must you; but I believe you are the first ever asked who he was. There are, I must confess, many to whom my person is as well known as that of their nearest relations, who give themselves no further trouble about calling me by my name or quality, but speak of me very currently by the appellation of Mr. What d'ye call him.

To make up for these trivial disadvantages, I have the high satisfaction of beholding all nature with an unprejudiced eye; and having nothing to do with men's passions or interests, I can, with the greater sagacity, consider their talents, manners, failings, and merits.

It is remarkable, that those who want any one sense, possess the others with greater force and vivacity. Thus my want of, or rather resignation of speech, gives me all the advantages of a dumb man. I have, methinks, a more than ordinary penetration in seeing; and flatter myself that I have looked into the highest and lowest of mankind; and make shrewd guesses, without being admitted to their conversation, at the inmost thoughts and reflections of all whom I behold. It is from hence that good or ill fortune has no manner of force towards affecting my judgment. I see men flourishing in courts, and languishing in jails, without being prejudiced, from their circumstances, to their favour or disadvantage; but, from their inward manner of bearing their condition, often pity the prosperous, and admire the unhappy.

Those who converse with the dumb, know from

\* The Elector of Hanover, afterwards King George I.

the turn of their eyes, and the changes of their countenance, their sentiments of the objects before them. I have indulged my silence to such an extravagance, that the few who are intimate with me, answer my silence with concurrent sentences, and argue to the very point I shaked my head at, without my speaking. Will Honeycomb was very entertaining the other night at a play, to a gentleman who sat on his right hand, while I was at his left. The gentleman believing Will was talking to himself, when upon my looking with great approbation at a young thing in a box before us, he said, 'I am quite of another opinion. She has, I will allow, a very pleasing aspect, but, methinks, that simplicity in her countenance is rather childish than innocent.' When I observed her a second time, he said, 'I grant her dress is very becoming, but perhaps the merit of that choice is owing to her mother's thought,' continued he, 'I allow a beauty to be as much to be commended for the elegance of her dress, as a wit for that of his language; yet if she has stolen the colour of her righds from another, or had advice about her trimmings, I shall not allow her the praise of dress, any more than I would call a plagiarist an author.' When I threw my eye towards the next woman to her, Will spoke what I looked, according to his romantic imagination, in the following manner:

'Behold, you who dare, that charming virgin; behold the beauty of her person chastised by the innocence of her thought. Chastity, good-nature, and affability, are the graces that play in her countenance; she knows she is handsome, but she knows she is good. Conscious beauty adorned with conscious virtue! What a spirit is there in those eyes! What a bloom in that person! How in the whole woman expressed to her appearance! Her air has the beauty of motion, and her look the force of language.

It was prudence to turn away my eyes from this object, and therefore I turned them to the thoughtless creatures who make up the lump of that sex, and move a knowing eye no more than the posture of indolgent people by ordinary pains, which are but pictures of pictures.

But the working of my own mind is the general entertainment of my life; I never enter into the commerce of discourse with any but my particular friends, and not in public even with them. Such an habit has perhaps ruled in me uncommon reflections; but this effect I cannot communicate but by my writings. As my pleasures are almost wholly confined to those of the night, I take it for a peculiar happiness, that I have always had an easy and familiar admittance in the fair sex. If I never praised or flattered, I never bored or contradicted them. As these compose half the world, and are, by the just complaisance and gallantry of our nation, the more powerful part of our people, I shall dedicate a considerable share of these my speculations to their service, and shall tread the young through all the becoming duties of virginity, marriage, and widowhood. When it is a woman's day, to my works, I shall endeavour of a style and air suitable to their understanding. When I say this, I must be understood to mean, that I shall not lower but exalt the subjects I treat upon. Distinctions for their entertainment, is not to be decried, but ordered. A man may appear learned without telling sentences, as in his address grows he does not he can dance, though he does not yet capers. In a word, I shall take it for the greatest glory of my work, if among reasonable women this paper may furnish treatable talk. In order to it, I shall

treat on matters which relate to females, as they are concerned to approach or fly from the other sex, or as they are tied to them by blood, interest, or affection. Upon this occasion I think it but reasonable to declare, that whatever skill I may have in speculation, I shall never betray what the eyes of lovers say to each other in my presence. At the same time I shall not think myself obliged by this promise to conceal any false protestations which I observe made by glances in public assemblies; but endeavour to make both sexes appear in their conduct what they are in their hearts. By this means, love, during the time of my speculations, shall be carried on with the same sincerity as any other affair of less consideration. As this is the greatest concern, men shall be from henceforth liable to the greatest reproach for misbehaviour in it. Falshood in love shall hereafter bear a blacker aspect than infidelity in friendship, or villany in business. For this great and good end, all breaches against that noble passion, the cement of society, shall be severely examined. But this, and all other matters loosely hinted at now, and in my former papers, shall have their proper place in my following discourses. The present writing is only to admonish the world, that they shall not find me an idle, but a busy Spectator.

STELLA.

R.

Nº 5. TUESDAY, MARCH 6, 1710-11.

*Spectator admittit nullum transitit*

1708. AN. FORT. VER. 5.

Admittit to the sight, would you not though

As opera may be allowed to be extravagantly lavish in its decorations, as its only design is to gratify the senses, and keep up an insistent attention in the audience. Common sense however requires, that there should be nothing in the scenes and machines which may appear childish and absurd. How would the wits of King Charles's time have laughed, to have seen Niccolini exposed to a trumpet in robes of ermine, and sailing in an open boat upon a sea of pasteboard? What a field of battery would they have been led into, had they been entertained with painted dragons spitting wild-fire, enchanted chariots drawn by Hadders warres, and real cascades in artificial landscapes? A little skill in criticism would inform us, that shadows and realities ought not to be mixed together in the same piece; and that the scenes which are designed as the representations of nature should be filled with resemblances, and not with the things themselves. If one would represent a wide campaign country filled with birds, and flocks, it would be ridiculous to draw the country only upon the scene, and to crowd several parts of the stage with sheep and corn. This is joining together inconsistency, and making the decoration partly real, and partly imaginary. I would recommend what I have here said to the directors, as well as to the admirers, of our modern opera.

As I was walking in the streets about a fortnight ago, I saw an ordinary fellow carrying a cage full of little birds upon his shoulder; and, as I was wondering with myself what he would put them to, he was met very kindly by an acquaintance, who had the same curiosity. Upon his asking him what he had upon his shoulder, he told him that he had been buying sparrows for the opera. Sparrows for the opera, says his friend, looking his eyes

what are they to be roasted? No, no, says the other, they are to enter towards the end of the first act, and to fly about the stage.

This strange dialogue awakened my curiosity so far, that I immediately bought the opera, by which means I perceived the sparrows were to act the part of singing-birds in a delightful grove; though, upon a nearer inquiry, I found the sparrows put the same trick upon the audience, that Sir Martin Mar-all\* practised upon his mistress; for though they flew in sight, the music proceeded from a concert of flagelets and bird-calls, which were planted behind the scenes. At the same time I made this discovery, I found, by the discourse of the actors, that there were great designs on foot for the improvement of the opera; that it had been proposed to break down a part of the wall, and to surprise the audience with a party of an hundred horse, and that there was actually a project of bringing the New River into the house, to be employed in jetteaus and water-works. This project, as I have since heard, is postponed till the summer season; when it is thought the coolness that proceeds from fountains and cascades will be more acceptable and refreshing to people of quality. In the mean time, to find out a more agreeable entertainment for the winter season, the opera of Rinaldo is filled with thunder and lightning, illuminations and fire-works; which the audience may look upon without catching cold, and indeed without much danger of being burnt; for there are several engines filled with water, and ready to play at a minute's warning, in case any such accident should happen†. However, as I have a very great friendship for the owner of this theatre, I hope that he has been wise enough to insure his house before he would let this opera be acted in it.

It is no wonder, that those scenes should be very surprising, which were contrived by two poets of different nations, and raised by two magicians of different sexes. Armida (as we are told in the argument) was an Amazonian enchantress, and poor Signior Cassani (as we learn from the persons represented) a Christian conjurer (*Mago Christiano*.) I must confess I am very much puzzled to find how an Amazon should be versed in the black art, or how a good Christian, for such is the part of the magician, should deal with the devil.

To consider the poet after the conjurers, I shall give you a taste of the Italian from the first lines of his preface; *'Eccoti, benigno lettore, un parto di poche sere, che se ben natodi not te, non è però aborto di tenebre, mà si farà conoscere figlio d'Apollò con qualche raggio di Parnasso.'* Behold, gentle reader, the birth of a few evenings, which, though it be the offspring of the night, is not the abortive of darkness, but will make itself known to be the son of Apollo, with a certain ray of Parnassus. He afterwards proceeds to call Mynheer Handel the Orpheus of our age, and to acquaint us, in the same sublimity of style, that he composed this opera in a fortnight. Such are the wits to whose tastes we so ambitiously conform ourselves. The truth of it is, the finest writers among the modern Italians express themselves in such a florid form of words, and such tedious circumlocutions, as are

used by none but pedants in our own country; and at the same time fill their writings with such poor imaginations and conceits, as our youths are ashamed of, before they have been two years at the university. Some may be apt to think that it is the difference of genius which produces this difference in the works of the two nations; but to show that there is nothing in this, if we look into the writings of the old Italians, such as Cicero and Virgil, we shall find that the English writers, in their way of thinking and expressing themselves, resemble those authors much more than the modern Italians pretend to do. And as for the poet himself, from whom the dreams of this opera\* are taken, I must entirely agree with Monsieur Boileau, that one verse in Virgil is worth all the clinquant or tinsel of Tasso.

But to return to the sparrows: there have been so many flights of them let loose in this opera, that it is feared the house will never get rid of them; and that in other plays they may make their entrance in very wrong and improper scenes, so as to be seen flying in a lady's bed-chamber, or perching upon a king's throne; besides the inconveniences which the heads of the audience may sometimes suffer from them. I am credibly informed, that there was once a design of casting into an opera the story of Whittington and his Cat†. and that in order to it, there had been got together a great quantity of mice; but Mr. Rich, the proprietor of the playhouse, very prudently considered that it would be impossible for the cat to kill them all, and that consequently the princes of the stage might be as much infested with mice, as the prince of the island was before the cat's arrival upon it; for which reason he would not permit it to be acted in his house. And indeed I cannot blame him; for, as he said very well upon that occasion, I do not hear that any of the performers in our opera pretend to equal the famous pied piper‡, who made all the mice of a great town in Germany follow his music, and by that means cleared the place of those little noxious animals.

Before I dismiss this paper, I must inform my reader, that I hear there is a treaty on foot between London and Wise§ (who will be appointed gardeners of the playhouse) to furnish the opera of Rinaldo and Armida with an orange-grove; and that the next time it is acted, the singing birds will be personated by tou-tits: the undertakers being resolved to spare neither pains nor money for the gratification of the audience.

#### ADDISON.

C.

\* Rinaldo, an opera, by Aaron Hill.

† See No. 14; and Tat. No 78.

‡ The records of Hamelen, an ancient city on the banks of the Weser, give an account of a strange accident which befel them, on the 26th of June, 1284.

§ Being at that time much pestered with rats, which they could by no means destroy, a stranger at last undertook it, on the promise of reward; and immediately taking a tabret and pipe, the rats followed his music to the river, where they were all drowned; but, being denied his reward, he left the town in a rage, and threatened revenge: accordingly he returned next year, and by the same music enticed most of the children of the town after him to the mouth of a great cave on the top of a neighbouring hill called Koppelberg, where he and they entered, but were never more heard of. In remembrance of this sad accident, the citizens, for many years after, dated all their public writings from the day they lost their children, as appears by many old deeds and records. They still call the street through which the children passed, Tahret Street; and at the mouth of the cave there is a monument of stone, with an inscription, in barbarous Latin verse, giving an account of this tragical story, by which the citizens lost 130 boys.

¶ The queen's gardeners.

\* In Dryden's comedy of that name.

† Mr. Colman had evidently this paper in mind when he wrote the epilogue that was spoken by Miss Farren (now Countess of Derby) on the opening of New Drury-lane theatre, April 21, 1794. The reader may refer to it in the European Magazine, vol. xxv. p. 385.

N<sup>o</sup> 2. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 7, 1710-11.

*Quidam hoc grande malum, et merita plaudens,  
Et procul abest hinc a iustitia al—*

JUV. Sat. xii. 54.

There happens then (so much was ago reversed)  
For youth to keep these seats when an old man appears.

I know no evil under the sun so great as the abuse of the understanding, and yet there is no one vice more common. It has diffused itself through both sexes, and all qualities of mankind; and there is hardly that person to be found, who is not more concerned for the reputation of wit and sense, than of honesty and virtue. But this unhappy affection of being wise rather than honest, witty than good-natured, is the source of most of the ill habits of life. Such false impressions are owing to the abandoned writings of men of wit, and the awkward imitation of the rest of mankind.

For this reason Sir Roger was saying last night, that he was of opinion none but men of fine parts deserve to be hanged. The reflections of such men are so delicate upon all occurrences which they are concerned in, that they should be exposed to more than ordinary infamy and punishment, for offending against such quick admonitions as their own words give them, and blunting the fine edge of their minds in such a manner, that they are no more checked at vice and folly than men of slower capacities. There is no greater sinister in being, than a very ill man of great parts. He lives like a man in a palsy, with one side of him dead. While perhaps he enjoys the satisfaction of luxury, of wealth, of ambition, he has lost the taste of good-will, of friendship, of innocence. Scarecrow, the beggar in Lincoln's-Inn Fields, who disabled himself in his right leg, and asks alms all day to get himself a warm supper and a trull at night, is not half so despicable a wretch as such a man of sense. The beggar has no relish above occasions; he finds rest more agreeable than motion; and while he has a warm fire and his doxy, never reflects that he deserves to be whipped. Every man who terminates satisfactions and enjoyments within the supply he's worn necessities and passions, is, says Sir Is-  
is, in my eye, as poor a rogue as Scarecrow.

'But,' continued he, 'for the loss of public and private virtue we are beholden to your men of fine parts for nothing; it is with them no matter what is done, so it be done with an air. But to me, who am so a bimical in a corrupt age as to act according to nature and reason, a selfish man, in the most shining circumstance and equipage, appears in the same condition with the fellow above mentioned, but more contemptible in proportion to what he rubs the public off, and enjoys upon him. I lay it down therefore for a rule, that the whole man is to move together; that every action of any importance, is to have a prospect of public good; and that the general tendency of our indifferent actions ought to be agreeable to the dictates of reason, of religion, of good-breeding; without this, a man, as I have before hinted, is hopping instead of walking, he is not in his entire and proper motion.'

While the honest knight was thus bewildering himself in good starts, I looked attentively upon him, which made him, I thought, collect himself a little. 'What I am at,' says he, 'is in represent, that I am of opinion, is to polish our understandings, and neglect our manners, is of all things the most execrable. Reason should govern passions, but

instead of that, you see, it is often subservient to it; and, as unaccountable as one would think it, a wise man is not always a good man.' This degeneracy is not only the guilt of particular persons, but also at some times of a whole people; and perhaps it may appear, upon examination, that the most polite ages are the least virtuous. This may be attributed to the folly of admitting wit and learning as merit in themselves, without considering the application of them. By this means it becomes a rule, not so much to regard what we do, as how we do it. But this false beauty will not pass upon men of honest minds, and true taste. Sir Richard Blackmore says, with as much good sense as virtue, 'It is a mighty shame and dishonour to employ excellent faculties and abundance of wit, to humour and please men in their vices and follies. The great enemy of mankind, notwithstanding his wit and angelic faculties, is the most odious being in the whole creation.' He goes on soon after to say very generously, that he undertook the writing of his poem, 'to rescue the Muses out of the hands of rascals, to restore them to their sweet and chaste mansions, and to engage them in an employment suitable to their dignity.' This certainly ought to be the purpose of every man who appears in public; and whoever does not proceed upon that foundation, injures his country as fast as he succeeds in his studies. When modesty ceases to be the chief ornament of one sex, and integrity of the other, society is upon a wrong basis, and we shall be ever after without rules to guide our judgment in what is really becoming and ornamental. Nature and reason direct one thing, passion and honour another. To follow the dictates of these two latter, is going into a road that is both easy and intricate; when we pursue the other, our passage is delightful, and what we aim at easily attainable.

I do not doubt but England is at present as polite a nation as any in the world; but any man who thinks can easily see, that the affection of being gay and in fashion has very near eaten up our good sense and our religion. Is there any thing so just, as that mode and gallantry should be built upon exerting ourselves in what is proper and agreeable to the institutions of justice and piety among us? And yet is there any thing more common, than that we run in perfect contradiction to them? All which is supported by no other pretension, than that it is done with what we call a good grace.

Nothing ought to be held laudable or becoming, but what nature itself should prompt us to think so. Respect to all kind of superiors is founded, I think, upon instinct; and yet what is so ridiculous as ego! I make this abrupt transition to the mention of this vice more than any other, in order to introduce a little story, which I think a pretty instance, that the most polite age is in danger of being the most vicious.

It happened at Athens, during a public representation of some play exhibited in honour of the commonwealth, that an old gentleman came too late for a place suitable to his age and quality. Many of the young gentlemen who observed the difficulty and confusion he was in, made signs to him that they would accommodate him if he came where they sat. The good man battled through the crowd accordingly; but when he came to the seats to which he was invited, the first was to sit close and expose him, as he stood, out of countenance, to the whole audience. The frolic went toward the Athenian benches. But on these occasions there were also particular places assigned for

foreigners. When the good man skulked towards the boxes appointed for the Lacedemonians, that honest people, more virtuous than polite, rose up all to a man, and with the greatest respect received him among them. The Athenians being suddenly touched with a sense of the Spartan virtue, and their own degeneracy, gave a thunder of applause; and the old man cried out, "The Athenians understand what is good, but the Lacedemonians practise it".

STEELE.

R.

## N<sup>o</sup> 7. THURSDAY, MARCH 8, 1710-11.

*Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, sagas,  
Nocturnos temores, portentaque Thessala rides?*  
HOR. 2 Ep. li. 208.

Visions, and magic spells, can you despise,  
And laugh at witches, ghosts, and prodigies!

GOING yesterday to dine with an old acquaintance, I had the misfortune to find his whole family very much dejected. Upon asking him the occasion of it, he told me that his wife had dreamt a strange dream the night before, which they were afraid portended some misfortune to themselves or to their children. At her coming into the room, I observed a settled melancholy in her countenance, which I should have been troubled for, had I not heard from whence it proceeded. We were no sooner sat down, but after having looked upon me a little while, 'My dear,' says she, turning to her husband, 'you may now see the stranger that was in the candle last night.' Soon after this, as they began to talk of family affairs, a little boy at the lower end of the table told her, that he was to go into join-hand on Thursday. 'Thursday!' says she, 'No, child, if it please God, you shall not begin upon Childermas-day; tell your writing-master that Friday will be soon enough.' I was reflecting with myself on the oddness of her fancy, and wondering that any body would establish it as a rule, to lose a day in every week. In the midst of these my musings, she desired me to reach her a little salt upon the point of my knife, which I did in such a trepidation and hurry of obedience, that I let it drop by the way; at which she immediately startled, and said it fell towards her. Upon this I looked very blank; and, observing the concern of the whole table, began to consider myself, with some confusion, as a person that had brought a disaster upon the family. The lady, however, recovering herself after a little space, said to her husband with a sigh, 'My dear, misfortunes never come single.' My friend, I found, acted but an under part at his table, and being a man of more good-nature than understanding, thinks himself obliged to fall in with all the passions and humours of his yoke-fellow. 'Do not you remember, child,' says she, 'that the pigeon-house fell the very afternoon that our careless wench spilt the salt upon the table?'—'Yes,' says he, 'my dear, and the next post brought us an account of the battle of Almanza.' The reader may guess at the figure I made, after having done all this mischief. I dispatched my dinner as soon as I could with my usual taciturnity; when, to my utter confusion, the lady seeing me quitting my knife and fork, and laying them across one another upon my plate, desired me that I would humour her so far as to take them out of that figure, and place them side by side. What the absurdity was which I had committed I did not know, but I suppose there

was some traditional 'superstition' in it; and therefore, in obedience to the lady of the house, I disposed of my knife and fork in two parallel lines, which is the figure I shall always lay them in for the future, though I do not know any reason for it.

It is not difficult for a man to see that a person has conceived an aversion to him. For my own part, I quickly found, by the lady's looks, that she regarded me as a very odd kind of fellow, with an unfortunate aspect. For which reason I took my leave immediately after dinner, and withdrew to my own lodgings. Upon my return home I fell into a profound contemplation on the evils that attend these superstitious follies of mankind; how they subject us to imaginary afflictions, and additional sorrows, that do not properly come within our lot. As if the natural calamities of life were not sufficient for it, we turn the most indifferent circumstances into misfortunes, and suffer as much from trifling accidents as from real evils. I have known the shooting of a star spoil a night's rest; and have seen a man in love grow pale, and lose his appetite, upon the plucking of a merrythought. A screech-owl at midnight has alarmed a family more than a band of robbers; nay, the voice of a cricket hath struck more terror than the roaring of a lion. There is nothing so inconsiderable, which may not appear dreadful to an imagination that is filled with omens and prognostics. A rusty nail, or a crooked pin, shoot up into prodigies.

I remember I was once in a mixt assembly, that was full of noise and mirth, when on a sudden an old woman unluckily observed there were thirteen of us in company. The remark struck a panic terror into several who were present, insomuch that one or two of the ladies were going to leave the room; but a friend of mine, taking notice that one of our female companions was big with child, affirmed there were fourteen in the room, and that, instead of portending one of the company should die, it plainly foretold one of them should be born. Had not my friend found this expedient to break the omen, I question not but half the women in the company would have fallen sick that very night.

An old maid that is troubled with the vapours, produces infinite disturbances of this kind among her friends and neighbours. I know a maiden aunt of a great family, who is one of these antiquated Sybils, that forebodes and prophesies from one end of the year to the other. She is always seeing apparitions, and hearing death-watches; and was the other day almost frightened out of her wits by the great house-dog that howled in the stable, at a time when she lay ill of the tooth-ach. Such an extravagant cast of mind engages multitudes of people, not only in impertinent terrors, but in supernumerary duties of life; and arises from that fear and ignorance which are natural to the soul of man. The horror with which we entertain the thoughts of death (or indeed of any future evil), and the uncertainty of its approach, fill a melancholy mind with innumerable apprehensions and suspicions, and consequently dispose it to the observation of such groundless prodigies and predictions. For as it is the chief concern of wise men to retrench the evils of life by the reasonings of philosophy; it is the employment of fools to multiply them by the sentiments of superstition.

For my own part, I should be very much troubled were I endowed with this divining quality, though it should inform me truly of every thing that can befall me. I would not anticipate the

velish of any happiness, nor feel the weight of any misery, before it actually arrives.

'I know but one way of fortifying my soul against these gloomy presages and terrors of mind, and that is, by securing to myself the friendship and protection of that Being who disposer of events, and governs futurity. He sees, at one view, the whole thread of my existence, not only that part of it which I have already passed through, but that which runs forward into all the depths of eternity. When I lay me down to sleep, I commend myself to his care; when I wake, I give myself up to his directions. Amidst all the evils that threaten me, I will look up to him for help, and question not but he will either avert them, or turn them to my advantage. Though I know neither the time nor the manner of the death I am to die, I am not at all sollicitous about it; because I am sure that he knows them both, and that he will not fail to comfort and support me under them.'

ADDISON.

O.

## N<sup>o</sup> 8. FRIDAY, MARCH 9, 1710-11

*At Year's observance great mirth was apply'd,  
Et omnia subolem curam. Dux fudit amicitia,  
Curam ut fletu sit.*

VERG. *Æn.* 4. 13.

They search obscure, for Year's liberty abroad  
With mirth their persons, and divert us in clouds.

PURCELL.

I SHALL here communicate to the world a couple of letters, which I believe will give the reader as good an entertainment as any that I am able to furnish him with, and therefore shall make no apology for them:

'TO THE SPECTATOR, &c.

'I AM one of the directors of the society for the reformation of manners, and therefore think myself a proper person for your correspondence. I thoroughly examined the present state of religion in Great Britain, and am able to acquaint you with the predominant vice of every market in the whole island. I can tell you the proportion that virtue has made in all our cities, boroughs, and corporations; and know as well the evil practices that are committed in Berwick or Exeter, as what is done in my own family. In a word, sir, I have my correspondents in the remotest parts of the nation, who send me up punctual accounts from time to time of all the little irregularities that fall under their notice in their several districts and divisions.

'I am no less acquainted with the particular quarters and regions of this great town, than with the different parts and distributions of the whole nation. I can describe every parish by its pamphlets, and can tell you in which of our streets lewdness prevails; which gaming has taken the possession of, and where drunkenness has got the better of them both. When I am disposed to raise a fine for the poor, I know the lanes and alleys that are inhabited by common swarms. When I would encourage the hospital of Bridewell, and improve the besom manufacture, I am very well acquainted with all the haunts and retreats of female night-walkers.

'After this short account of myself, I must let you know, that the design of this paper is to give you information of a certain irregular assembly, which I think falls very properly under your ob-

servation, especially since the persons it is composed of are criminals too considerable for the amandaversion of our society. I mean, sir, the Midnight Mask, which has of late been frequently held in one of the most conspicuous parts of the town, and which I hear will be continued with additions and improvements. As all the persons who compose this lawless assembly are masked, we dare not attack any of them in our way, lest we should send a woman of quality to Bridewell, or a peer of Great Britain to the Countess; besides that their numbers are so very great, that I am afraid they would be able to rent our whole fraternity, though we were accompanied with all our guard of constables. Both these reasons, which were then from our authority, make them obnoxious to you; as both their disguise and their numbers will give no particular person reason to think himself affronted by you.

'If we are rightly informed, the rules that are observed by this new society are wonderfully contrived for the advancement of cuckoldom. The women either come by themselves, or are introduced by friends who are obliged to quit them, upon their first entrance, to the conversation of any body that addresses himself to them. There are several rooms where the parties may retire, and, if they please, show their faces by consent. Whispers, squeezes, nods, and embraces, are the innocent freedoms of the place. In short, the whole design of this libidinous assembly seems to terminate in adulteries and intrigues; and I hope you will take effectual methods, by your public advice and admonitions, to prevent such a prodigious multitude of both sexes from meeting together in so clandestine a manner. I am

Your humble servant,

and fellow-labourer,

'T. A.'

Not long after the perusal of this letter I received another upon the same subject; which, by the date and style of it, I take to be written by some young Templar:

'MIDNIGHT MASK, 1710-11.

'SIR,

'WHEN a man has been guilty of any vice or folly, I think the best atonement he can make for it, is to warn others not to fall into the like. In order to this I must acquaint you, that some time in February last I went to the Tuesday's masquerade. Upon my first going in I was attacked by half a dozen female quakers, who seemed willing to adopt me for a brother; but, upon a nearer examination, I found they were a sisterhood of coquettes, disguised in that precise habit. I was soon after taken out to dance, and, as I fancied, by a woman of the first quality, for she was very tall, and moved gracefully. As soon as the music was over, we eyed one another through our masks; and as I am very well read in Walker, I repeated to her the four following verses out of his poems to Lady Ke:

'The hardware here does not know  
Whence you are; they are that wound him so;  
But confounded with thy art,  
Inquires by a time that has his heart.'

'I pronounced these words with such a laughing air, that I had some reason to conclude I had made a conquest. She told me that she hoped my face was not akin to my tongue, and looking upon her watch, I accidentally discovered the figure of a croquet on the back part of it. I was so trans-

ported with the thought of such an amour, that I plied her from one room to another with all the gallantries I could invent; and at length brought things to so happy an issue, that she gave me a private meeting the next day, without page or footman, coach or equipage. My heart danced in raptures; but I had not lived in this golden dream above three days, before I found good reason to wish that I had continued true to my landress. I have since heard, by a very great accident, that this fine lady does not live far from Covent Garden, and that I am not the first cully whom she has passed herself upon for a countess.

'Thus, sir, you see how I have mistaken a cloud for a Juno; and if you can make any use of this adventure, for the benefit of those who may possibly be as vain young coxcombs as myself, I do most heartily give you leave.

'I am, sir,

'Your most humble admirer,

'B. L.'

I design to visit the next masquerade myself, in the same habit I wore at Grand Cairo \*; and till then shall suspend my judgment of this midnight entertainment.

ADDISON.

C.

Nº 9. SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1710-11.

—*Tigris agit rabida cum tigride pacem  
Perpetuam, sævis inter se convenit uris.*

JUV. Sat. xv. 163.

Tiger with tiger, bear with bear, you'll find  
In leagues offensive and defensive join'd.

TATE.

MAN is said to be a sociable animal, and as an instance of it, we may observe, that we take all occasions and pretences of forming ourselves into those little nocturnal assemblies, which are commonly known by the name of clubs. When a set of men find themselves agree in any particular, though never so trivial, they establish themselves into a kind of fraternity, and meet once or twice a week, upon the account of such a fantastic resemblance. I know a considerable market-town, in which there was a club of fat men, that did not come together (as you may well suppose) to entertain one another with sprightliness and wit, but to keep one another in countenance. The room where the club met was something of the largest, and had two entrances, the one by a door of a moderate size, and the other by a pair of folding-doors. If a candidate for this corpulent club could make his entrance through the first, he was looked upon as unqualified; but if he stuck in the passage, and could not force his way through it, the folding-doors were immediately thrown open for his reception, and he was saluted as a brother. I have heard that this club, though it consisted but of fifteen persons, weighed above three ton.

In opposition to this society, there sprung up another composed of scarecrows and skeletons, who, being very meagre and envious, did all they could to thwart the designs of their bulky brethren, whom they represented as men of dangerous principles; till at length they worked them out of the favour of the people, and consequently out of the magistracy. These factions tore the corporation in pieces for several years, till at length they came to this accommodation; that the two bailiffs of the

town should be annually chosen out of the two clubs; by which means the principal magistrates are at this day coupled like rabbits, one fat and one lean.

Every one has heard of the club, or rather the confederacy, of the Kings. This grand alliance was formed a little after the return of King Charles the Second, and admitted into it men of all qualities and professions, provided they agreed in the surname of King, which, as they imagined, sufficiently declared the owners of it to be altogether untainted with republican and anti-monarchical principles.

A christian name has likewise been often used as a badge of distinction, and made the occasion of a club. That of the George's, which used to meet at the sign of the George, on St. George's day, and swear 'Before George,' is still fresh in every one's memory.

There are not present in several parts of this city what they call Street-clubs, in which the chief inhabitants of the street converse together every night. I remember, upon my inquiring after lodgings in Ormond-street, the landlord, to recommend that quarter of the town, told me there was at that time a very good club in it; he also told me, upon further discourse with him, that two or three noisy country squires, who were settled there the year before, had considerably sunk the price of house-rent; and that the club (to prevent the like inconveniences for the future) had thoughts of taking every house that became vacant into their own hands, till they had found a tenant for it, of a sociable nature and good conversation.

The Hum Drum club, of which I was formerly an unworthy member; was made up of very honest gentlemen of peaceable dispositions, that used to sit together, smoke their pipes, and say nothing till midnight. The Mum club (as I am informed) is an institution of the same nature, and as great an enemy to noise.

After these two innocent societies, I cannot forbear mentioning a very mischievous one, that was erected in the reign of King Charles the Second; I mean the club of Duellists, in which none was to be admitted that had not fought his man. The president of it was said to have killed half a dozen in single combat; and as for the other members, they took their seats according to the number of their slain. There was likewise a side table, for such as had only drawn blood, and shown a landable ambition of taking the first opportunity to qualify themselves for the first table. This club, consisting only of men of honour, did not continue long, most of the members of it being put to the sword, or hanged, a little after its institution.

Our modern celebrated clubs are founded upon eating and drinking, which are points wherein most men agree, and in which the learned and illiterate, the dull and the airy, the philosopher and the buffoon, can all of them bear a part. The Kit-Cat itself \* is said to have taken its original

\* This club, consisting of the most distinguished wits and statesmen among the Whigs, met in Shire-lane, and was named from a pastry-cook (Christopher Cat), who was famous for making mutton-pies, which constantly formed a part of their refreshment. The portraits of its members, done by Sir Godfrey Kneller, were all at Barnes, in the possession of the late Mr. Jacob Tonson, whose father was secretary to the club. From Mr. Tonson's, they have since become, by inheritance, the property of William Baker, Esq. In order so adapt them to the height of the club-room, the pictures were painted of a size less than a whole, and larger than a half length, admitting only one arm; and hence all pictures of that size have since been called *Kit-Cats*.



from a nation-pie. The Beef-Steak \*, and October & clubs, are neither of them averse to eating and drinking, if we may form a judgment of them from their respective titles.

When men are thus knit together, by a love of society, not a spirit of faction, and do not meet to censure or annoy those that are absent, but to enjoy one another; when they are thus combined for their own improvement, or for the good of others, or at least to relax themselves from the business of the day, by an innocent and cheerful conversation, there may be something very useful in these little institutions and establishments.

I cannot forbear concluding this paper with a scheme of laws that I met with upon a wall in a little alehouse. How I came thither I may inform my reader at a more convenient time. These laws were enacted by a knot of artificers and mechanics, who used to meet every night; and as there is something in them which gives us a pretty picture of low life, I shall transcribe them word for word:

*Rules to be observed in the Two-penny club, erected in this place for the preservation of friendship and good neighbourhood.*

I. Every member at his first coming in shall lay down his two-pence.

II. Every member shall fill his pipe out of his own box.

III. If any member absents himself, he shall forfeit a penny for the use of the club, unless in case of sickness or imprisonment.

IV. If any member swears or curses, his neighbour may give him a kick upon the shins.

V. If any member tell stories in the club that are not true, he shall forfeit for every third lie an halfpenny.

VI. If any member strikes another wrongfully, he shall pay his club for him.

VII. If any member brings his wife into the club, he shall pay for whatever she drinks or smokes.

VIII. If any member's wife comes to fetch him from the club, she shall speak to him without

if any member calls another a cuckold, he be turned out of the club.

X. None shall be admitted into the club that is of the same trade with any member of it.

XI. None of the club shall have his clothes or shoes made or mended, but by a brother-member.

XII. No non-juror shall be capable of being a member.

The morality of this little club is guarded by such wholesome laws and penalties, that I question not but my reader will be as well pleased with them, as he would have been with the *Leges Censurales* of Beo Jansen †, the regulations of an old Roman club cited by Lipsius, or the rules of a *Synagoga* in an ancient Greek author.

ADDISON.

C.

\* See Dr King's Works, vol. III. p. 235, 8vo. edit. 1778. This club was considered the chief wit and greatest man in the kingdom. It is said, that Mrs. Wollaston, the only woman in it, was prudent. Richard Estcourt, the comedian, was their provost; and, as an honourable badge of his office, wore a small picture of gold hung round his neck with a green silk ribbon.

† See the letter to Swift, (London, Feb. 10, 1710-11) says, "We are plagued here with an October club; that is, a set of about a hundred parliament men of the country, who drink October beer at home, and meet every evening at a tavern near the parliament to consult affairs, and drive things on by estimates, against the Whigs, to call the old assembly by account, and get off five or six heads." See Swift's Works, vol. VII.

Nº 10 MONDAY, MARCH 12, 1710-11.

*Non ullus quoniam qui advenit vix fluvius limbus  
Scutillis subigit, et alio scutillis fortis crevit,  
Atque liliis in præcipuum rapit adversa simul*

VING. Georg. L. 101

No the boat's brawny crew the current stem,  
And slow advancing, struggle with the stream;  
But if they slack their hands, or cease to strive,  
Then down the flood with headlong haste they drive.

DRYDEN.

It is with much satisfaction that I hear this great city inquiring day by day after these my papers, and receiving my morning lectures with a becoming seriousness and attention. My publisher tells me, that there are already three thousand of them distributed every day: so that if I allow twenty readers to every paper, which I look upon as a modest computation, I may reckon about three-score thousand disciples in London and Westminster, who I hope will take care to distinguish themselves from the thoughtless herd of their ignorant and inattentive brethren. Since I have rubbed to myself so great an audience, I shall spare no pains to make their instruction agreeable, and their diversion useful. For which reasons I shall endeavour to enliven morality with wit, and to temper wit with morality, that my readers may, if possible, both ways find their account in the speculation of the day. And to the end that their virtue and discretion may not be short, transient, intermitting starts of thought, I have resolved to refresh their memories from day to day, till I have recovered them out of that desperate state of vice and folly, into which the age is fallen. The solid that lies fallow but a single day, sprouts up to follies that are only to be killed by a constant and austere culture. It was said of Socrates, that he brought philosophy down from heaven, to inhabit among men; and I shall be ambitious to have it sold of me, that I have brought philosophy out of closets and libraries, schools and colleges, to dwell in clubs and assemblies, at tea-tables and in coffee-houses.

I would therefore in a very particular manner recommend these my speculations to all well-regulated families, that set apart an hour in every morning for tea and bread and butter; and would earnestly advise them for their good to order this paper to be punctually served up, and to be looked upon as a part of the tea equipage.

Sir Francis Bacon observes, that a well-written book, compared with its rivals and antagonists, is like Balaam's serpent, that immediately swallowed up, and devoured those of the Egyptians. I shall not be so vain as to think, that where the Spectator appears, the other public papers will vanish; but shall leave it to my reader's consideration, whether it is not much better to be let into the knowledge of one's self, than to hear what passes in Moscow or Poland; and to amuse ourselves with such writings as tend to the wearing out of ignorance, prejudice, and passion, than such as naturally conduce to inflame hatreds, and make enemies irreconcilable.

In the next place I would recommend this paper to the daily perusal of those gentlemen whom I cannot but consider as my good brothers and allies, I mean the fraternity of Spectators, who live in the world without having any thing to do in it; and either by the influence of their fortunes, or largeness of their dispositions, have no other business

NO. 17, THURSDAY, MARCH 15, 1710-11.

THE NEW, IS FIRST IN THE, FIRST OF THE

WAS NOT A BOY, HOW WOULD YOU BELIEVE!

MARY.

There is nothing that of late years has afforded

greater amusement (as the town than

the general satisfaction of most of the nobility

and gentry in the kingdom of Great Britain. Upon

the first removal of the intended combat, it was

considerably attended, and is still followed, by many

in both galleries, that there would be a reason for

sent from the Tower every night, in order

to be killed by Hydras; this report, though alio-

gether groundless, so universally prevailed in the

upper regions of the playhouse, that some of the

most refined politicians in those parts of the audi-

ence, gave it out as a whisper, that the lion was a

countess-german of the tiger who made his appear-

ance in King William's days, and that the tiger

would be supplied with lions at the public ex-

pose, during the whole season. Many likewise

were the conjectures of the treatment which (the

lion was to meet with from the hands of Hydras

Nicollini) some supposed that he was to be made

him as receding, as Orpheus used to do, as the

wild beasts in his time, and afterwards to knock

him on the head; some fancied that the lion would

be put to lay his paws upon the tiger, by

removal of the received opinion, that a lion will not

scorn the opinion in Italy, and improved their friends,

that the lion was to put a part in High Dutch, and

two or three to a thorough-bred, before he

fell at the feet of his master. To clear up a matter

that was so variously reported, I have made it my

business to examine whether the pretended lion

is really the savage he appears to be, or only a

counterfeit.

But before I communicate my discoveries, I

must acquaint the reader, that upon my walking

about the second last winter, as I was thinking on

the account of the tiger, that upon my walking

about the second last winter, as I was thinking on

the account of the tiger, that upon my walking

about the second last winter, as I was thinking on

the account of the tiger, that upon my walking

was thought proper to discontinue him, and it is very

believed, to this day, that he has been brought

upon the stage another time, but would certainly

have done so before. Besides, it was objected

against the first time, that he treated himself so

high upon his hinder part, and walked to so erect

a posture, that he looked more like an old man

than a lion.

The second lion was a better by trade, who be-

longed to the grey-hounds, and had the character of

a wild and pounceable man in his pretensions. It

was not too far from the truth, that he was too

loose of Hydras, without grasping with him,

and giving him an opportunity of showing his in-

finity of Italian tricks. It is said, indeed, that he

once gave him a nip in his neck-vein, and that he

but this was only to make a work for himself, to be

the private character of a tailor. I was not only that

it was the second lion who treated me with so

much humanity behind the scenes.

The acting lion at present is, as I am informed,

a country gentleman, who does it for his diversion,

but desires his name may be concealed. He says,

very handsomely, in his own excuse, that he does

not act for gain; that he had rather be an innocent

pleasure in it, and that it is better to pass away

an evening in this manner than in railing and

drinking; but at the same time says, with a very

agreeable rally upon himself, that if he were

would be known, the ill-treated world might call

him, 'the man in the lion's skin.' This gentle-

man's conduct is made out of such a happy mixture

of the wild and the civil, that no critic both

his predecessor, and has drawn together greater

audience, than have been known in the history

of man.

I need not censure my narrative, without taking

notice of a gentleman's disadvantage, or whom I owed

to a gentleman's disadvantage, or whom I owed

to a gentleman's disadvantage, or whom I owed

to a gentleman's disadvantage, or whom I owed

to a gentleman's disadvantage, or whom I owed

to a gentleman's disadvantage, or whom I owed

to a gentleman's disadvantage, or whom I owed

to a gentleman's disadvantage, or whom I owed

to a gentleman's disadvantage, or whom I owed

to a gentleman's disadvantage, or whom I owed

I, have been for twenty years under-rector of this parish of St. Paul's, Covent-Garden, and have not missed telling in to prayers six times in all those years; which office I have performed to my great satisfaction, until this fortnight last past, during which time I find my congregation take the

I am very glad the following epistle obliges me to mention Mr. Powell a second time in the same paper; for indeed there cannot be too great encouragement given to his skill in motions & , provided he is under proper restrictions.

'SIR,  
The opera at the Haymarket, and that under the  
\* See Nos. 8 and 101; Guard. Nos. 142 and 154.









and of the gradual progress which it has made upon the English stage. For there is no question but our great grand-children will be very curious to know the reason why their forefathers used to sit together like a number of foreigners and be- own country, and to hear what plays were de- stand, in a language which they did not under- stand.

Hand.

Armando was the first opera singer to be a star of Italian music. The first success was opera year

[illegible]

This maxim was the poorest received, but we have steadily felt to translating the Indian optics, and as there was no great danger of hurting the minds of those extraordinary persons, our authors would still make room for a perfect error, a mistake easily forgiven in the meaning of the pamphlet they presented to themselves. I shall chief care being to make the members of the English nation aware of those of the nation, that both of them might go to the same tune. Thus the famous song in the hills!

[illegible]

And he was pleased enough to see the most reduced  
 portion of the British nation doing away and dis-  
 appearing to make room for a spirit of  
 rage and indignation. It happened also very re-  
 quently, when the scene was rapidly transacted,  
 the ordinary language of words which were  
 drawn out of the phrasal or some language that was  
 made the more support very absurd in use  
 was very natural in the speaker. I re-  
 member an Italian verse that was then, used for  
 early, if it would make us incapable of hearing  
 but if it would take the entire possession of our  
 mind be certainly a very agreeable to contemplation.  
 third day's hearing is that admirable tragedy  
 play of food of the Italian system, as far as it  
 spread and opposition) for a people to be so  
 when an author used that was able to write the  
 word. Would own that it was possible (as it is  
 bit of writing) that made a much better character-  
 performers of a much higher nature, and com-  
 the English, who English have a genius for effect  
 If the English have a genius for comic satire  
 est politicians, which has established it.

And would my eye be dry?  
Which the English for rhyme sake translated,  
And the poet lost a my eye?

[illegible][illegible]



Di bene fecerunt, inopis me quodque parvuli  
 Excitant animi, raro et perpanca loquuntur  
 HOR. I Sat. iv. 17.  
 'Thank heav'n that made me of a humble mind;  
 To action little, less to words inclin'd!'

Thank heaven that made me of a humble mind;  
The action little less to words inclin'd!

Ourselves one person behold another, who was  
 an utter stranger to him, with a cast of his eye,  
 which, methought, expressed an emotion of heart  
 very different from what could be raised by an ob-  
 ject so agreeable as the gentleman he looked at, I  
 began to consider, not without some secret sorrow,  
 the condition of an envious man. Some have fan-  
 cied that envy has a certain magical force in it,  
 and that the eyes of the envious have by their  
 fascination blasted the enjoyments of the happy.  
 Sir Francis Bacon says, some have been so curious  
 as to remark the times and seasons when the stroke  
 of an envious eye is most effectually pernicious,  
 and have observed that it has been when the pros-  
 perous man goes, as it were, abroad, among things  
 without him, and is more exposed to the maligni-  
 ty. But I shall not dwell upon speculations so ab-  
 stracted as this, or repeat the many excellent  
 things which one might collect out of authors upon  
 this miserable affliction: but, keeping in the road  
 of common life, consider the envious man with re-  
 lation to these three heads, his pains, his reliefs, and  
 his happiness.

The envious man is in pain upon all occasions  
 which ought to give him pleasure. The relish of  
 his life is inverted; and the objects which admiri-  
 ster the highest satisfaction to those who are exempt  
 from this passion, give the quickest pang to persons  
 who are subject to it. All the perfections of their  
 fellow-creatures are odious. Youth, beauty, va-  
 lour, and wisdom are provocations of their dispa-  
 our, and what a wretched and apostate state is this!  
 We approve him! The condition of the  
 envious man is the most emphatically miserable;  
 he is not only incapable of rejoicing in another's  
 merit or success, but lives in a world wherein all  
 mankind are in a plot against his quiet, by study-  
 ing their own happiness and advantage. Will  
 it proper \* is an honest tale-bearer. He makes it  
 his business to join in conversation with envious  
 men. He points to such an awkwardly married fel-  
 low, and whispers that he is secretly married to a  
 low, and whispers that he is secretly married to a  
 great fortune. When they doubt, he adds cir-  
 cumstances to prove it; and never fails to aggra-  
 vate their distress, by assuring them, that, to his  
 knowledge, he has an uncle will leave him some  
 thousands. Will has many arts of this kind to  
 torture the heart of temper, and delights in it. When  
 he finds the countenance change colour, and say faintly they  
 wish such a piece of news is true, he has the malice  
 to speak some good or other of every man of their  
 acquaintance.

The reliefs of the envious man are those little  
 pleasures and imperfections that discover them-  
 selves in an illiberal character. It is a matter of  
 great consolation to him to see an envious person, when a  
 man of known honour does a thing unworthy  
 himself: or when any action which was well ex-  
 ecuted

his happiness. The envious man is in pain upon all occasions which ought to give him pleasure. The selfish of his life is inverted; and the objects which administer the highest satisfaction to those who are exempt from this passion, give the quickest pang to persons who are subject to it. All the perfections of their fellow-creatures are odious. Youth, beauty, valour, and wisdom are provocations of their displeasure. What a wretched and apostate state is this! To be offended with excellence, and to hate a man because we approve him! The condition of the envious man is the most emphatically miserable; he is not only incapable of rejoicing in another's merit or success, but lives in a world wherein all mankind are in a plot against him, his quiet, by studying their own happiness and advantage. Will Prosper \* is an honest tale-bearer. He makes it his business to join in conversation with envious men. He points to such an handsome young fellow, and whispers that he is secretly married to a great fortune. When they doubt, he adds circumstances to prove it; and never fails to aggravate their distress, by assuring them, that, to his knowledge, he has an uncle will leave him some thousands. Will has many arts of this kind to torture this sort of temper, and delights in it. When he finds them change colour, and say faintly, they wish such a piece of news is true, he has the malice to speak some good or better of every man of their acquaintance.

The selfish of the envious man are those little blemishes and imperfections that discover themselves in all human characters. It is a matter of great consideration to (a) or (b) an envious person, when a man of known honour does a thing unworthy himself; or when any action which was well ex-

The relics of the curious man are those little  
blemishes and imperfections that discover them-  
selves in an ill-natured character. It is a matter of  
great importance to know the persons, when a  
man is of known good nature, and to know the  
manner in which he will be well or ill ex-

upon better information appears so altered circumstances, that the fame of it is divided among many, instead of being attributed to one. is a secret satisfaction to these malcontents; for a person whom they before could not but admire, is fancy is nearer their own condition as soon as merit is shared among others. I remember years ago there came out an excellent poem about the name of the author. The little wit, who were incapable of writing it, began to pull in pieces the supposed writer. When that would not they took great pains to suppress the opinion it was his. That again failed. The next rec- was, to say it was overlooked by one man, and many pages wholly written by another. A nearest fellow who sat among a cluster of them in a subject, cried out, 'Gentlemen, if you are sure none of you yourselves had a hand in you are but where you were, whoever writ it.' But the most usual succour to the envious, in cases of nameless merit in this kind, is to keep the pro-erty, if possible, untraced, and by that means to under the reputation of it from falling upon any particular person. You see an envious man clear up his countenance, if in the relation of any man's great happiness in one point, you mention his un-ness in another. When he hears such a one is very rich he turns pale, but recovers when you add that he has many children. In a word, the only sure way to an envious man's favour, is not to de-ceive it.

But if we consider the envious man in delight, it is like reading of the seat of a giant in a romance; the magnificence of his house consists in the many limbs of men whom he has slain. If any who pro-mised themselves success in any uncommon under-taking miscarry in the attempt, or be what aimed at what would have been useful and laudable, weets with contempt and derision, the envious man, under the colour of bating vain-glory, can smile with an inward wantonness of heart at the ill ef-fect it may have upon an honest ambition for the future.

Having thoroughly considered the nature of this passion, I have made it my study how to avoid the injury that may accrue to me from these my specu-lations; and if I am not mistaken in myself, I think I have a genius to escape it. Upon hearing, in a coffee-house one of my papers commended, I immediately apprehended the envy that would spring from that applause; and therefore gave a description of my face the next day; being re-solved, as I grew in reputation for wit, to resign my pretensions to beauty. This, I hope, may give some ease to those unhappy gentlemen upon the account the honour to torment themselves upon the account, and deserves compassion, I shall sometimes be-dull, in pity to them, and will from time to time administer consolations to them by further disco-verties of my person. In the meanwhile, if any one says the Spectator has wit, it may be some relief to them to think that he does not show it in com-pany. And if any one praises his morality, they may comfort themselves by considering that his face is none of the loveliest.

STEELE.

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STEELE.

17.

Having thoroughly considered the nature of this passion, I have made it my study how to avoid the envy that may accrue to me from these my speculations; and if I am not mistaken in myself, I think I have a genius to escape it. Upon hearing in a coffee-house one of my papers commended, I immediately apprehended the envy that would spring from that applause; and therefore gave a description of my race the next day; being resolved, as I grew in reputation for wit, to resign my pretensions to beauty. This, I hope, may give some ease to those unhappy gentlemen who do me the honour to torment themselves upon the account of this my paper. As their case is very deplorable, and deserves compassion, I shall sometimes be dull, in pity to them, and will from time to time administer consolations to them by further discoveries of my person. In the meanwhile, if any one says the Spectator has wit, it may be some relief to them to think that he does not show it in company. And if any one praises his morality, they may comfort themselves by considering that his face is none of the loveliest.

face is none of the lower.  
STEEL.





that there are very few in it so dull and heavy, who may not be placed in stations of life, which may give them an opportunity of making their fortune. A well-regulated commerce is not, like law, physic, or divinity, to be overstocked with pupils; and, given employment to all its professors, fleets of merchantmen are no many equalizers of floating ships, that visit our shores and markets in all the markets of the world, and send out cargoes under both the tropics.

N. 22. MONDAY, MARCH 24, 1911

Quadrangulus subquadratus (Müll. Arg.)  
 100 ft. and 150 ft. 186.

—Walter de la Mare and his wife  
I have to say, but better can be said  
ROBERTSON

“MR. SPECTATOR,  
“I regret to hear that Mr. Sherman has writ to you, and desired to be taken from dumb and still parts; I desire, if you give him motion or speech, that you would address me in my way, and let me keep on in what I humbly presume I am a master, to wit, in representing humans and still life together. I have several times acted one of the dumb characters in the same opera, as therein Mr. Sherman complains in the same piece, upon the proposition, request that I may succeed him in the parting, with my hand in the orange-tree.”

“XOVI humbly returns,  
“MILTON MERRILL,”  
“Long Lane, March 26, 1710-11.”

[illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible]

I who lately never moved without a guard, am now pressed as a common soldier, and am to sail with the first fair wind against my brother Lewis of France. It is a very hard thing to put off a character which one has appeared in with applause. This I experienced since the loss of my diadem; for, upon quarrelling with another recruit, I spoke my indignation out of my part in *recitativo* :

"Most audacious slave,  
Darest thou an angry monarch's fury brave?"

The words were no sooner out of my mouth, when a sergeant knocked me down, and asked me if I had a mind to mutiny, in talking things nobody understood. You see, sir, my unhappy circumstances; and if by your mediation you can procure a subsidy for a prince (who never failed to make all that belield him merry at his appearance) you will merit the thanks of  
Your friend,  
\* THE KING OF LATVIA \*

## ADVERTISEMENT.

For the good of the public.

Within two doors of the masquerade lives an eminent Italian chirurgicon, arrived from the carnival at Venice, of great experience in private cures. Accommodations are provided, and persons admitted in their masquing habits.

He has cured since his coming hither, in less than a fortnight, four scurvy-mouches, a mountebank doctor, two Turkish bassas, three nuns, and a morris-dancer.

\* Venieth occurrith morbo.

N. B. Any person may agree by the great, and be kept in repair by the year. The doctor draws teeth without pulling off your mask.

STEELE.

R.

No 23. TUESDAY, MARCH 27, 1711.

*Scævæ atræx Volæscens, nec teli conspicit usquam*

*Aluctorem, nec quo se ardens immittitæ possit.*

VIRG. Æn. ix. 420.

Fierce Volæscens foams with rage, and, gazing round,

Descry'd not him who gave the fatal wound;

DRYDEN.

There is nothing that more betrays a base ungenerous spirit, than the giving of secret stabs to a man's reputation; lampoons and satires, that are written with wit and spirit, are like poisoned darts, which not only inflict a wound, but make it incurable. For this reason I am very much troubled when I see the talents of humour and ridicule in the possession of an ill-natured man. There cannot be a greater gratification to a barbarous and inhuman wit, than to stir up sorrow in the heart of a private person, to raise uneasiness among near relations, and to expose whole families to derision, at the same time that he remains unseen and undiscovered. If, besides the accomplishments of being witty and ill-natured, a man is vicious into the bargain, he is one of the most mischievous creatures that can enter into a civil society. His

\* See an opera, entitled 'Camilla,' written by Owen MacSwiney, 4to. 1706.  
+ This article has been said to have been jelled at Swift's son, by a passage in Swift's Works, vol. xiv. 240, and xv. 76. We find that there was a coolness between him and Addison, by a passage in Swift's Works, vol. xiv. 240, and xv. 76.

Securus Quintus was not of so generous and forgiving a temper. Upon his being made pope, the statue of Pasquin was one night dressed in a very dirty shirt, with an excuse written under it, that he was forced to wear foul linen, because his law-dress was made a prisoner. This was a reflection upon the pope's sister, who, before the promotion of her brother, was in those mean circumstances that Pasquin represented her. As this pasquinade made a great noise in Rome, the pope offered a considerable sum of money to any person that should discover the author of it. The author, relying upon his holiness's generosity, as also on some private overtures which he had received from him, made the discovery himself; upon which the pope gave him the reward he had promised, but at the same time, to disable the satirist for the future, ordered his tongue to be cut out, and both his hands

passages which had given him offence. Sextus Quintus was not of so generous and forgiving a temper. Upon his being made pope, the statue of Pasquin was one night dressed in a very dirty shirt, with an excuse written under it, that he was forced to wear foul linen, because his law-dress was made a prisoner. This was a reflection upon the pope's sister, who, before the promotion of her brother, was in those mean circumstances that Pasquin represented her. As this pasquinade made a great noise in Rome, the pope offered a considerable sum of money to any person that should discover the author of it. The author, relying upon his holiness's generosity, as also on some private overtures which he had received from him, made the discovery himself; upon which the pope gave him the reward he had promised, but at the same time, to disable the satirist for the future, ordered his tongue to be cut out, and both his hands

When Julius Cæsar was lampooned by Catullus, he invited him to supper, and treated him with such a generous civility, that he made the poet his friend ever after. Cardinal Mazarine gave the same kind of treatment to the learned Quillet, who had reflected upon his eminence in a famous Latin poem. The cardinal sent for him, and, after some kind expostulations upon what he had written, assured him of his esteem, and dismissed him with a promise of the next good abbey that should fall, which he accordingly conferred upon him in a few months after. This had so good an effect upon the author, that he dedicated the second edition of his book to the cardinal, after having expunged the passages which had given him offence.

satire will then chiefly fall upon those who ought to be the most exempt from it. Virtue, merit, and every thing that is praiseworthy, will be made the subject of ridicule and buffoonery. It is impossible to enumerate the evils which arise from these arrows that fly in the dark, and I know no other excuse that is or can be made for them, than that the wounds they give are only imaginary, and produce nothing more than a secret shame or sorrow in the mind of the suffering person. It must indeed be confessed, that a lampoon or a satire do not carry in them robbery or murder; but at the same time how few are there that would not rather lose a considerable sum of money, or even life itself, than be set up as a mark of infamy and derision; and in this case a man should consider, that an injury is not to be measured by the notions of him that gives, but of him that receives it.



who is master of the house as much as he that keeps it. The drawers are all in awe of him; and all the customers who frequent his company, yield him a sort of comical obedience. I do not know but I may be such a fellow as this myself. But I appeal to you, whether this is to be called a club, because so many imperfections will break in upon me, and come without appointment? Clinch of Barnet\* has a nightly meeting, and shows to every one that will come in and pay; but then he is the only actor. Why should people miscall things? If his is allowed to be a concert, why may not mine be a lecture? However, sir, I submit it to you, and am,

Yours most obedient, &c.  
T. THOMAS KIMPOW.

GOOD SIR,  
You and I were pressed against each other last winter in a crowd, in which uneasy posture we suffered together for almost half an hour. I thank you for all your civilities ever since, in being of my acquaintance whenever you meet me. But the other day you pulled off your hat to me in the Park, when I was walking with my mistress. She did not like your air, and said she wondered what strange fellow I was acquainted with. Dear sir, consider it is as much as my life is worth, if she should think we were intimate; therefore I cannot easily contrail you for the future to take no manner of notice of,

Yours obliged humble servant,  
J. WEL FASHION.

A like impertinence is also very troublesome to the superior and more intelligent part of the fair sex. It is, it seems, a great inconvenience, that those of the meanest capacities will pretend to make visits, though indeed they are qualified rather to add to the furniture of the house (by filling an empty chair) than to the conversation they come into when they visit. A friend of mine hopes for redress in this case, by the publication of her letter in my paper; which she thinks those she would be rid of will take to themselves. It seems to be written with an eye to one of those pert, giddy, unthinking girls, who, upon the recommendation only of an agreeable person and a fashionable air, take themselves to be upon a level with women of the greatest merit.

MADAM,  
I TAKE this way to acquaint you with what common rules and forms would never permit me to tell you otherwise; to wit, that you and I, though equals in quality and fortune, are by no means suitable companions. You are, it is true, very pretty, can dance, and make a very good figure in a public assembly; but alas, madam, you must go no further; distance and silence are your best recommendations; therefore let me beg of you never to make me any more visits. You come in a literal sense to see one, for you have nothing to say. I do not say this, that I would keep it up with the strictest forms of good-breeding. Let us pay visits, but never see one another. If you will be so good as to deny yourself always to me, I shall return the obligation by giving the same orders to my servants. When accident makes us meet at a third place, we may mutually lament the misfortune of never finding another.

\* See No 31.

ing one another at home, go in the same party to a benefit-play, and smile at each other, and put down glasses as we pass in our coaches. Thus we may enjoy as much of each other's friendship as we are capable of: for there are some people who are to be known only by sight, with which sort of friendship, I hope you will always honour,

Yours most obedient humble servant,  
J. MADAM,

To prevent all mistakes that may happen among gentlemen of the other end of the town, who come but once a week to St. James's coffee-house, either by miscalling the servants, or requiring such things from them as are not properly within their respective provinces; this is to give notice, that Kidney, keeper of the book-lets of the outlying customers, and observer of those who go off without paying, having resigned that employment, is succeeded by John Sowton; to whose place of collector of messages and first coffee-grinder, William Bird is promoted; and Samuel Birdock comes as shag-cleaner in the room of the said Bird.

STEEL.

No 25. THURSDAY, MARCH 29, 1710-11.

Agrestique medendo. VIRG. Æn. xii. 46.

And sickness by the very means of health.  
The following letter will explain itself, and needs no apology:

'SIR,  
I AM one of that sickly tribe who are commonly known by the name of Valetudinarians; and do confess to you, that I first contracted this ill habit of body, or rather of mind, by the study of physic. I no sooner began to peruse books of this nature, but I found my pulse was irregular; and scarce ever read the account of any disease that I did not fancy myself afflicted with\*. Dr. Sydenham's learned treatise of fevers threw me into a lingering hectic, which hung upon me all the while I was reading that excellent piece. I then applied myself to the study of several authors, who have written upon phisical distempers, and by that means fell into a consumption; till at length, growing fat, I was in a manner shamed out of that imagination. Not long after this I found in myself all the symptoms of the gout, except pain; but was cured of it by a treatise upon the gravel, written by a very ingenious author, who (as it is usual for physicians to convert one distemper into another) eased me of the gout by giving me the stone. I at length studied myself into a complication of distempers; but accidentally taking into my hand that ingenious discourse written by Sanctotrius†, I

\* Mr. Tyeckell, in his preface to Addison's Works, says, 'that Addison never had a regular pulse.'  
† The inventor of the thermometer.  
seventeenth century, and by means of a weighing-chair of medicine in the university of Padua in the beginning of his own invention, made many curious and important discoveries relative to insensible perspiration. He published at Venice, in 1634, an ingenious book, entitled "De Medicinis Statibus," which is the work here alluded to.

93.

in a fight than in a battle, and may be applied to diverse kinds of imaginary sick persons that break their constitution by psychic and uterine metastases into the arms of death, by condemning to escape it. This method is not only dangerous, but below the practice of a reasonable creature. To commit the preservation of life, as the only end of it, to make our health our business, to engage in no action that is not part of a regimen, or conceive of psychic, are purposes so abstract, so unworldly human nature, that a gentleman would hardly be more than capable to them. Better that a

I do not mean, by what I have been told, that I

On the contrary, as demonstrated in the case of the "Bosnian" and "Croatian" refugees, the "Bosnian" and "Croatian" refugees are in a great need of a well-tempered coordination, and capacity for handling, and cannot be at all much relied on to help and protect it. But the care, which was required, not only by common sense, but by

[illegible][illegible]

1. The first step is to identify the problem. This involves understanding the situation and the goals that need to be achieved.

most of that of the neighborhood. Upon a black (grey) common bean secondary crop, the barriers fell indirectly and the soil was exposed, when he expected to see a layer of humus. The nature of the soil required. As the humus was not available, the soil was not rich, and the plants were not healthy. The soil was not rich, and the plants were not healthy. The soil was not rich, and the plants were not healthy.

1872. FEBRUARY, MARCH 30, 1871.  
 1872. FEBRUARY, MARCH 30, 1871.

[illegible]

And when I say beyond the horizon of a  
- great man, it will mean a day in  
the history of America, and the  
world will be a different place.

was resolved to direct myself by a scheme of rules, which I had collected from his observations. The learned world are very well acquainted with that gentleman's intention, who, for the better carrying on of his experiments, contrived a certain mathematical chair, which was so ingeniously hung upon springs, that it would in any thing as well as a pair of scales. By this means he discovered how many ounces of his food passed by perspiration, what quantity of it was turned into nourishment, and how much went away by the other channels and distribution of nature.

1. Having provided myself with this chatty, I used to sleep in it; I remember that I may be told, for there have lived in a pair of socks. I am all in health, to be precisely what I wish, falling short of it about a pound after a week, failing short of it about a pound after a week, failing short of it about a pound after a week.

[illegible]

with a quantity of arsenic, as is sometimes the case  
 with a slight. In my greatest excitement I do not remem-  
 ber how many times I have poured a whole glass of  
 my brother's milk, or of the wine I bought in city  
 taverns. As soon as I did myself daily poured after  
 dinner, I walk till I have perspired five ounces  
 and four scruples, and when I discover, by my

COME, THAT I WAS TO BE REDEEMED, I WAS TO MY DOUBTS  
 AND RYDLY WENT MY LITTLE WOODS, I KEPT ON MY DOUBTS  
 REMAINING PARTS OF THE POWERS, I KEPT ON MY DOUBTS  
 OF THESE. I DO NOT DARE TO SAY BY THE CLERGY, BUT  
 BY MY CHAIR, FOR WHEN I WAS LATER AND MY POWERS  
 OF FOOD IS CLAIMED, I COULD NOT SAY TO BE  
 BROTHER, AND LAY IN ANOTHER WITH ALL DIFFERENCE  
 IN

I have been thinking of you a great deal lately, and wondering how you are getting on. I hope you are well and happy. I have been very busy lately, but I have managed to find some time to write to you. I have been thinking of you a great deal lately, and wondering how you are getting on. I hope you are well and happy. I have been very busy lately, but I have managed to find some time to write to you.

The first of these is the fact that the
 *Journal of the American Medical Association*
 has been the most influential of the
 medical journals in the United States
 since its founding in 1882. It has
 been the most widely read and
 the most influential of the medical
 journals in the United States since
 its founding in 1882. It has been
 the most widely read and the most
 influential of the medical journals
 in the United States since its
 founding in 1882.

[illegible]

This letter puts me in mind of an Italian epigram  
written on the monument of a valiant knight  
who was put into prison. The fear of death  
was insupportable to him. And yet he  
passed his last days in such a  
calm and cheerful manner, as  
has been recorded by a  
poet in a beautiful epigram.

There are many more thousands being  
killed by some bacteria, upon a  
scale which defies belief. These



[illegible]

Glauconius, Medontanus, Thersilochusque,  
VIRG.

The life of these men is finely described in holy writ by 'the path of an arrow; which is immediately closed up and lost.

of mortality, as it were in the camp, I examined it more particularly by day and night, and found no several evils which are raised in every quantity of that ancient fabric. Some of them were observed with a few experiments, and that it was possible for the dead person, if he acquiesced in the will of heaven, to avoid the perils which his friends have bestowed upon him. There

are often so excessively modest, that they deliver the character of the person departed in Greek or Hebrew, and by that means are not understood once in a twelvemonth. In the poetical quarter, I found there were poets who had no monuments, and monuments which had no poets. I observed, indeed, that the present war had filled the church with many of these uninhabited monuments, which had been erected to the memory of persons whose bodies were perhaps buried in the plains of Blenheim, or in the bosom of the ocean. I could not but be very much delighted with several modern epigrams, which are written with great elegance of expression and justness of thought, and therefore do honour to the living as well as the dead. As a foreigner is very apt to

wced, shells, and coral.  
 But to return to our subject. I have left the  
 repository of our English kings for the contempla-  
 tion of another day, when I shall find my mind  
 disposed for so serious an amusement. I know  
 that entertainments of this nature are apt to raise  
 dark and dismal thoughts in timorous minds, and  
 gloomy imaginations; but for my own part, though  
 I am always serious, I do not know what it is to  
 be melancholy; and can therefore take a view of  
 nature in her deep and solemn scenes, with the  
 same pleasure as in her most gay and delightful  
 ones. By this means I can improve myself with  
 those objects, which others consider with terror.  
 When I look upon the tombs of the great, every  
 emotion of envy dies in me: when I read the epi-  
 taphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes  
 out; when I meet with the grief of parents upon  
 a tombstone, my heart melts with compassion;  
 when I see the tomb of the parents themselves, I  
 consider the vanity of grieving for those whom  
 we must quickly follow. When I see kings lying  
 by those who deposed them, when I consider rival  
 wis placed side by side, or the holy men that  
 divided the world with their contests and disputes,  
 I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little  
 competitions, factions, and debates of mankind.  
 When I read the several dates of the tombs, of  
 some that died yesterday, and some six hundred  
 years ago, I consider that great day when we shall  
 all be concompared, and make our appear-  
 ance together.  
 Advice:

Nº 27. SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1711.

Ut non longa quibus mentitur amica, desique  
 Longa videtur opus debentibus; ut piger annus  
 Pupillis, quos dura premit custodita matrum:  
 Sic mihi fata suaum interducent tempore, quæ sem  
 Consistuntque morantur agenda genatæ, id quod  
 æque purpureis prodos, locupletibus æque;  
 Atque neglectis parvis sensibusque nocenti.

Long as to him, who works for debt, the day;  
Long as the night to her, whose love's away;  
Long as the year's dull circle seems to run,  
When the black minor pants for twenty-one;

to show it? responsible mothers tell  
That look up all the functions of my world  
That look on from myself, and still delay  
Little handkerchiefs for a future day  
That look, which are no fathers, or aunts,  
The eldest is a fool, the youngest, what  
Which does, the poorest, no waste endure,  
And which not doing, the richest must be poor.

[illegible]

I KNOW not with what words to express to you  
 the sense I have of the high obligation you have  
 laid upon me, in the promise you so graciously  
 made me this day. The nation I am in  
 stands with daily opportunities of the kind : and  
 of being private with which you have inspired me,  
 of being so to all I have to deal with, quicken  
 my application in every thing I undertake. When  
 a religious man, when I produce a considerable  
 number, I am distinguished with respect, for having de-  
 signed to leave the world in order to be virtuous  
 I am sorry you should have the opportunity of con-  
 sulting I am in might afford me of consulting you  
 for them, but know I contribute more to your in-  
 formation, when I acknowledge I am the better man,  
 from the influence and authority you have over,

I, your most obliged and  
 most humble servant,  
 W. A.

[illegible]

No 28. MONDAY, APRIL 2, 1711.

*Neque semper arcum  
Tendit Apollo.*

HOR. 2 Od. x. 19.

Not does Apollo always bend his bow.

I shall here present my reader with a letter from a projector, concerning a new office which he thinks may very much contribute to the embellishment of the city, and to the driving harbarity out of our streets. I consider it as a satire upon projectors in general, and a lively picture of the whole art of modern criticism.

sir,

Observing that you have thoughts of creating certain offices under you, for the inspection of several petty enormities which you yourself cannot attend to; and finding daily absurdities hung out upon the sign-posts \* of this city, to the great scandal of foreigners, as well as those of our own country, who are curious spectators of the same; I do humbly propose that you would be pleased to make me your superintendent of all such figures and devices, as are or shall be made use of on this occasion, with full powers to rectify or expunge whatever I shall find irregular or defective. For want of such an officer, there is nothing like sound literature and good sense to be met with in those objects, that are every where thrusting themselves out to the eye, and endeavouring to become visible. Our streets are filled with blue boars, black swans, and red lions; not to mention flying pigs, and hogs in armour, with many other creatures more extraordinary than any in the deserts of Africa. Strange! that one who has all the birds and beasts in nature to choose out of, should live at the sign of an *En*

*Rationalis*! My first task therefore should be, like that of Hercules, to clear the city from monsters. In the second place I would forbid, that creatures of jar-ring and incongruous natures should be joined together in the same sign: such as the bell and the fox's tongue, the dog and the gridiron. The fox and goose may be supposed to have met, but what has the fox and the seven stars to do together? And when did the lamb and dolphin ever meet, except upon a sign-post? As for the cat and fiddle, that any thing I have here said should affect it, I must however observe to you upon this subject, that it is usual for a young tradesman, at his first setting up, to add to his own sign that of the master whom he served; as the husband, after marriage, gives a place to his mistress's arms in his own coat. This I take to have given rise to many of those absurdities which are committed over our heads; and, as I am informed, first occasionally and then perpetually joined together. I would therefore earnestly join in rules, for the determining how far one tradesman may give the sign of another, and in what cases he may be allowed to quarter it with his own.

In the third place, I would enjoin every shop to make use of a sign which bears some affinity to the wares in which it deals. What can be more inconsistent, than to see a bawd at the sign of the

\* A humorous letter on the subject of sign-posts, &c. will be found in the Gentleman's Magazine, vol. xi. 403.

\* St. George.

+ See No 66.

angel, or a tailor at the lion? A cook should not live at the booby, nor a shoemaker at the roasted pig; and yet, for want of this regulation, I have seen a goat set up before the door of a perfumer, and the French king's head at a sword-cutter's. An ingenious foreigner observes, that several of those gentlemen who value themselves upon their families, and overlook such as are bred to trade, bear the tools of their forefathers in their coats of arms. I will not examine how true this is in fact. But though it may not be necessary for posterity thus to set up the sign of their forefathers, I think it highly proper for those who actually profess the trade, to show some such marks of it before their doors.

When the name gives an occasion for an ingenious sign-post, I would likewise advise the owner to take that opportunity of letting the world know who he is. It would have been ridiculous for the ingenious Mr. Salmon to have lived at the sign of the trout; for which reason she has erected before her house the figure of the fish that is her namesake. Mr. Bell has likewise distinguished himself by a device of the same nature; and here, sir, I must beg leave to observe to you, that this particular figure of a bell has given occasion to several pieces of wit in this kind. A man of your reading must know, that Abel Drugger gained great applause by it in the time of Ben Jonson. Our apocryphal heavenly god \* is also represented by this figure; which, in conjunction with the dragon, makes a very handsome picture in several of our streets. As for the bell-savage, which is the sign of a savage man standing by a bell, I was formerly very much puzzled upon the conceit of it, till I accidentally fell into the reading of an old romance, translated out of the French; which gives an account of a very beautiful woman who was found in a wilderness, and is called in the French *La belle Sauvage* †, and is every where translated by our countrymen the bell-savage. This piece of philosophy will, I hope, convince you that I have made sign-posts my study, and consequently qualified myself for the employment which I solicit at your hands. But before I conclude my letter, I must communicate to you another remark, which I have made upon the subject with which I am now entertaining you, namely, that I can give a shrewd guess at the humour of the inhabitant by the sign that hangs before his door. A surly cholic fellow generally makes choice of a bear; as men of milder dispositions frequently live at the lamb. Seeing a punch-bowl painted upon a sign near Charling-cross, and very curiously garnished, with a couple of angels hovering over it, and squeezing a lemon into it, I had the curiosity to ask after the master of the house, and found upon inquiry, as I had guessed by the little *agreements* upon his sign, that he was a Frenchman. I know, sir, it is not requisite for me to enlarge upon these hints to a gentleman of your great abilities; so humbly recommending myself to your favour and patronage, I remain, &c.

I shall add to the foregoing letter another, which came to me by the same penny post.

\* From my own apartment near Charling-cross.

MONSIEUR SIR,

HAVING heard that this nation is a great encourager of ingenuity, I have brought with me a rope-dancer that was caught in one of the woods be-

[illegible][illegible]

N<sup>o</sup>. 29. TUESDAY, APRIL 2, 1711.

\_\_\_\_\_ advised that the above information was obtained from a confidential source who has provided information in the past and is being provided for your information.

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There is nothing that has more startled our flag

and, therefore, that the (only) beneficiaries of

1000 2000 3000 4000 5000 6000 7000 8000 9000 10000

אין אונזערע צייטן ווען די פאליטיקערן זענען שוין געווארן אסאך מאל געפאלן, וועט מען זיין געוויס, אז די פאליטיקערן זענען שוין געווארן אסאך מאל געפאלן, וועט מען זיין געוויס, אז די פאליטיקערן זענען שוין געווארן אסאך מאל געפאלן.

ਅੰਮ੍ਰਿਤਸਰ, ੨੨ ਮਾਰਚ ੧੯੮੭

...and the ...

ה'תשנ"ח, יום חמישי, כ"ב אדר ב'.

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There is no question of the matter. I must be

בגלג' וקדח וקס וממל' סט (לש וקס) ו גמאכא כסחן וו) ה

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of his own thoughts, 'She gave me a very obliging glance, she never looked so well in her life as this evening; or the like reflection, without regard to any other member of the society; for in this assembly they do not meet to talk to each other, but every man claims the full liberty of talking to himself. Instead of snuff-boxes and canes, which are the usual helps to discourse with other young fellows, these have each some piece of ribbon, a broken fan, or an old giraffe, which they play with while they talk of the fair person remembered by each respective token. According to the representation of the matter from my letters, the company appear like so many players rehearsing behind the scenes; one is sighing and lamenting his destiny in beseeching terms, another declaring he will break his chain, and another, in dumb-show, striving to express his passion by his gesture. It is very ordinary in the assembly for one of a sudden to rise and make a discourse concerning his passion in general, and describe the temper of his mind in such a manner, as that the whole company shall join in the description, and feel the force of it. In this case, if any man has declared the violence of his flame in more pathetic terms, he is superior passion.

We had some years ago in this town a set of people who met and dressed like lovers, and were distinguished by the name of the Fringeglove club; but they were persons of such moderate intellects, even before they were impaired by their passion, that their irregularities could not furnish sufficient variety of folly to afford daily new imperfections; by which means that institution dropped.

These fellows could express their passion in nothing, but their dress; but the Oxoniens are fantastical, now they are lovers, in proportion to their learning and understanding before they became such. The thoughts of the ancient poets on this agreeable piety, are translated in honour of some modern beauty; and Chloris is won to-day by the same compliment that was made to Lesbia a thousand years ago. But as far as I can learn, the patron of the club is the renowned Don Quixote. The adventures of that gentle knight are frequently mentioned in the society, under the colour of laughing at the passion and themselves; but at the same time, though they are sensible of the extravagancies of that unhappy warrior, they do not observe, that to turn all the reading of the best and wisest writings into rhapsodies of love, is a piety no less diverging than that of the aforesaid accomplished Spaniard. A gentleman who, I hope, will continue his correspondence, is lately admitted into the fraternity, and sent me the following letter:

My dear Sir,

Since I find you take notice of clubs, I beg leave to give you an account of one in Oxford, which you have no where mentioned, and perhaps never heard of. We distinguish ourselves by the title of the Amorous club, are all votaries of Cupid, and admirers of the fair sex. The reason that we are so little known in the world, is the secrecy which we are obliged to live under in the university. Our constitution runs counter to that of the place, wherein we live: for in love there are no doctors, and we all profess so high a passion, that we admit of no graduates in it. Our president'ship is bestowed according to the dignity of passion; our number is unlimited; and our statutes are like those of the Druids, recorded in our own breasts.

I shall add no more to what I have here offered, than that music, architecture, and painting, as well as poetry and oratory, are to deduce their laws and rules from the general sense and taste of mankind, and not from the principles of those arts themselves; or, in other words, the taste is not to conform to the art, but the art to the taste. Music is not designed to please only chromatic ears, but all that are capable of distinguishing harsh from disagreeable notes. A man of an ordinary ear is a judge whether a passion is expressed in proper sounds, and whether the melody of those sounds be more or less pleasing.

ADMISSON.

No 30. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 4, 1711.

*St. Altimernus uti censet, sine amore jockitue Nil est jucundum; viciis in amore jockitue.*  
HOR. 1 Ep. vi. 65.

If nothing, as Altimernus strives to prove, Can ever be pleasant without mirth and love, Then live in mirth and love, thy sports pursue.

GREECH.

One common calamity makes men extremely affect each other, though they differ in every other particular. The passion of love is the most general concern among men; and I am glad to hear by my last advices from Oxford, that there are a set of sightholders in that university, who have erected themselves into a society in honour of that tender passion. These gentlemen are of that sort of immortals, who are not so very much lost to common sense, but that they understand the folly they are guilty of; and for that reason separate themselves from all other company, because they will enjoy the pleasure of talking incoherently, without being ridiculous to any but each other. When a man comes into the club, he is not obliged to make any introduction to his discoverers, but at once, as he is seating himself in his chair, speaks in the third person to his discoverers, but at once, as he is

\* See No 13.

+ The part of the French, is the pit of the English theatre.

[illegible]

grads, or any of the like diversions, which shall

please by the whole table. Upon which the under-  
 taker told us, that he had not yet communicated  
 his above half his design; for that Alexander  
 being a Greek, it was his intention that the whole  
 opera should be acted in that language, which was  
 a tongue he was sure would wonderfully please the  
 ladies, especially when it was a little raised and  
 rounded by the Ionic dialect; and could not but  
 be acceptable to the whole audience, because  
 there are fewer of them who understand Greek  
 than Italian. The only difficulty that remained,  
 was how to get performers, unless we could per-  
 suade some gentleness of the universities to learn  
 to sing, in order to qualify themselves for the  
 stage; but this objection soon vanished, when the  
 projector informed us that the Greeks were at pre-  
 sent the only musicians in the Turkish empire, and  
 that it would be very easy for our factory at  
 Smyrna to furnish us every year with a colony of  
 musicians, by the opportunity of the Turkey fleet;  
 besides, says he, if we want any single voice for  
 any lower part in the opera, Lawrence can learn  
 to speak Greek, as well as he does Italian, in a  
 fortnight's time.





to combat with criminals in a body, and to assault the vice without hurting the person.

This debate, which was held for the good of mankind, put me in mind of that which the Roman tribunes were formerly engaged in for their destruction. Every man at first stood hard for his friend, till they found by this means they should spoil the prosecution: and at length, making a sacrifice of all their acquaintance and relations, furnished out a very decent execution.

Having thus taken my resolutions to march on boldly in the cause of virtue and good sense, and to amuse their adversaries in whatever degree or rank of men they may be found; I shall be dear for the future to all the remonstrances that shall be made to me on this account. If Punch grows extravagant, I shall reprimand him very freely. If the stage becomes a nursery of folly and impertinence, I shall not be afraid to unmask it. In short, if I meet with any thing in city, court, or country, that shocks modesty or good manners, I shall use my utmost endeavours to make an example of it. I was, however, intended every particular person, who does me the honour to be a reader of this paper, never to think himself, or any one of his friends or enemies, aimed at in what is said: for I promise him, never to draw a faulty character which does not fit at least a thousand people; or to publish a single paper, that is not written in the spirit of benevolence, and with a love to mankind.

ADDITION.

No 35. TUESDAY, APRIL 10, 1711.

*Nulla incepta res incipitor nulla est.*

Nothing so foolish as the laugh of fools.

Among all kinds of writings there is none in which authors are more apt to miscarry than in works of humour, as there is none in which they are more ambitious to excel. It is not an imagination that seems with monsters, a head that is filled with extravagant conceptions, which is capable of furnishing the world with diversions of this nature; and yet, if we look into the productions of several writers, who set up for men of humour, what wild irregular fancies, what unnatural distortions of thought do we meet with? If they speak nonsense, they believe they are talking humour; and when they have drawn together a scheme of absurd, inconsistent ideas, they are not able to read it over to themselves without laughing. These poor gentlemen endeavour to gain themselves the reputation of wits and humorists, by such monstrous conceits as almost qualify them for Bedlam; not considering that humour should always lie under the check of reason, and that it requires the direction of the nicest judgment, by so much the more as it indulges itself in the most boundless freedoms. There is a kind of nature that is to be observed in this sort of compositions, as well as in all other; and a certain regularity of thought which must discover the writer to be a man of sense, at the same time that he appears altogether given up to caprice. For my part, when I read the delicious mirth of an unskilful author, I cannot be so barbarous as to divert myself with it, but am rather apt to pity the man, than laugh at any thing he writes.

The deceased Mr. Shadwell, who had himself a great deal of the talent which I am treating of,

But since there is an impostor abroad, who takes upon him the name of this young gentleman, and would willingly pass for him in the world; to the end that well-meaning persons may not be imposed upon by cheats, I would desire my readers, when they meet with this pretender, to look into his past, and to examine him strictly, whether or no he be remotely allied to Truth, and finally descended from Good Sense; if not, they may conclude him a counterfeit. They may likewise distinguish him by a loud and excessive laughter, in which he seldom gets his company to join with him. For as True Humour generally looks serious, while every body laughs about him; False Humour is always laughing, whilst every body about him looks serious. I shall only add, if he has not in him a mixture of both parents, that is, if he would pass for the offspring of Wit without Mirth, or Mirth without Wit, you may conclude him to be altogether spurious and a cheat.

The impostor of whom I am speaking, descends originally from Falsehood, who was the mother of Nonsense, who was brought to bed of a son called Frenzy, who married one of the daughters of Folly, commonly known by the name of Laugh-ter, on whom he begot that monstrous infant of which I have been speaking. I shall set down at length the genealogical table of False Humour, and at the same time, place under it the genealogy of True Humour, that the reader may at one view behold their different pedigrees and relations.

Falsehood.  
Nonsense.  
Frenzy.....Laughter.  
False Humour.  
Truth.  
Good Sense.  
Wit.....Mirth.  
Humour.

It is indeed much easier to describe what is not than what is; and very difficult to define humour, than what is; and very difficult to define it otherwise than as Cowley has done wit, by negative. Were I to give my own notions of it, I would deliver them after Plato's manner, in a kind of allegory, and by supposing Humour to be a person, deduce to him all his qualifications, according to the following genealogy. Truth was the founder of the family, and the father of Good Sense. Good Sense was the father of Wit, who married a lady of collateral line called Mirth, by whom he had issue Humour. Humour therefore being the youngest of this illustrious family, and descended from parents of such different dispositions, is very various and unequal in his temper; sometimes you see him putting on grave looks and a solemn habit, sometimes airy in his behaviour and fantastic in his dress; insomuch that at different times he appears as serious as a judge, and as jocund as a merry andrew. But as he has a great deal of the mother in his constitution, whatever mood he is in, he never fails to make his company



The petition of the Grave-digger in Hamlet, to command the Pioneers in the Expedition of Alexander, Granted.  
The petition of William Bullock \*, to be His Majesty's Surveyor of the Woods, Granted.  
The petition of Penckethman the Clerk, to be His Majesty's Surveyor of the Woods, Granted.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

A widow gentleman, well born both by father and mother's side, being the daughter of Thomas Plater, once an eminent practitioner in the law, and of Letitia Talbot, a family well known in all parts of this kingdom, having been reduced by misfortunes to a state of indigence, and for some time to be a teacher at a boarding-school of young ladies, gives notice to the public, that she hath lately taken a house near Bloomsbury-square, commodiously situated next the fields in a good air: where she teaches all sorts of birds of the logicians kinds, as parrots, starlings, magpies, and others, to imitate human voices in greater perfection than ever was yet practised. They are not only instructed to pronounce words distinctly, and in a proper tone and accent, but to speak the language with great purity and volubility of tongue, together with all the fashionable phrases and compliments now in use either at tea-tables, or visiting-days. Those that have good voices may be taught to sing the newest operas, and if required, to speak either Italian or French, putting something extraordinary above the common rules. They whose friends are not able to pay the full price, may be taken as half boarders. She teaches such as are designed for the diversion of the public, and to act in enchanted schools on the lectures, by the great. As she has often observed with much concern how indelicately an education is usually given in mixed kind of furniture, as seemed very suitable to the lady and the scholar, and did not know at first whether I should fancy myself in a grove, or in a library.

Upon my looking into the books, I found there were some few which the lady had bought for her own use, but that most of them had been got together, either because she had heard them praised, or because she had seen the authors of them. Among several that I examined, I very well remembered these that follow:

- Ogilby's Virgil.
- Dryden's Juvenal.
- Cassandra.
- Cleopatra.
- Astræa.
- Sir Isaac Newton's Works.
- The Grand Cyrus; with a pin stuck in one of the middle leaves.
- Pembroke's Acadia.
- Locke on Human Understanding; with a paper of patches in it.
- A Spelling Book.
- A Dictionary for the explanation of hard words.
- Shertock upon Death.
- The Fifteen Comforts of Matrimony.
- Sir William Temple's Essays.
- Further Malebranche's Search after Truth, translated into English.
- A book of Novels.
- The Academy of Compliments.
- Culpepper's Midwifery.

R.  
STEEL.  
this species.  
love to choose their friends and companions out of that they shall be fit conversation for such ladies as them so accomplished in the compass of a luteal month, any parts or capacity, she will undertake to render and singular talents. In short, if they are birds of strong impressions that are made by harsh sounds, and the dangers her scholars are exposed to, by the is for those to keep silence who have the use of speech, having found by long experience how hard a thing it is to prepare their food, and cleanse their cages; its deaf and dumb, and whom she provided on purpose to approach them but herself, and a servant maid who part of her said house; where she suffers none to proper and neat apartments for them in the back ing to birds who have rich birds, she has filled up and card-matches, with other useless parts of learning from passengers and idle people, as also to cry fish, ribaldry, obscene songs, and immodest expressions, the great offence of chaste and tender ears, they learn their being placed in rooms next the street, where, to no great ceremony, which in some measure is owing to how indelicately an education is usually given in mixed kind of furniture, as seemed very suitable to the lady and the scholar, and did not know at first whether I should fancy myself in a grove, or in a library.

No 37. THURSDAY, APRIL 12, 1711.  
Non illa colo calathiscæ Africæ  
Fœminæ assuetæ manus;  
VIRG. Æn. vii. 805.  
Unbred to spinning, in the loom unskill'd.  
DREYDEN.  
Some months ago, my friend Sir Roger, being in the country, enclosed a letter to me, directed to a

\* See No 44, and Tat. Nos. 7 and 188.  
+ See Nos. 31 and 370, and Tat. Nos. 4, 7, 20, and 188.  
\* This was a Miss Shephard, afterwards Mrs. Perry. See Nos. 92, 140, and 163.  
+ See Tat. No 23.

I shall take notice, in this and in other following papers, of some particular parts in it that seem liable to exception.

At first to observe, that the Iambic verse in the Greek tongue was the most proper for tragedy;

because at the same time it lifted up the dis-

course from prose; it was that which approached

nearest to the human voice, and was the most

proper for the Iambic verse, which often enters

into our common discourse, though we do not attend to

it, and is such a due medium between rhyme and

prose, that it seems wonderfully adapted to tragedy.

I am therefore very much obliged when I see a

play in the Iambic, which is as observed in English, as

a tragedy of the ancients would have been in Greek

or Latin. The objection is, I think, still greater in

those plays that have some scenes in the Iambic

and some in blank verse, which are to be looked upon

as two distinct languages; or where we see some

particular situations distinguished with rhyme, at the

same time that every thing about them lies in blank

verse. I would not, however, deter the poet from

considering his tragedy, or, if he please, every act

of it, with two or three couplets, which may have

the same effect as we are at in the Iambic verse after

each recital, and give the actor a regulated

and settled manner in the delivery of his speech.

But that we are a diversity of sentiment

in some parts of the tragedy, in order to render

the action better fitted in the same condition

of voice. For the same reason I do

not dislike the speeches in our English tragedy that

close with a hemistich, or half verse, notwithstanding

the person who speaks either it begins a new

act, without falling up the preceding one; nor

with abrupt pauses and borrowings of the middle

of a verse, when they become any passion that is

expressed by it.

Since I am upon this subject, I must observe a great

many of our English poets have succeeded much better in

the Iambic, than in the performance of their tragedies.

Their language is very often double and monstrous,

the words either very trifling, or very common,

coarsely, in the ancient tragedy, and in

to those of Corneille and Racine, though the

metaphors are very great, it is the thought that

gives them up and not the diction. For my own part,

I prefer a double sentiment that is disposed with the

formally language, and before a violent one that

thoughts are great and just, they are often ob-

scured by the sounding phrases, and metaphors,

and forced expressions in which they are clothed.

There is a no observation in Aristotle to this par-

ticular. Shakespeare is often very easily in this particu-

lar, and the like to which he is obliged, as in descrip-

tions, similes, metaphors, and the like to which

the opinions, manners, and passions of men are

not represented; for these (namely, the opinions,

manners, and passions) are apt to be obscured by

poets, who copied most of his criticisms after Ari-

stotle, seems to have had his eye on the foregoing

table, in the following verses.

It is therefore no wonder that we find in the

English poets, who have been so much affected

with the French, that they have been so much

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affected with the French, that they have been so much

(*ad pro patria sic condidit*) had he so fallen in the service of his country.

ADVOX.

No 40. MONDAY, APRIL 16, 1711.

*Alte ne forte pulchre, me, quæ sacre hunc recensent,*

*Cur recte tractant alii, laudant magnificæ;*

*Ille per extensum funem, hunc pæne rictu*

*Ille pæne, nec quæ pueri hunc rictu*

*Ille pæne, nec quæ pueri hunc rictu*

*Ille pæne, nec quæ pueri hunc rictu*

*Ille pæne, nec quæ pueri hunc rictu*

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under the Great, Theodosius, All for Love, Oedipus, Oronoko, Othello, &c. King Lear is an admirable tragedy of the same kind, as Shakspeare wrote it; but as it is reformed according to the chimerical notion of poetical justice, in my humble opinion it has lost half its beauty. At the same time I must allow, that there are very noble tragedies, which have been framed upon the other plan, and have ended happily; as indeed most of the good tragedies, which have been written since the starting of the above-mentioned criticism, have taken this turn: as The Mourning Bride, The Rival, Ulysses, Phœdra and Hippolytus, with many of Shakspeare's, and several of the celebrated tragedies of antiquity, are cast in the same form. I do not therefore dispute against this way of writing tragedies, but against the criticism that would establish this as the only method; and by that means would give a wrong bent to the genius of our writers. The tragic-comedy, which is the product of the English literature, is one of the most monstrous inventions that ever entered into a poet's thoughts. An author might as well think of weaving the adventures of Æneas and Andrius into one poem, as of writing such a motley piece of mirth and sorrow. But the absurdity of these performances is so very visible, that I shall not insist upon it. The same objections which are made to tragic-comedy, may in some measure be applied to all tragedies that have a double plot in them; which are likewise more frequent upon the English stage than upon any other: for though the grief of the audience, in such performances, be not changed into another passion, as in tragic-comedies, it is directed upon another object, which weakens their concern for the principal action, and breaks the tide of sorrow, by throwing it into different channels. This inconvenience, however, may in a great measure be cured, if not wholly removed, by the skilful choice of an under-plot, which may bear such a near relation to the principal design, as to contribute towards the completion of it, and be concluded by the same catastrophe. There is also another particular, which may be reckoned among the blemishes, or rather the false beauties of our English tragedy: I mean those particular speeches which are commonly known by the name of *Rhetas*. The warm and passionate parts of a tragedy, are always the most taking with the audience; for which reason we often see the players pronouncing, in all the violence of action, several parts of the tragedy which the author writes with great temper, and designed that they should often raise himself a loud clap by this artifice, have been so acted. I have seen Powell very much raised himself, a loud clap by this artifice. The poets that were acquainted with this secret, have given frequent occasion for such emotions in the actor, by adding vehemence to words where there was no passion, or inflaming a real passion into fustian. This hath filled the mouths of our heroes with bombast; and given them such sentiments, as procured rather from a swelling than a greatness of mind. Unnatural exclamations, curses, vows, blasphemies, a defiance of mankind, and an outraging of the gods, frequently pass upon the audience for towering thoughts, and have accordingly met with infinite applause. I shall here add a remark, which I am afraid our tragic writers may make an ill use of. As our heroes are generally lovers, light, swelling and blustering upon the stage very much recommends them to the fair part of their audience. The ladies are

The English writers of tragedy are possessed with a notion, that when they represent a virtuous or innocent person in distress, they ought not to leave him till they have delivered him out of his troubles, or made him triumph over his enemies. This error they have been led into by a ridiculous doctrine in modern criticism, that they are obliged to an equal distribution of rewards and punishments; and an impartial execution of poetical justice. Who were the first that established this rule I know not; but I am sure it has no foundation in nature, in reason, or in the practice of the ancients. We find that good and evil happen alike to all men on this side the grave; and as the principal design of tragedy is to raise compassion and terror in the minds of the audience, we shall defeat this great end, if we always make virtue and innocence happy and successful. Whatever crosses and disappointments a good man suffers in the body of the tragedy, they will make but a small impression on our minds, when we know that in the last act he is to arrive at the end of his wishes and desires. When we see him engaged in the depth of his afflictions, we are apt to comfort ourselves, because we are sure he will find his way out of them; and that his grief, how great soever it may be at present, will soon terminate in gladness. For this reason the ancient writers of tragedy treated men in their plays, as they are dealt with in the world, by making virtue sometimes happy and sometimes miserable, as they found it in the fable which they made choice of, or as it might affect their audience in the most agreeable manner. Aristotle considers the tragedies that were written in either of these kinds, and observes, that those which ended unhappily had always pleased the people, and carried away the prize in the public disputes of the stage, from those that ended happily. Terror and compassion leave a pleasing anguish in the mind; and fix the audience in such a serious compassure of thought, as is much more lasting and delightful than any little transient starts of joy and satisfaction. Accordingly we find that more of our English tragedies have succeeded, in which the favourites of the audience and that more of our English tragedies have succeeded, in which the favourites of the audience

Hor. 2 Ep. l. 208.

Ut magnus; et hinc me Theobis, modo pœne, libens.

Irunt, mictet, luctu feratibus impet.

Die pœne, nec quæ pueri hunc rictu

Ille pæne, nec quæ pueri hunc rictu

Ille pæne, nec quæ pueri hunc rictu

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No 42. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 18, 1711.

Quarantenus mure putes nemus aut mare Tuscum?  
Quinto cum strigibus ludu spectantur, et artes,  
Drelingue perfringit: quibus obitus actor  
Cum sit in scena, concurrit dextra læva.  
Dixit ad huc aliquantulum. Quid placet ergo?  
Luna larellus rotas imitata lenceno.  
HOR. 2 Ep. l. 202.

MITATED.

And as the wolves on Ocea's stormy steep,  
Howl to the roarings of the northern deep:  
Such is the shout, the long applauding noise,  
At Quin's high plume, or Olden's pelliccoat:  
Or when from court a birth-day suit bestow'd  
Booth enters—hark! the universal peal!  
But has he spoken?—Not a syllable.  
What shew the stage, and made the people stare?  
Cato's long wig, how 'd gown, and lacquer'd chair.  
POPE.

ANSTOTRE has observed, that ordinary writers in  
trigly endeavour to raise terror and pity in their  
audience, not by proper sentiments and expressions,  
but by the dresses and decorations of the stage.  
There is something of this kind very ridiculous in  
the English theatre. When the author has a mind  
to terrify us, it thunders; when he would make us  
melancholy, the stage is darkened. But among all  
our tragic writings, I am the most offended at those  
which are made use of to inspire us with magnifi-  
cent ideas of the persons that speak. The ordinary  
method of making an hero, is to clap a huge plume  
of feathers upon his head, which rises so very high,  
that there is often a greater length from his chin to  
the top of his head, than to the sole of his foot.  
One would believe, that we thought a great man  
and a tall man the same thing. This very much  
embarrasses the actor, who is forced to hold his  
neck extremely stiff and steady all the while he  
speaks; and notwithstanding any anxieties, which  
he pretends for his mistress, his country, or his  
friends, one may see by his action, that his greatest  
care and concern is to keep the plume of feathers  
from falling off his head. For my own part, when  
I see a man uttering his complaints under such a  
mountain of feathers, I am apt to look upon him  
rather as an unfortunate lunatic, than a distressed  
hero. As these superfluous ornaments upon the  
head make a great man, a princess generally re-  
ceives her grandeur from those additional encum-  
brances that fall into her tail: I mean the broad  
sweeping train that follows her in all her motions,  
and huds constant employment for a boy who  
stands behind her to open and spread it to advan-  
tage. I do not know how others are affected at  
this sight, but I must confess my eyes are wholly  
taken up with the page's part; and, as for the  
queen, I am not so attentive to any thing she  
speaks, as to the right adjusting of her train, lest it  
should chance to trip up her heels, or incommode  
her, as she walks to and fro upon the stage. It is,  
in my opinion, a very odd spectacle, to see a queen  
venting her passion in a disordered motion, and a  
little boy taking care all the while that they do  
not ruffle the tail of her gown. The parts that the  
two persons act on the stage at the same time are  
very different. The princess is afraid lest she  
should incur the displeasure of the king her father,  
or lose the hero her lover, whilst her attendant is  
only concerned lest she should entangle her feet in  
her pelliccoat.

We are told, that an ancient tragic poet, to  
move the pity of his audience for his exiled king  
her pelliccoat.

to the last refuge, a round sum of money to her  
maid. This corrupt attendant placed him early in  
the morning behind the hangings in her mistress's  
dressing-room. He stood very conveniently to ob-  
serve, without being seen. The Pict begins the  
face she designed to wear that day, and I have  
heard him protest she had worked a full half-hour  
before he knew her to be the same woman. As soon  
as he saw the dawn of that complexion for which he  
had so long languished, he thought fit to break  
from his concealment, repeating that *ut Cowley* :

The adorning thee with so much art,  
Is but a barbarous skill;  
Tis he the power of a dart,  
Too apt before to kill.

The Pict stood before him in the utmost conti-  
sion, with the prettiest smirke imaginable on the  
finished side of her face, pale as ashes on the other.  
Honeycomb seized all her gally-pots and wasles,  
and carried off his handkerchief full of brulies,  
scraps of Spanish wool, and phials of unguents.  
The lady went into the country, the lover was  
cured.

It is certain no faith ought to be kept with  
cheats, and an oath made to a Pict is of itself  
void. I would therefore exhort all the British fa-  
dies to singe them out, nor do I know any but  
Indians who should be exempt from discovery;  
For her own complexion is so delicate, that she  
ought to be allowed the covering it with paint, as  
a punishment for choosing to be the worse piece  
of art extant, instead of the masterpiece of nature.  
As for my part, who have no expectations from  
women, and consider them only as they are part  
of the species, I do not half so much fear offending  
a beauty, as a woman of sense; I shall therefore  
produce several faces which have been in public  
these many years, and never appeared. I will be  
a very pretty entertainment in the playhouse,  
(which I have abolished this custom) to see so many  
ladies, when they first lay it down, incog. in their  
own faces.

In the mean time, as a pattern for improv-  
ing their charms, let the sex study the agreeable Statira.  
Her features are enlivened with the cheerfulness  
of her mind, and good-humour gives an alacrity to  
her eyes. She is graceful without affecting an air,  
and unconcerned without appearing careless. Her  
want none in her person.  
How like is this lady, and how unlike is a Pict,  
to that description Dr. Donne gives of his mis-  
tress \*!

Her pure and eloquent blood  
Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought,  
That one would almost say her body thought.

ADVERTISEMENT.

A young gentleman of about nineteen years of  
age (bred in the family of a person of quality, lately  
deceased) who paints the finest flesh-colour, wants  
a place, and is to be heard of at the house of  
Miguelier Grotesque, a Dutch painter, in Barbican.  
N. B. She is also well-skilled in the drapery part,  
and puts on hoods and mixes ribbons so as to suit the  
colours of the face with great art and success.

STEELE.

R.

\* This is not the fact. The verses were written on Miss  
Elizabeth Drury, daughter of Donne's patron, Sir Robert. At  
whose house in Drury-lane Donne and his family had apart-  
ments. This beautiful young lady (who was said to have  
been the intended wife of King James's eldest son Prince  
Henry) died in 1610, in her 15th year.







## SPECTATOR

[illegible]

• "We carry on jocularly within London (France),"  
 My Post, vol. 113.  
 • "Let not Morda die without the last,"  
 and with her children's blood upon the water,"  
 BOWDOIN KID.

[illegible]





clock in his stockings. A young Oxford scholar, who chanced to be with his uncle at the coffee-house, discovered to us who this Pachelius was; and by that means turned the whole scheme of this worthy citizen into ridicule. While they were making their several conjectures upon this innocent paper, I reached out my arm to the boy as he was coming out of the pulpit, to give it me; which he did accordingly. This drew the eyes of the whole company upon me; but after having cast a cursory glance over it, and shook my head twice or thrice at the reading of it, I twisted it into a kind of match, and lighted my pipe with it. My profound silence, together with the steadiness of my countenance, and the gravity of my behaviour during this whole transaction, raised a very loud laugh on all sides of me; but as I had escaped all suspicion of being the author, I was very well satisfied, and applying myself to my pipe and the Postman, took no further notice of any thing that passed about me.

My reader will find, that I have already made use of above half the contents of the foregoing paper; and will easily suppose, that those subjects which are yet untouched, were such provisions as I had made for his future entertainment. But as I have been unluckily prevented by this accident, I shall only give him the letters which related to the two last hints. The first of them I should not have published, were I not informed that there is many an husband and who suffers very much in his private affairs by the indiscreet zeal of such a partner as is hereafter mentioned; to whom I may apply the barbarous inscription quoted by the Bishop of Salisbury in his travels \* : *Dum nimia via est, facta est impia* : 'Through too much piety she became impious.'

'I am, &c.'

The second letter, relating to the ogling-master, runs thus :

'MR. SPECTATOR;

'I am an Irish gentleman that have travelled many years for my improvement; during which time I have accomplished myself in the whole art of ogling, as it is at present practised in the polite nations of Europe. Being thus qualified, I intend, by the advice of my friends, to set up for an ogling-master. I teach the church ogle in the morning, and the playhouse ogle by candle-light. I have

\* Dr. Burnet's Letters, &c. Let. 1.

of superior sense

also brought over with me a new flying ogle fit for the ring; which I teach in the dusk of the evening, or in any hour of the day, by darkening one of my windows. I have a manuscript by me, called The Complete Ogler, which I shall be ready to show you on any occasion. In the mean time, I beg you will publish the substance of this letter in an advertisement, and you will very much oblige,

'Xours, &c.'

ADDISON.

No 47. TUESDAY, APRIL 24, 1711.

Ride, si sapias

MART

Laugh, if you're wise.

Mr. Horne, in his Discourse of Human Nature, which, in my humble opinion, is much the best of all his works, after some very curious observations upon laughter, concludes thus : 'The passion of laughter is nothing else but sudden glory arising from some sudden conception of some eminency in ourselves, by comparison with the infirmity of others, or with our own formerly; for men laugh at the follies of themselves past, when they come suddenly to remembrance, except they bring with them any present dishonour.'

According to this author, therefore, when we hear a man laugh excessively, instead of saying he is very merry, we ought to tell him he is very proud. And indeed, if we look into the bottom of this matter, we shall meet with many observations to confirm us in his opinion. Every one laughs at somebody that is in an inferior state of folly to himself. It was formerly the custom for every great house in England to keep a lame fool dressed in petticoats, that the heir of the family might have an opportunity of jokin'g upon him, and diverting himself with his absurdities. For the same reason, idiots are still in request in most of the courts of Germany, where there is not a prince of any great magnificence, who has not two or three dressed, distinguished, undisputed fools in his retinue, whom the rest of the courtiers are always breaking their jests upon.

The Dutch, who are more famous for their industry and application, than for wit and humour, hang up in several of their streets what they call the sign of the Gaper, that is, the head of an idiot dressed in a cap and bells, and gaping in a most immoderate manner. This is a standing jest at Thus every one diverts himself with some person or other that is below him in point of understanding, and triumphs in the superiority of his genius, whilst he has such objects of derision before his eyes. Mr. Dennis has very well expressed this in a couple of humorous lines, which are part of a translation of a satire in Monsieur Boileau :

'Thus one fool tells his tongue out at another,  
'And shakes his empty noddle at his brother.'

Mr. Hobbs's reflection gives us the reason why the insignificant people above mentioned are still set up of laughter among men of a gross taste; but as the more understanding part of mankind do not find their risibility affected by such ordinary objects, it may be worth the while to examine into the several provocatives of laughter, in men



which I shall present her to your consideration and favour.

I am, GENTLEMEN,

Your most obliged humble servant,

THE SPECTATOR.

P. S. I desire to know whether you admit people of quality?

MR. SPECTATOR,

April 17.

To show you there are among us of the vain weak sex, some that have honesty and fortitude enough to dare to be ugly, and willing to be thought so; I apply myself to you, to beg your interest, and recommendation to the Ugly club. If my own word will not be taken (though in this case a woman's may), I can bring credible witness of my qualifications for their company, whether they insist upon hair, forehead, eyes, cheeks, or chin; to which I must add, that I find it easier to learn to my left side, than my right. I hope I am in all respects agreeable, and for humour and mirth, I will keep up to the president himself. All the favour I will pretend to is, that as I am the first woman who has appeared desirous of good company and agreeable conversation, I may take and keep the upper end of the table. And indeed I think they want as they could wish. I desire your thoughts of my claim as soon as you can. Add to my features the length of my face, which is full half-yard; though I never knew the reason of it till you gave me one for the shortness of yours. If I knew a name ugly enough to belong to the above-described face, I would feign one; but, to my unspeakable misfortune, my name is the only disagreeable prettiness about me; so prudence make one for me that signifies all the deformity in the world. You understand Latin, but be sure bring it in with my being, in the sincerity of my heart.

Your most faithful admirer,

and servant,

MECATISSA.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I read your discourse upon affectation\*, and from the remarks made in it examined my own heart so strictly, that I thought I had found out its most secret avenues, with a resolution to be aware of them for the future. But, alas! to my sorrow I do not know the root of it. I am an old fellow

I now understand, that I have several follies which always a strong vanity towards being pleasing in the eyes of women, I never have a moment's case, but I am mounted in high-heeled shoes, with a glazed wax-leather inspur. Two days after a severe fit, I was invited to a friend's house in the city, where I believed I should see ladies; and with my usual complaisance crippled myself to wait upon them. A very sumptuous table, agreeable company, and kind reception, were but so many importunate additions to the torment I was in. A gentleman of the family observed my condition; and soon after the queen's health, he in the presence of the whole company, with his own hands, degraded me into an old pair of his own shoes. This operation before fine ladies, to me (who am by nature a coxcomb) was suffered with the same reluctance as they admit the help of men in their greatest extremity. The return of case made me forgive the rough obligation laid on me, which at that time relieved my body from a dis-

\* No 38. See also No 403, No 460, and No 515.

temper, and will my mind for ever from a folly. For the charity received, I return my thanks this way.

way.

Your most humble servant.

MR. SPECTATOR,

We have your papers here the morning they come out, and we have been very well entertained with your last, upon the false ornaments of persons who represent heroes in a tragedy. What made your speculation come very seasonably among us is, that we have now at this place a company of strollers, who are very far from offending in the impertinent splendour of the drama. They are so far from falling into these false gallantries, that the stage is here in its original situation of a cart. Alexander the Great was acted by a fellow in a paper cravat. The next day the Earl of Essex seemed to have no distress but his poverty; and my Lord Foppington the same morning wanted any better means to show himself a top, than by wearing stockings of different colours. In a word, though they have had a full barn for many days together, our tithe-rants are still so wretchedly poor, that without you can prevail to send us the furniture you forbade at the playhouse, the heroes appear only like sturdy beggars, and the heroines gipsies. We have had but one part, which was performed and dressed with propriety, and that was Justice Clodpate. This was so well done, that it offended Mr. Justice Overdo, who, in the midst of our whole audience, was (like Quixote in the puppet-show) so highly provoked, that he told them, if they would move compassion, it should be in their own persons, and not in the characters of distressed princes and potentates. He told them, if they were so good at finding the way to people's hearts, they should do it at the end of bridges or church-porches, in their proper vocation of beggars. This, the justice says, they must expect, since they could not be contented to act beaithen warriors, and such fellows as Alexander, but must presume to make a mockery of one of the quorum.

Your servant;

STEEL.

No 49. THURSDAY, APRIL 26, 1711.

Homini pagina nostra sapit.

MART.

Men and their manners I describe.

It is very natural for a man who is not turned for mirthful meetings of men, or assemblies of the fair sex, to delight in that sort of conversation which we find in coffee-houses. Here a man of my temper is in his element; for if he cannot talk, he can still be more agreeable to his company, as well as pleased in himself, in being only an hearer. It is a secret known but to few, yet of no small use in the conduct of life, that when you fall into a man's conversation, the first thing you should consider is, whether he has a greater inclination to hear you, or that you should hear him. The latter is the more general desire, and I know very able flat-terers that never speak a word in praise of others from whom they obtain daily favours, but still practise a skilful attention to whatever is uttered by those with whom they converse. We are very curious to observe the behaviour of great men and their clients; but the same passions and interests move

secondly, without incurring into expense and exertion, many noble and useful qualities, which would be lost in any public employment. His windows and shutters are well kept, and he does the office of a good housekeeper, and a judicious executor, and a friend to all his acquaintances, not only without the trouble which is required to keep such offices, but also without the difference of rank and position which are usually paid to them. The great advantage you can draw from him, is to let him know your affairs, and the better man for his services; and that you are as ready to oblige others, as he is to oblige you.

In the private capacities of his friends, he is a most useful and agreeable man. He is a man of great and universal friendship, and he is a man of great and universal friendship. He is a man of great and universal friendship, and he is a man of great and universal friendship.

He is a man of great and universal friendship, and he is a man of great and universal friendship. He is a man of great and universal friendship, and he is a man of great and universal friendship. He is a man of great and universal friendship, and he is a man of great and universal friendship.

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THURSDAY, APRIL 27, 1711.

My dear Sir,

When the first Indian ship was in this country, about a hundred years ago, it was a great curiosity to the people, and they were all eager to see it. The ship was a great curiosity to the people, and they were all eager to see it.

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such strangers, I should be desirous of learning what ideas they have conceived of us. The upholsterer finding my friend very inquisitive about these his lodgers, brought him some time since a little bundle of papers, which he assured him were written by king Sa Ga Yean Qua Rashi Tow, and, as he supposes, left behind by some mistake. These papers are now translated, and contain abundance of very odd observations, which I find stay in the isle of Great Britain. I shall present my reader with a short specimen of them in this paper, and may perhaps communicate more to him hereafter. In the article of London are the following words, which without doubt are meant of the church of St. Paul :

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to consider what good office he has put us to, or to employ ourselves as we please. To be plain, a man who frequents plays would have a very respectable notion of himself, were he to recollect how often he has been used as pimp to ravishing tyrants, or successful rakes. When the actors make their exit on this good occasion, the ladies are sure to have an examining glance from the pit, to see how they relish what passes; and a few lewd fools are very ready to employ their talents upon the composure or freedom of their looks. Such incidents as these make some ladies wholly absent themselves from the playhouse; and others never miss the first day of a play, lest it should prove too insidious to admit their going with any countenance to it on the second.

If men of wit, who think fit to write for the

stage, instead of this pitiful way of giving delight, would turn their thoughts upon raising it from such good natural impulses as are in the audience, but are choked up by vice and luxury, they would not only please, but benefit us at the same time. If a man had a mind to be new in his way of writing, might not he who is now represented as a fine gentleman, though he betrays the honour and bed of his neighbour and friend, and lies with half the women in the city, and is at last rewarded with her of the best character in it; I say, upon giving the comedy another cast, might not such a one direct the audience quite as well, if at the catastrophe he were found out for a traitor, and met with contempt accordingly? There is seldom a person devoted to above one darling vice at a time, so that there is room enough to catch at men's hearts to their good and advantage, if the poets will attempt it with the honesty which becometh

their characters.

There is no man who loves his bottle or his mistress, in a manner so very abandoned, as not to be capable of relishing an agreeable character, that is no way a slave to either of those pursuits. A man that is temperate, generous, valiant, chaste, faithful, and honest, may, at the same time, have wit, humour, mirth, good-breeding, and gallantry.

While he exerts these latter qualities, twenty occasions might be invented to show he is master of the other noble virtues. Such characters would smile and reprove the heart of a man of sense, when he is given up to his pleasures. He would see he has been mistaken all this while, and be convinced that a sound constitution and an invincible mind, are the true ingredients for becoming call a man of wit, who should turn his ambition this way, a friend and benefactor to his country; but I am at a loss what name they would give him, who makes use of his capacity for contrary purposes.

STEEL.

NO 52. MONDAY, APRIL 30, 1711.

*Omnis ut lectum meritis pro talibus annos  
Lixigit, et pulchrum faciat te prole parentem.*  
VIRG. ÆN. l. 78.

To crown thy worth, she shall be ever thine,  
And make thee father of a beauteous line.

An ingenious correspondent, like a sprightly wife, will always have the last word. I did not think my last letter to the deformed fraternity would have occasioned any answer, especially since I had promised them so sudden a visit; but as they think they cannot show too great a veneration for

*Tota places, audita places, si non videtur  
'Whist in the dark on thy soft hand I hung,  
And heard the tempting siren in thy tongue.  
What darts, what anguish I endured!  
But when the candle cutlerd I was curd.'*

Thou letter to us we have received, as a signal mark of your favour and brotherly affection. We shall be heartily glad to see your short face in Oxford: and since the wisdom of our legislature has been immortalized in your speculations, and our personal deformities in some sort by you recorded to all posterity; we hold ourselves in gratitude bound to receive, with the highest respect, all such persons as for their extraordinary merit you shall think fit, from time to time, to recommend unto the board. As for the Pictish damsel, we have an easy chair prepared at the upper end of the table, which we doubt not but she will grace with a very ridiculous aspect, and which better become the seat of her person, than with all the superficial airs of the pencil, which (as you have very ingeniously observed) vanish with a breath, and the most innocent adorer may detect the shining with a salutary, and in the liberal sense of our poets, snatch and imprint his balmy kisses, and devour her melting lips. In short, the only faces of the Pictish kind that will endure the weather must be of Dr. Carbuncle's die; though his, in truth, has cost him a world the painting; but then he boasts with Zenxis, in *æternitatem pingo*; and off jocosely tells the fair ones, would they acquire colours that would stand kissing, they must no longer pain, but drink for a complexion; a maxim that in this our age has been pursued with no ill success; and has been as admirable in its effects, as the famous cosmetic mentioned in the *Positum*, and invented by the renowned British Hippocrates of the pestle and mortar: making the party, after a due course, rosy, hale, and airy; and the best and most approved receipt now extant, for the fever of the spirits. But to return to our female candidate, who, I understand, is returned to herself, and will no longer hang out false colours; as she is the first of her sex that has done us great an honour, she will certainly, in a very short time, both in prose and verse, be a lady of the most celebrated deformity now living, and meet with many admirers here as frigid as herself. But being a long-headed gentleman, I am apt to imagine she has some further design than you have yet penetrated; and perhaps has more mind to the Spectator than any of his fraternity, as the person of all the world she could like for a paragon. And if so, really I cannot but applaud her choice; and should be glad, if it might lie in my power, to effect an amicable accommodation between two faces of such different extremes, as the only possible expectation

silent to excite the breed, and rectify the progeny—  
 many of the family on both sides. And again, as  
 it is a lady of a very distant elevation, you need  
 not fear that your child will be born dumb, which  
 because of you might have some reason to be appreh-  
 ensive of. To be plain with you, I can see nothing  
 peculiar in it for thought, who has not a face like  
 a John Apple, yet as a late friend of mine, who at  
 thirty-five is reckoned on a pass of fifteen, very re-  
 spectably, in the remaining few years of his life  
 gave me to understand, that as old as he is be-  
 come, when I was near married he said his  
 spouse could make but fourteen; so may mankind  
 flourish very long after marriage, that as long-  
 lived as they may be thought, upon their  
 wedding-day Mr Spectator said he had but half  
 an ell of lace between them and this my worthy  
 predecessor, Mr Sergeant Cate, always calculated  
 as he so much upon the true and proper time when  
 man and wife. But as this may be a new thing to  
 you, who have hitherto had no expectations from  
 women, I shall allow you what I think all  
 reasonable on this, not without some hope of seeing  
 at last your obedient servant as before, and so mine,  
 and wish is an honest wish desired by,

3 not insured fitted,  
and good handle several.  
Jesse Gossard, Printer.

The following letter has not much to it but as it is written in my own parlour, I cannot but say best express it.

“You prepared in your preparation of last Tuesday, Mr. Illobes, a portfolio for selling that very old paper money of Legation. I can have made the hypothesis valuable by pointing it to courtiers far and it costimated Mr. Illobes, namely, would have mislaid it. Now here this perfected rare matter. A certain company having very beautiful and upon the trading of that very paper of yours and the truth on it, he must be a man of more than ordinary capacity that could have not failed to reach it, and not do as we did. Now there for men in the world so far lost to all good use, as to have upon you in a man in a state fully in a letter to himself. Pray then how do you sell your hypothesis of Legation?”

“I am most humble.”

“A. H.”

“Thursday, the 10th of the month of July.”

I received your letter, I was glad you so  
 cordly, warmly, and so unflinching, that you  
 did not the labour in the no matter my father,  
 you engaged at the time, the former country, the  
 paper, the money matters, the fatherland, the  
 father, the boy, and not at  
 I was looking with  
 you for a letter.

0017 11K-1105101 75.8

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and addresses, which appears to be a directory or a list of contacts. The names are written in a stylized, cursive script, and the addresses are written in a similar style. The list includes names such as "John Doe", "Jane Smith", and "Bob Johnson", along with their respective addresses.

It is not possible to give an answer to the question of whether the above is a good or bad thing, but it is a fact that it is a change.

[illegible]

I am, Sir,  
I was most humble servant,  
Yours,

• • •

1. That, Sir, there are others yet, that root in  
 themselves, and by the good use, may alter their  
 hard condition, and become as I am to be, a  
 liberal, and a reasonable man. I am far from  
 thinking you can altogether deprive me of con-  
 science.

2. That, Sir, I have not yet, a full and perfect  
 knowledge of the nature of the soul, and of the  
 power of the will.

3. That, Sir, I have not yet, a full and perfect  
 knowledge of the nature of the soul, and of the  
 power of the will.

4. That, Sir, I have not yet, a full and perfect  
 knowledge of the nature of the soul, and of the  
 power of the will.

5. That, Sir, I have not yet, a full and perfect  
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 power of the will.

shaped arm held a fan over her face. It was not in nature to command one's eyes from this object, which had on it various figures, very improper to behold on that occasion. There lay in the body of the piece a Venus, under a purple canopy furled with curtains wreaths of tracery, half naked, attended with a train of Cupids, who were hushed in turning her as she slept. Behind her was drawn a satyr peeping over the silken fence, and threatening to break through it. I frequently offered to turn my sight another way, but was still detained by the fascination of the Peepers' eyes, who had long practised a skill in them, to reveal the parting glances of her beholders. You see my complicity, and hope you will take these mischievous people, the Peepers, into your consideration. I doubt not but you will think a Peeper as much more pernicious than a Staree, as an ambuscade is more to be feared than an open assault.

I am, sir,

Your most obedient servant,

This Peeper, using both fan and eyes, to be considered as a Peep, and proceed accordingly.

KING LATINUS TO THE SPECTATOR, GREETING.

Though some may think we descend from our imperial dignity, in holding correspondence with a private litterato; yet as we have great respect to all good intentions for our service, we do not esteem it beneath us to return you our royal thanks for what you published in our behalf, while under confinement in the enchained castle of the Savoy, and for your mention of a subsidy for a prince in miniature. This your timely zeal has induced the hearts of divers to be rattling unto us, if we could propose the means. We have taken their good-will into consideration, and have contrived a method which will be easy to those who shall give the aid, and not unacceptable to us who receive it. A concert of music shall be prepared at Versailles's-hall, for Wednesday the second of May, and we will honour the said entertainment with our own presence, where each person shall be assessed but at two shillings and sixpence. What we expect from you is, that you publish these our royal intentions, with injunction that they be read at all tea-tables within the cities of London and Westminster; and so we bid you heartily farewell.

LATINUS, KING OF THE VOISCIANS\*.

Given at our court in Vinegar-yard, story the third from the earth, April 28, 1711.

STEEL.

No 54. WEDNESDAY, MAY 2, 1711.

STRENUA NOS EXERCET MERTIA.

HON. I Ep. xl. 28.

Laborious idleness our powers employs.

The following letter being the first that I have received from the learned university of Cambridge, I could not but do myself the honour of publishing it. It gives an account of a new sect of philosophers which has arose in that famous residence of learning; and is, perhaps, the only sect this age is likely to produce.

\* See No 32.

variation between ladies and gentlemen, regulated by the rules of honour and prudence; and have thought it an observation not ill made, that where that was wholly denied, the women lost their wit, and the men their good manners. It is sure from those improper liberties you mentioned, that a sort of undistinguishing people shall banish from their drawing-rooms the best-bred men in the world, and condemn those that do not. Your stating this point might, I think, be of good use, as well as much oblige,

sin,

Your admirer, and most humble servant,

ANNA BELLA.

No answer to this, till Anna Bella sends a description of those she calls the best-bred men in the world.

Mrs. SPECTATOR,

I am a gentleman who for many years last past have been well known to be truly splenetic, and that my spleen arises from having contracted so great a delicacy, by reading the best authors, and keeping the most refined company, that I cannot bear the least impurity of language, or rusticity of behaviour. Now, sir, I have ever looked upon this as a wise disclaimer; but by late observations and, that every heavy wretch, who has nothing to say, excuses his dullness by complaining of the spleen. Nay, I saw, the other day, two fellows in a tavern kitchen set up for it, call for a pint and a half, and waiting smoke in each others faces, and pipes, and waiting smoke in each others faces, and tend to throw off the spleen. I applied to you whether these dissonants are to be done to the discomper of the great and the polite. I beseech you, sir, to inform these fellows that they have not the spleen, because they cannot talk without the help of a glass at their mouths, or convey their meanings to each other without the interposition of clouds. If you will not do this with all speed, I assure you for my part, I will wholly quit the disease, and for the future be merry with the vulgar.

I am, sir,

Your humble servant,

sin,

This is to let you understand that I am a reformed stayer, and conceived a dejection for that practice from what you have writ upon the subject. But as you have been very severe upon the behaviour of us men at divine service, I hope you will not be so apparently partial to the women, as to let them go wholly unobserved. If they do every thing that is possible to attract our eyes, are we more culpable than they for looking at them? I happened last Sunday to be shut into a pew, which was full of young ladies in the bloom of youth and beauty. When the service began, as I stood kept my eyes from wandering as well as I was able, till one of the young ladies, who is a Peeper, resolved to bring down my looks and fix my devotion on herself. You are to know, sir, that a Peeper works with her hands, eyes, and fan; one of which is continually in motion, while she thinks she is not actually the admiration of some ogler or stayer in the congregation. As I stood utterly at a loss how to behave myself, surrounded as I was, this Peeper so placed herself as to be kneeling just before me. She displayed the most beautiful bosom imaginable, which heaved and fell with some fervour, while a delicate well-

as important. One modern philosopher counts plates two or three hours every day over a sam-

ple and is true to the idea,

Although it be not above upon."

Our young students are content to carry their spe-

cialisation as yet no further than boiling-green,

billiard-tables, and such like places. This may

serve for a sketch of my design; in which I hope

I shall have your encouragement.

I am, sir, yours,

I mean to no just as to observe, I have formerly

seen of this sect as our other university; though

not distinguished by the appellation which the

fourth historian, my correspondent, reports they

boast at Cambridge. They were ever looked

upon as a people that impaired themselves more

by their strict application to the rules of letter or

sedition than themselves any further than to gain

rank, eyes, and sometimes heads; but I doubt

philosophers are seized all over with a general in-

ability, indifference, and weakness, and a certain

impudence of the place they are in, with an bear-

ness in removing to another

The Lomgates are established with being exactly

part of the number of mankind, without dislin-

guishing themselves from amongst them. They may

be said rather to matter their time to pass, than to

spread it; in which regard to the pass, than to

of the future. All they know of life is only the

present instant, and do not take care that they

one of the order happens to be a man of letters,

and hence, and his life is to be measured by that

motion, not by his enjoyments or sufferings. The

client enters himself one of these philosophers can

possibly propose to himself, is to get a religion of dress,

This method is not altogether different from the

method of (his own sect) to himself. I have

known them to be a man of letters, and one of the

philosophers make a tolerable figure in the world;

with a variety of dresses in public assemblies to

own, and quick motion of his horse out of it, and

to that, even to the bridge, when to a new market,

and there to London, he has in process of time

brought it to pass, that his coach and his horses

have been introduced in all those places. When

the Lomgates were a sect of philosophers, and

of the more frequent way of appearing in the posses-

world, relate to the ways of their ancestors; they

usually join a pack of dogs, and employ their days

in spreading their property from father to son. I do not

know any other method that any of the order has

ever taken to make a name in the world; but I

never saw any other method that any of the order has

ever taken to make a name in the world; but I

never saw any other method that any of the order has

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No 55. THURSDAY, MAY 3, 1711.

*Nascitur Dominus, Inlus, et in decoro agro*  
PERS. Sat. v. 129.

Our passions play the tyrants in our breasts.

Most of the trades, professions, and ways of living among mankind, take their original either from the love of pleasure, or the fear of want. The former, when it becomes too violent, degenerates into Luxury, and the latter into Avarice. As these two principles of action draw different ways, Persons are given us a very humorous account of a young fellow who was raised out of his bed in order to be sent upon a long voyage, by Avarice, and afterwards over-persuaded and kept at home by Luxury. I shall set down the pleadings of these two imaginary persons, as they are in the original, with Mr. Dryden's translation of them:

*'Alme piger, stertis: uirg, inquit, auratis; cū Surgit, Negas. Instat, uirg, inquit. Non quæo, Surgit, Et quid agam? Rogatus! asperdas uidebis ponto, Castorem, stupras, hebetum, huius, ludibria Coa. Tolle pecunia prius, piper e silicibus candido. Fortè aliquid, iura. Sed supplex uidebis. Elia! Baro, regnatum digno terribare salutum. Contentus perges, si tibi cerni luce tendis. Jam pueri pelleri excoctus et conophorum apas, Ocyus ad narem. Nil obstat quia trabec eastia. Regum vapras, nisi solers Lærtura auit. Sedulium mones; quo deludis inane rursi? Quo? Quid tibi est? Cuius sub pectore massæcra bulis Intumuit, quam non extirpabit uirna cicuta? Iam mare transibis? Tibi tota canonicæ jullo Cerna sit in transito? Vexillum inuigile uidebis. Exhale capias lacum pice scissile obdo? Quid pides? Ut nummi, quos hic quincunc modesto Nutras, pergamit actus inidare denices? Indigne genio: curpam dilaia; noxurum cat Quod etis; cirs, et quinc, et jgubul jies. Eic nuncior lethi: jgubul horu. Illo quid loquor, inde est. En quid agis? Duplex in dixerunt schindens humo. Inuincit, an huic sequetur? —'*

Sat. v. 151.

'Whether alone, or in thy harlot's lap,  
When thou would'st take a lazy morning's nap;  
Up, up, says Avarice, thou art afoot again,  
Stealthiest thy limbs, and yawn'st, but all in vain.  
The rugged tyrant no denial takes;  
At his command the unwilling slumber wakes.  
What must I do? he cries; What says his lord;  
Why rise, make ready, and go straight abroad;  
With fish, from Euxine seas, thy vessel weigh;  
Flax, cassey, Corn wines, the precious weight  
Of pepper, and Sabaean incense, take  
With thy own hands, from the third camel's back,  
And with post-haste thy running markets make.  
Be sure to turn the penny; he and swear,  
'Tis wholesome sin; but Jove, thou say'st, will hear.  
Swear, fool, or swear; for the dilemna's even;  
A tradesman thou; and hope to go to heav'n;  
'Resolved for sea, the slaves thy baggage pack,  
Each saddled with his burden on his back:  
Nothing rears thy voyage now, but be,  
That soft voluptuous phrency, called Luxury;  
And he may ask this civil question? Friend;  
What dost thou make a shipboard? To what end?  
Art thou of Belsham's noble college free?  
Stark, starting mad, that thou would'st tempt the sea?  
Cub'd in a cabin, on a mattress laid,  
On a brown George, with lousy swabbers fed;  
Dead wine that stinks of the Borelog, sup  
From a foul jack, or greasy maple cup?  
Say, would'st thou bear all this, to raise thy store,  
From six with' bundled to six hundred more?  
Indign, and to thy genius freely give;  
For, not to live at ease, is not to live.  
Death stalks behind thee, and each flying hour  
Does some loose remnant of thy life devour.  
Live, while thou liv'st; for death will make us all  
Speak: will thou Avarice or Pleasure choose  
To be thy lord? Take one, and one refuse.

\* salust.

When a government flourishes in conquests, and is secure from foreign attacks, it naturally falls in to all the pleasures of luxury; and as these pleasures are very expensive, they put those who are addicted to them upon raising fresh supplies of money, by all the methods of rapaciousness and corruption; so that avarice and luxury very often become one complicated principle of action, in those whose hearts are wholly set upon ease, magnificence, and pleasure. The most elegant and correct of all the Latin historians \* observes, that in his time, when the most formidable states of the world were subdued by the Romans, the republic sunk into those two vices of a quite different nature, luxury and avarice; and accordingly describes Catiline as one who coveted the wealth of other men, at the same time that he squandered away his own. This observation on the common-ty, holds good of all governments that are settled in a state of ease and prosperity. At such times men naturally endeavour to outshine one another in pomp and splendor, and having no fears to alarm them from abroad, indulge themselves in the enjoyment of all the pleasures they can get into their possession; which naturally produces avarice, and an immoderate pursuit after wealth and riches. As I was humouring myself in the speculation of these two great principles of action, I could not forbear throwing my thoughts into a little kind of allegory or fable, with which I shall here present my reader.

There were two very powerful tyrants engaged in a perpetual war against each other, the name of the first was Luxury, and of the second Avarice. The aim of each of them was no less than universal dominion over the hearts of mankind. Luxury had many generals under him, who did him great service, as Pleasure, Mirth, Pomp, and Fashion. Avarice was likewise very strong in his officers, being faithfully served by Hunger, Industry, Care, and Watchfulness: he had likewise a privy-council and a watchman; he had always at his elbow, and whispering something or other in his ear, the name of this privy-councillor was Poverty. As Avarice consulted himself by the counsels of Poverty, his antagonist was entirely guided by the dictates and advice of Pleanty, who was his first counsellor and minister of state, that concerted all his measures for him, and never departed out of his sight. While these two great rivals were thus contending for empire, their conquests were very various. Luxury got possession of one heart, and Avarice of another. The father of a family would often range himself under the banners of Avarice, and the son under those of Luxury. The wife and the husband would often declare themselves on the two different parties; nay, the same person would very often side with one in his youth, and revolt to the other in his old age. Indeed the wise men of the world stood neuter; but, alas! their numbers, were not considerable. At length, when these two potentates had wearied themselves with waging war upon one another, they agreed upon an interview, at which none of their counsellors were to be present. It is said that Luxury began the parley, and after having represented the endless state of war in which they were engaged, told his enemy, with a frankness of heart which is natural to him, that he believed they should be very good friends, were it not for the instigations of Poverty, that pernicious counsellor, who made an ill use of his ear, and allied him-

56.

[illegible]

Nº 26. FRIDAY, MAY 4, 1911.

התבואה 1 תר

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[illegible]







produced several pieces which have lived very near as long as the *Iliad* itself: I mean those short poems printed among the minor Greek poets, which resemble the figure of an egg, a pair of wings, an ax, a shepherd's pipe, and an altar.

As for the first, it is a little oval poem, and may not improperly be called a scholar's egg. I would endeavour to hatch it, or, in more intelligible language, to translate it into English, did not I find the interpretation of it very difficult; for the author seems to have been more intent upon the figure of his poem than upon the sense of it.

The pair of wings consists of twelve verses, or rather five lines, every verse decreasing gradually in its measure according to its situation in the wing. The subject of it (as in the rest of the poems which follow) bears some remote affinity with the figure, for it describes a god of love, who is always painted with wings.

The ax methinks would have been a good figure for a lampoon, had the edge of it consisted of the most satirical parts of the work; but as it is in the original, I take it to have been nothing else but the parody of an ax which was consecrated to Minerva, and was thought to have been the same that Epheus made use of in the building of the Trojan horse; which is a hint I shall leave to the consideration of the critics. I am apt to think that the parody was written originally upon the ax, like those which our modern critics inscribe upon their knives; and that therefore the parody will remain in its ancient shape, though the ax itself is lost.

The shepherd's pipe may be said to be full of music, for it is composed of nine different kinds of nine stops of the old musical instrument, that is likewise the subject of the poem.

The altar is inscribed with the epithet of Troilus the son of Hecuba; which, by the way, makes me believe, that these false pieces of wit are much more ancient than the authors to whom they are generally ascribed; at least I will never be persuaded, that so fine a writer as Theocritus could have been the author of any such simple works.

It was impossible for a man to succeed in these performances who was not a kind of painter, or at least a designer. He was first of all to draw the outline of the subject which he intended to write upon, and afterwards conform the description to the figure of his subject. The poetry was to contract or dilate itself according to the mould in which it was cast. In a word, the verses were to be cramped or extended to the dimensions of the frame that was prepared for them; and to undergo the fate of those persons whom the tyrant Procrustes used to lodge in his iron bed; if they were too short, he stretched them on a rack; and if they were too long, chopped off a part of their legs, till they fitted the couch which he had prepared for them.

Mr. Dryden hints at this obsolete kind of wit in one of the following verses in his *Mac Fleckno*; which an English reader cannot understand, who does not know that there are those little poems above mentioned in the shape of wings and altars:—

Choose for thy command  
Some peaceful province in Acrotic Land;  
There may'st thou wings display, and altars raise,  
And torture one poor word a thousand ways.

This fashion of false wit was revived by several poets of the last age, and in particular may be met with among Mr. Herbert's poems; and if I am not

mistaken, in the translation of Du Bartas. I do not remember any other kind of work among the moderns which more resembles the performances I have mentioned, than that famous picture of King Charles the First, which has the whole book of psalms written in the lines of the face, and the hair of the head. When I was last at Oxford I perused one of the witskers, and was reading the other, but could not go so far in it as I would have done, by reason of the impudence of my friends and fellow-travellers, who all of them pressed to see such a piece of curiosity. I have since heard, that there is now an eminent writing-master in town, who has transcribed all the *Old Testament* in a full-bottomed periwig; and if the fashion should introduce the thick kind of wigs, which were in vogue some few years ago, he promises to add two or three supererogatory locks that should contain all the *Apocrypha*. He designed this wig originally for King William, having disposed of the two books of Kings in the two forks of the fore-top; but that glorious monarch dying before the wig was finished, there is a space left in it for the face of any one that has a mind to purchase it.

But to return to our ancient poems in picture. I would humbly propose, for the benefit of our modern snail-shells in poetry, that they would imitate their brethren among the ancients in those ingenious devices. I have communicated this thought to a young poetical lover of my acquaintance, who intends to present his mistress with a copy of verses made in the shape of her fan; and, if he tells me true, has already finished the three first sticks of it. He has likewise promised me to get the measure of his mistress's marriage-finger, with a design to make a posy in the fashion of a ring, which shall exactly fit it. It is so very easy to enlarge upon a good thing, that I do not question but my ingenious readers will reply what I have said to many other particulars: and that we shall see the town filled in a very little time with poetical tips, handkerchiefs, sun-bboxes, and the like female ornaments. I shall therefore conclude with a word of advice to those admirable English authors, who call themselves *Epindaric* writers, that they would apply themselves to this kind of wit, without loss of time, as being provided better than any other poets with verses of all sizes and dimensions.

ADMISSION.

C.

No 59. TUESDAY, MAY 8, 1711.

*Operose nihil agunt.*  
SENECA.  
Busy about nothing.

There is nothing more certain than that every man would be a wit if he could; and notwithstanding the writings of a polite author, are apt to decry the writings of a pretended depth and solidity as flash and froth, they all of them show, upon occasion, that they would spare no pains to arrive at the character of those whom they seem to despise. For this reason we often find them endeavouring at works of fancy, which cost them infinite pains in the production. The truth of it is, a man had better be a galley-slave than a wit, were one to gain that title by those elaborate trifles which have been the inventions of such authors as were often masters of great learning, but no genius. In my last paper I mentioned some of these false wits among the ancients, and in this shall give



senses, which indeed had been very much impaired by that continual application he had given to his

anagram.

The acrostic was probably invented about the same time with the anagram, though it is impos-

sible to decide whether the inventor of the one or the other were the greater blockhead. The simple acrostic is nothing but the name or title of a per-

son, or thing, made out of the initial letters of several verses, and by that means written, after the manner of the Chinese, in a perpendicular line.

But besides these there are compound acrostics, when the principal letters stand two or three deep. I have seen some of them where the verses have

not only been elicited by a name at each extre- mity, but have had the same name running down

like a seam through the middle of the poem. There is another near relation of the anagrams

and acrostics, which is commonly called a chrono- gram. This kind of wit appears very often on

many modern medals, especially those of Germany, when they represent in the inscription the year

in which they were coined. Thus we see on a medal of Gustavus Adolphus the following words,

CHRISTVS DVX ERGO TRIVMPHVS. If you take the pains to tick the figures out of the several

words, and range them in their proper order, you will find they amount to MDCXXVI, or 1621, the

year in which the medal was stamped: for as some of the letters distinguish themselves from the

rest, and overtop their fellows, they are to be con- sidered in a double capacity, both as letters and

as figures. Your laborious German wit will turn over a whole dictionary for one of these ingenious

devices. A man would think they were searching after an apt classical term, but instead of that they

are looking out a word that has an L, an A, or a D in it. When therefore we meet with any of

these inscriptions, we are not so much to look in them for the thought, as for the year of the Lord.

The hours-times were the favourites of the French nation for a whole age together, and that at a time

when it abounded in wit and learning. They were a list of words that rhyme to one another, drawn

up by another hand, and given to a poet, who was to make a poem to the rhymes in the same order

that they were placed upon the list: the more un- common the rhymes were, the more extraordinary

was the genius of the poet that could accommo- date his verses to them. I do not know any

greater instance of the decay of wit and learning among the French (which generally follows the

declension of empire) than the endeavouring to restore this foolish kind of wit. If the reader will

be at the trouble to see examples of it, let him look into the new Mercure Gallant; where the

author every month gives a list of rhymes to be com- mitted up by the ingenious, in order to be com- mitted to the public in the Mercure for the suc- ceeding month. That for the month of November

last, which now lies before me, is as follows:

Laureiers .....  
Guerriers .....  
Musette .....  
Lisette .....  
Cesars .....  
Bicendars .....  
Foulette .....  
Follette .....

One would be amazed to see so learned a man as Mergac talking seriously on this kind of trifle in the following passage:

It is for this you gain those meagre books?  
And sacrifice your dinner to your books?

Non est quod pallas? Cur quis non prandeat, hoc est?

Several kinds of false wit that vanished in the refined ages of the world, discovered themselves

again in the times of monkish ignorance. As the monks were the masters of all that little

learning which was then extant, and had their whole lives entirely disengaged from business, it is

no wonder that several of them, who wasted ge- nius for higher performances, employed many hours

in the composition of such tricks in writing, as required much time and little capacity. I have

seen half the *Æneid* turned into Latin rhymes by one of the leanaux esprits of that dark age; who

says in his preface to it, that the *Æneid* wanted nothing but the sweets of rhyme to make it the

most perfect work in its kind. I have likewise seen an hymn in hexameters to the Virgin Mary,

which filled a whole book, though it consisted but of the eight following words:

'*Teo, tibi, suno, Virgo, dolos, quoc, sidera, calo,*

'*Thou hast as many virtues, O Virgin, as there are stars*

*in heaven.*'

The poet runs the changes upon these eight several words, and by that means made his verses almost

as numerous as the virtues and the stars which they celebrated. It is no wonder that men who had so

much time upon their hands did not only restore all the antiquated pieces of false wit, but enriched

the world with inventions of their own. It was to this age that we owe the production of anagrams,

which is nothing else but a transmutation of one word into another, or the turning of the same set

of letters into different words: which may change might into day, or black into white, if Chance, who

is the goddess that presides over these sorts of composition, shall so direct. I remember a witty

author, in allusion to this kind of writing, calls his rival, who (it seems) was distorted, and had his

limbs set in places that did not properly belong to them, 'the anagram of a man.'

When the anagrammatist takes a name to work upon, he considers it at first as a mine not broken

up, which will not show the treasure it contains, till he shall have spent many hours in the search of it; for it is his business to find out one word that

conceals itself in another, and to examine the letters in all the variety of stations in which they

can possibly be ranged. I have heard of a gentle- man who, when this kind of wit was in fashion,

endeavoured to gain his mistress's heart by it. She was one of the finest women of her age, and known

by the name of the Lady Mary Boon. The lover

not being able to make any thing of Mary, by certain liberties indulged to this kind of writing,

converted it into Moll; and after having shut him- self up for half a year, with indefatigable industry

produced an anagram. Upon the presenting it to his mistress, who was a little vexed in her heart to

see herself degraded into Moll Boon, she told him, to his infinite surprise, that he had mistaken her

surname, for that it was not Boon, but Bohun.

*Effusus labor — Tibi omnis*

The lover was thunder-struck with his misfortune, inasmuch that in a little time after he lost his













might not reveal to the enemy, whom he was suspected to favour in his heart. I was very much awed and delighted with the appearance of the god of Wit; there was something so amiable, and yet so piercing in his looks, as inspired me at once with love and terror. As I was gazing on him, to my unspeakable joy he took a quiver of arrows from his shoulder, in order to make me a present of it; but as I was reaching out my hand to receive it of him, I knocked it against a chair, and by that means was killed.

ADVISOR.

No 64. MONDAY, MAY 11, 1711.

*—The returner ambrosia*  
*Papalistic omnia:—*

JUV. Sat. lib. 182.

The face of wealth in poverty we wear.

The most improper things we commit in the conduct of our lives, we are led into by the force of fashion. Instances might be given, in which a prevailing custom makes us act against the rules of nature, law, and common-sense; but at present I shall confine my consideration to the effect it has upon men's minds, by looking into our behaviour when it is the fashion to go into mourning. The custom of representing the grief we have for the loss of the dead by our habits, certainly had its rise from the real sorrow of such as were too much distressed to take the proper care they ought of their dress. By degrees it prevailed, that such as had this inward oppression upon their minds, made an apology for not joining with the rest of the world in their ordinary diversions by a dress suited to their condition. This, therefore, was at first assumed by such only as were under real distress; to whom it was a relief that they had nothing about them so light and gay as to be irksome to the gloom and melancholy of their inward reflections, or that might misrepresent them to others. In process of time this laudable distinction of the sorrowful was lost, and mourning is now worn by heirs and widows. You see nothing but magnificence and solemnity in the equipage of the rich, and an air of release from servitude in the pomp of a son who has lost a wealthy father. This fashion of sorrow is now become a generous part of the ceremonial between princes and sovereigns, who, in the language of all nations, are styled brothers to each other, and put on the purple upon the death of any potentate with whom they live in amity. Courts, and all who wish themselves such, are immediately seized with grief from head to foot upon this disaster to their prince; so that one may know by the very buckles of a gentleman-washer, maintained with the court to which he belongs. A good courtier's habit and behaviour is hieroglyphical on these occasions. He deals much in whimsical and you may see he dresses according to the best intelligence.

The general affection among men, of appearing greater than they are, makes the whole world run into the habit of the court. You see the lady, who the day before was as various as a rainbow, upon the time appointed for beginning to mourn, as dark as a cloud. This humour does not prevail only on those whose fortunes can support any change in their equipage, nor on those only whose incomes demand the vanities of new appearances; but

on such also who have just enough to clothe them. An old acquaintance of mine, of ninety pounds a year, who has naturally the vanity of being a man of fashion deep at his heart, is very much put to it to bear the mortality of princes. He made a new black suit upon the death of the King of Spain, and he turned it for the King of Portugal, and he now keeps his chamber while it is recovering for the Emperor. He is a good economist in his extravagance, and makes only a fresh black button upon his iron-grey suit for any potentate of small territory; he, indeed, adds his cravat band and for a prince whose exploits he has admired in the Gazette; but whatever compliments may be made on these occasions, the true mourners are the merchants, silkmen, lacemen, and milliners. A prince of a great anxiety upon the prospect of his death, if he considered what numbers would be reduced to misery by that accident only, He would think it of moment enough to direct, that in the notification of his departure, the honour done to him might be reserved to those of the household of the prince to whom it should be signified. He would think a general mourning to be in a less degree the same ceremony which is practised in barbarous nations, of killing their slaves to attend the obsequies of their kings. I had been wonderfully at a loss for many months to guess at the character of a man who came now and then to our coffee-house. He ever ended a newspaper with this reflection, 'Well, I see all the foreign princes are in good health.' If you asked, 'Pray, sir, what says the Postman from Vienna?' He answered, 'Make us thankful, the German princes are all well.'—'What does he say from Barcelona?'—'He does not speak but that the country agrees very well with the new queen.' After very much inquiry, I found this man of universal loyalty was a wholesale dealer in silks and ribbons. His way is, it seems, if he hires a weaver or workman, to have it inserted in his articles, 'that all this shall be well and truly performed; provided no foreign potentate shall deprive this life within the time above mentioned.' It happens in all public mourning, that the many trades which depend upon our habits, are during that folly either pinched with present want, or terrified with the appearance of it. All the refinement which men can make for wanton expences (which is a sort of insulting the scarcity under which others labour) is, that the superfluities of the wealthy give supplies to the necessities of the poor; but instead of any other good arising from the affliction of being in courtly habits of mourning, all order seems to be destroyed by it; and the true honour which one court does to another on that occasion, loses its force and efficacy. When a foreign minister beholds the court of a nation (which flourishes in riches and plenty) lay aside upon the loss of his master, all marks of splendour and magnificence, though the head of such a joyful people he will conceive a greater idea of the honour done to his master, than when he sees the generality of the people in the same habit. When one is afraid to ask the wife of a tradesman whom she has lost of her family, and after some preparation endeavours to know whom she mourns for; how ridiculous is it to hear her explain herself, 'That we have lost one of the house of Austria!' Princes are elevated so highly above the rest of mankind, that it is a presumptuous distinction to take a part in honours done to their memories, except we have authority for it, by being related

In a particular manner to the count which pays that attention to their friendship, and seems to express on such an occasion the sense of the reciprocity of human life in general, by assuming the habit of saying, though in the full possession of friendship and royalty.

STILL.

Nº 62. TUESDAY, MAY 13, 1771.

DEAR MR. LEASE, I have just received your letter, and I am glad to hear that you are well. I am sure you will find the enclosed papers of great use to you. I am, Sir, your obedient servant, J. H. H.

After having a large explained what we say, and described the false appearances of it, all that is done is to consider the application of it. The rest of it, when one speaks as a man of the town and the world, is the playhouse. I shall therefore all this paper with reference upon the application of it. The application of it is the place. The application of it is the place. The application of it is the place.

upon the writings of our authors. It may, perhaps, be said that we are doing as much upon the matter of our gentlemen, as the state of it has been. It may, perhaps, be said that we are doing as much upon the matter of our gentlemen, as the state of it has been.

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Indes bet with a pretty phrase of, "How now, gentlewoman, whom the notion of a country- can imagine why he will say his life is in some wayward ill-furnished country road, who, not being above four dozen of balls on her head, has adorned her shoulders with a large white ruff, that she may look regularly in the forefront of the king's box at an old play." The universal interest of spectators common-place!

As to the generosity of his temper, he tells his poor footman, "If he did not wait better, he would turn him away, in the instant phrase of, 'I'll answer you!'"

Now for Mrs. Harlow. She laughs at obediencies to an absent master, whose tenderness thus describes to be very expedient, for that she is no picture with finding Harlow again, that she cannot be far from the way." This silly danger, and she lady, has so little respect for the good women, that she ridicules her air in taking tea, and cries, "Is what marriage is my poor mother's powder! She, her, her head tottering, her eyes starting, and her mother-in-law trembling. But this is allowed for, because she has more wit than most in her sex, and as much malice, though she is as wild as a boy, and has a de- monstrance in her looks that makes it so surprising. Then to recommend her as a specimen for a lady, the poet would be perfect but none of what is very uncommon. I shall, says she, I might be brought to endure him, and that is all I can say. It is not to be wondered, that we are not made to understand him, who that was bred under a silly, proper old mother, that would never trust her out of her sight, came to be no polite.

It cannot be denied, but that the willingness of every thing which suggests the allusion of the new and valuable part of mankind, appears very well drawn in this piece. But it is denied, that it is necessary to the character of a fine gentleman, that he should in that manner resemble a poor old man, and decay. It is more of a character of a poor old man, that it is more of a character of a poor old man, that it is more of a character of a poor old man.

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of 'soaking together' is as good as if Dormant had spoken it himself; and I think, since he puts human nature in as ugly a form as the circumstance will bear, and is a staunch unbeliever, he is very much wronged in having no part of the good fortune being lost to a scene of innocence and virtue, can make any one see this comedy, without observing more frequent occasion to move sorrow and indignation, than with and laughter. At the same time I allow it to be nature, but it is nature in its utmost corruption and degeneracy.

STEEL.

No 66. WEDNESDAY, MAY 16, 1711.

*Stolus docet gaudet Ionicos  
Maturæ virgo, et Jünglur artibus  
Jant nunc, et incertor amoris  
De tencro mictitur ungur.*

HOR. 3 Od. vi. 21.

Behold a ripe and melting maid  
Bound 'prentice to the wanton trade:  
Ionian artists, at a mighty price,  
Instruct her in the mysteries of vice,  
What nets to spread, where subtle baits to lay;  
And with an early hand they form the temper'd clay.

The two following letters are upon a subject of very great importance, though expressed without any air of gravity.

TO THE SPECTATOR, &amp;c.

SIR,

I TAKE the freedom of asking your advice in behalf of a young country kinswoman of mine, who is lately come to town, and under my care for her education. She is very pretty, but you cannot imagine how unformed a creature it is. She comes to my hands just as nature left her, half finished, and without any acquired improvements. When I look on her I often think of the *Belle Sauvage* mentioned in one of your papers. Dear Mr. Spectator, help me to make her comprehend the visible traces of speech, and the dumb eloquence of motion; for she is at present a perfect stranger to both. She knows no way to express herself but by her tongue, and that always to signify her meaning. Her eyes serve her yet only to see with, and she is utterly a foreigner to the language of looks and glances. In this I fancy you could help her better than any body. I have bestowed two months in teaching her to sigh when she is not concerned, and to smile when she is not pleased, and am ashamed to own she makes little or no improvement. Then she is no more able now to walk, than she was to go at a year old. By walking you will easily know, I mean that regular but easy motion, which gives our persons so irresistible a grace as if we moved to music, and is a kind of disengaged figure; or, if I may so speak, rectitative dancing. But the want of this I cannot blame in her, for I find she has no ear, and means nothing by walking but to change her place. I could pardon too her blushing, if she knew how to carry herself in it, and if it did not manifestly injure her complexion.

They tell me you are a person who have seen the world, and are a judge of fine breeding; which makes me ambitious of some instructions from you for her improvement: which when you have furnished her with, I will make it no secret to you, that her person and education are to be her fortune.

I am, sir,  
Your very humble servant,  
CELESTINE.

The general mistake among us in the educating our children is, that in our daughters we take care of their persons, and neglect their minds; in our sons we are so intent upon adorning their minds, that we wholly neglect their bodies. It is from this that you shall see a young lady celebrated and admired in all the assemblies about town, when her elder brother is afraid to come into a room. From this ill management it arises, that we frequently observe a man's life is half spent before he is taken notice of; and a woman in the prime of her years is out of fashion and neglected. The boy I shall consider upon some other occasion, and am at present sick to the girl: and I am the more inclined to this, because I have several letters which complain to me, that my female readers have not understood me for some days last past, and take themselves to be unconcerned in the present turn of my writing. When a girl is safely brought from her nurse, before she is capable of forming one simple notion of any thing in life, she is delivered to the hands of her dancing-master; and with a collar round her neck, the pretty wild thing is taught a fantastical gravity of behaviour, and forced to a particular way of holding her head, heaving her breast, and moving with her whole body; and all this under pain of never having an husband, if she stirs, looks, or moves awry. This gives the young lady wonderful workings of imagination, what is to pass between her and this husband, if she stirs, looks, or moves awry. The whom she seems to be educated. Thus her fancy is engaged to turn all her endeavours to the ornament of her person, as what must determine her good and ill in this life; and she naturally thinks, if she is tall enough, she is wise enough for any thing for which her education makes her think she is designed. To make her an agreeable person is the main purpose of her parents; so that is all their costs, to that all their care directed; and from this general folly of parents we owe our present numerous race of coquettes. These reflections puzzle me, when I think of giving my advice on the subject of managing the wild thing mentioned in the letter of my correspondent. But sure there is a middle way to be followed; the management of a young lady's person is not to be overlooked, but the cruddition of her mind is much more to be regarded. According as this is managed, you will see the mind follow the appetites of the body, or the body express the virtues of the mind.

\* This, and the preceding letter, were written by Hugh



№ 68. FRIDAY, MAY 18, 1711.

*Nos duo turba sumus*

OVID. MET. l. 355.

We two are a multitude.

ONE would think that the larger the company is in which we are engaged, the greater variety of thoughts and subjects would be started in discourse; but instead of this, we find that conversation is never so much straitened and confined as in numerous assemblies. When a multitude meet together on any subject of discourse, their debates are taken up chiefly with forms and general positions; nay, if we come into a more contracted assembly of men and women, the talk generally runs upon the sweeter, fashions, news, and the like public topics. In proportion as conversation gets into clubs and knots of friends, it descends into particulars, and grows more free and communicative: but the most open, instructive, and unreserved discourse, is that which passes between two persons who are familiar and intimate friends. On these occasions, a man gives a loose to every passion and every thought that is upcuminous, discovers his most rectified opinions of persons and things, tries the beauty and strength of his sentiments, and exposes his whole soul to the examination of his friend.

Truly was the first who observed, that friendship improves happiness and abates misery, by the doubling of our joy, and dividing of our grief; a thought in which he hath been followed by all the essayers upon friendship, that have written since his time. Sir Francis Bacon has finely described other advantages, or, as he calls them, fruits of friendship; and, indeed, there is no subject of morality which has been better handled and more exhausted than this. Among the several fine things which have been spoken of it, I shall here leave to quote some out of a very ancient author, whose book would be regarded by our moderns as one of the most shining trials of morality that is extant, if it appeared under the name of a Confucius, or of any celebrated Grecian philosopher: I mean the little apocryphal treatise, entitled, 'The Wisdom of the Son of Sirach.' How finely has he described the art of making friends, by an obliging and amiable behaviour! And laid down that precept, which a late excellent author has delivered as his own, 'That we should have many well-wishers, but few friends.' Sweet language will multiply friends; and a fair-speaking tongue will increase kind greetings. Be in peace with many, nevertheless have but one counsellor of a thousand \*.

With what prudence does he caution us in the choice of our friends! And with what strokes of nature (I could almost say of humour) has he described the behaviour of a treacherous and self-interested friend! If thou wouldst get a friend, prove him first, and be not hasty to credit him: for some man is a friend for his own occasion, and will not abide in the day of thy trouble. And there is a friend, who being turned to enmity and strife will discover thy reproach. Again, 'Some friend is a companion at the table, and will not continue in the day of thy affliction; but in thy prosperity he will be as thyself, and will be bold over thy servants. If thou be brought low he will be against thee, and hide himself from thy face.' What can

\* Ecclesi. vi. 6.

liberal science at a loss to salute a lady; and a minute whicher he should stand or sit while my lord

It is the proper business of a dancing-master to regulate these matters; though I take it to be a just observation, that unless you add something of your own to what these fine gentlemen teach you, and which they are wholly ignorant of themselves, you will much sooner get the character of an affected fop, than of a well-bred man.

As for country dancing, it must indeed be confessed, that the great familiarities between the two sexes on this occasion may sometimes produce very dangerous consequences; and I have often thought that few ladies' hearts are so obdurate as not to be melted by the charms of music, the force of motion, and an handsome young fellow, who is continually playing before their eyes, and convincing them that he has the perfect use of all his limbs.

But as this kind of dance is the particular invention of our own country, and as every one is more or less a proficient in it, I would not discountenance it; but rather suppose it may be practised innocently by others, as well as myself, who am office partner to my landlady's eldest daughter. Having heard a good character of the collection of pictures which is to be exposed to sale on Friday next; and concluding from the following letter that the person who collected them is a man of no unequal taste, I will be so much his friend as to publish it, provided the reader will only look upon it as filling up the place of an advertisement:

*From the Three Chairs in the Piazza, Covent-garden.*

'SIR, As you are a Spectator, I think we who make it our business to exhibit any thing to public view, ought to apply ourselves to you for your approbation. I have travelled Europe to furnish out a show for you, and have brought with me what has been admitted in every country through which I passed. You have declared in many papers, that your greatest delights are those of the eye, which I do not doubt but I shall gratify with as beautiful objects as yours ever beheld. If castles, forests, ruins, fine women, and graceful men, can please you, I dare promise you much satisfaction, if you will appear at my auction on Friday next. A sight is, I suppose, as grateful to a Spectator, as a treat to another person, and therefore I hope you will pardon this invitation from,

'Your most obedient humble servant,  
J. GRAHAM.

\* The following Advertisement, which was subjoined to the original paper, it has been thought not improper to preserve.

Mr. Pinkethman's Pantheon, or the Temple of Heathen Gods, the work of several years, consisting of five pictures, the contrivance and painting of which is beyond expression admirable. The figures, above one hundred, move their heads, legs, arms, and fingers, so exactly in what they perform, setting one foot before another like living-creatures, that it deserves to be esteemed the greatest wonder of the age. In the Little Piazza, Covent-garden. Price 1s. 6d.; 1s. and the lowest 6d. See No 31.





filled with pyramids of China, and adorned with the workmanship of Japan. Our morning's draught comes to us from the remotest corners of the earth. We repair our bodies by the drugs of America, and repose ourselves under Indian canopies. My friend Sir Andrew calls the vineyards of France our gardens; the spice-islands, our hot-beds; the Persians our silk-weavers, and the Chinese our potters. Nature indeed furnishes us with the bare necessities of life, but traffic gives us a great variety of what is useful, and at the same time supplies us with every thing that is convenient and ornamental. Nor is it the least part of this our happiness, that whilst we enjoy the remotest products of the North and South, we are free from those extremities of weather which give them birth; that our eyes are refreshed with the green fields of Britain, at the same time that our palates are feasted with fruits that rise between the tropics.

For these reasons there are not more useful members in a commonwealth than merchants. They knit mankind together in a mutual intercourse of good offices, distribute the gifts of nature, and work for the poor, add wealth to the rich, and magnificence to the great. Our English merchant converts the tin of his own country into gold, and exchanges its wool for rubies. The Mahometans are clothed in our British manufactures, and the inhabitants of the frozen zone warmed with the fleeces of our sheep.

When I have been upon the Change, I have often fancied one of our old kings standing in person, where he is represented in effigy, and looking down upon the wretchedly conceited people with which that place is every day filled. In this case, how would he be surprised to hear all the languages of Europe spoken in this little spot of his former dominions, and to see so many private men, who in his time would have been the vassals of some powerful baron, negotiating like princes for greater sums of money than were formerly to be met with in the royal treasury! Trade, without enlarging the British territories, has given us a kind of additional empire. It has multiplied the number of the rich, made our landed estates infinitely more valuable than they were formerly, and added to them an accession of other estates as valuable as the lands themselves.

ANDERSON.

Nº 70. MONDAY, MAY 21, 1711.

*Interdum vulgus rectum videt.*

HOR. I Ep. II. 65.

Sometimes the vulgar see and judge aright.

When I travelled, I took a particular delight in hearing the songs and fables that are come from father to son, and are most in vogue among the common people of the countries through which I passed; for it is impossible that any thing should be universally tasted and approved by a multitude, though they are only the rabble of a nation, which hath not in it some peculiar aptness to please and gratify the mind of man. Human nature is the same in all reasonable creatures; and whatever falls in with it, will meet with admirers amongst readers of all qualities and conditions. Moliere, as we are told, by Monsieur Boileau, used to read all his comedies to an old woman who was his housekeeper, as she sat with him at her work by

If we consider our own country in its natural prospect, without any of the benefits and advantages of commerce, what a barren uncomfortable spot of earth falls to our share! Natural historians tell us, that no fruit grows originally among us, besides hips and haws, acorns and pig-nuts, with other delicacies of the like nature; that our climate, of itself, and without the assistance of art, can make no further advances towards a plumb perfection than a crab; that our melons, our peaches, our figs, our apricots, and cherries, are naturalized in our English gardens; and that they would all degenerate and fall away into the trash of our own country, if they were wholly neglected by the planter, and left to the mercy of our sun and soil. Nor has traffic more enriched our vegetable world, than it has improved the whole face of nature among us. Our ships are laden with the harvest of every climate. Our tables are stored with spices, and oils, and wines. Our rooms are

\* See No 1.



'Ere thus I will out-braved be,  
One of us two shall die;  
I know thee well, an earl thou art,  
Lord Percy, so am I.  
'But trust me, Percy, pily 'twere,  
And great offence, to kill  
Any of these our harmless men,  
For they have done no ill.  
'Let thou and I the battle try,  
And set our men aside;  
Accuse he be, Lord Percy said,  
By whom it is deny'd.'

Merry-men, in the language of those times, is no more than a cheerful word for companions and fellow-soldiers. A passage in the eleventh book of Virgil's *Aeneid* is very much to be admired, where Camilla, in her last agonies, instead of weeping over the wound she had received, as one might have expected from a warrior of her sex, considers only (like the hero of whom we are now speaking) how the battle should be continued after her death:

'A gathering mist o'ercloadds her cheerful eyes;  
And from her cheeks the rosy colour flies;  
Then turns to her, whom, of her female train,  
She trusted most; and thus she speaks with pain:  
"Acca, 'tis past! he swims before my sight,  
Inextorable death; and claims his right.  
Hear my last words to Turnus; fly with speed,  
And bid him fly to my charge succeed;  
Repel the Trojans, and the town relieve.  
Farewell!"

Feb. xii, 936.  
The Lathian chiefs have seen me beg my life.  
DRYDEN.

Earl Percy's indignation over his enemy is generous, beautiful, and passionate; I must only caution the reader not to let the simplicity of the style, which one may well pardon in so old a poet, prejudice him against the greatness of the thought;

That to the greenwood-shade he took his way;  
If happened on a summer's holiday,  
His quarter-staff, which he could never forsake,  
Hung half before, and half behind his back.  
He tried along, unknowing what he sought,  
And whistled as he went, for want of thought.

The deep recesses of the grove he gaid,  
Where in a plain, defended by the wood,  
Crest thorough the matted grass a crystal flood,  
By which an alabaster fountain stood:  
And on the margin of the fount was laid  
(attended by her slaves) a sleeping maid,  
Like Dian and her nymphs, when, drest in sports,  
To rest by cool Euphrates they resort:

No 71. TUESDAY, MAY 22, 1711.

ANDISON.



appears by their books in general, that, since first institution, they have smoked fifty tons of tobacco, drank thirty thousand butts of ale, one hundred and thirty barrels of port wine, and a kiddiekin of small beer. e has been likewise a great consumption of

\* The Leges Convivales of this Club will be found in Bell's Johnson's works, by Whalley, vol. vii.

No 73. THURSDAY, MAY 24, 1711.

VIRG. EN. I. 332.

O Goddess! for no less you seem.

But notwithstanding man's essential perfection is but very little, his comparative perfection may be very considerable. If he looks upon himself in an abstracted light, he has not much to boast of; but if he considers himself with regard to others, he may find occasion of glorying, if not in his own virtues, at least in the absence of another's imperfections. This gives a different turn to the reflection, and the mind is thereby enlarged.

The first condition of the wise man and the fool. The first endeavour to shine in himself, and the last to outshine others. The first is humbled by the sense of his own infirmities, the last is lifted up by the discovery of those-which he observes in other men. The wise man considers what he wants, and the









Then how like a man of the town, so wild and gay is that!

'The wise will find a difference in our fate,  
You wed a woman, I a good estate.'

It would have been a very wild endeavour for a man of my temper to offer any opposition to so humble a speaker as my fair enemy is; but her discourse gave me very many reflections, when I had left her company. Among others, I did not but consider with some attention, the false impressions the generalty (the fair sex more especially) have upon the mind of the other sex, and how they are not helped by the religious and philosophical ideas of that character in my own imagination. No man ought to have the esteem of the rest of

the world, for any actions which are as undesirable to those maxims which prevail, as the standards of behaviour in the country wherein he lives. What is opposite to the eternal rules of reason and good sense must be excluded from any place in the carriage of a well-bred man. I did not, I confess, explain myself enough on this subject, when I called Dominant a clown, and made it an instance of it, that he called the orange-wench Double Triple: I should have shown, that humanity obliges a gentleman to give no part of unkindness, reproach, for what they, whom they reproach, may possibly have in common with the most virtuous and worthy amongst us. When a gentleman speaks coarsely, he has dressed himself clean to no purpose. The clothing of our minds certainly ought to be regarded before that of our bodies. To be-tray in a man's talk a corrupt imagination, is a much greater offence against the conversation of gentlemen, than any negligence of dress imaginable. But this sense of the matter is so far from being received among people even of condition, that Vociifer passes for a fine gentleman. He is loud, haughty, gentle, soft, lewd, and obsequious by turns, just as a little understanding and great impudence prompt him at the present moment. He passes among the silly part of our women for a man of wit, because he is generally in doubt. He contradicts with a shrug, and confutes with a certain sufficiency, in professing such and such a thing is above his capacity. What makes his character the pleasantest is, that he is a professed deluder of women; and because the empty coxcomb has no regard to any thing that is of itself sacred and inviolable, I have heard an unmarried lady of fortune say, It is pity so fine a gentleman as Vociifer is so great an atheist. The crowds of such inconsiderable creatures, that infest all places of assembly, every reader will have in his eye from his own observation; but would it not be worth considering what sort of figure a man who formed himself upon those principles among us, which are agreeable to the dictates of honour and religion, would make in the familiar and ordinary occurrences of life?

I hardly have observed any one fill his several

duties of life better than ignominy. All the under  
 parts of his behaviour, and such as are exposed to  
 common observation, have their rise in him from  
 great and noble motives. A firm and unshaken  
 expectation of another life makes him become  
 this; humanity and good-nature, fortified by the  
 sense of virtue, has the same effect upon him, as  
 the neglect of all good-nature has upon many others.  
 Being firmly established in all matters of import-  
 ance, that certain inattention which makes men's  
 actions look easy, appears in him with greater

beauty: by a thorough contempt of little excellencies, he is perfectly master of them; This tem- per of mind leaves him under no necessity of studying his air, and he has this peculiar distinc- tion, that his negligence is unaffected. He that can work himself into a pleasure in considering this being as an uncertain one, and think to reap an advantage by its discontinuance, is in a fair way of doing all things with a graceful unconcern, and a gentleman-like ease. Such a one does not behold his life as a short, transient, perplexing state, made up of trifling pleasures and great anxieties; but sees it in quite another light; in, but it is a short night followed by an endless day. What I would here contend for is, that the more virtuous the man is, the nearer he will natu- rally be to the character of gentle and agreeable. A man whose fortune is plentiful, shows an ease in his countenance, and confidence in his beha- viour, which he that is under wants and difficulties cannot assume. It is thus with the state of the mind; he that governs his thoughts with the ever- lasting rules of reason and sense, must have some- thing so inexpressibly graceful in his words and actions, that every circumstance must become him, not at all alter his situation, but he looks dis- interested in the occurrences with which others are distracted, because the greatest purpose of his life is to maintain an indifference both to it and all its enjoyments. In a word, to be a gentleman, can make a man so much in constant good humour, and shine, as we call it, as to be supported by what a never fail him, and to believe that what ever happens to him was the best thing that could possibly befall him, or else. He on whom it de- pends, would not have permitted it to have be- fallen him at all!

ELE.  
 R.  
 No 76. MONDAY, MAY 28, 1711.  
 —————  
*Ut tu fortunam, sic nos te, Celsæ ferimus,*  
 HOR. 1 Ep. vill. 17.  
 As you your fortune bear, we will bear you.  
 CREECH.

There is nothing so common as to find a man whom in the general observation of his carriage you take to be of an uniform temper, subject to such unaccountable starts of humour and passion, that he is as much unlike himself, and different as much from the man you at first thought him, as many two distinct persons can differ from each other. This proceeds from the want of forming some law for life to ourselves, or fixing some notion of things in general, which may affect us in such a manner as to create proper habits both in our minds and bodies. The negligence of this, leaves us exposed not only to an unbecoming levity in our usual conversation, but also to the same instability in our friendships, interests, and alliances. A man who is but a mere Spectator of what passes around him, and not engaged in commerce of any consideration, is but an ill judge of the secret motions of the heart of man, and by what degrees it is actually made such visible alterations in the same person : but at the same time, when a man is no way concerned in

[illegible]

He was come to the  
 friends and acquaintance.  
 He was come to the  
 knowledge of men by long observation, that he  
 could picture affecting the whole mass of blood  
 over temper, by which speaking to them. A  
 fortune was in his power, he gave himself commands  
 with the treatment they deserved. He would  
 in a little case of his eye, and half a mile, more  
 men fellows who hated, embraced, and all spoke  
 much other's necks with as much ceremony, as he  
 they followed their real inclination, and instead  
 of all one another. When he was in high good  
 humor, he would lay the scene with his eye, and  
 a public might exercise the passions of his whole  
 heart. He was pleased to see an haughty beauty  
 from observation of his being taken notice of by  
 thousands, and the lover gazing the higher he  
 than to follow the woman he was dying for the  
 day before. In a court, where men speak all  
 in the strongest terms, and dislike in the  
 natural, it was a common instance of indifference  
 to dangers thrown aside in one case, and in  
 treated on the other, according as favor or dis  
 respect attended the respective objects of men's af  
 fections or dislikes. It was common, in the world  
 to suppose the measures of mankind, next to say, a  
 man could take any man's disservice, he could  
 give him no reward. The man is disservice, that  
 immediately love will be natural custom next, and  
 that that favor have the attributes of an  
 "natural." He would carry it no far as to say, I  
 would not be only so in the opinion of the world  
 part of his court, but the men themselves shall follow  
 me, or in the good opinion of a court.  
 A monarch who had his blood and honor like the  
 common, must have pleasures which no man else  
 can ever have opportunity of enjoying. The great  
 fastness to come but those who no such com  
 gressions as it will surpass. He made a noble and  
 his mistress as they were agreeable to him, and  
 as they were useful to his kingdom. By the  
 means, the king appeared in every effect of state  
 and no man had a participation of the power, and  
 had not a multitude of the virtue of Pharaoh, who

and character of Moll Flossam. My appearance before him just put him in mind of me, without making him reflect that I was actually present. So that keeping his eyes full upon me, to the great surprise of his audience, he broke off his harangue, and proceeded thus: 'Why now there's my friend (mentioning me by my name), he is a fellow that thinks a great deal, but never opens his mouth; I warrant you he is now thinking his short ride into some coffee-house about Change. I was his ball in the time of the English plot, when he was taken up for a Jesuit.' If he had looked on me a little longer, he had certainly described me so particularly, without ever considering what led him into it, that the whole company must necessarily have found me out; for which reason, remembering the old proverb, 'Out of sight out of mind,' I left the room; and upon meeting him an hour afterwards, was asked by him, with a great deal of good humour, in what part of the world I lived, that he had not seen me these three days.

Monsieur D'Amery has given us the character of an absent man with a great deal of humour, which he has pushed to an agreeable extravagance; with the heads of it I shall conclude my present paper.

(A) I think that an excellent author comes down in a morning, opens his door at noon, but shins it again, because he perceives that he has his night-cap on; and examining himself further, finds that he is not half-dressed, that he has stuck his sword on his right side, that his stockings are a couple of miles long, that his shirt is over his breeches. When he is dressed he goes to supper, comes into the drawing-room, and walking bolt-upright under a branch of candlessticks, his wig is caught up by one of them, and hanging dangling in the air. All the courtiers see this laughing, and look at him as if they were very much surprised about for the person that is the best of the company. Coming down to the courtyard he finds a coach, which taking for his own, he whips into it; and the coachman drives off, not without giving a little cavalcade to the ladies themselves; and Alonzo rises to receive him, and desires him to sit down; he talks, talks, and then talks again. The gentleman of the house is tired and amazed; Alonzo is no less so, but is every moment in hopes that his impatient guests will at last end his tedious visit. Night comes on, when Alonzo is hardly undressed. Comes on, when Alonzo is hardly undressed.

When he is playing at backgammon, he calls for a full glass of wine and water; it is his turn to throw; he has the box in one hand, and his glasses in the other; and being extremely dry, and unwilling to lose time, he swallows down both the dice, and at the same time throws his wine into the tumbler. He writes a letter, and signs the said intoluble ink-bottle; he writes a second, and mistakes the superscription. A nobleman receives one of them, and upon opening it reads as follows: 'I, would have you, honest Jack, immediately upon the receipt of this, take in day enough to serve me the winter.' His farmer receives the other, and is amazed to see in it, "My lord, I received your grace's commandment, with an entire submission to graze." If he is at an entertainment, you may see the pieces of bread continually multiplying round

\* Some reigning toast of the time, we may suppose.

his was a considerable way into the Thames, and with great sedateness in his look put up the pipe, he had before found, in his talk. As I have naturally an aversion to much speaking, and do not love to be the messenger of ill news, especially when it comes too late to be useful, I left him to be continued at his mistake in due time, and continued my walk, reflecting on the little abscences and distractions in mankind, and resolving to make them the subject of a future speculation.

I was the more continued in my design, when I considered that they were very often blamables in the characters of men of excellent sense; and helped to keep up the reputation of that Latin proverb, which Mr. Dryden has translated in the following lines:

And thus particular do their bounds divide,  
'Tis not to passions we're so nearly tied.



'TO MR. SPECTATOR,

'The humble Petition of WHO and WHICH,

'SHEWETH,

'THAT your petitioners, being in a forlorn and destitute condition, know not to whom we should apply ourselves for relief, because there is hardly any man alive who hath not injured us. Nay, we speak it with sorrow, even you yourself, whom we should suspect of such a practice the last of all mankind, can hardly acquit yourself of having given us some cause of complaint. We are descended of ancient families, and kept up our dignity and honour many years, till the jack-sprat THAT supplanted us. How often have we found ourselves slighted by the clergy in their pulpits, and the lawyers at the bar? Nay, how often have we heard, in one of the most polite and august assemblies in the universe, to our great mortification, these words, "That THAT that noble lord urged," which if one of us had had justice done, would have sounded nobler thus, "that which that noble lord urged." Scarcely themselves, the guardians of British liberty, have degraded us, and preferred THAT to us; and yet no decree was ever given against us. In the very acts of parliament, in which the utmost right should be done to every body, word, and thing, we find ourselves often either not used, or used one instead of another. In the first and best prayer children are taught, they learn to misuse us: "Our Father which art in heaven," should be, "Our Father who art in heaven;" and even a Convocation, after long debates, refused to consent to an alteration of it. In our General Confession we say, "Spare thou them, O God, which confess their faults," which ought to be "who confess their faults." What hopes then have we of having justice done us, when the makers of our very prayers and laws, and the most learned in all faculties, seem to be in a confederacy against us, and our enemies themselves must be our judges?

'The Spanish proverb says, "*El sabio muda consejo, el necio no*," i. e. A wise man changes his mind, a fool never will." So that we think you, sir, a very proper person to address to, since we know you to be capable of being convinced, and changing your judgment. You are well able to settle this affair, and to you we submit our cause. We desire you to assign the butts and bounds of each of us; and that for the future we may both enjoy our own. We would desire to be heard by our counsel, but that we fear in their very pleadings they would betray our cause: besides, we have been oppressed so many years, that we can appear no other way but in *forma pauperis*. All which considered, we hope you will be pleased to do that which to right and justice shall appertain.

STEELE.

R.

No 79. THURSDAY, MAY 31, 1711.

*Odunt peccare boni virtutis amore.*  
HOR. I Ep. xvi. 52.  
The good, for virtue's sake, abhor to sin.  
CREECH.

I HAVE received very many letters of late from my female correspondents, most of whom are very an-

'My lover does not know I like him; therefore, having no engagements upon me, I think to stay, and know whether I may like any one else better.'

'MR. SPECTATOR, I am young, and very much inclined to follow the paths of innocence; but at the same time, as I have a plentiful fortune, and am of quality, I am unwilling to resign the pleasures of distinction, some little satisfaction in being admired in general, and much greater in being beloved by a gentleman whom I design to make my husband. But I have a mind to put off entering into matrimony till another winter is over my head, which (whatever, my lady Sir, you may think of the matter) I design to pass away in hearing music, going to plays, visiting, and all other satisfactions which fortune and youth, protected by innocence and virtue, can procure for, sir,

'Your most humble servant,

MR. T.

I have heard Will Honeycomb say, 'A woman seldom writes her mind but in her postscript.' I think this gentlewoman has sufficiently discovered hers in this. I will lay what wager she pleases against her present favourite, and can tell her, that she will like ten more before she is fixed, and then will take the worst man she ever liked in her life. There is no end of affection taken in at the eyes only; and you may as well satisfy those eyes with seeing, as control any passion received by them. It is from loving by sight, that coxcombs so frequently succeed with women, and very often a young lady is bestowed by her parents to a man who weds her as innocence itself, though she has, in her own heart, given her approbation of a different man in every assembly she was in the whole year before. What is wanting among women as well as among men, is the love of laudable things, and not to reason in the forbearance of such as are reproachable.

How far removed from a woman of this light imagination is Eudokia! Eudokia has all the arts of life and good-breeding with so much ease, that the virtue of her conduct looks more like instinct than choice. It is as little difficult to her to think justly of persons and things, as it is to a woman of different accomplishments to move ill or look awkwardly with me for abridging their pleasures, and looking severely upon things in themselves indifferent. But I think they are extremely unjust to me in this imputation. All I contend for is, that those excellencies, which are to be regarded but in the second place, should not be regarded more weightily considerations. The heart of man deceives him in spite of the lectures of half a life spent in discourses on the subjection of passion; and I do not know why one may notwithstanding the heart of woman as unfailingly to itself. If we grant an equality in the faculties of both sexes, the minds of women are less cultivated with precepts, and consequently may, without disrespect to them, be accounted more liable to illusion, in cases wherein natural inclination is out of the interest of virtue. I shall take up my present time in commenting upon a billet or two which came from ladies, and from thence leave the reader to judge whether I am in the right or not, in thinking it is possible the women may be mistaken. The following address seems to have no other design in it, but to tell me the writer will do what she pleases for all me.











are quarterly payments to me, and observe what  
these my kindred bring and takes away with  
me as a tax. My kindred bring the receipts really  
for my wages, and I have a pretty handsome  
list of the respective names of what, casual, hand-  
written and nicknaming, with proper numbers to  
know how to reckon with my landlady. The de-  
scribed and all the business I have to do would be  
in the care of my own writing, I am at full leisure to  
observe and do what others do, with relation to their  
domestic and economy.

I say, when I behold this vast variety of persons and humours, with the pains they daily take for the accomplishment of the ends mentioned in the above verses of Isaiah, I cannot much wonder at the conduct our rulers take, but am extremely sorry that such a man can be so imprudent of the danger of raising late debt. One would think it impossible a man who is able to contract debts should not know, that his creditors may, from that moment when he comes to pay, convert his debt into a debt of honour, and, on such a day as a king or prince is present, or on such a day as a great assembly is, in his debtors' presence, utterly

of him, to wit, That he is unjust, without de-  
quity of his manner. Yet such is the love and  
wonderful rate of some man's liberty, that they  
will suffer these constant oppressions, and

There are many different people who are in debt, by reason of different circumstances. Some are in debt because they have lost their jobs, some because they have lost their homes, some because they have lost their families, some because they have lost their health, some because they have lost their money, some because they have lost their property, some because they have lost their reputation, some because they have lost their honor, some because they have lost their freedom, some because they have lost their lives. In all these cases, the person is in debt, and the debt is a heavy burden. The debt is a burden because it is a weight that is placed upon the person, and it is a weight that is difficult to carry. The debt is a burden because it is a weight that is placed upon the person, and it is a weight that is difficult to carry. The debt is a burden because it is a weight that is placed upon the person, and it is a weight that is difficult to carry.

Our country are, generally speaking, in debt. Does this life be placed.

The following is a list of the names of the persons who have been appointed to the various committees of the National Council on the Arts and the National Council on the Humanities, as recommended by the National Commission on the Arts and the National Commission on the Humanities, respectively, in their report to the President and the Congress, dated June 1, 1965.

renewed under a public exchange, which represented  
no valuable action in the eyes of their country-  
men, that from the theoretical it was permeated by a  
law to prosecute public enemies in the interest of  
the State. World out  
thoughtful leader, instead of sticking out a party against  
those of their own country, show themselves so truly  
public-spirited as to sacrifice every other con-  
sideration to the common cause, what decrees  
ought not to be made in favor of them?

No 82. MONDAY, JUNE 4, 1911.  
 Copied & printed exactly as it stands.  
 JUL 1897 All in 11.  
 The Publishers (Messrs. J. and W. B. B. & Co.)

I always rodee Landgate & the other day, I heard a voice calling for charity, which I thought I had somewhere heard before. Coming near to the gate, the preacher called me by my name, and desired I would throw something into the box. I was out of countenance for him, and did as he bid me, by putting in half a crown. I could easily tell, by the change of complexion of some men, sitting even the village constable of some town, and by observing the behavior of others in all sorts of positions. The person who begged for me is poor, and I take it, silly. I was well rewarded in my turn, and about the age of twenty-five at which time I would create the idea of the deacon as a good coming to the expected good

ing, he was late all the extraordinary time. I was frequently in dramatic disputes, broke drivers' heads, talked and swore loud, was un-  
mannerly to those above him, and unkind to those  
below him. I could not but remark, that it was  
the same backbone of spirit which worked in his be-  
haviour in both respects. The same little mind was  
employed in them, and therefore in poverty. The  
accident made me more open to the circumstance of  
being in debt in general, and so in my mind  
that I never more went out in all the rest of my  
life.

[illegible]

*[Faint handwritten notes at the bottom of the page]*

The first thing I noticed when I stepped out of the car was the cold, crisp air. It felt like a fresh blanket after a long, hot summer. I took a deep breath, savoring the scent of pine and the distant sound of water. The sun was just beginning to rise, painting the sky in soft, pastel hues of pink and orange. I felt a sense of peace and tranquility that I hadn't experienced in a long time.

The first of these is the fact that the
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The first thing I noticed when I stepped out of the car was the cold, crisp air. It was a relief after the warm, humid weather of the city. I looked around, taking in the sights and sounds of the neighborhood. The streets were lined with old, brick buildings, some of which had been converted into lofts. The air was filled with the scent of coffee from a nearby cafe and the sound of a street musician playing a saxophone. I felt like I had entered a new world, one that was both familiar and strange.

Not far from this artist I saw another of a quite different nature, who was dressed in the habit of a Bachelor, and known by the name of Indury. His figures were wonderfully limbered. If he drew the portraiture of a man, he did not omit a single hair in his face; if the figure of a ship, there was not a rope among the cables escaped him. He had likewise hung a great part of the wall with high-pieces, the second or show themselves by the angles which were caught up in several parts of the room; and were so hung round by the smithing

The following information was obtained from the records of the New York State Department of Social Services, Division of Child Welfare, Office of the Director, dated June 1964:

[illegible][illegible]

I have done good, & it will make me immortal  
 for the good you have done, in letting me see  
 there is such a man as you in the world. I was  
 obliged to you for the degree I shall have all  
 the rest of my life. I will hereafter try to gain  
 as far as to be to his debt.

And with an empty I came for a short time.

disperse that gloominess which is apt to hang upon it in those dark days of desolation.

I was somewhat weary after a course of these

\* This sketch of character in Jack Trevelyan has been aptly enough applied to the old Scotch himself.







a remote likeness to that of an ox, a sheep, a lion, a hog, or any other creature; he hath the same resemblance in the frame of his mind, and is subject to those passions which are predominant in the creature that appears in his countenance. Accordingly he gives the prints of several faces that are of a different mould, and by a little overcharging the likeness, discovers the figures of these several kinds of brutal faces in human features. I remember, in the life of the famous Prince of Condé, the writer observes, the face of that prince was like the face of an eagle, and that the prince was very well pleased to be told so. In this case therefore we may be sure that he had in his mind some general implicit notion of this art of physiognomy, which I have just now mentioned; and that when his comers told him his face was made like an eagle, he understood them in the same manner as if they had told him, there was something in his looks which showed him to be strong, active, piercing, and of a royal descent. Whether or no the different imprints of the animal spirits, in different passions, may have any effect on the mould of the face when the humours are pitiable and tender, or whether the same kind of souls require the same kind of habitations, I shall leave to the consideration of the curious. In the mean time I think nothing can be more glorious than for a man to give the lie to his face, and to be an honest, just, good-natured man, in spite of all those marks and signatures which nature seems to have set upon him for the contrary. This very often happens among those, who, instead of being exalted by their own looks, or envying the looks of others, apply themselves entirely to the cultivating of their minds, and getting those beauties which are more lasting, and more ornamental. I have seen many an amiable piece of deformity; and have observed a certain cheerfulness in as bad a kind, the beauties, whether male or female, they are generally the most untractable people of all others. You are so excessively perplexed with the particularities in their behaviour, that to be at ease, one would be apt to wish there were no such creatures. They expect so great allowances, and give so little to others, that they who have to do with them find in the main, a man with a better person than ordinary, and a beautiful woman, might be very happily changed for such to whom nature has been less liberal. The handsome fellow is usually so much a gentleman, and the fine woman has something so becoming, that there is no enduring either of them. It has therefore been generally my choice to mix with cheerful ugly creatures, rather than gentlemen who are graceful enough to omit or do what they please; or beauties who have charms enough to do and say what would be dis- obliging in any but themselves.

Diffidence and presumption, upon account of our persons, are equally faults; and both arise from the want of knowing, or rather endeavouring to know ourselves, and for what we ought to be valued or neglected. But indeed I did not imagine these little consideration and cogitations could have the ill consequence as I find they have by the following letters of my correspondents, where it seems beauty is thrown into the account, in matters of sale, to those who receive no favour from the characters.

M<sup>r</sup>. SPECTATOR,

After I have assured you, I am in every respect one of the handsomest young girls about town, I June 4.

A Greek word, translated in our New Testament (Rom. II. 11. and Eph. vi. 9.) *A respecter of persons.* † See No 17.

Trust not too much to an ensharpened face.

DRYDEN.

—Nimium ne crede color.

VIRG. Eccl. II. 17.

No 87. SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1711.

ADRIAN.

Gives it the name of a *prosopopoeia* \*.

the smaller vices in morality, and, if I remember, take a particular against a man for his looks, among of Ethics, reckons this particular inclination to real character? Dr. Moore, in his admirable System of Education, by his aspect, whom we think we cannot estimate too much when we are acquainted with his person of worth, or fancy a man to be proud or know. How often do we conceive hatred against by the looks and features of those whom we do not of towards one another, when we are prejudiced and. It is an irreparable injustice we are guilty of how he gives credit to a man's outward appearance, a wise man should be particularly cautious ever observations of this nature may sometimes meet with in the cabinets of the curious. But how- precious stones, which are frequently enough to be





*servations, that we may know how to treat these rogues, or that we masters may enter into measures to reform them. Pray give us a speculation in general about servants, and you make me*

*'Yours,*

*'PHILO-BRITANNICUS.*

*'P. S. Pray do not omit the mention of groom's in particular.'*

This honest gentleman, who is so desirous that I should write a satire upon grooms, has a great deal of reason for his resentment; and I know no evil which touches all mankind so much as this of the misbehaviour of servants.

The complaint of this letter runs wholly upon men-servants; and I can attribute the licentiousness which has at present prevailed among them, to nothing but what an hundred before me have ascribed it to, the custom of giving board-wages. This one instance of false economy is sufficient to debauch the whole nation of servants, and makes them as it were but for some part of their time in that quality. They are either attending in places where they meet and run into clubs, or else if they wait at taverns, they eat after their masters, and receive their wages for other occasions. From hence it arises, that they are in a lower degree what their masters themselves are; and usually affect an imitation of their manners: and you have in lives, beaux, tops, and coxcombs, in as high perfection as among people that keep equipages. It is a common humour among the retinue of people of quality, when they are in their revels, that is when they are out of their master's sight, to assume in a burlesque way the names and titles of those whose lives they wear. By which means characters and distinctions become so familiar to them, that it is to this, among other causes, one may impute a certain insolence among our servants, that they take no notice of any gentleman, though they know him ever so well, except he is an acquaintance of their master's.

My obscenity and tacturnity leave me at liberty, without scandal, to dine if I think fit at a common ordinary, in the meanest as well as the most sumptuous house of entertainment. If falling in the other day at a vicarage-house near the house of peers, I heard the maid come down and tell the landlady at the bar, that my lord bishop swore he would throw her out at window, if she did not bring up more mild beer, and that my lord duke would have a double mug of punch. My surprise was increased in hearing loud and rustic voices speak and answer to each other upon the public affairs, by the names of the most illustrious of our nobility; till of a sudden one came running in, and cried the house was rising. Down came all the company together and away! The alehouse was immediately filled with clamour, and scoring one mug to the marquis of such a place, oil and vinegar to such an earl, three quarters to my new lord for wetting his tile, and so forth. It is a thing too notorious to mention the crowds of servants, and their insolence, near the courts of justice, and the stairs towards the supreme assembly, where there is an universal mockery of all order, such riotous clamour and licentious confusion, that one would think the whole nation lived in jest, and that there were no such thing as rule and distinction among us.

The next place of resort, wherein the servile world are let loose, is at the entrance of Hyde-Parc, while the gentry are at the Ring. Hither people

\* This mock-parliament exists to the present time at a public-house near Westminster-Hall.

No 89. TUESDAY, JUNE 12, 1711.

*Petite hinc, jucundaque senescat,  
Frena animo certum, miserisque vitæ canis.  
Cras hoc fiet. Idem cras fiet. Quid? quæst magnam,  
Nempe diem domus? sed cum lux allegra cernit,  
Jam cras licet animam conspiciamus, ecce aliud cras  
Egerit hos annos, et semper pulchrum erit illa.  
Nunc quævis prope te, quævis lenone sub uno,  
Verticem sacris vestra seclabere canthum.*

*Pers.* From thee both old and young, with profit learn  
The bounds of good and evil to discern.  
*Corn.* Unhappy be, who does this work adjourn,  
And to-morrow would the search delay:  
*Pers.* But is one day of ease too much to borrow?  
*Corn.* Yes, sure; but yesterday was once to-morrow.  
That yesterday is gone, and nothing left?  
And all thy fruitless days will thus be dril?  
For thou hast more to-morrow's yet to ask,  
And wilt be ever to begin thy task;  
Who, like the blindmost clown's heels, are curs'd,  
Still to be near, but never to reach the first.  
DRYDEN.

As my correspondents upon the subject of love are very numerous, it is my design, if possible, to range

bringing their lacqueys out of state, and here it is that all they say at their tables, and act in their houses, is communicated to the whole town. There are men of wit in all conditions of life; and mixing with these people at their diversions, I have heard and pride exposed (allowing for their want of education) with as much humour and good sense, as in the politest companies. It is a general observation, that all dependants run in some measure into the manners and behaviour of those whom they serve. You shall frequently meet with lovers and men of intrigue among the lacqueys as well as at White's or in the side-boxes. I remember some years ago an instance of this kind. A footman to a colonel of the guards used frequently, when his master was out of the way, to carry on amours and make assignments in his master's clothes. The fellow had a very good person, and there are very many women that think no further than the outside of a gentleman: besides which, he was almost as learned a man as the colonel himself: I say, thus qualified, the fellow could scrawl  *billet-doux*  so well, and furnish a conversation on the common topics, that he had, as they call it, a great deal of good business on his hands. It happened one day, that coming down a tavern stairs in his master's livery, he was met by a well-dressed woman masked, he met the colonel coming up with other company; but with a ready assurance he quitted his livery, came up to him and said, 'Sir, I know you have too much respect for yourself to come me in this honourable habit. But you see there is a lady in the case, and I hope on that score also, you will put off your anger till I have told you all another time.' After a little pause the colonel cleared up his countenance, and with an air of familiarity whispered his man apart, 'Sirrah, bring the lady with you to ask pardon for you; then aloud, 'Look to it, Will, I'll never forgive you else.' The fellow went back to his mistress, and telling her, with a loud voice and an oath, that was the honestest fellow in the world, conveyed her to an hackney-coach. But the many irregularities committed by servants in the places above-mentioned, as well as in theatres, of which masters are generally the occasions, are too various not to need being resumed on another occasion.

STEELE.

[illegible]

I would not however be understood, by any thing  
I have here said, to disapprove that manner of  
writing, but only to observe that it is not  
very agreeable to the manner in which I have  
been accustomed to write. All that I intended by  
this is to be understood, that I am not  
satisfied by reason and reflection, to  
approve of any manner of writing which is  
not in conformity with the manner in which I  
have been accustomed to write.

There is a third consideration which I would like to recommend to a Deaconess, and that is the great danger of her falling in love when she is about thirteen, if she cannot satisfy her doubts and inquiries before that time. There is a kind of latent spring, that sometimes gets into the blood of an adolescent woman, and runs her into a very odd sort of conduct what a strange figure she will make, if she comes to get all dissipated, and comes to a final resolution, in that miserable part of her life.

[illegible]

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I am not at all sure that I shall be able to do so. I have been thinking of it for some time, but I have not been able to do so. I have been thinking of it for some time, but I have not been able to do so. I have been thinking of it for some time, but I have not been able to do so.

"You know very well my passion for Mr. Martin,  
 and what a dance he has had here. She took me out  
 in the eve of the good party, and danced with  
 me about thirty years. I have loved her all her  
 life as a cat, and she will love me all  
 the remainder of her lifetime, such as it is.  
 "It is now my eye a very charming  
 old woman. "It is often true that we all love  
 her as she has the best of her beauty. I do not  
 believe it. You know very well that she would  
 never think of me or write to me and I do not  
 think of her and do not do so of my own (same)  
 company. I have not the least of power or any  
 controlling left. I expect you should read me in  
 consequence of my letter, or, if you please, an ep-  
 istolary one upon this occasion."

[illegible]

up to the chin in water that fled from his lips when ever he attempted to drink it.  
Virgil, who has cast the whole system of Platonic philosophy, so far as it relates to the soul of man, into beautiful allegories, in the sixth book of his *Æneid* gives us the punishment of a voluptuary after death, not unlike that which we are here speaking of:

*Lucant genibibus altis  
Aurca sulcat tortis, epulæque ante ora paratæ  
Regibus luvæ: rivatarum marum iuxta  
Accubat et manibus prohibet contingere mœnas:  
Exturgitque faciem attollens, atque inflexit ore.  
Æn. vi. 604.  
They lie below on golden beds display'd,  
And genial feasts by regal pomp are made:  
The queen of furies by their side is set,  
And snakes from their mouths th' unlasted meat;  
Which, if they touch, her hissing snakes she rear,  
Tossing her torch, and thundering in their ears.*

That I may a little alleviate the severity of this my speculation (which otherwise may lose me several of my polite readers), I shall translate a story that has been quoted upon another occasion by one of the most learned men of the present age, as I find it in the original. The reader will see it is not foreign to my present subject, and I dare say will think it a lively representation of a person lying under the torments of such a kind of Tantrism, or Platonic hell, as that which we have now under consideration. Monsieur Pontignan, speaking of a love-adventure that happened to him in the country, gives the following account of it.

When I was in the country last summer, I was often in company with a couple of charming women, who had all the wit and beauty one could desire in female companions, with a dash of coquetry, that from time to time gave me a great many agreeable torments. I was, after my way, in love with both of them, and had such frequent opportunities of pleading my passion to them when they were asunder, that I had reason to hope for particular favours from each of them. As I was walking one evening in my chamber, with nothing about me but my night-gown, they both came into my room and told me, they had a very pleasant trick to put upon a gentleman that was in the same house, provided I would bear a part in it. Upon this they told me such a plausible story, that I laughed at their contrivance, and agreed to do whatever they should require of me. They immediately began to saddle me up in my night-gown with long pieces of linen, which they folded about me till they had wrapt me in above an hundred yards of swathe. My arms were pressed to my sides, and my legs closed together by so many wrappers one over another, that I looked like an Egyptian mummy. As I stood bolt upright upon one end in this antique figure, one of the ladies burst out a laughing. "And now Pontignan," says she, "we intend to perform the promise that we often asked the favour of us, and I dare say you find you have extorted from each of us. You have a better bred cavalier than to refuse to go to bed to two ladies that desire it of you." After having stood a fit of laughter, I begged them to uncase me, and do with me what they pleased. "No, no," said they, "we like you very well as you are;" and upon that ordered me to be carried to one of their houses, and put to bed in all my swaddles. The room was lighted up on all sides: and I was laid very decently between a pair of sheets, with my head (which was indeed the only

Nº 90. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 13, 1711.  
*Incensum surit  
Agnus sine viribus ignis*  
VIRG. Georg. lib. 99.  
In vain he burns like hasty stubble fires.  
-DRYDEN.

There is not, in my opinion, a considerable inore effectual to extinguish inordinate desires in the soul of man, than the notions of Plato and his followers upon that subject. They tell us, that every passion which has been contracted by the soul during her residence in the body, remains with her in a separate state; and that the soul in the body, or out of the body, differs no more than the man does from himself when he is in his house, or in open air. When therefore the obscene passions in particular have once taken root, and spread themselves in the soul, they cleave to her inseparably, and remain in her for ever, after the body is cast off and thrown aside. As an argument to confirm this their doctrine, they observe, that a lewd youth who goes on in a continued course of voluptuousness, advances by degrees into a libidinous old man; and that the passion survives in the mind when it is altogether dead in the body; nay, that the desire grows more violent, and (like all other habits) gathers strength by age, at the same time that it has no power of executing its own purposes. If, say they, the soul is the most subject to these passions at a time when it has the least insigations from the body, we may well suppose she will still retain them when she is entirely divested of it. The very substance of the soul is fostered with them, the inflammation is gone too far to be ever cured; the inflammation will rage to all eternity.

In this discourse (say the Platonists) consists the punishment of a voluptuous man after death. He is tormented with desires which it is impossible for him to gratify; solicited by a passion that has not adapted to it. He lives in a state of invincible desire and impotence, and always burns in the pursuit of what he always despairs to possess. It is for this reason (says Plato) that the souls of the dead appear frequently in cemeteries, and hover about the places where their bodies are buried, as still hankering after their old brutal pleasures, and desiring again to enter the body that gave them an opportunity of fulfilling them.

Some of our most eminent divines have made use of this Platonic notion, so far as it regards the subsistence of our passions after death, with great beauty and strength of reason. Plato indeed carries the thought very far, when he galls upon it his opinion of ghosts appearing in places of burial. Though, I must confess, if one did believe that the departed souls of men and women wandered up and down these lower regions, and entertained themselves with the sight of their species, one could not devise a more proper bell for an impure spirit than that which Plato has touched upon.

The ancients seem to have drawn such a state of torments in the description of Tantalus, who was punished with the rage of an eternal thirst, and set









speculation that is more unbecoming, and may there-

I have before shown how the uncorrupted parts

of the proper long and tedious, and still more ex-

hausted to study, reading, and the pursuit of

known things, are long, but not tedious, and by that

method of lengthening out life.

and at the same time of turning all the parts of

them to our advantage.

Mr. Locke observes, 'That we get the ideas of

time or duration, by reflecting on that train of

ideas which succeed one another in our minds;

out dreaming, we have no perception of time, or

the length of it; it will pass in a moment, and we

are not aware of it; but, if we have no distance,

to which the mind is directed, and if it is not

for him to keep only in his mind, without

disturbance, and the succession of objects, and we

that one who has his thoughts very intently on

one thing, so as to take but little notice of the

succession of ideas that pass in his mind, will be

in a manner, as if he were in a dream.

Mr. Locke observes, 'That we get the ideas of

time or duration, by reflecting on that train of

ideas which succeed one another in our minds;

There is a very pretty story in the Turkish tales

which relates to this passage of that famous

poet, and shows some ability in the subject

are now known. A relation of Egypt, who was

added, used to laugh at this circumstance in Alas-

met's life, as what was altogether impossible and

absurd; but concerning one day with a great doctor

in the law, who had the gift of working naturally,

the doctor told him he would quickly convince him

of the truth of this passage in the history of Alas-

met, if he would consent to do what he would

desire of him. Upon this the scholar was directed

to place himself by a large tub of water, which he

did accordingly; and as he stood by the tub, amidst

a circle of his great men, the body man bid him

place his head into the water, and draw it up

again. The king accordingly threw his head into

the water, and as the king thus stood himself at

the foot of a mountain on a mountain. The king

immediately began to rage against his doctor for

this place of treachery and wickedness; but as

he knew, knowing it was in vain to be angry, he let

himself be taken on proper methods for getting a

little blood in this strange country. Accordingly he

applied himself to some people whom he saw at

work in a neighbouring wood; these people can

direct him to a lowly that stood at a little distance

from the wood, where, after some adventures, he

encountered a woman of great beauty, and for some

time with this woman so long, that he had by her

several sons and some daughters. He was at length

unable to stand to great pains, and for some time

of lying in the street as a porter for his little

brood. One day as he was passing along by the

road, being asked what was his name, he answered

Alasmet, upon which the porter and his present state of

life, which had reduced a fit of devotion in him, he

turned off his clothes with a design to wash himself

according to the custom of the Alasmetians, before

he did his prayers.

After his first plunge into the sea, he on moment

raised his head above the water, but he found him-

self standing by the side of the tub, with the great

piece of his coat about him, and the body man as

his aide. He immediately reproached his teacher

for having told him such a course of education,

and betwixt him into a low state of misery,

and returned; but was so wonderfully surprised in his

distress and dejection, that he had not stirred from

the place where he lay in the tub, and that he had

only dipped his head into the water, and found him-

self taken in the water, and found him-

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'*Teu premit odiumis, tot adhuc conjugibus allum  
Fœlicat caput: Anitronuchus a fronte videtur;  
Fœt minor est: aliam credas.*'

JUV. SAT. VI. 501.

'With curls on curls they build her head before,

And mount it with a formidable tower;

And then she dwindles to the pigmy kind.'

DRYDEN.

But I do not remember, in any part of my reading, that the head-dress aspired to so great an extravagance as in the fourteenth century; when it was built up in a couple of cones or spires, which stood so excessively high on each side of the head, that a woman, who was but a pigmy without her head-dress, appeared like a colossus upon putting it on. Monsieur Paradin \* says, 'That these old-fashioned *fontanges* rose an ell above the head: that they were pointed like steeples, and had long loose pieces of crape fastened to the tops of them, which were curiously fringed, and hung down their backs like streamers.'

'The women might possibly have carried this Gothic building much higher, had not a famous monk, Thomas Conecte † by name, attacked it with great zeal and resolution. This holy man travelled from place to place to preach down this monstrous comode; and succeeded so well in it, that as the magicians sacrificed their books to the flames upon the preaching of an apostle, many of the women drew down their head-dresses in the middle of his sermon, and made a bonfire of them within sight of the pulpit. He was so renowned as well for the sanctity of his life as his manner of preaching, that he had often a congregation of twenty thousand people; the men placing themselves on the one side of his pulpit, and the women on the other; that appeared (to use the similitude of an ingenious writer) like a forest of cedars with their heads reaching to the clouds. He so warmed and animated the people against this monstrous ornament, that it lay under a kind of persecution; and whenever it appeared in public, was pelted down by the rabble, who flung stones at the persons that wore it. But notwithstanding this prodigy vanished while the preacher was among them, it began to appear again some months after his departure, or to tell it in Monsieur Paradin's own words, 'the women, that, like snails in a fright, had drawn in their horns, shot them out again as soon as the danger was over.' This extravagance of the women's head-dresses in that age is taken notice of by Monsieur d'Argente ‡ in his history of Breagne, and by other historians, as well as the person I have here quoted.

It is usually observed, that a good reign is the only proper time for making of laws against the exorbitance of power; in the same manner an excessive head-dress may be attacked the most effectually when the fashion is against it. I do therefore recommend this paper to my female readers by way of prevention.

I would desire the fair sex to consider how impossible it is for them to add any thing that can be ornamental to what is already the masterpiece of nature. The head has the most beautiful appearance, as well as the highest station, in a human figure. Nature has laid out all her art in beauty.

\* A French historical writer of the sixteenth century. † A celebrated Carmelite, native of Breagne, who travelled through several parts of Europe, preaching against the inhuman vices of the age. At length, reproving the enormities of the Romish clergy, he was burnt for heresy at Rome in 1587. ‡ An eminent French lawyer of the sixteenth century.

The club, of which I have often declared myself a member, were last night engaged in a discourse upon that which passes for the chief point of honour among men and women; and started a great many hints upon the subject, which I thought were greatly new. I shall therefore methodize the several reflections that arose upon this occasion, and present my reader with them for the speculation of this day; after having premised, that if there is any thing in this paper which seems to differ with any passage of last Thursday's \*, the reader will consider this as the sentiments of the club, and the other as my own private thoughts, or rather those of Pharamond.

The great point of honour in men is courage, and in women chastity. If a man loses his honour in one rencounter, it is not impossible for him to regain it in another; a slip in a woman's honour is irrecoverable. I can give no reason for fixing the point of honour to these two qualities, unless it be that each sex sets the greatest value on the qualification which renders them the most amiable in the eyes of the contrary sex. Had men chosen for themselves, without regard to the opinions of the fair sex, I should believe the choice would have fallen on wisdom or virtue; or had women determined their own point of honour, it is probable that wit or good-nature would have carried it against chastity.

Nothing recommends a man more to the female sex than courage; whether it be that they are pleased to see one who is a terror to others fall like a slave at their feet, or that this quality supplies their own principal defect, in guarding them from insults, and avenging their quarrels; or that courage is a natural indication of a strong and sprightly constitution. On the other side, nothing makes a woman more esteemed by the opposite sex than chastity; whether it be that we always prize those most who are hardest to come at, or that nothing besides chastity, with its collateral attendants, truth, fidelity, and constancy, gives the man a property in the person he loves, and consequently endears her to him above all things.

I am very much pleased with a passage in the inscription on a monument erected in Westminster-abbey to the late Duke and Duchess of Newcastle. Her name was Margaret Lucas, youngest sister to

You know to fix the bounds of right and wrong.

— *Turpi secessus honestum.*  
HOR. SAT. 6. l. 1. v. 63.

No 99. SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1711.

ADDISON.

L.

bone-lace. real beauties, to childish gew-gaws, ribands, and foolishly contrive to call off the eye from great and destroy the symmetry of the human figure, and it with such a pile of superfluous ornaments, we the most glorious of her works; and when we load seems to have designed the head as the cupola to beauties in the most agreeable light. In short, she it with such a flowing shade of hair as sets all its and graces that cannot be described, and surrounded each side with curious organs of sense, given it air vented it with the brightness of the eyes, hung it on seat of smiles and blushes, lighted it up and enlivened the face; she has touched it with vermilion, planted in it a double row of ivory, made it the

the Lord Jesus of Colchester; a noble family, for all the brothers were railroads, and all the sisters vir-

tuoses.

In books of idealism, where the point of honour is studied to madness, the whole story runs on

chastity and courage. The dancer is associated as a

white pallid, as an emblem of her innocence for

and, to avoid accident, must have a dress for

her part. She is not to think of a man, and some

made resistance her room murdering her dearest,

the English falls in love, and, did not resist

involuntarily brought a knife-blade to her re-

lief. The English falls in love, and, did not resist

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№ 101. TUESDAY, JUNE 26, 1711.

*Romulus, et Liber pater, et cum Castore Pollux  
Post ingenta facta, decorum in templa recepti;  
Dum lectus hominumque colunt genas, aspera bella  
Component, agros nascenti, oppida condunt;  
Floratque suis non respondere fatorem.*  
*Spei alium meritis:*

HOR. EP. I. l. 2. v. 5.

IMITATED.

Edward and Henry, now the boast of fame,  
And virtuous Alfred, a more sacred name,  
After a life of generous toils endured,  
The Gaul subdued, or property secured,  
Ambition humbled, mightily cities rom'd,  
Or laws establish'd, and the world reformed;  
Close'd their long glories with a sigh to find  
Th' unwilling gratitude of base mankind.

POPE.

'Cæcure,' says a late ingenious author \*, 'is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent; it is a folly for an eminent man to think of escaping it, and a weakness to be affected with it. All the illustrious persons of antiquity, and indeed of every age in the world, have passed through this fiery persecution. There is no defence against reproach but obscurity; it is a kind of commitment to greatness, as satellites and invelvices were an essential part of a Roman triumph.

If men of eminence are exposed to censure on one hand, they are as much liable to battery on the other. If they receive reproaches which are not due to them, they likewise receive praises which they do not deserve. In a word, the man in a high post is never regarded with an indifferent eye, but always considered as a friend or an enemy. For this reason persons in great stations have seldom their true characters drawn till several years after their deaths. Their personal friendships and enmities must cease, and the parties they were engaged in be at an end, before their faults or their virtues can have justice done them. When writers have the least opportunity of knowing the truth, they are in the best disposition to tell it. It is therefore the privilege of posterity to adjust the characters of illustrious persons, and to set matters right between those antagonists, who by their rivalry for greatness divided a whole age into factions. We can now allow Cæsar to be a great man, without detracting from Pompey; and celebrate the virtues of Cato, without detracting from those of Cæsar. Every one that has been long dead has a due proportion of praise allotted him, in which, whilst he lived, his friends were too profuse, and his enemies too sparing.

According to Sir Isaac Newton's calculations the last comet that made its appearance in 1680, imbibed so much heat by its approaches to the sun, that it would have been two thousand times hotter than red-hot iron, had it been a globe of that metal; and that supposing it as big as the earth, and at the same distance from the sun, it would be fifty thousand years in cooling, before it recovered its natural temper. In the like manner, if an Englishman considers the great ferment into which our political world is thrown at present, and how intensely it is heated in all its parts, he cannot suppose that it will cool again in less than three hundred years. In such a tract of time it is possible that the heats of the present age may be extinguished, and our several classes of great men re-

we are out of the nurse's arms. Such an aversion to labour creates a constant weariness, and one would think should make existence itself a burden. The indolent man descends from the dignity of his nature, and makes that being which was rational merely vegetative. His life consists only in the mere increase and decay of a body, which, with relation to the rest of the world, might as well have been uninformed, as the habitation of a reasonable mind.

Of this kind is the life of that extraordinary couple, Harry Terret and his lady. Harry was, in the days of his celibacy, one of those pert creatures who have much vivacity and little understanding; Mrs. Rebecca quickly, whom he married, had all that the fire of youth and a lively manner could do towards making an agreeable woman. These two people of seeming merit fell into each other's arms; and passion being sated, and no reason or good sense in either to succeed it, their life is now at a stand; their meals are insipid, and their time tedious; their fortune has placed them above care, and their loss of taste reduced them below diversion. When we talk of these as instances of inexistence, we do not mean, that in order to live, it is necessary we should always be in jovial crews, or crowned with chaplets of roses, as the merry fellows among the ancients are described; but it is intended, by considering these contraries to pleasure, indolence, and too much delicacy, to show that it is prudence to preserve a disposition in ourselves to receive a certain delight in all we hear and see.

This portable quality of good-humour seasons all the parts and occurrences we meet with, in such a manner, that there are no moments lost; but they all pass with so much satisfaction, that the heaviest of loads (when it is a load), that of time, is never felt by us. Varius has this quality to the highest perfection, and communicates it wherever he appears. The sad, the merry, the severe, the melancholy, show a new cheerfulness when he comes amongst them. At the same time, no one can regret any thing that Varius has ever said that deserves reprobation; but the man has that innate goodness of temper, that he is welcome to every body, because every man thinks he is so to him. He does not seem to contradict any thing to the truth of it all happened by his being there. I thought it was whimsically said of a gentleman, that if Varius had wit, it would be the best wit in the world. It is certain, when a well-corrected lively imagination and good-bred are added to a sweet disposition, they qualify it to be one of the greatest blessings, as well as pleasures of life.

Men would come into company, with ten times the pleasure they do, if they were sure of hearing nothing which would shock them, as well as expected what would please them. When we know every person that is spoken of is represented by one who has no ill-will, and every thing that is mentioned described by one that is apt to set it in the best light, the entertainment must be delicate, because the cook has nothing brought to his hand but what is the most excellent in its kind. Beautiful pictures are the entertainments of pure minds, and delicacies of the corrupted. It is a degree towards the life of angels, when we enjoy conversation wherein there is nothing presented but in its excellence; and a degree towards that of demons, wherein nothing is shown but in its degeneracy.

STEEL.

21

\* Swift, vol. v. p. 359. edit. 1801.

presented under their proper character. Some excellent pictures may then probably arise that will not rise necessarily as *Thou'st* expressions (it will be the idea of such an imaginary historian describing the reign of a king, and introducing it with a preface to his readers, that he now comes upon the most striking part of the English story. The great risks in such a history will be the risk of being misunderstood, and the risk of being misunderstood by the wrong people. The great risks in such a history will be the risk of being misunderstood, and the risk of being misunderstood by the wrong people.

The following part of the paragraph is so much to my advantage, and beyond any thing I can pretend to, that I hope my reader will excuse me for not looking at it. ADVICE.

For not looking at it. ADVICE.

For not looking at it. ADVICE.

For not looking at it. ADVICE.

For not looking at it. ADVICE.



All this is done with a close fan, and is generally learned in the first week.

The next motion is that of Unfurling the fan, in which are comprehended several little dits and vibrations, as also gradual and deliberate openings, with many voluntary fallings, asunder in the fan itself, that are seldom learned under a month's practice. This part of the exercise pleases the spectators more than any other, as it discovers on a sudden an infinite number of cupids, garlands, altars, birds, beasts, rainbows, and the like agreeable figures, that display themselves to view, whilst every one in the regiment holds a picture in her hand.

Upon my giving the word to Discharge their fans, they give one general crack, that may be heard at a considerable distance when the wind sits fair. This is one of the most difficult parts of the exercise; but I have several ladies with me, who at their first entrance could not give a pop loud enough to be heard at the further end of a room, who can now discharge a fan in such a manner, that it shall make a report like a pocket-pistol. I have likewise taken care (in order to hinder young women from letting off their fans in wrong places or on unsuitable occasions) to show upon what subject the crack of a fan may come in properly: I have likewise invented a fan, with which a girl of sixteen, by the help of a little wind which is enclosed about one of the largest sticks, can make as loud a crack as a woman of fifty with an ordinary fan.

When the fans are thus discharged, the word of command in course is, to Ground their fans. This teaches a lady to quit her fan gracefully when she throws it aside in order to take up a pack of cards, adjust a curl of hair, replace a falling pin, or apply herself to any other matter of importance. This part of the exercise, as it only consists in tossing a fan with an air upon a long table, (which stands by for that purpose) may be learned in two days' time as well as in a twelvemonth.

When my female regiment is thus dismissed, I generally let them walk about the room for some time; when on a sudden (like ladies that look upon their watches after a long visit) they all of them hasten to their arms, catch them up in a hurry, and place themselves in their proper stations upon my calling out, Recover your fans. This part of the exercise is not difficult, provided a woman applies her thoughts to it.

The fluttering of the fan is the last, and indeed the masterpiece of the whole exercise; but if a lady does not mispend her time, she may make herself mistress of it in three months. I generally lay aside the dog-days and the hot time of the summer for the teaching this part of the exercise; for as soon as ever I pronounce Flutter your fans, the breeze is filled with so many zephyrs and gentle year, though they might be dangerous to ladies of a tender constitution in any other.

There is an infinite variety of motions to be made use of in the flutter of a fan. There is the angry flutter, the modest flutter, the timorous flutter, the confused flutter, the merry flutter, and the amorous flutter. Not to be tedious, there is scarce any emotion in the mind which does not produce a suitable agitation in the fan; inasmuch, that if I only see the fan of a disciplined lady, I know very well whether she laughs, frowns, or blushes. I have seen a fan so very angry, that it would have been dangerous for the absent lover who provoked it to have come within the wind of it; and at other

P. S. I teach young gentlemen the whole art of gallantry a fan.

N. B. I have several little plain fans made for this use, to avoid expence.

ADPSON.

No 103. THURSDAY, JUNE 28, 1711.

All men will try, and hope to write as well, And not (without much pains) be undeciv'd.

My friend the divine having been used with words of complaint, which he thinks could be properly applied to no one living, and I think could be only spoken of him, and that in his absence, was so extremely offended with the excessive way of speaking civilities among us, that he made a discourse against it at the club, which he concluded with this remark, 'that he had not heard of commendation made in our society since its commencement.' Every one was pleased with his conclusion; and as each knew his good-will to the rest, he was convinced that the many professions of kindness and service which we ordinarily meet with, are not natural where the heart is well inclined; but are a position of speech, seldom intended to mean any part of what they express, never to mean all they express. Our reverend friend, upon this topic, pointed out to us two or three particulars on this subject in the first sermon of the first volume of the late archbishop's \* posthumous works. I do not know that I ever read any thing that pleased me more; and as it is the praise of Longinus, that he speaks of the sublime in a style suitable to it, so one may say of this author upon this occasion, and treats it with a more than ordinary simplicity, at once to be a preacher and an example. With what command of himself does he lay before us, in the language and temper of his profession, a fault, which by the least liberty and warmth of expression would be the most lively wit and satire! But his heart was better disposed, and the good man chastised the great wit, in such a manner, that he was able to speak as follows:—Amongst too many other instances of the great corruption and degeneracy of the age where-in we live, the great and general want of sincerity in conversation is none of the least. The world is grown so full of dissimulation and compliment, that men's words are hardly any signification of their thoughts; and if any man measure his



Nothing can promote this end more than a strict preservation of decency. I should be glad if a certain equestrian order of ladies, some of whom come meets in an evening at every outlet of the town, would take this subject into their serious consideration. In order thereunto the following letter may not be wholly unworthy their perusal :

MR. SPECTATOR,

Going lately to take the air in one of the most beautiful evenings this season has produced ; as I was admiring the serenity of the sky, the highly coloured of the fields, and the variety of the landscape every way around me, my eyes were suddenly called off from these inanimate objects by a little party of horsemen I saw passing the road. The greater part of them escaped my particular observation, by reason that my whole attention was fixed on a very fair youth who rode in the midst of them, and seemed to have been dressed by some description in a romance. His features, complexion, and habit had a remarkable elegance, and a certain languishing vanity appeared in his air. His hair, well curled and powdered, hung to a considerable length on his shoulders, and was wondrously tied, as if by the hands of his mistress, in a scarlet ribbon, which played like a streamer behind him ; he had a coat and waistcoat of blue camlet trimmed and embroidered with silver ; a cravat of the finest lace ; and wore, in a smart cock, a little heavier hat edged with silver, and made more sprightly by a feather. His horse too, which was a pacer, was adorned after the same airy manner, and seemed to share in the vanity of the rider. As I was pitying the luxury of this young person, who appeared to me to have been educated only as an object of sight, I perceived on my nearer approach, and as I turned my eyes downward, a part of the equipage I had not observed before, which was a petticoat of the same with the coat and waistcoat. After this discovery, I looked again on the face of the fair Amazon who had thus deceived me, and thought those features which had before offended me by their softness, were now strengthened into as improper a boldness ; and though her eyes, nose, and mouth seemed to be formed with perfect symmetry, I am not certain whether she, who in appearance was a very handsome youth, may not be in reality a very indifferent woman.

There is an objection which naturally presents itself against these occasional perplexities and mixtures of dress, which is, that they seem to break in upon that property and distinction of appearance in which the beauty of different characters is preserved ; and if they should be more frequent than they are at present, would look like turning our public assemblies into a general masquerade. The model of this Amazonian hunting-habit for ladies, was, as I take it, first imported from France, and well enough expresses the gaiety of a people who are taught to do any thing, so it be with an assurance ; but I cannot help thinking it sits awkwardly yet on our English modesty. The petticoat is a kind of incububance upon it ; and if the Amazons should think fit to go on in this plunder of our sex's ornaments, they ought to add to their spoils, and complete their triumph over us, by wearing the breeches.

If it be natural to contract insensibly the manners of those we imitate, the ladies who are pleased with assuming our dresses will do us more honour than we deserve, but they will do it at their own expense. Why should the lovely Camilla deceive

STEELE.—[The letter by MARGARET.]  
Z.

No 105. SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1711.  
It appears  
Admirer in this case will, ne quid nintus  
TER. And. Act. I. Sc. 1.  
I take it to be a principal rule of life, not to be too much addicted to any one thing.

My friend Will Honeycomb values himself very much upon what he calls the knowledge of mankind, which has cost him many disasters in his youth ; for Will reckons every misfortune that he has met with among the women, and every renewal counter among the men, as parts of his education ; and fancies he should never have been the man he is, had he not broke windows, knocked down com-stables, disturbed honest people with his midnight scremades, and beat up a lewd woman's quarters, when he was a young fellow. The engaging in adventures of this nature Will calls the studying of mankind ; and terms this knowledge of the town, the knowledge of the world. Will ingeniously confesses, that for half his life his head ached every morning with reading of men over-night ; and at present comforts himself under certain pains which he endures from time to time, that without them he could not have been acquainted with the gallantries of the age. This Will looks upon as the learning of a gentleman, and regards all other kinds of science as the accomplishments of one whom he calls a scholar, a bookish man, or a philosopher.

For these reasons Will shines in mixed company, where he has the discretion not to go out of his depth, and has often a certain way of making his real ignorance appear a seeming one. Our club, however, has frequently caught him tripping, at which times they never spare him. For as Will often insults us with his knowledge of the town, we sometimes take our revenge upon him by our knowledge of books.

He was last week producing two or three letters, which he writ in his youth to a coquette lady. The rallery of them was natural, and well enough for a mere man of the town ; but, very unskillfully, for a man of letters, which he writ to a coquette lady. Several of the words were wrong spelt. Will laughed this off at first as he could ; but finding himself pushed on all sides, and especially by the Templar, he told us with a little passion, that he never liked pedantry in spelling, and that he spelt like a gentleman, and not like a scholar :

upon this VIII had recourse to his old topic of showing the narrow spiritiveness, the pride, and ignorance of pedants; which he carried so far, that upon my retreating to my lodgings, I could not forbear throwing together such reflections as occurred to me upon that subject.

A man who has been brought up among books, and is able to talk of nothing else, is a very different companion, and what we call a pedant. But, methinks, we should enlarge the title, and give it to every one that does not know how to think out of his profession and particular way of life.

What is a greater pedant than a mere man of letters?

Barbican the playhouse, a catalogue of the reigning beauties, and an account of a few fashionable characters that have been in vogue, and you strike him dumb. How many a pretty gentleman knows his own ill within the verge of the court! He would tell you the names of the pedant's knowledges like all within the verge of the court! He would tell you the names of the pedant's knowledges like all within the verge of the court! He would tell you the names of the pedant's knowledges like all within the verge of the court!

N<sup>o</sup> 106. MONDAY, JULY 8, 1711.

THAT I AM NOT A PEDANT.

RECORDED IN THE COURT OF COMMONS.

THE 10th OF JULY 1711.

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My worthy friend has put me under the partial care of his butler, who is a very prudent man, and, as well as the rest of his fellow-servants, wonderfully desirous of pleasing me, because they have often heard their master talk of me as of his particular friend.

My chief companion, when Sir Roger is diverting himself in the woods or the fields, is a very venerable man who is ever with Sir Roger, and has lived at his house in the nature of a chaplain above thirty years. This gentleman is a person of good sense and some learning; of a very regular life and obliging conversation; he heartily loves Sir Roger, and knows that he is very much in the old knight's esteem, so that he lives in the family rather as a relation than a dependant.

I have observed in several of my papers, that my friend Sir Roger, amidst all his good qualities, is something of a humourist; and that his virtues, as well as imperfections, are as it were tinged by a certain extravagance, which makes them particularly his, and distinguishes them from those of other men. This cast of mind, as it is generally very innocent in itself, so it renders his conversation highly agreeable, and more delightful than the same degree of sense and virtue would appear in their common and ordinary colours. As I was walking with him last night, he asked me how I liked the good man whom I have just now mentioned; and without staying for my answer told me, that he was afraid of being insulted with Latin and Greek at his own table; for which reason, he desired a particular friend of his at the university to find him out a clergyman rather of plain sense than much learning, of a good aspect, a clear voice, a sociable temper, and, if possible, a man that understood a little of back-gammon. 'Ally friend,' says Sir Roger, 'found me out this gentleman, besides the endowments requisite of a scholar, I have given him the parsonage of the parish; and, because I know his value, have settled upon him a good annuity for life. If he outlives me, he shall find he was higher in my esteem than perhaps he thinks he is. He has now been with me thirty years; and, though he does not know I have taken notice of it, has never in all that time asked any thing of me for himself, though he is every day soliciting me for something in behalf of one or other of my tenants his parishioners. There has not been a law-suit in the parish since he has lived among them; if any dispute arises, they apply themselves to him for the decision; if they do not acquiesce in his judgment, which I think never happened above once or twice at most, they appeal to me. At his first settling with me, I made him a present of all the good sermons which have been printed in English, and only begged of him that every Sunday he would pronounce one of them in the pulpit. Accordingly, he has digested them into such a series, that they follow one another naturally, and make a continued system of practical divinity.'

As Sir Roger was going on in his story, the gentleman we were talking of came up to us; and upon the knight's asking him, who preached tomorrow (for it was Saturday night) told us, the Bishop of St. Asaph in the morning, and Dr. South in the afternoon. He then showed us his list of preachers for the whole year; where I saw with a great deal of pleasure Archbishop Tillotson, Bishop Sanderson, Dr. Barrow, Dr. Calamy, with several living authors who have published discourses of practical divinity. I no sooner saw this venerable

The Athenians erected a large statue to *Æsop*, and placed him, though a slave, on a lasting pedestal; to show, that the way to honour lies open indifferently to all.

*Æsopo ingentem statuum posuere Altici,  
Sæculumq; collocarunt æterna in basi,  
Patere honores scienti ut cunctis erant.* PLINE. Epilog. l. 2.

№ 107. TUESDAY, JULY 3, 1711.

ANDERSON.

L.

but more edifying to the people.

This would not only be more easy to themselves, to enforce what has been intended by greater ministers, and all these other talents that are proper to their own, would endeavour after a handsome clo- washing their spirits in laborious compositions of clergy would follow this example; and, instead of - I could heartily wish that more of our country the mould of a grateful actor.

this manner, is like the composition of a poet in more to my satisfaction. A sermon repeated after pronounced, that I think I never passed any time delivered, as well as with the discourses he pro- charmed with the gracefulness of his figure and good aspect and a clear voice; for I was so my friend's insisting upon the qualifications of a man in the pulpit, but I very much approved of

The reception, manner of attendance, undisturbed freedom and quiet, which I meet with here in the country, has confirmed me in the opinion I always had, that the general corruption of manners in servants is owing to the conduct of masters. The aspect of every one in the family carries so much satisfaction, that it appears he knows the happy lot which has befallen him in being a member of it. There is one particular which I have seldom seen but at Sir Roger's: it is usual in all other places, that servants fly from the parts of the house through which their master is passing; on the contrary, here they industriously place themselves in his way; and it is on both sides, as it were, understood as a visit, when the servants appear without calling. This proceeds from the humane and equal temper of the man of the house, who also perfectly well knows how to enjoy a great estate, with such economy as ever to be much before-hand. This makes his own mind untroubled, and consequently unapt to vent peevish expressions, or give passionate or inconsistent orders to those about him. Thus respect and love go together; and in certain cheerful- nesses in performance of their duty is the particular distinction of the lower part of this family. When a servant is called before his master, he does not come with an expectation to hear himself rated for some trivial fault, threatened to be striped, or used with any other give to worthy servants; but men masters often give to such a ground; if the old man who he passed by such a ground; if the old man who rents it is in good health; or whether he gave Sir Roger's love to him, or the like.

A man who preserves a respect founded on his benevolence to his dependants, lives rather like a prince than a master in his family; his orders are received as favours rather than duties; and the dis- function of approaching him is part of the reward for executing what is commanded by him.

There is another circumstance in which my friend excels in his management, which is the manner of re- warding his servants. He has ever been of opi-



at every house, and keeps up a good correspondence among all the gentlemen about him. He carries a well-root in his pocket from one to another, or exchanges a puppy between a couple of friends, that live perhaps in the opposite sides of the county. Will is a particular favourite of all the young ladies, whom he frequently obliges with a net that he has woven, or a sewing-box that he has "made" himself. I have now and then presented a pair of gloves raised a great deal of mirth among them, by inquiring as often as he meets them "how they wear?" These gentleman-like manufactures and obliging little humours make Will the darling of the country;

Sir Roger was proceeding in the character of him, when we saw him make up to us with two or three hazle twigs in his hand that he had cut in Sir Roger's wood; as he came through them, in his way to the house. I was very much pleased to observe on one side the hearty and sincere welcome with which Sir Roger received him, and on the other, the secret joy which his guest discovered at sight of the good old knight. After the first salutes were over, Will desired Sir Roger to lend him one of his servants to carry a set of shot-cocks he had with him in a little box, to a lady that lived about a mile off, to whom it seems he had promised such a present for above this half-year. Sir Roger's back was no sooner turned but I saw that he had sprung in one of the neighbouring woods, with two or three other adventures of the same nature. Odd and uncommon characters are the game that I look for, and most delightful in for which reason I was as much pleased with the novelty of the person that talked to me, as he could be for his life with the springing of a pheasant, and therefore listened to him with more than ordinary attention.

In the midst of his discourse the bell rung for dinner, where the gentleman I have been speaking of had the pleasure of seeing the huge jack he had caught, served up for the first dish in a most sumptuous manner. Upon our sitting down to it he gave us a long account how he had hooked it, and played with it, foiled it, and at length drew it out upon the bank, with several other particulars that I assented all the first course. A dish of wild fowl that came afterwards, furnished conversation for the rest of the dinner, which concluded with a late invention of Will's for improving the quality of the

Upon withdrawing into my room after dinner, I was secretly touched with compassion towards the honest gentleman that had dealt with us; and could not but consider with a great deal of concern, how so good an heart and such busy hands, were wholly employed in trifles; that so much humanity should be so little beneficial to others; and so much industry so little advantageous to himself. The same temper of mind and application for all sorts of things have recommended him to the public esteem, and have raised his fortune in another station of life; What good to his country or himself might not a trader or merchant have done with such useful though ordinary qualifications!

Will's is the case of many a younger brother of a great family, who had rather see their children starve like gentlemen, than live in a trade or profession that is beneath their quality. This humour fills several parts of Europe with pride and beggary. It is the happiness of a trading nation like ours, that the younger sons, though incapable of any liberal art or profession, may be placed

I was this morning walking in the gallery, when Sir Roger entered at the end opposite to me, and advancing towards me, said he was glad to meet me among his relations the de Coverleys, and hoped I liked the conversation of so much good company. I knew he alluded to the pictures; and as he is a gentleman who does not a little value himself upon his ancient descent I expected he would give me some account of them. We were now arrived at the upper end of the gallery; when the knight faced towards one of the pictures; and as we stood before it, he entered into the matter, after his blunt way of saying things which they occur to his imagination, without regular introduction, or care to preserve the appearance of a chain of thought.

It is, said he, worth while to consider the force of dress; and how the persons of one age differ from those of another, merely by that only. One may observe also, that the general fashion of one age has been followed by one particular set of people in another; and by them preserved from one generation to another: Thus the vast jetting coat and small bonnet, which was the habit in Henry the Seventh's time, is kept on in the yemen of the household; not without a good and politic view, because they look a foot taller, and a foot and a half broader; besides, that the cap leaves the face expanded; and consequently more terrible, and fiercer to stand at the entrance of palaces.

This predecessor of ours, you see, is dressed after this manner; and his cheeks would be no larger than mine, were he in a hat as I am. He was the last man that won a prize in the Tilt-yard, which is now a common street before Whitehall. You see the broken lance that lies there by his right foot. He shivered that lance of his adversary all to pieces; and bearing himself, look you, sir, in this manner, at the same time he came within the career of the gentleman who rode against him; and taking him with incredible force before him on the pommel of his saddle, he in that manner rid the tournament over, with an air that showed he did it rather to perform the rule of the lists, than expose his enemy; however, it appeared he knew how to make use of a victory, and with a gentle trot he marched up to a gallery where their mistress sat (for they were rivals), and let him down with lavender.

JO plan good sense, untutor'd in the schools.

MOB. Sat. 2. 1. 2. v. 3.

*Abnormis sapiens*—

Nº 109. THURSDAY, JULY 5, 1711.

7

ADDITION.

**ប្រតិភូរដ្ឋសមាជិក៖ សេដ្ឋ-ស៊ុន ហុយ ឡាន**

in such a way of life, as may perhaps enable them to live with the best of their family. Accordingly we find several citizens that were launched into the world with narrow fortunes, rising by an honest industry to greater estates than those of their elder brothers. It is not improbable but Will was formerly tried at divinity, law, or physic; and that finding his genius did not lie that way, his parents gave him up at length to his own inventions. But certainly, however improper he might have been for studies of a higher nature, he was perfectly well fitted for the occupations of trade and commerce. As I think this is a point which cannot be too much insisted, I shall desire my reader to compare what I have here written with what I have said in





are scattered up and down on every side, and half covered with ivy and elder-bushes, the harbours of several solitary birds which seldom make their appearance till the dusk of the evening. The place was formerly a church-yard, and has still several marks in it of graves and burying-places. There is such an echo among the old ruins and vaults, that if you stamp but a little louder than ordinary, you hear the sound repeated. At the same time the walk of clms, with the creaking of the rails which from time to time are heard from the tops of them, looks exceedingly solemn and venerable. These objects naturally raise seriousness and attention; and when night heightens the awfulness of the place, and pours out her supernatural horrors upon every thing in it, I do not at all wonder that weak minds fill it with spectres and apparitions.

Mr. Locke, in his chapter of the Association of Ideas, has very curious remarks to show how by the prejudice of education one idea often introduces into the mind a whole set that bear no resemblance to one another in the nature of things. Among several examples of this kind, he produces the following instance. 'The ideas of goblins and sprites have really no more to do with darkness than light; yet let but a foolish maid imagine these once on the mind of a child, and raise them together, possibly he shall never be able to separate them again so long as he lives; but darkness shall ever afterwards bring with it those frightful ideas, and they shall be so joined, that he can no more bear the one than the other \*.'

As I was walking in this solitude, where the dusk of the evening conspired with so many other occasions of terror, I observed a cow grizzling not far from me, which an imagination that was apt to startle might easily have conspired into a black horse without a head; and I dare say the poor footman lost his wits upon some such trivial occasion.

My friend Sir Roger has told me with a great deal of mirth, that at his first coming to his estate he found three parts of his house altogether useless; that the best room in it had the reputation of being haunted, and by that means was locked up; that notices had been heard in his long gallery, so that he could not get a servant to enter it after eight o'clock at night; that the door of one of his chambers was nailed up, because there went a story in the family that a butler had formerly hanged himself in it; and that his mother, who lived to a great age, had shut up half the rooms in the house, in which either her husband, a son, or daughter had died. The knight seeing his habitation reduced to so small a compass, and himself in a manner shut out of his own house, upon the death of his mother ordered all the apartments to be hung open, and exorcised by his chaplain, who lay in every room one after another, and by that means dissipated the fears which had so long reigned in the family.

I should not thus have been particular upon these ridiculous horrors, did not I find them so very much prevail in all parts of the country. At the same time I think a person who is thus terrified with the imagination of ghosts and spectres much more reasonable than one, who, contrary to the reports of all historians sacred and profane, ancient and modern, and to the traditions of all nations, thinks the appearance of spirits fabulous and groundless. Could not I give myself up to this general testimony of mankind, I should to the relations of part

I shall dismiss this paper with a story out of Josephus, not so much for the sake of the story itself, as for the moral reflections with which the author concludes it, and which I shall here set down in his own words: 'Glaphyra, the daughter of King Archelaus, after the death of her two first husbands (being married to a third, who was brother to her first husband, and so passionately in love with her that he turned off his former wife to make room for this marriage) had a very odd kind of dream. She fancied that she saw her first husband coming towards her, and that she embraced him with great tenderness; when in the midst of the pleasure which she expressed at the sight of him, he reproached her after the following manner: "Glaphyra," says he, "thou hast made good the old saying, That women are not to be trusted. Was not I the husband of thy virginity? Have I not children by thee? How couldst thou forget our loves so far as to enter into a second marriage, and after that into a third, nay to take for thy husband a man who has so shamelessly crept into the bed of his brother? However, for the sake of our past loves, I shall free thee from thy present reproach, and make thee mine for ever." Glaphyra told this dream to several women of her acquaintance, and made thee mine for ever." Glaphyra said, "Besides that the example deserves to be taken notice of as it contains a most certain proof of the immortality of the soul, and facts incredible, let him enjoy his own opinion to of Divine Providence. If any man thinks these into a subject upon which I always meditate with great delight, I mean the immortality of the soul.

The course of my last speculation led me insensibly into a subject upon which I always meditate with great delight, I mean the immortality of the soul.

ADDITION.

No III. SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1711.

*Inter silvas Academus quærent verum.*

HOR. EP. 2. l. 2. v. 45.

To search for truth in academic groves.

\* Essay on Human Understanding, b. II. ch. 33. sect. 10.

\* Book IV. ver. 34, &c.

+ Jewish Antiquities, book XVII. chap. 15.



which is understood as a secret reprimand to the

The chaplain has often told me, that upon a catechising day, when Sir Roger has been pleased with a boy that answers well, he has ordered a bible to be given him next day for his encouragement; and sometimes accompanies it with a blithe of bacon to his mother. Sir Roger has likewise added five pounds a year to the clerk's place; and that he may encourage the young fellows to make themselves perfect in the church service, has promised upon the death of the present incumbent, who is very old, to bestow it according to merit.

The fair understanding between Sir Roger and his chaplain, and their mutual concurrence in doing good, is the more remarkable, because the very next village is famous for the differences and contentions, that rise between the parson and the squire, who live in a perpetual state of war. The parson is always preaching at the squire; and the squire, to be revenged on the parson, never comes to church. The squire has made all his tenants athletes and tythe-stealers; while the parson instructs them every Sunday in the dignity of his order, and insinuates to them in almost every sermon, that he is a better man than his parson. In short, matters are come to such an extremity, that the squire has not said his prayers either in public or private this half year; and that the parson threatens him, if he does not mend his manners, to pray for him in the face of the whole congregation.

Finds of this nature, though too frequent in the country, are very fatal to the ordinary people; who are so used to be dazzled with riches, that they pay as much deference to the understanding of a man of an estate, as of a man of learning; and are very hardly brought to regard any truth, how important soever it may be, that is preached to them, when they know there are several men of five hundred a year who do not believe it.

ADDITION.

No 113. TUESDAY, JULY 10, 1711.

*Recent infelix pectoris cultus.*  
VIRG. ÆN. IV. ver. 4.  
Her looks were deep imprinted in his heart.

In my first description of the company in which I pass most of my time, it may be remembered, that I mentioned a great affliction which my friend Sir Roger had met with in his youth; \* which was no less than a disappointment in love. It happened at a distance from his house. As soon as we came into it, 'tis, quoth the good old man, looking round him with a smile, 'very hard, that any part of my land should be settled upon one who has used me so ill as the perverse widow did; and yet I am sure I could not see a sprig of any bough of this whole walk of trees, but I should reflect upon her and her severity. She has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world. You are to know, this was the place wherein I used to muse upon her; and by that custom I can never come into it, but the same tender sentiments revive in my mind, as if I had actually walked with that beautiful creature under these shades. I have been fool enough to carve her name on the bark of several of these trees; so unhappy is the condition of men in love, to attempt the removing of their

kind of savages and barbarians, were there not such frequent returns of a stated time, in which the whole village meet together with their best faces, and in their cleanliest habits, to converse with one another upon indifferent subjects, bear their duties explained to them, and join together in adoration of the Supreme Being. Sunday clears away the rust of the whole week, not only as it refreshes in their minds the notions of religion, but as it puts both the sexes upon appearing in their most agreeable forms, and exerting all such qualities as are apt to give them a figure in the eye of the village. A country fellow distinguishes himself as much in the church-yard as a citizen does upon the Change, the whole parish-politics being generally discussed in that place either after sermon or before the bell rings.

My friend Sir Roger, being a good churchman, has beautified the inside of his church with several texts of his own choosing. He has likewise given a handsome pulpit-cloth, and railed in the communion table at his own expense. He has often told me, that as his coming to his estate be found his parishioners very irregular; and that, in order to make them kneel and join in the responses, he gave every one of them a hassock and a common-prayer book; and at the same time employed an itinerant singing-master, who goes about the country for that purpose, to instruct them rightly in the tunes of the psalms; upon which they now very much value themselves, and indeed outdo most of the country churches that I have ever heard.

As Sir Roger is landlord to the whole congregation, he keeps them in very good order, and will suffer no body to sleep in it besides himself; for it by chance he has been surprised into a short nap at sermon, upon recovering out of it he stands up and looks about him, and if he sees any body else nodding, either wakes them himself, or sends his servants to do so. Several other of the old knight's particularities break out upon these occasions. Sometimes he will be lengthening out a verse in the singing psalms, half a minute after the rest of the congregation have done with it; sometimes when he is pleased with the matter of his devotion, he pronounces 'Amen' three or four times to the same prayer; and sometimes stands up when every body else is upon their knees, to count the congregation, or see if any of his tenants are missing.

I was yesterday very much surprised to hear my old friend, in the midst of the service, calling out to one John Matthews to go to the service, calling out and not disturb the congregation. This John Matthews, it seems, is remarkable for being an idle fellow, and at that time was kicking his heels for his diversion. This authority of the knight, though exerted in that odd manner which accompanies him in all circumstances of life, has a very good effect upon the parish, who are not polite enough to see any thing ridiculous in his behaviour; besides that the general good sense and worthiness of his character make his friends observe these little singularities as follies that rather set off than blemish his good qualities.

As soon as the sermon is finished, nobody prevents to sit till Sir Roger is gone out of the church. The knight walks down from his seat in the chancel between a double row of his tenants, that stand bowing to him on each side; and every now and then inquires how such an one's wife, or mother, or son, or father do, whom he does not see at church;

position by the methods which serve only to impart it deeper. She has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world."

Here followed a profound silence; and I was not displeased to observe my friend falling so naturally into a discourse, which I had ever before

taken notice to be judiciously avoided. After a very long pause, he entered upon an account of

the great circumstances in his life, with an air

of ease and confidence, and gave me the picture

of that cheerful mind of his, before it received

that first which has ever since affected his words

and actions. But he went on as follows:

"I came to my estate in my twenty-second year,

and resolved in the first of the most worthy

of my associates who have laboured in the spot of

earth before me, in all the methods of hospitality

and good neighbourhood, for the sake of my friends

and to country sports and recreations. For the sake

of my health. In my twenty-third year I was

obliged to serve as justice of the county; and in my

thirtieth, to my twenty-fourth year I was

obliged to serve as justice of the county; and in my

thirtieth, to my twenty-fourth year I was

obliged to serve as justice of the county; and in my

thirtieth, to my twenty-fourth year I was

obliged to serve as justice of the county; and in my

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obliged to serve as justice of the county; and in my

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obliged to serve as justice of the county; and in my

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obliged to serve as justice of the county; and in my

thirtieth, to my twenty-fourth year I was

obliged to serve as justice of the county; and in my

thirtieth, to my twenty-fourth year I was

obliged to serve as justice of the county; and in my

thirtieth, to my twenty-fourth year I was

who is willing to let daily professions against

our sex, and consequently a bar to her own steps

and declaration.

"However, I must needs say, this accomplished

maiden of mine has distinguished me above the

rest, and has been known to declare Sir Roger de

Grey was the best man and most handsome of all

the brutes in the country. I was told she said so,

by one who thought she said so, but upon the

strange of the slender encouragement of being

thought least detestable, I made new civilities, new-

ly paid my civilities, and then all to come to

be kind, and taught to know her legs well, and

more all together, before I pretended to cross the

country, and walk upon her. As soon as I thought

myself remarkable in the character of my fortune

and youth, I set out from home to make my ad-

dress. The partitioned all of the lady has ever

been to husband your wishes, and yet constrained re-

spect. To make her mistress of the art, she has a

greater share of knowledge, wit, and good nature,

than is usual even among men of merit. Then who

is beautiful beyond the race of women. If you

will not let her go with a certain air, you will

not let her go with a certain air, you will

not let her go with a certain air, you will

not let her go with a certain air, you will

not let her go with a certain air, you will

not let her go with a certain air, you will

not let her go with a certain air, you will

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not let her go with a certain air, you will

not let her go with a certain air, you will

not let her go with a certain air, you will

usury; and yet he has not the heart to sell any part of it. His proud stomach, at the cost of restless nights, constant inquietudes, danger of all sorts, and a thousand nameless inconveniences, preserves this canker in his fortune, rather than it shall be said he is a man of fewer hundreds a year than he has been commonly reputed. Thus he endures the torment of poverty, to avoid the name of being less rich. If you go to his house, you see great plenty; but served in a manner that shows it is all unnatural. And that the master's mind is not at home. There is a certain waste and carelessness in the air of every thing, and the whole appears but a covered indigence, a magnificent poverty. That neatness and cheerfulness, which attends the table of him who lives within compass, is wanting, and exchanged for a libertine way of service in all about him.

This gentleman's conduct, though a very common way of management, is as ridiculous as that officer's would be, who had but few men under his command, and should take the charge of an extent of country rather than of a small pass. To pay for, personate, and keep in a man's hands, a greater estate than he really has, is of all others the most unpardonable vanity, and must in the end reduce the man who is guilty of it to dishonour. Yet if we look round us in any county of Great Britain, we shall see many in this fatal error; if that may be called by so soft a name, which proceeds from a false shame of appearing what they really are, when the contrary behaviour would in a short time advance them to the condition which they pretend to.

Laertes has fifteen hundred pounds a year; which is mortgaged for six thousand pounds; but it is impossible to convince him, that if he sold as much as would pay off that debt, he would save four shillings in the pound\*, which he gives for the vanity of being the reputed master of it. Yet if Laertes did this, he would perhaps be easier in his own fortune; but then Irus, a fellow of yesterday, who has but twelve hundred a year, would be his equal. Rather than this shall be, Laertes goes on to bring well-born beggars into the world, and every twelve-month charges his estate with at least one year's rent more by the birth of a child.

Laertes and Irus are neighbours, whose way of living are an abomination to each other. Irus is moved by the fear of poverty, and Laertes by the shame of it. Though the motive of action is of so near affinity in both, and may be resolved into this, 'that to each of them poverty is the greatest of all evils,' yet are their manners widely different. Shame of poverty makes Laertes launch into unnecessary equipages, vain expense, and lavish entertainments. Fear of poverty makes Irus allow himself only plain necessities, appear without a servant, sell his own corn, attend his labourers, and be himself a labourer. Shame of poverty makes Laertes go every day a step nearer to it; and fear of poverty sits up Irus to make every day some further progress from it.

These different motives produce the excesses which men are guilty of in the negligence of and provision for themselves. Usury, stock-jobbing, extortion, and oppression, have their seed in the dread of want; and vanity, riot, and prodigality, from the shame of it; but both these excesses are infinitely below the pursuit of a reasonable creature. After we have taken care to command so much as is necessary for maintaining ourselves in

I found my friend began to rave, and insensibly led him towards the house, that we might be joined by some other company; and am convinced that the widow is the secret cause of all that inconsistency which appears in some parts of my friends' discourse; though he has so much command of himself as not directly to mention her, yet according to that of Martial, which one knows not how to render into English, *Num tacet hanc loquatur*. I shall end this paper with that whole epigram, which represents with much humour my honest friend's condition:

*Antiqua agni Rufus, nihil est, nisi Aecia Raso,  
Si gaudet, et tacet, hanc loquatur:  
Cenat, propinat, poscit, negat, amicit, una est  
Aecia; si non sit Aecia, minus erit.  
Scribet hactenus patri cum lucu saltem,  
Aecia lux, inquit, Aecia munus, aec;  
Epig. 69. l. 1.*

\* Let Rufus weep, rejoice, stand, sit, or walk,  
Still he can nothing but of Aecia talk;  
Let him eat, drink, ask questions, or dispute,  
He must speak of Aecia, or be mute.  
He writ to his father, ending with this line,  
I am, my lovely Aecia, ever thine.

STEERLE.

No 114. WEDNESDAY, JULY 11, 1711.

*Paupertatis pudor et fuga*  
HOR. Ep. 18. l. 1. v. 24.

— The dread of nothing more  
Than to be thought necessities and poor.  
POOLY.

Economy in our affairs has the same effect upon our fortunes which good-breeding has upon our conversation. There is a pretending behaviour in both cases, which, instead of making men esteemed, renders them both miserable and contemptible. We had yesterday at Sir Rogers a set of country gentlemen who dined with him; and after dinner the glass was taken, by those who pleased, pretty plentifully. Among others I observed a person of a tolerable good aspect, who seemed to be more greedy of liquor than any of the company, and yet methought he did not taste it with delight. As he grew warm, he was suspicious of every thing that was said, and as he advanced towards being undressed his humour grew worse. At the same time his bitterness seemed to be rather an inward dissimulation in his own mind, than any dislike he had taken to the company. Upon hearing his name, I knew him to be a gentleman of a considerable fortune in this county, but greatly in debt. What gives the unhappy man this peevishness of spirit is, what his estate is dipped, and is eating out with

the order of our existence to our character, the care of superfluities is a vice no less extravagant than the neglect of necessities would have been before.

Certainly it is, that they are both out of nature, when the is followed with reason and good sense.

It is from this reflection that I always read Mr. Cowley with the greatest pleasure. His metaphor

is as much above that of other commonplace poets, as his understanding is above that of other poets.

He is the only poet who has not been so much

of his mind and the moderation of his desires. By

the same he has rendered his friends as sensible

as famous. That state of life which bears the face

of poverty with Mr. Cowley's great wit, is

admirably described; and it is no small satisfaction

to those of the same turn of desire, that he

produces the authority of the wisest men of the

best age of the world, to strengthen his opinion of

the ordinary pursuits of mankind.

It would, perhaps, be no ill manner of life, if

according to that maxim of Sir Roger whom I

latey mentioned, every man would put to him-

self what he would resolve not to exceed.

It might be the means of his own happiness, and

quality on the side of that expectation, or even

what he should get above it as he might once have

own pleasures of ambition. The temper of mind

would be a more than a moderate way of

rejoicing with above him, and a more temperate

contentment of happy men below him. This would

be the way of thinking, which is so

transcendently I now enjoy as Sir Roger's way have

and universally our common. It is possible that the

lasted several things below our consideration,

direction, but is carried on by a sort of acquired

mechanic being which has not good sense for its

purpose, but is carried on by a sort of acquired

with a beautiful landscape, I had no intention

from the contemplation of the landscape, to re-

at this present a trifling philosophy enough to con-

clude with Mr. Cowley—

It is the ambition of that life is better.  
With any life we must be to the point.  
The human condition of that life is better.

THURSDAY, JULY 18, 1711.

IT IS THE AMBITION OF THAT LIFE IS BETTER.

A bodily body and a mind as well.

Deputy labour is of two kinds; chief that which

a man submits to for his livelihood, or that which

he undertakes for his pleasure. The latter of these

generally changes the name of labour for that of

exercise, but differs only from ordinary labour as

it does from necessity.

A country like the above gives a man a greater

stock of health, and consequently a more perfect

enjoyment of himself, than any other way of life.

consider of the body as a system of tubes and

glands, or, to use a more rustic phrase, a bundle

of pipes and vessels, fitted to one another after

so various a manner as to make a proper system

for the soul to work with. This description does

not only comprehend the bowels, lungs, kidneys,

stomach, liver, and spleen, but every muscle and

every ligament, which is a composition of fibres,

that are not many imperceptible tubes or pipes

interwoven on all sides with invisible glands or

stagnant.

This general idea of a human body, without con-

sidering it in the particles of anatomy, lets me see

how absurdly necessary labour is for the life

preservation of it. There must be frequent mo-

tion and agitation, to mix, digest, and separate

the juices contained in it, as well as to clear and

cleanse that insensible of pipes and strikers of

which it is composed, and to give their solid parts

a more firm and lasting force. Labour or exercise

removes the humours, casts them into their proper

channels, and renders them, and before nature

to these secret disturbances, without which the

body cannot subsist in its vigour, nor the soul act

with cheerfulness.

I might have mentioned the effects which the

proper exercise of our intellectual faculties, during

the greatest hours of reason, does to the body,

and resting those spirits that are necessary for the

understanding clear, the imagination unobscured,

upon all the faculties of the mind, by keeping the

with cheerfulness.

I might have mentioned the effects which the

proper exercise of our intellectual faculties, during

the greatest hours of reason, does to the body,

and resting those spirits that are necessary for the

No 116. FRIDAY, JULY 13, 1711.

—Local antiquary's—  
VIRG. Georg. iii.

The echoing hills and chiding hounds invite.

Those who have searched into human nature observe, that nothing so much shows the nobleness of the soul, as that its felicity consists in action. Every man has such an active principle in him, that he will find out something to employ himself upon, in whatever place or state of life he is posed. I have heard of a gentleman who was under close confinement in the Bastile seven years; during which time he amused himself in scattering a few small things about his chamber, gathering them up again, and placing them in different figures on the arm of a great chair. He often told his friends afterwards, that unless he had found out this piece of exercise, he verily believed he should have lost his senses.

After what has been said, I need not inform my readers, that Sir Roger, with whose character I hope they are at present pretty well acquainted, has in his youth gone through the whole course of those rural diversions which the country abounds in; and which seem to be extremely well suited to that laborious industry a man may observe here in a far greater degree than in towns and cities. I have before hinted at some of my friend's exploits; he has in his youthful days taken forty coveys of partridges in a season; and fired many a salmon with a line consisting but of a single hair. The constant thanks and good wishes of the neighbouring household always attended him, on account of his remarkable civility towards foxes; having destroyed more of those vermin in one year, than it was thought the whole country could have produced. Indeed the knight does not scruple to own among his most intimate friends, that in order to establish his reputation this way, he has secretly sent for great numbers of them out of other countries, which he used to turn loose about the country by night, that he might the better signalize himself in their destruction the next day. His hunting horses were the finest and best managed of the practice parts. His tenants are still full of the profits of a grey stone-horse that ungrudgingly staked himself several years since, and was buried with great solemnity in the orchard.

Sir Roger being at present too old for fox-hunting, to keep himself in action, has disposed of his baggage and got a pack of stop-hounds. What these want in speed, he endeavours to make amends for by the deepness of their mouths and the variety of their notes, which are suited in such manner to each other, that the whole cry makes a complete concert. He is so nice in this particular, that a gentleman having made him a present of a very fine hound the other day, the knight returned it to the servant with a great many expressions of civility; but desired him to sell his master, that he might be had sent was lodged in a most excellent kennel. Could I believe my friend had such a notion, I should certainly consider it as a great stroke of state. I should certainly consider it as a great stroke of state. I should certainly consider it as a great stroke of state.

There is no kind of exercise which I would so recommend to my readers of both sexes, as this of riding, as there is none which so much conduces to the health, and is every way accommodated to the body, according to the idea which I have given of it. Doctor Sydenham is very lavish in his praises; and if the English reader will see the mechanical effects of it described at length, he may find them in a book published not many years since, and under the title of the *Meditæna Gymnasticæ*. For my own part, when I am in town, for want of these opportunities, I exercise myself an hour every morning upon a dumb bell that is placed in a corner of my room, and places me the more because it does every thing I require of it in the most profound silence. My family and her daughters are so well acquainted with my hours of exercise, that they never come into my room to disturb me whilst I am riding.

When I was some years younger than I am at present, I used to employ myself in a more industrious diversion, which I learned from a Latin treatise of exercises that is written with great civility: it is there called the *exercitatio*, or the fighting with a man's own shadow, and consists in the brandishing of two short sticks grasped in each hand, and loaded with pings of lead at either end. This opens the chest, exercises the limbs, and gives a man all the pleasure of boxing, without the blows. I could wish that several learned men would lay out that time which they employ in controversies and disputes about nothing, in this method of fighting with their own shadows. It might conduce very much to evaporate the spleen, which makes them uneasy to the public as well as to themselves. To conclude, as I am a compound of soul and body, I consider myself as obliged to a double scheme of duties; and think I have not fulfilled the business of the day when I do not thus employ the one in labour and exercise, as well as the other in study and contemplation.

AUDISON.

\* See Nos. 2 and 113.

+ By Jerome Mercurialis, an Italian physician; translated into an edition of Hippocrates' works in Greek and Latin, with notes, 1588, and died at Forli, 1606.

L.





neighbourhoods did not believe had carried her several hundreds of miles. If she chanced to stumble, they always found sticks or straws that lay in the figure of a cross before her. If she made any mistake at church, and cried amen in a wrong place, they never failed to conclude that she was saying her prayers backwards. There was not a maid in the parish that would take a pin of her, though she should offer a bag of money with it. She goes by the name of Moll White, and has made the country ring with several imaginary exploits which are palmed upon her. If the dairy-maid does not make her butter come so soon as she would have it, Moll White is at the bottom of the churn. If a horse sweats in the stable, Moll White has been upon his back. If a hare makes an unexpected escape from the hounds, the huntsman curses Moll White. 'Nay,' says Sir Roger, 'I have known the master of the pack, upon such an occasion, send one of his servants to see if Moll White had been out that morning.'

'This account raised my curiosity so far, that I begged my friend Sir Roger to go with me into her house, which stood in a solitary corner under the side of the wood. Upon our first entering, Sir Roger winced to me, and pointed at something that stood behind the door, which, upon looking that way, I found to be an old broom-stall. At the same time he whispered me in the ear to take notice of a tabby cat that sat in the chimney corner, which, as the old knight told me, lay under as bad a report as Moll White herself; for besides that Moll is said often to accompany her in the same shape, the cat is reported to have spoken twice or thrice in her life, and to have played several pranks above the capacity of an ordinary cat.

I was secretly concerned to see human nature in so much wretchedness and disgrace, but at the same time could not forbear smiling to hear Sir Roger, who is a little puzzled about the old woman, advising her as a justice of peace to avoid all communication with the devil, and never to hurt any of her neighbour's cattle. We concluded our visit with a bounty, which was very acceptable.

In our return home Sir Roger told me, that old Moll had been often brought before him for making children spit pins, and giving maids the night-mare; and that the country people would be losing her into a pond, and trying experiments with her every day, if it was not for him and his chaplain. I have since found upon inquiry, that Sir Roger was several times staggered with the reports that had been brought him concerning this old woman, and would frequently have bound her over to the county sessions, had not his chaplain with much ado persuaded him to the contrary.

I have been the more particular in this account, because I hear there is scarce a village in England that has not a Moll White in it. When an old woman begins to dote, and grow chargeable to a parish, she is generally turned into a witch, and fills the whole country with extravagant fancies, imaginary distempers, and terrifying dreams. In the mean time, the poor wretch that is the innocent occasion of so many evils, begins to be frightened at herself, and sometimes confesses secret commerce and familiarities that her imagination forms in a delirious old age. This frequently cuts off charity from the greatest objects of compassion, and inspires people with a malevolence towards those poor deceptible parts of our species, in whom human nature is defaced.

By chase our long-lived fathers earn'd their food,  
Till stung the nerves, and purg'd the blood;  
But we their sons, a punper'd race of men,  
Are dwindle'd down to threescore years and ten.  
Better to hunt in fields for health unthought,  
Than see the doctor for a nauseous draught.  
I than for cure on exercise depend:  
God never made his work for man to mend.

X.

No 117. SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1711.

—*Ipsi sibi somnia fingunt.*  
VIRG. Eclog. viii. ver. 108.

There are some opinions in which a man should stand neuter, without engaging his assent to one side or the other. Such a hovering faith as this, which refuses to settle upon any determination, is absolutely necessary in a mind that is careful to avoid errors and prepossessions. When the arguments press equally on both sides in matters that are indifferent to us, the safest method is to give up ourselves to neither.

It is with this temper of mind that I consider the subject of witchcraft. When I hear the relations that are made from all parts of the world, not only from Norway and Lapland, from the East and West Indies, but from every particular nation in Europe, I cannot forbear thinking that there is such an intercourse and commerce with evil spirits, as that which we express by the name of witchcraft. But when I consider that the ignorant and credulous parts of the world abound most in these relations, and that the persons among us, who are supposed to engage in such an internal commerce, are people of a weak understanding and crazed imagination, and at the same time reflect upon the many impostures and delusions of this nature, that have been detected in all ages, I endeavour to suspend my belief till I hear more certain accounts than any which have yet come to my knowledge. In short, when I consider the question, whether there are such persons in the world as those we call witches, my mind is divided between the two opposite opinions, or rather (to speak my thoughts freely) I believe in general that there is, and has been such a thing as witchcraft; but at the same time can give no credit to any particular instance of it.

I am engaged in this speculation, by some occurrences that I met with yesterday, which I shall give my reader an account of at large. As I was walking with my friend Sir Roger by the side of one of his woods, an old woman applied herself to me for my charity. Her dress and figure put me in mind of the following description of Otway:

'In a close lane as I pursued my journey,  
I spy'd a wrinkled hag, with age grown double,  
Picking dry sticks, and munnling to herself;  
Her eyes with scalding rheum were gall'd and red;  
Cold palsy shook her head; her hands seem'd wither'd  
And on her crooked shoulders had she wrapp'd  
The tattered remnant of an old striped hanging,  
Which serv'd to keep her carcass from the cold:  
So there was nothing of a piece coarsely patch'd.  
Her lower weeds were all of over coarsely patch'd  
With different colour'd rags, black, red, white, yellow,  
And seem'd to speak variety of wretchedness.'

As I was musing on this description, and comparing it with the object before me, the knight told me, that this very old woman had the reputation of a witch all over the country, that her hips were observ'd to be always in motion, and that there was not a witch about her house which her

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

N. 111. MONDAY, JULY 14, 1711.

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my acquaintance, my youth, and I feel a fore-  
botten war with my veins. This affliction in my  
life has increased all my conduct with a softness, of  
which I should otherwise have been incapable.  
I own, perhaps, to this dear friend in my heart  
that many dear things are given to my dear  
friend which I should not have arrived at by better  
means than the loss of being once a day her  
and pretty well satisfied with a portion at I have  
had to suffer well cured and between you and me,  
I am often apt to think I have been a whitened  
and often my brain for I frequently find that  
in a very short time I shall be no more  
in a very short time I shall be no more  
of my temper, who generally take the chair or in  
walk out, and walk back or back, in the front or in  
the rear, as chance directs. I have known my  
friend sit longer's dinner almost cold before the  
company could adjust the ceremonial, and he re-  
called upon to sit down and have heartily picked  
my old friend, when I have even been forced to pick  
and eat his guest, as they sat at the several parts  
of his table, that he might drink their healths ac-  
cording to their respective ranks and qualities. I fo-  
rest with William, who I should have thought had  
been altogether untroubled with ceremony, gives  
me abundance of trouble in this particular.  
Though he has been sitting all the morning, he will  
word for it she is no fool!

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N-119. TUESDAY, JULY 12, 1711.

[illegible]

ד"ר אברהם שנייד  
 1-10-1940 (ד"ר אברהם שנייד)

[illegible]

And here, in the first place, I must observe a very great revolution has happened in the practice of good-breeding. Several obnoxious differences, common to all nations, and especially the many, were formerly considered the most necessary and natural (by which I mean a complete and unimpaired recurrence of civility). These forms of conversation by degrees multiplied and grew troublesome; the world found too great a constraint in them, and have therefore thrown most of them aside. Conversation, like the Roman religion, was so intermixed with show and ceremony, that it stood in need of a reformation; and it is in this respect, and esteem it to be a natural good-breeding, and beauty. A present difference in unconstrained simplicity, and ease in the height of politeness, are the signs of good-breeding. The refinement, world is grown more and more; and it is more to be upon us. Nothing is so modern as to make a rule of politeness. In a word, good-breeding has quite another sense, where it is so ordinary every eye appears

This infamous piece of good-breeding, which  
 among the exquisites of the town, has not  
 yet made its way into the country; and as it is  
 impossible for such an irrational way of conver-  
 sation to last long among a people that make any  
 profession of religion, or show of modesty, it is  
 country gentlemen get into it, they will certainly  
 be left in the lurch. Their good-breeding  
 cannot save them, and they will be  
 treated so far from being  
 as they say, that they will  
 be as much to be pitied as to be despised.

[illegible]

The first of these is the fact that the  
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But a friend of mine who is now upon the western circuit, having preached to five or six-  
count of the several modes and fashions that pre-  
vail in the different parts of the nation (though  
which he passes, I shall defer the collating upon  
this last topic till I have received a letter from  
him, which I expect every post).

But a flood of mail is now upon the western shore, having promised to give me an account of the several modes and families that prevail in the different parts of the nation through which we pass. I shall defer the collecting upon this last topic till I have received a letter from him, which I expect every post.

now, when I expect every day.

N. 180. WEDNESDAY, JULY 18, 1711.

—*Revelation comes, from of distant life*—

ALPO, Corp. 1-115

THEY ARE THE ONLY TWO IN THE WORLD WHO HAVE BEEN AWARDED THE HIGHEST HONOR OF THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT.

My friend Mr. Roger is very often merry with me upon my pointing so much of my time among his poultry. He has caught me twice or three looking after a duck, and several times sitting on a boat or two together over a hen and chicken. He tells me no better than I am personally acquainted with every low about his house; calls such a particular cock my favorite; and frequently complains that his ducks and geese have more of my company than himself.

I must confess I am infinitely delighted with these representations of nature which are to be made in a country like, and as my reading has very much led me among books of natural history, I cannot forget recollecting upon this occasion the several remarks which I have met with in authors, and comparing them with what falls under my own observation: the arguments for Providence drawn from the natural history of animals being in my opinion the make of every kind of animal is different.

the least part in the knowledge of what is the future  
of every other kind, and yet there is not  
any one, which does not render them more pro-  
pious, for that particular manner of life than  
other call or feature of them would have

The most violent appetites in all creatures are hot and bitter. The first is a perpetual call upon them to propagate their kind; the latter to procure liberality.

It is remarkable to consider the different degrees of care that descended from the parent to the young, as far as we are absolutely necessary for the leaving of the young. Some creatures cast their eggs and hatchlings, and think of them no farther; as the

cells and several kinds of fish. Others of a larger frame, and nest proper birds to deposit their eggs, and which leaves no doubt as to the necessity, the crowded, and sufficient, others have their eggs and read the birth. It is a pity to find for what.

What can we call the particular which affects every different kind of bird to observe a particular plan in the structure of its nest, and direct all the species to work after the same model? It cannot be intelligence, for the species do not think.

from under a pine, and water let it out easy of the  
worldly life and kind, the most it makes will be  
the same, to the laying of a stick, with all the  
other work of the same species. It cannot be tra-

[illegible]

and all necessary for the continuance of the species; and not hindered in reasonable creatures does it rise in any properly, as it spreads itself downwards.

to love and tenderness, than safety, health, or life needed.

1. The first of these is the fact that the majority of the population of the United States is now living in urban areas. This is a result of the process of urbanization, which has been going on since the beginning of the 20th century. The process of urbanization is the movement of people from rural areas to urban areas. This is done for a variety of reasons, including the search for better living conditions, the desire for education, and the need for employment. The process of urbanization has led to the growth of large cities and the decline of small towns. This has had a significant impact on the economy and society as a whole. The majority of the population now lives in urban areas, which has led to the development of a new way of life. This way of life is based on the idea of the city as a center of economic and social activity. The city is now the center of the world, and it is the place where the future is being created. The process of urbanization is a natural part of human development, and it is a process that will continue to shape the world for many years to come.

[illegible][illegible]

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of. To me, as I hinted in my last paper, it seems the immediate direction of Providence, and such an opinion of the Supreme Being, as that which determines all the portions of matter to their proper centers. A modern philosopher, quoted by Monsieur Bayle in his learned dissertation on the Soul of Brutes, delivers the same opinion, though in a bolder form of words, where he says, *Deus est animæ principium*. 'God himself is the soul of brutes.' Who can tell what to call that seeming sagacity in animals, which directs them to such food as is proper for them, and makes them natu- rally avoid whatever is noxious or unwholesome? Truly has observed, that a lamb no sooner falls from its mother, but immediately and of its own accord it applies itself to the teat. Damper, in his Travels, tells us, that when sea-weed are thrown upon any of the unknown coasts of America, they never venture upon the fruit of any tree, how tempting soever it may appear, unless they observe that it is marked with the pecking of birds; but fall on without any fear or apprehension where the birds have been before them.

But at the same time the hen, that has all the  
accidents of immaturity (which is indeed absolutely ne-  
cessary for the propagation of the species), count-  
ing as it were in other respects, is without the least im-  
maturity of thought or common sense. She makes  
a piece of chalk for an egg, and sits upon it in the  
same manner. She is incapable of any increase or  
diminution in the number of those she lays. She  
does not distinguish between her own and those of  
another species; and when the birth appears of  
never so different a bird, will cherish it for her  
own. In all these circumstances, which does not  
carry an immediate regard to the subsistence of  
herself or her species, she is a very idiot.

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— *fortis omnia plena.* VIING. LII. ver. 60. —  
— All is full of love.

[illegible][illegible]

I shall add to these general observations and instances, which Mr. Locke \* has given us of Providence even in the imperfections of a creature which seems the meanest and the most despicable in the whole animal world. \* We may, says he, from the make of an eye, or quicker senses as a man, or several other animals : nor, if it had, would that it has not so many, nor so quick senses as a man, or several other animals : nor, if it had, would



him more; at the same time that the ordinary people gazed upon him at a distance, not a little admiring his courage, that was not afraid to speak to the judge.

In our return home we met with a very odd accident; which I cannot forbear relating, because it shows how desirous all who know Sir Roger are of giving him marks of their esteem. When we were arrived upon the verge of his estate, we stopped at a little inn to rest ourselves and our horses. The man of the house had, it seems, been formerly a servant in the knight's family; and so the honour to his old master, had some time since, unknown to Sir Roger, put him up in a sign-post before the door; so that the knight's head had hung out upon the road about a week before he himself knew any thing of the matter. As soon as Sir Roger was acquainted with it, finding that his servants' indiscretion proceeded wholly from affection and good-will, he only told him that he had made him too high a compliment; and when the fellow seemed to think that could hardly be, added with a more decisive look, that it was too great an honour for any man under a duke; but told him at the same time, that it might be altered with a very few touches, and that he himself would be at the charge of it. Accordingly they got a painter, by the knight's directions, to add a pair of whiskers to the face, and by a little aggravation of the features, to change it into the Saracen's Head. I should not have known this story, had not the inn-keeper, upon Sir Roger's alighting, told him in my hearing, that his honour's head was brought back last night with the alterations that he had ordered to be made in it. Upon this my friend, with his usual cheerfulness, related the particulars above mentioned, and ordered the head to be brought into the room. I could not forbear discovering greater expressions of admiration upon the appearance of this monstrous face, and which, notwithstanding it was made to frown and stare in a most extraordinary manner, I could still discover a distant resemblance of my old friend. Sir Roger, upon seeing me laugh, desired me to tell him truly if I thought it possible for people to know him in that disguise. I at first kept my usual silence; but upon the knight's continuing me to tell him whether it was not still more like himself than a Saracen, I could, and replied, that 'much might be said on both sides.'

These several adventures, with the knight's behaviour in them, gave me as pleasant a day as ever I met with in any of my travels.

\* \* \* This day is published, *The Partridge reviewed; or More Worth for the Cooper. A panegyric on the late, but most admirable invention of the hoop-*

*ADVISOR. Written at the Bath.*

NO 123. SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1711.

*Doctrina scilicet promota instans,*  
*Utileque citius pectora rubrant;*

*Lecturam bene multa culpas.*

HON. & OD. W. 33.

Yet the best blood by learning is refin'd,  
And virtue arms the solid mind;  
Whilst vice will stain the noblest race,  
And the paternal stamp efface.

ANON.

As I was yesterday tasting the air with my friend Sir Roger, we were met by a fresh-coloured ruddy

which my friend Sir Roger acquainted me with their character.

'The first of them,' says he, 'that has a spotted by his side, is a gentleman of about an hundred pounds a year, an honest man. He is just within the game-act, and qualified to kill an hare or a pheasant. He knows down a dinner with his gun twice or three a week; and by that means lives much cheaper than those who have not so good an estate as himself. He would be a good neighbour if he did not destroy so many partridges. In short, he is a very sensible man; should dying; and has been several times foreman of the jury-jury.'

'The other that rides along with him is Tom Touchy, a fellow famous for "taking the law" of every body. There is not one in the town where he lives that he has not sued at a quarter-session. The rogue had once the impudence to go to law with the Widow. His head is full of costs, damages, and excitement. He plagues a couple of honest gentlemen so long for a recovery in breaking one of his hedges, till he was forced to sell the ground it included to defray the charges of the prosecution: his father left him four-score pounds a year; but he has cast and been cast so often, that he is now worth nothing. I suppose he is going upon the old business of the willow-tree.'

As Sir Roger was giving me this account of Tom Touchy, Will Whimble and his two companions stopped short till we came up to them. After having said their respects to Sir Roger, Will told him that Mr. Touchy and he must appear to him upon a dispute that arose between them. Will it seems had been giving his fellow-traveller an account of his angling one day in such a hole; when Tom Touchy, instead of hearing out his story, told him that Sir Such-a-one, if he pleased, might 'take the law of him for fishing in that part of the river. My friend Sir Roger heard these words, and a round trot; and after having passed some time told them, with the air of a man who would not give his judgment rashly, that 'much might be said on both sides.' They were neither of them dissatisfied with the knight's determination, because neither of them made the best of our way to the castle.

The court was sat before Sir Roger came; but notwithstanding all the justices had taken their places upon the bench, they made room for the old knight at the head of them; who for his reputation in the county took occasion to whisper in the judge's ear, that he was glad his lordship had met with so much good weather in his circuit. I was listening to the proceeding of the court with great attention, and implicitly pleased with that great appearance of solemnity which so properly lay; when, after an hour's sitting, I observed, to my great surprise, in the midst of a trial, that my friend Sir Roger was getting up to speak. I was in some pain for him, until I found he had acquitted himself of two or three sentences, with a look of much business and great interpidity.

Upon his first rising the court was hushed, and a general whisper ran among the country people, that Sir Roger 'was up.' The speech he made was so little to the purpose, that I shall not trouble my readers with an account of it; and I believe was not so much designed by the knight himself to inform the court, as to give him a figure in my eye, and keep up his credit in the country.

I was highly delighted, when the court rose, to see the gentleness of the country galliering about my old friend, and striving who should compliment





denied that she never gave him the least intimation of it. Florio was now engaged in all those arts and improvements that are proper to raise in man private fortune, and give him a figure in his country, but secretly tormented with that passion which burns with the greatest fury in a virtuous and noble heart, when he received a sudden summons from Florio to repair to him in the country the next day: for it seems Eudoxus was so filled with the report of his sons' reputation, that he could no longer withhold making himself known to him. The morning after his arrival at the house of his supposed friend, Leontine told him that Eudoxus had something of great importance to communicate to him; upon which the good man embraced him, and wept. Florio was no sooner arrived at the great house that stood in his neighbourhood, but Eudoxus took him by the hand, after the first salutes were over, and conducted him into his closet. He there opened to him the whole secret of his parentage and education, concluding after this manner: 'I have no other way left of acknowledging my gratitude to Leontine, than by marrying you to his daughter. He shall not lose the pleasure of being your father by the discovery I have made to you. Leontine too shall be still my daughter; her filial piety, though misplaced, has been so exemplary, that it deserves the greatest reward I can confer upon her. You shall have the pleasure of seeing a great estate fall to you, which you would have lost the risk of had you known yourself born to it. Continue only to deserve it in the same manner you did before you were possessed of it. I have left your mother in the next room. Her heart yearns towards you. She is making the same discoveries to Leontine which I have made to yourself.' Florio was so overwhelmed with this profusion of happiness, that he was not able to make a reply, but threw himself down at his father's feet, and amid a flood of tears kissed and embraced his knees, asking his blessing, and expressing in dumb show those sentiments of love, duty, and gratitude, that were too big for utterance. To conclude, the happy pair were married, and half Eudoxus's estate settled upon them. Leontine and Eudoxus passed the remainder of their lives together; and received in the dutiful and affectionate behaviour of Florio and Leontine the just recompence, as well as the natural effect, of that care which they had bestowed upon them in their education.

## ADDISON.

L.

No 121. MONDAY, JULY 23, 1711.

Μία μεγάλη βιβλιοθήκη, ή μεγάλη βιβλιοθήκη.  
A great book is a great evil.

A man who publishes his works in a volume, has an infinite advantage over one who communicates his writings to the world in loose tracts and single pieces. We do not expect to meet with any thing in a bulky volume, till after some heavy preamble, and several words of course, to prepare the reader for what follows. Nay, authors have established it as a kind of rule, that a man ought to be dull sometimes; as the most severe reader makes allowances for many rests and nodding-places in a voluminous writer. This gave occasion to the famous Greek proverb which I have chosen for my motto, that 'a great book is a great evil.'

On the contrary, those who publish their thoughts in distinct sheets, and as it were by piece-meal have none of these advantages. We must immediately fall into our subject, and treat every part of it in a lively manner, or our papers are thrown by as dull and insipid. Our matter must lie close together, and either be wholly new in itself, or in the time it receives from our expressions. Were the books of our best authors thus to be retained to the public, and every page submitted to the taste of forty or fifty thousand readers, I am afraid we should complain of many that expressions, trivial observations, beaten topics, and common thoughts, which go off very well in the lump. At the same time, notwithstanding some papers may be made up of broken hints and irregular sketches, it is often expected that every sheet should be a kind of treatise, and make out in thought what it wants in bulk: that a point of humour should be worked up in all its parts; and a subject touched upon in its most essential articles, without the repetitions, redundancies, and redundancies, that are indulged to longer labours. The ordinary writers of morality prescribe to their readers after the Galenic way; their medicines are made up in large quantities. An essay-writer must practise in the chemical method, and give the virtue of a full draught in a few drops. Were all books reduced thus to their justness, many a bulky author would make his appearance in a penny paper. There would be scarce such a thing in nature as a folio; the works of our age would be continued on a few shelves; not to mention millions of volumes, that would be utterly annihilated.

I cannot think that the difficulty of furnishing out separate papers of this nature, has hindered authors from communicating their thoughts to the world after such a manner: though I must confess I am amazed that the press should be only made use of in this way by news-writers, and the zealous of parties; as if it were not more advantageous to mankind, to be instructed in wisdom and virtue, than in politics; and to be made good fathers, husbands, and sons, than counsellors and statesmen. Had the philosophers and great men of antiquity, who took so much pains in order to instruct mankind, and leave the world wiser and better, than they found it; had they, I say, been possessed of the art of printing, there is no question but they would have made such an advantage of it, in dealing out their lectures to the public. Our common writers would be of great use were they thus cultivated to diffuse good sense through the bulk of a people, to clear up their understandings, animate their minds with virtue, dissipate the sorrows of a heavy heart, or unbind the mind from its more severe employments with innocent amusements. When knowledge, instead of being bound up in books and kept in libraries and refinements, is thus obtained upon the public; when it is canvassed in place of obnoxious, and exposed upon every table, cannot for fear reflecting upon that passage in the Proverbs: 'Wisdom crieth without, she uttereth her voice in the streets; she crieth in the chief place of concourses, in the openings of the gates. In the city she uttereth her words, saying, How long ye simple ones will ye love simplicity! And the scorners delight in their scornings? And fools hate knowledge?' The many letters which come to me from persons of the best sense in both sexes (for I may pronounce their characters from their way of writing) have none of these advantages. We must immediately fall into our subject, and treat every part of it in a lively manner, or our papers are thrown by as dull and insipid. Our matter must lie close together, and either be wholly new in itself, or in the time it receives from our expressions. Were the books of our best authors thus to be retained to the public, and every page submitted to the taste of forty or fifty thousand readers, I am afraid we should complain of many that expressions, trivial observations, beaten topics, and common thoughts, which go off very well in the lump. At the same time, notwithstanding some papers may be made up of broken hints and irregular sketches, it is often expected that every sheet should be a kind of treatise, and make out in thought what it wants in bulk: that a point of humour should be worked up in all its parts; and a subject touched upon in its most essential articles, without the repetitions, redundancies, and redundancies, that are indulged to longer labours. The ordinary writers of morality prescribe to their readers after the Galenic way; their medicines are made up in large quantities. An essay-writer must practise in the chemical method, and give the virtue of a full draught in a few drops. Were all books reduced thus to their justness, many a bulky author would make his appearance in a penny paper. There would be scarce such a thing in nature as a folio; the works of our age would be continued on a few shelves; not to mention millions of volumes, that would be utterly annihilated.

\* Meaning the newspapers.

† Prov. i. 20, 21, 22.

Upon that, says Sir Henry, 'I did not think it  
to repeat the former question, but, going into  
every man of the neighborhood, asked what they  
called the name of that lane.' By which in-  
ferred article he found out the place he inquired  
after without rising offence to any party. Sir  
Mogger generally chose the narrative in the con-  
clusion on the matter that parties do in the con-  
fession of a very good neighborhood, and make  
most gentlemen hate one another! Besides that  
they manifestly tend to the production of the hand-  
some and the destruction of the game.

There cannot a greater judgment becal a country  
than such a display of spirit of division as reads a  
government into two distinct people, and makes  
elections battles and more or less of one an-  
other, than if they were essentially two different na-  
tions. The effects of such a division are prebably  
less to the last degree, not only with regard to  
those matters which they give to the common con-  
try, but to those private evils which they produce  
in the heart of almost every particular person.  
This difference is very fatal both to each's morals,  
and to that mutual regard, it takes the virtue of a  
nation, and not only so, but destroys civil com-  
mon sense.

A various party-spirit, when it rises in its full  
vigour, casts light in civil war and bloodshed;  
and when it is under the greatest restraint, it  
nevertheless is in fact the blood, detestable, calamity,  
and partial administration of justice, and  
everything which all the seeds of good-nature, compas-  
sion, and humanity.

Friendship says very barely, 'that a man should

[illegible]

ing) do not in a little encourage me in the prosecution of this my undertaking; besides that my bookkeeper tells me, the demand for these my papers increases daily. It is at the instance that I still continue my rural occupations in the end of the month; several letters being made up separate acts of them as they have done before of those relating to wit, to opera, to points of morality, or subjects of general interest.

[illegible]

I have already caught two or three of  
 them, and without a doubt I will ob-  
 ject to them; they immediately shot the eyes  
 of the black and white hawk-eagles, but the idea of it  
 is not so good as it seems. I have not yet  
 been able to find any more of the same  
 kind, but I will continue to look for them.  
 I have not yet been able to find any more  
 of the same kind, but I will continue to  
 look for them. I have not yet been able to  
 find any more of the same kind, but I will  
 continue to look for them. I have not yet  
 been able to find any more of the same  
 kind, but I will continue to look for them.

No 126. WEDNESDAY, JULY 25, 1711.

*Tros Mutuasque sunt, nullo discrimine habeo.*  
WILK. ALN. x. vol. 103.

Robulians, Trojans, are the same to me.  
DRYDEN.

My yesterday's paper I proposed, that the honest men of all parties should enter into a kind of association for the defence of one another, and the constitution of their common enemies. As it is designed this neutral body should act with a regard to nothing but truth and equity, and direct themselves of the little heats and prepossessions that cleave to parties of all kinds, I have performed for them the following form of an association, which they express their intentions in the most plain and simple manner.

'We whose names are hereunto subscribed do solemnly declare, that we do in our consciences believe two and two make four; and that we shall adjudge any man whatsoever to be our enemy who endeavours to persuade us to the contrary. We are likewise ready to maintain, with the hazard of all that is near and dear to us, that six is less than seven in all times and all places; and that can will not be more three years hence than it is at present. We do also firmly declare, that it is our resolution as long as we live to call black black, and white white. And we shall upon any day of the year oppose such persons that upon any day of the year shall call black white, or white black, with the utmost exert of our lives and fortunes.'

Were there such a combination of honest men, who, without any regard to places, would endeavour to extinguish all such furious zelos as would be hurtful to the public good; with all advantages under colour of the public good, that the prostitute immoral retailers to each side, that have nothing to recommend them but an implicit submission to their leaders; we should soon see that furious party-spirit extinguished, which may in time expose us to the derision and contempt of all the nations about us.

A member of this society that would thus carefully employ himself in making room for merit, by throwing down the worthless and depraved part of mankind from those conspicuous stations of life to which they have been sometimes advanced, and all this without any regard to his private interests, would be no small benefactor to his country. I remember to have read in *Diogenes Siculus* an account of a very active little animal, which I think he calls the ichneumon, that makes it the whole business of his life to break the eggs of the crocodile, which he is always in search after. This insect is the more remarkable, because the ichneumon never feeds upon the eggs he has broken, nor any other way finds his account in them. Were it not for the incessant labours of this industrious animal, Egypt, says the historian, would be overrun with crocodiles; for the Egyptians are so far from destroying those pernicious creatures, that they worship them as gods. If we look into the behaviour of ordinary partizans, we shall find them far from resembling this distinguished animal; and rather acting after the example of the wild Tartars, who are ambitious of destroying a man of the most extraordinary parts and accomplishments, as thinking that upon his death

judice, which at present prevails amongst all ranks and degrees in the British nation. As men formerly became eminent in learned societies by their parts and acquisitions, they now distinguish themselves by the warmth and violence with which they espouse their respective parties. Books are valued upon the like considerations. An abusive serious style passes for satire, and a dull scheme of party-motives is called fine writing.

There is one piece of sophistry practised by both sides, and that is the making any scandalous story that has been ever whispered or invented of a private man, for a known undoubted truth, and raising suitable speculations upon it. Calumnies that have been never proved, or have been often refuted, are the ordinary possessions of these infamous scribblers, upon which they proceed as upon first principles granted by all men, though in their hearts they know they are false, or at best very doubtful. When they have laid these foundations of security, it is no wonder that their superstructure is every way answerable to them. If this shameful practice of the present age endures much longer, praise and reproach will cease to be motives of action in good men.

There are certain periods of time in all governments when this inhuman spirit prevails. Italy was long torn in pieces by the Guelfs and Ghibellines, and France by those who were for and against the league; but it is very unhappy for a man to be born in such a stormy and tempestuous season. It is the restless ambition of artful men that thus breaks up people into factions, and draws several well-meaning persons to their interest by a specious concern for their country. How many honest minds are filled with melancholy and barbarous notions, out of their zeal for the public good? What cruelties and outrages would they not commit against men of an adverse party, whom they would honour and esteem, if, instead of considering them as they are represented, they knew them as they are? Thus are persons of the greatest probity seduced into shameful errors and prejudices, and made bad men even by that nobles of principles, the love of their country. I cannot here forbear mentioning the famous Spanish proverb, 'If I were neither fool nor knave, in the world, all people would be of one mind.'

For my own part, I could heartily wish that all honest men would enter into an association, for the support of one another against the endeavours of those whom they ought to look upon as their common enemies, whatsoever side they may belong to. Were there such an honest body of men in great figures of life, because they are useful to the nation, we should never see the worst of men treated innocece, and defend virtue, however beset with contempt or ridicule, envy or defamation. In short, we should not any longer regard our fellow-subjects as whigs or tories, but should make the man of merit our friend, and the villain our enemy.

ADDITION.

C.



stands still is sure to point right once in twelve hours. In this case therefore I would advise the man, as a gentleman did his friend, who was hunting about the whole town after a running fellow, If you follow him you will never find him; but if you plant yourself at the corner of any one street, I will engage it will not be long before you see him.

I have already touched upon this subject in a speculation \* which shows how cruelly the country are fed astray in following the town; and equipped in a ridiculous habit, when they fancy themselves in the height of the mode. Since that speculation I have received a letter (which I there hinted at) from a gentleman who is now in the western circuit.

MR. SPECTATOR,

Being a lawyer of the Middle-Temple, a Cornishman by birth, I generally ride the western circuit for my health; and, as I am not interrupted with clients, have leisure to make many observations that escape the notice of my fellow-travellers.

One of the most fashionable women I met with in all the circuit was my innlady at Staines, where I chanced to be on a holiday. Her command was not half a foot high, and her petticoat within some yards of a modest circumference. In the same place I observed a young fellow with a tolerable petting, had it not been covered with a hat that was shaped in the Ramanthe-cock. As I proceeded in my journey, I observed the petticoat grew scantier and scantier, and about three-score miles from London was so very unfashionable, that a woman might walk in it without any manner of inconvenience.

Not far from Salisbury I took notice of a justice of peace's lady, who was at least ten years behind-hand in her dress, but at the same time as fine as hands could make her. She was flounced and furbelowed from head to foot; every ribbon was wrinkled, and every part of her garments in curl, so that she looked like one of those animals which in the country we call a Frieze and hen.

Not many miles beyond this place I was informed that one of the last year's little muffs had by some means or other straggled into those parts, and that all the women of fashion were cutting their old muffs in two, or retrenching them, according to the little model which was got among them. I cannot believe the report they have there, that it was sent down franked by a postman's-man, in a little packet; but probably by next winter this fashion will be at the height in the country, when it is quite out at London.

The greatest bean at our next country sessions was dressed in a most monstrous blacken petting, that was made in King William's reigo. The wearer of it goes, it seems, in his own hair when he is at home, and lets his wig lie in buckle for a whole half year, that he may put it on upon occasion to meet the judges in it.

I must not here omit an adventure which happened to us in a country church upon the frontiers of Cornwall. As we were in the midst of the service, a lady who is the chief woman of the place, and had passed the winter at London with her husband, entered the congregation in a little head-dress, and a hooped petticoat. The people, who were wonderfully startled at such a sight, all of

\* No 119.  
† See the first note on No 98.

From this place, during our progress through the most western parts of the kingdom, we fancied ourselves in King Charles the Second's reign, the people having made very little variations in their dress since that time. The smartest of the country squires appear still in the Monmouth-cock, and when they go a wooing, (whether they have any most in the militia or not) they generally put on a red coat. We were indeed very much surprised, at the place we lay at last night, to meet with a gentleman that had recovered himself in a night-cap-wig, a coat with long pockets and slit sleeves, and a pair of shoes with high scollop tops; but we soon found by his conversation that he was a person who languished at the ignorance and rusticity of the country people, and was resolved to live and die in the mode.

Sir, If you think this account of my travels may be of any advantage to the public, I will next year trouble you with such occurrences as I shall meet with in other parts of England. For I am informed there are in the western counties in the northern circuit its progress much slower into Cornwall than into Cornwall. I have heard in particular, that the Steunkirk \* arrived but two months ago at Newcaslle, and that there are several com-modes in those parts which are worth taking a journey thither to see.

ADDISON.

No 130. MONDAY, JULY 30, 1711.

Scenique recentis

Consecrare jurat puerus, et virenti ramis.

VILIC. Ann. vii. 748.

Hunting their sport, and plundring was their trade.

DRYDEN.

As I was yesterday riding out in the fields with my friend Sir Roger, we saw at a little distance from us a troop of gipsies. Upon the first discovery of them, my friend was in some doubt whether he should not exert the justice of the peace upon such a band of lawless vagrants; but not having his clerk with him, who is a necessary councillor on these occasions, and fearing that his gipsy might fare the worse for it, he let the thought drop; but at the same time gave me a particular account of the mischiefs they do in the country, in stealing people's goods and spoiling their servants. \* It is a very piece of linen hangs upon an hedge, says Sir Roger, they are sure to drive it; if the hog loses his ear in the fields, it is too to one but he becomes the prey; our gipsies cannot live in peace for the mischief they do. A sort of mill



cursion out of the town, which is the great field of  
game for sportsmen of my species, to try my fortune  
in the country, where I have started several sub-  
jects, and hunted them down, with some pleasure  
to myself, and I hope to others. I am here forced  
to use a great deal of diligence before I can spring  
any thing to my mind, whereas in town, whilst I  
am following one character, it is ten to one but I  
am crossed in my way by another, and put up such  
a variety of odd creatures in both scenes, that they  
foil the scent of one another, and puzzle the  
chase. My greatest difficulty in the country is to  
find sport, and in town to choose it. In the mean  
time, as I have given a whole month's rest to the  
cities of London and Westminster, I promise  
myself abundance of new game upon my return  
thither.

It is indeed high time for me to leave the coun-  
try, since I find the whole neighbourhood begin to  
grow very inquisitive after my name and charac-  
ter; my love of solitude, taciturnity, and particu-  
lar way of life, having raised a great curiosity in  
all these parts.

The notions which have been framed of me are  
various; some look upon me as very proud, some  
as very modest, and some as very melancholy. Will  
Wimble, as my friend the butler tells me, observ-  
ing me very much alone, and extremely silent when  
I am in company, is afraid I have killed a man.  
The country people seem to suspect me for a con-  
juror; and some of them, hearing of the visit which  
I made to Moll White, will needs have it that Sir  
Roger has brought down a cunning man with him,  
to cure the old woman, and free the country from  
her charms. So that the character which I go under  
in part of the neighbourhood, is what they here  
call a White Witch.

A justice of peace, who lives about five miles  
off, and is not of Sir Roger's party, has it seems  
said twice or thrice at his table, that he wishes Sir  
Roger does not harbour a Jesuit in his house, and  
that he thinks the gentlemen of the country would  
do very well to make me give some account of my-  
self.

On the other side, some of Sir Roger's friends  
are afraid the old knight is imposed upon by a  
deceiving fellow; and as they have heard that he  
converses very promiscuously when he is in town,  
do not know but he has brought down with him  
some discarded Whig, that is sullen, and says no-  
thing because he is out of place.

Such is the variety of opinions which are here  
entertained of me, so that I pass among some for  
a disaffected person, and among others for a popish  
priest; among some for a wizard, and among others  
for a murderer; and all this for no other reason  
that I can imagine, but because I do not hoot, and  
halloo, and make a noise. It is true, my friend  
Sir Roger tells them, 'That it is my way; and that  
I am only a philosopher; but this will not satisfy  
them.' They think there is more in me than he dis-  
covers, and that I do not hold my tongue for no-  
thing.

For these and other reasons I shall set out for  
London to-morrow, having found by experience  
that the country is not a place for a person of my  
temper, who does not love jollity, and what they  
call good neighbourhood. A man that is out of  
humour when an unexpected guest breaks in upon  
him, and does not care for sacrificing an afternoon  
to every chance-comer, that will be the master of  
his own time, and the pursuer of his own in-  
clinations, makes but a very unsociable figure

in this kind of life. I shall therefore retire  
into the town, if I may make use of that phrase,  
and get into the crowd again as fast as I can, in  
order to be alone. I can there raise what specu-  
lations I please upon others without being observed  
myself, and at the same time enjoy all the advan-  
tages of company, with all the privileges of soli-  
tude. In the mean while, to finish the month, and  
conclude these my rural speculations, I shall here  
insert a letter from my friend Will Honeycomb,  
who has not lived a month for these forty years out  
of the smoke of London, and rallies me after his  
way upon my country life.

'DEAR SPEC,'  
I suppose this letter will find thee picking of  
daisies, or smelling to a lock of hay, or passing  
away thy time in some innocent country diversion  
of the like nature. I have however orders from  
the club to summon thee up to town, being all of  
us curiously afraid thou wilt not be able to resist  
our company, after thy conversations with Moll  
White and Will Wimble. Pr'ythee do not send  
us up any more stories of a cock and a bull, nor  
frighten the town with spirits and witches. Thy  
speculations begin to smell confoundedly of woods  
and meadows. If thou dost not come up quickly,  
we shall conclude that thou art in love with one of  
Sir Roger's dairy-maids. Service to the knight.  
Sir Andrew is grown the cock of the club since he  
left us, and, if he does not return quickly, will  
make every mother's son of us commonwealth's  
men.

'DEAR SPEC,'  
'Thine eternally,  
'WILL HONEYCOMB.'

C.

ADDISON.

Nº 132. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 1, 1711.

— *Qui, aut tempus quid posuit non vidit, aut plura lo-  
quutus, aut se ostentat, et corruptum quibuscumq; est ratio-  
nem non habet, et impetis esse dicitur.*

TULL.

That man is guilty of impudence, who considers not the  
circumstances of time, or engages in the conversation, or  
makes himself the subject of his discourse, or pays no re-  
gard to the company he is in.

HAVING notified to my good friend Sir Roger, that  
I should set out for London the next day, his  
horses were ready at the appointed hour in the  
evening; and, attended by one of his groom, I  
arrived at the country-town at twilight, in order to  
be ready for the stage-coach the day following. As  
soon as we arrived at the inn, the servant who  
waited upon me inquired of the chamberlain, in  
my hearing, what company he had for the coach?  
The fellow answered, 'Mrs. Betty Arable the great  
fortune, and the widow her mother; a recruiting  
officer (who took a place because they were to go)  
young Squire Quixote her cousin (that her mother  
wished her to be married to); Ephraim the quaker,  
her guardian; and a gentleman that had studied  
himself dumb from Sir Roger de Coverley's.' I  
observed, by what he said of myself, that accord-  
ing to his office he dealt much in intelligence; and  
doubted not but there was some foundation for his  
reports of the rest of the company, as well as for  
the whimsical account he gave of me. The next  
morning at day-break we were all called; and I,  
who know my own natural shyness, and endeavour  
to be as little liable to be disputed with as possible,









man who is sparing of his words, and an enemy to loquacity.

As I have frequently reflected on my good fortune in this particular, I shall communicate to the public my speculations upon the English tongue, not doubting but they will be acceptable to all my curious readers.

The English delight in silence more than any other European nation, if the remarks which are made on us by foreigners are true. Our discourse is not kept up in conversation, but falls into more pauses and intervals than in our neighbouring countries; as it is observed, that the matter of our writings is thrown much closer together, and lies in a narrower compass than is usual in the works of foreign authors: for, to favour our natural facility, when we are obliged to utter our thoughts, we do it in the shortest way we are able, and give as quick a birth to our conceptions as possible.

This humour shows itself in several remarks that we may make upon the English language. As first of all by its abounding in monosyllables, which gives us an opportunity of delivering our thoughts in few sounds. This indeed takes off from the elegance of our tongue, but at the same time expresses our ideas in the readiest manner, and consequently answers the first design of speech better than the multitude of syllables, which make the words of other languages more tunable and sonorous. The sounds of our English words are commonly like those of string music, short and transient, which rise and perish upon a single touch; those of other languages are like the notes of wind instruments, sweet and swelling, and lengthened out into variety of modulation.

In the next place we may observe, that where the words are not monosyllables, we often make them so, as much as lies in our power, by our rapidity of pronunciation; as it generally happens in most of our long words which are derived from the Latin, where we contract the length of the syllables that gives them a grave and solemn air in their own languages, to make them more proper for dispatch, and more conformable to the genius of our tongue. This we may find in a multitude of words, as liberty, conspiracy, theatre, orator, &c.

The same natural aversion to loquacity has of late years made a very considerable alteration in our language, by closing in one syllable the termination of our preterperfect tense, as in these words, 'drow'd, walk'd, arriv'd, for 'drowed, walked, arriv'd, which has very much disfigured the tongue, and turned a gentle part of our smoothest words into so many clusters of consonants. This is the more remarkable, because the want of vowels in our language has been the general complaint of our politest authors, who nevertheless are the men that have made these refinements, and consequently very much increased our former scarcity.

This reflection on the words that end in *ed*, I have heard in conversation from one of the greatest geniuses this age has produced \*. I think we may add to the foregoing observation, the change, which has happened in our language, by the abbreviation of several words that are terminated in 'ed', by substituting an *s* in the room of the last syllable, as in 'drow's, walk's, arriv's, and innumerable other words, which in the pronunciation of our forefathers were 'drowed, walked, arriv'd.' This has wonderfully multiplied a letter which was before too frequent in the

English tongue, and added to that hissing in our turnity, and cases us of many superfluous syllables.

I might here observe, that the same single letter on many occasions does the office of a whole word, and represents the 'his' and 'her' of our forefathers. There is no doubt but the ear of a foreigner, which is the best judge in this case, would very much disapprove of such innovations, which indeed we do ourselves in some measure, by retaining the old termination in our writing, and in all the solemn offices of our religion.

As in the instances I have given we have employed many of our particular words to the detriment of our tongue, so on other occasions we have drawn two words into one, which has likewise very much united our language, and clogged it with consonants, as 'mayn't, can't, shan't, won't, and the like, for 'may not, can not, shall not, will not, &c.

It is perhaps this humour of speaking no more than we needs must, which has so miserably corrupted some of our words, that in familiar writings and conversations they often lose all but their first syllables, as in 'mob, rep, pos, negoc'; and the like; and as all ridiculous words make their first entry into a language by familiar phrases, I dare not answer for these, that they will not in time be looked upon as a part of our tongue. We see some of our poets have been so indiscreet as to imitate Flautus's dogrel expressions in the serious compositions, by throwing out the signs of our sub-stantives, which are essential to the English language. Nay, this humour of shortening our language had once run so far, that some of our celebrated authors, among whom we may reckon Sir Roger L'Estrange in particular, began to print their words of all superfluous letters, as they termed them, in order to adjust the spelling to the pronunciation; which would have confounded all our etymologies, and have quite destroyed our tongue.

We may here likewise observe, that our proper names, when familiarized in English, generally dwindle to monosyllables, whereas in other modern languages they receive a softer turn on this occasion, by the addition of a new syllable.—Nick in Italian is Nicolini; Jack in French, Ja-nick; and so of the rest.

There is another particular in our language, which is a great instance of our irregularity of words, and that is the suppressing of several particles which must be produced in other tongues to make a sentence intelligible. This often perplexes the best writers, when they deal the relatives 'whom, which, or they,' at their mercy, whether they may have admission or not; and will never be decided till we have something like an academy, that by the best authorities and rules drawn from the history of languages shall settle all controversies between grammar and idiom.

I have only considered our language as it shows the genius and natural temper of the English, which is modest, thoughtless, and sincere, and which is moderated into other languages, and spoiled the tongue. We might perhaps carry the same thought into other languages, and deduce a great part of what is peculiar to them from the genius of the people who speak them. It is certain, the light cultivated humour of the French has not a little infected their tongue, which might be shown by many instances in the genius of the language, which is



man in conversation is only a person of so pregnant a fancy, that he cannot be contented with ordinary occurrences. I know a man of quality of our order, who is of the wrong side of forty-three, and has been of that age, according to Tully's jest, for some years since, whose vein is upon the romantic. Give him the least occasion, and he will tell you something so very particular that happened in such a year, and in such company, where by the bye was present such a one, who was afterwards made such a thing—Out of all these circumstances, in the best language in the world, he will join together with such probable incidents an account that shows a person of the deepest penetration, the honestest mind, and without something so humble when he speaks of himself, that you would admire. Dear sir, why should this be lying? there is nothing so instructive. He has withal the gravest aspect; something so very venerable and great! Another of these historians is a young man whom I would take in, though he extremely wants respect; something so very venerable and great! nothing so instructive. He has withal the gravest aspect; something so very venerable and great! Another of these historians is a young man whom I would take in, though he extremely wants respect; something so very venerable and great! nothing so instructive. He has withal the gravest aspect; something so very venerable and great! nothing so instructive. He has withal the gravest aspect; something so very venerable and great!

"I have read your Spectator of the third of the last month, and wish I had the happiness of being acquainted to serve so good a master as Sir Roger. The character of my master is the very reverse of that good and gentle knight. All his directions are given, and his mind revealed, by way of conversation; as when any thing is to be remembered, with a peculiar cast of face he cries, "Be sure to forget now." If I am to make haste back, "Do not come these two hours; be sure to call by the way upon some of your companions." Then another excellent way of his is, if he sets me any thing to do, which he knows must necessarily take up half a day, he calls ten times in a quarter of an hour to know whether I have done yet. This is his manner; and the same perverseness runs through all his actions, according as the circumstances vary. Besides all this, he is so suspicious, that he submits himself to the drudgery of a spy. He is as constantly watching us, and we differ no more in pleasure and liberty than as a gaoler and a prisoner. He lays traps for faults, and no sooner makes a discovery, but falls into such language, as I am more ashamed of for coming from him, than for being directed to me. This, sir, is a short sketch of a master I have served upwards of nine years; and though I have never wronged him, I confess my despair of pleasing him has very much abated my endeavour to do it. If you will give me leave to steal a sentence out of my master's Claradon, I shall tell you my case in a word, "Being used worse than I deserved, I cared less to deserve well than I had done." "Dear Mr. Spectator, Your humble servant, I am, sir, BARN VALLET."

"I am the next thing to a lady's woman, and am under both my lady and her woman. I am so used by them both, that I should be very glad to see them in the Spectator. My lady herself is of no mind in the world, and for that reason her woman is of twenty minds in a moment. My lady is one that never knows what to do with herself: she pulls on and puts off every thing she wears, twenty times, before she resolves upon it for that day. I stand at one end of the room, and reach things to her woman. When my lady asks for a thing, I

man in conversation is only a person of so pregnant a fancy, that he cannot be contented with ordinary occurrences. I know a man of quality of our order, who is of the wrong side of forty-three, and has been of that age, according to Tully's jest, for some years since, whose vein is upon the romantic. Give him the least occasion, and he will tell you something so very particular that happened in such a year, and in such company, where by the bye was present such a one, who was afterwards made such a thing—Out of all these circumstances, in the best language in the world, he will join together with such probable incidents an account that shows a person of the deepest penetration, the honestest mind, and without something so humble when he speaks of himself, that you would admire. Dear sir, why should this be lying? there is nothing so instructive. He has withal the gravest aspect; something so very venerable and great! nothing so instructive. He has withal the gravest aspect; something so very venerable and great! nothing so instructive. He has withal the gravest aspect; something so very venerable and great! nothing so instructive. He has withal the gravest aspect; something so very venerable and great!

"Then, sir, there is my little merchant, honest Indigo of the 'Change; there is my man for loss and gain; there is rare and true, there is lying all round the globe; he has such a prodigious intelligence, he knows all the French are doing, or what we intend or ought to intend, and has it from such hands. But alas, whether am I running! while I complain, while I remonstrate to you, even all this is a lie, and there is not one such person of quality, lover, soldier, or merchant, as I have now described in the whole world, that I know of. But I will catch myself once in my life, and in spite of nature speak one truth, to wit, that I am, 'Your humble servant, &c.'"

"Z!"

STEELE \*

No 137. TUESDAY, AUGUST 7, 1711.

*Al hac etiam scribæ semper libera fuerunt, licentia, gaudent, dolent, suo potius quam alterius arbitrio.*  
TULL. Epist.

Even slaves were always at liberty to fear, rejoice, and grieve, at their own, rather than another's pleasure.

It is no small concern to me, that I find so many complaints from that part of mankind whose position it is to live in servitude, that those whom they depend upon will not allow them to be even as

\* Steele had seven years before this produced his comedy of "The Lying Lover," from which Foot afterwards borrowed the chief incidents of his "Liar."



matter, or in his words, in his fifteenth sermon of the folio edition, page 160,

'I shall briefly explain the words, and then consider the matter contained in them.'

This honest gentleman needed not, one would think, strain his modesty so far as to alter his design of 'contending upon the matter; to that of 'briefly explaining.' But so it was, that he would not even be contented with that authority, but added also the other divine, to strengthen his method, and told us, 'With the pious and learned Dr. Beveridge, page 4th of his 9th volume, "I shall endeavour to make it as plain as I can from the words which I have now read, wherein for that purpose we shall consider—" This wise-acre was reckoned by the parish, who did not understand him, a most excellent preacher; but that he read too much, and was so humble that he did not trust enough to his own parts.

Next to these ingenious gentlemen, who argue for what nobody can deny them, are to be ranked a sort of people, who do not indeed attempt to prove insignificant things, but are ever labouring to raise arguments with you about matters you will give up to them without the least controversy. One of these people told a gentleman who said he saw Mr. Such-a-one go this morning at nine of the clock towards the Grave-yard; 'Sir, I must beg your pardon for that, for though I am very loth to have any dispute with you, yet I must take the liberty to tell you it was nine when I saw him at St. James's.' When men of this genus are pretty far gone in learning, they will put you to prove that snow is white, and when you are upon that topic, can say that there is really no such thing as colour in nature; in a word, they can turn what little knowledge they have into a ready capacity of raising doubts into a capacity of being always frivolous, and always unanswerable. It was of two disputants of this impatient and laborious kind that the cynic said, 'One of these fellows is milking a ram, and the other holds the pail.'

## ADVERTISEMENT.

'The Exercise of the Snuff-box, according to the most fashionable airs and motions, in opposition to the Exercise of the Fan, will be taught with the best plain or perfumed snuff, at Charles Lillie's, perfumer, at the corner of Beauvoir-buildings in the Strand, and attendance given for the benefit of the young merchants about the Exchange for two hours every day at noon, except Saturdays, at a toy-shop near Garraway's coffee-house. There will be likewise taught the Ceremony of the Snuff-box, or rules for offering snuff to a stranger, a friend, or a mistress, according to the degrees of familiarity or distance; with an explanation of the carelessness, the scornful, the politic, and the surly pitch, and the gestures proper to each of them. N. B. The undertaker does not question but a short time to have formed a body of regular snuff-boxes ready to meet and make head against all the regiments of fans which have been lately disciplined, and are now in motion.'

Z.

Peter Alexovitz of Russia, when he came to years of manhood, though he found himself emperor of a vast and numerous people, master of an endless territory, absolute commander of the lives and fortunes of his subjects, in the midst of this unbounded power and greatness, turned his thoughts upon himself and people with sorrow. Sordid ignorance, and a brute manner of life, this generous prince beheld and condemned; from the light of his own genius. His judgment suggested this to him, and his courage prompted him to amend it. In order to this he did not send to the nation from whence the rest of the world has borrowed its po-

*Per gloria radices agit, ulque olim propagabit: fletu omnia celsiter, languunt, florent, decidunt, nec sunt latum potest quidquam esse diuturnum.*

TULL.

True glory takes root, and even spreads: all false pretences, like flowers, fall to the ground; nor can any counterfeits last long.





lying to the women, especially those who are not young and past gallantry, by touching so gently upon gaming: therefore I hope you do not think it wrong to employ a little leisure time in that diversion; but I should be glad to hear you say something upon the behaviour of some of the female gamblers.

I have observed ladies who, in all other respects are gentle, good-humoured, and the very pink of good-breeding; who as soon as the opportunity is called for, and sit down to their business, are immediately transmigrated into the very worst of wags in nature.

You must know I keep my temper, and win their money; but am out of countenance to take it; it makes them so very uneasy. Be pleased, dear sir, to instruct them to lose with a better grace, and you will oblige yours,

RACHEL BASTO.

MR. SPECTATOR,

Your kindness to Leonora, in one of your papers, has given me encouragement to do myself the honour of writing to you. The great regard you have so often expressed for the instruction and improvement of our sex, will, I hope, in your own opinion, sufficiently excuse me from making any apology for the impertinence of this letter. The great desire I have to embellish my mind with some of those graces which you are so becoming, and which you assert reading helps us to, has made me uneasy until I am put in a capacity of attaining them. This, sir, I shall never think myself in, until you shall be pleased to recommend some author or authors to my perusal.

I thought, indeed, when I first cast my eye on Leonora's letter, that I should have had no occasion for requesting it of you; but, to my very great concern, I found on the perusal of that Spectator, I was entirely disappointed, and am as much at a loss how to make use of my time for that end as ever. Pray, sir, oblige me at least with one scene, as you were pleased to entertain Leonora with your prodigious. I write to you not only my own sentiments, but also those of several others of my acquaintance, who are as little pleased with the ordinary manner of spending one's time as myself: and if a fervent desire after knowledge, and a great sense of our present ignorance, may be thought a good preface and earnest of improvement, you may have a particular and more than ordinary regard for Leonora. I have a better title to your favour than she: since I do not content myself with tea-table reading of your papers, but it is my entertainment very often, when alone, in my closet. To show you I am capable of improvement and hate flattery, I acknowledge I do not like some of your papers; but even there I am readier to call in question my own shallow understanding than Mr. Spectator's profound judgment.

This last letter is written with so urgent and serious an air, that I cannot but think it incumbent upon me to show you I am capable of improvement more than Mr. Spectator's profound judgment. I am, sir, your already (and in hopes of being more your) obliged servant,

PARTHENIA.

See No 92.

Miss Shephard, a sister of Mrs. Perry. See Nos. 92. and 103.

either in the mouth of or antique words, or some thing else which was highly vicious, though perhaps call point, or turn, look upon it as the particular happiness to which Cowley, and others, owe their reputation, and therefore imitate them only in such instances. What is just, proper, and natural, does not seem to be the question with them, but by what means a quaint antithesis may be brought about, how one word may be made to look two ways, and what will be the consequence of a forced allusion. Now though such artificers appear to me to resemble those who make themselves fine, instead of being well-dressed, or graceful; yet the mischief is, that these beauties in them, which I call bluish, are thought to proceed from luxuriance of fancy, and overflowing of good sense. In one word, they have the character of being too witty; but if you would acquaint the world they are not witty at all, you would, among many others, oblige,

Your most benevolent reader,

R. O.

SIR,

I am a young woman, and reckoned pretty; therefore you will pardon me that I trouble you to decide a wager between me and a cousin of mine, who is always contradicting me because he understands Latin: pray, sir, is Dimple spelt with a single or a double P?

I am, sir,

Your very humble servant,

BETTY SAWYER.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I must needs tell you there are several of your papers I do not much like. You are often so nice there is no enduring you, and so learned there is no understanding you. What have you to do with our petticoats?

Your humble servant,

PARTHENORE.

MR. SPECTATOR,

Last night as I was walking in the Park, I met a couple of friends. "Pray, Jack," says one of them, "let us go drink a glass of wine, for I am fit for nothing else." This put me upon reflecting on the many misadventures which happen in conversations over wine, when men go to the bottle to remove such humours as it only sits up and awakes. This I could not attribute more to any thing than to the humour of putting company upon others which men do not like themselves. Pray, sir, declare in your papers, that he who is a troublesome companion to himself, will not be an agreeable one to others. Let people impose themselves into good humour, before they impose themselves upon their friends. Pray, sir, be as eloquent as you can upon this subject, and do human life so much good, as to argue powerfully, that it is not every one that can swallow who is fit to drink a glass of wine.

Your most humble servant.



turn, not that it could give any new sense of joy to me, but as I hoped it would bless you with its cheerful face, after a quiet which I wished you last night. If my prayers are heard, the day appeared with all the influence of a merciful Creator upon your person and actions. Let others, my lovely charmer, talk of a blind being that disposes their hearts, I condemn their low images of love. I have not a thought which relates to you, that I cannot with confidence beseech the All-seeing Power to bless me in. May He direct you in all your steps, and reward your innocence, your sanctity of manners, your prudent youth, and becoming piety, with the continuance of his grace and protection. This is an unusual language to ladies; but you have a mind elevated above the giddy notions of a sex ensnared by flattery, and misled by a false and short adoration into a solid and long contempt. Beauty, my fairest creature, palls soul is as dear to me as my own; and if the advantages of a liberal education, some knowledge and as much contempt of the world, joined with religion, can qualify me to raise new ideas in a breast so well disposed as yours is, our days will pass away with joy; and old age, instead of introducing melancholy prospects of decay, give us hope of eternal youth in a better life. I have but few minutes from the duty of my employment to write in, and without time to read over what I have writ, therefore beseech you to pardon the first hints of my mind, which I have expressed in so little order.

do not strike at the root of the greatest evil in life, which is the false notion of gallantry in love. It is, and has long been, upon a very ill foot; but I who have been a wife forty years, and was bred in a way that has made me ever since very happy, see through the folly of it. In a word, sir, when I was a young woman, all who avoided the vices of the age were very carefully educated, and all fantastical objects were turned out of our sight. The tapestry-hangings, with the great and venerable simplicity of the scripture stories, had better effects than now the loves of Venus and Adonis, or Bacchus and Ariadne, in your fine pressed prints. The gentleman I am married to, made love to me in rapture, but it was the rapture of a christian and a man of honour, not a romantic hero or a whining coxcomb. This put our life upon a right basis. To give you an idea of our regard one to another, I inclose to you several of his letters, written forty years ago, when my lover, and one writ the other day, after so many years cohabitation.

Your servant,  
'ANDRONACHE.

"MADAM,  
"If my vigilance, and ten thousand wishes for your welfare and repose, could have any force,

August 7, 1671.

\* Italic's poem.

'The two next were written after the day for our marriage was fixed.

"MADAM,

September 23, 1771.

"It is the hardest thing in the world to be in love, and yet attend business. As for me, all that I speak to me had my eye, and I must leave myself up, or other people will do it for me. A gentleman asked me the morning, 'What news from your father?' I answered, 'So he is exactly as usual.' Another desired to know what I had been last at Windsor? I replied, 'His designs to go with me.' 'I replied, 'I am not at all to be depended on.' 'I replied, 'I am not at all to be depended on.' 'I replied, 'I am not at all to be depended on.'

"I am ever yours,

September 23, 1771, written

in the morning.

"MADAM, I am not at all to be depended on."

"I am ever yours,

September 23, 1771, written

in the morning.

"MADAM, I am not at all to be depended on."

"I am ever yours,

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"MADAM, I am not at all to be depended on."

"I am ever yours,

September 23, 1771, written

in the morning.

"MADAM, I am not at all to be depended on."

"I am ever yours,

September 23, 1771, written

request for you had having been very much pre-

ferred in my thoughts on the subject of my last

made me determined to respond speaking of it. I

I came to my bed. Had my lovely creature, know it

is not in the power of age, or misfortune, or any

other accident which hangs over human life, to

take from me the dearest creature I have for you,

or the memory of the bright figure you appeared

in, when you gave your hand and heart to me.

"MADAM,

"Your most affectionate husband,

"and obedient servant."

STILES.

N<sup>o</sup> 112. THURSDAY, AUGUST 14, 1771.

How can I write and not feel

MARY KYLE, Dec. 16

The promise is not to deny but to be well.

It is an unreasonable thing some men expect of

their acquiescence. They are very complaining

that they are out of order, or distressed, or they

know not how, and are so far from telling that do

a reason for refusing to take any more, that they

make it their argument for coming into company,

that has any body in it with accounts of a man's

being indisposed but his physician? If a man be

in company, where the rest are in business

to say it is better, he should not take it

into his head to pretend to prevent him with a

pointing of hands or pointed look, by way of ad-

monition that he is to be. That part of the

which we ordinarily understand by the word con-

versation, is an indifference to the whole part of

downright sick or indisposed, or but a very little better than she was, and so forth.

It is certain, that to enjoy life and health as constant fears, we should not think pleasure necessary, but, if possible, to arrive at an equality of mind. It is as mean to be overjoyed upon occasions of good fortune, as to be dejected in circumstances of distress. Laughter in one condition, is as unmanly as weeping in the other. We should not form our minds to expect transport on every occasion, but know how to make it enjoyment to be out of pain. Ambition, envy, arrogant desire, or impertinent mirth, will take up our minds, without we can possess ourselves in that sobriety of heart which is above all pleasures, and can be felt much better than described. But the ready way, I believe, to the right enjoyment of life, is by a prospect towards another, to have but a very mean opinion of it. A great author of our time, has set this in an excellent light, when with a philosophical pity of human life he spoke of it in his 'Theory of the Earth,' in the following manner: 'For what is this life but a circulation of little, mean actions? We lie down and rise again, dress and undress, feed and wax hungry, work or play, and we are for the time as arrant brutes as the circle returns. We spend the day in trifles, and when the night comes we throw ourselves into the bed of folly, amongst dreams, and broken thoughts, and wild imaginations. Our reason lies asleep by us, and we are for the time as arrant brutes as those that sleep in the stalls, or in the field. Are not the capacities of man bigger than these? And ought not his ambition and expectations to be greater? Let us be adventurers for another world. It is at least a fair and noble chance; and there is nothing in this worth our thoughts or our passions. If we should be disappointed, we are still no worse than the rest of our fellow-mortals; and if we succeed in our expectations, we are eternally happy.'

STEELE.

No. 144: WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 15, 1711.

*Novis quam clagus formam Spectator sitis.*  
Ter. Eun. act. iii. sc. 5.

You shall see how nice a judge of beauty I am.

BEAUVY has been the delight and torment of the world ever since it began. The philosophers have felt its influence so sensibly, that almost every one of them has left us some saying or other, which estimated that he too well knew the power of it. One has told us, that a graceful person is a more powerful recommendation than the best letter that can be writ in your favour. Another desires the possessor of it to consider it as a mere gift of nature, and not any perfection of his own. A third calls it a 'short-lived tyranny; a fourth a 'situation of fraud, because it imposes upon us without the help of language; but I think Carnades spoke as much like a philosopher as any of them, though more like a lover, when he calls it 'royalty without force.' It is not indeed to be denied, but there is something irresistible in a beautiful form; the most severe will not pretend, that they do not feel an immediate prepossession in favour of the handsome. No one denies them the privilege of being first heard, and being regarded before others in matters of ordinary consideration. At the same

\* Dr. Burnet, master of the Charter-house. See No 146.  
+ Aristotle. § Plato. § Socrates. § Theophrastus.

man life. Fortune will give us disappointments enough, and nature is attended with infirmities enough, without our adding to the unhappy side of our account by our spleen or ill-humour. Poor Collins\*, among so many real evils, a chronic distemper and a narrow fortune, is never heard to complain. That equal spirit of his, which any man may have, that, like him, will conquer pride, vanity, and affection, and follow nature, is not to be broken, because it has no points to contend for. To be anxious for nothing but what nature demands as necessary, if it is not the way to an estate, is the way to what men aim at by getting an estate. This temper will preserve health in the body, as well as tranquillity in the mind. Collins sees the world in an hurry, with the same scorn that a sober person sees a man drunk. And he been contented with what he ought to have been, how could, says he, such a one have met with such a disappointment? If another had valued his mistress for what he ought to have loved her, he had not been in her power. If her virtue had had a part of his passion, her levity had been his cure; she could not then have been false and amiable at the same time.

Since we cannot promise ourselves constant health, let us endeavour at such a temper as may be our best support in the decay of it. Uranus† has arrived at that composure of soul, and wrought himself up to such a neglect of every thing which the generalty of mankind is enebanded, that nothing but acute pains can give him disturbance, and against those too he will tell his intimate friends he has a secret which gives him present ease. Uranus is so thoroughly persuaded of another life, and endavours so sincerely to secure an interest provided for than in his present apartment. Instead of the melancholy views which others are apt to give themselves, he will tell you that he has forgot he is mortal, nor will he think of himself as such. He thinks at the time of his birth he entered into an eternal being; and the short article of death he will not allow an interruption of life; since that moment is not of half the duration as his ordinary sleep. Thus is his being one uniform and consistent series of cheerful diversions and moderate cares, without fear or hope of fertility. Health to him is more than pleasure to another man, and sickness less affecting to him than indisposition is to others.

I must confess, if one does not regard life after this manner, none but idiots can pass it away with any tolerable patience. Take a fine lady who is of a delicate frame, and you may observe, from the hour she rises, a certain weariness of all that passes about her. I know more than one who is much too nice to be quite alive. They are sick of such strange frightful people that they meet; one is so awkward, and another so disagreeable, that it looks like a penance to breathe the same air with them. You see this is so very true, that a great part of turns upon their uneasiness; and I will undertake, if the how-dye servants of our women were to make a weekly bill of sickness, as the parish-clerks do of mortality, you would not find, in an account of seven days, one in thirty that was not

\* Probably Mr. Hen. Martyn, who resided at Blackheath, and of whom some account will be found in Ward's Lives of the Gresham Professors. See Nos. 181 and 355.  
† Supposed to be Mr. Hughes.





"The well-reading of the Communist-Party is of no great importance, and no much neglected, that I take the liberty to offer to your consideration more particularly on that subject. And in that sense in early

17. The following are the names of the persons who have been identified as having been in contact with the subject during the period of the investigation:

N-147. SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1911.

2

[illegible][illegible]











to repair to the place mentioned in the postscript \*  
 directed into a spacious room well lighted, where  
 lady laughing next the window to the street; you  
 may take her out, for she loves you as well as  
 she does any man, though she never saw you be-  
 fore. She never thought in her life, any more than  
 yourself. She will not be surprised when you  
 hasten from a place where you are laughed at, to  
 one where you will be admired. You are of no  
 consequence, therefore go where you will be wel-  
 come for being so.

Your humble servant,

SIR,

The ladies whom you visit, think a wise man the  
 most impertinent creature living, therefore you  
 cannot be offended that they are displeased with  
 you. Why will you take pains to appear wise,  
 where you would not be the more esteemed for  
 being really so? Come to us; forget the sisters;  
 and let your inclination go along with you whether  
 you speak or are silent; and let all such women as  
 are in a clan or sisterhood go their own way; there  
 is no room for you in that company who are of  
 the common taste of the sex.

For women (born to be controlled)  
 Stoop to the forward and the bold;  
 Affect the haughty and the proud;  
 The gay, the frolic, and the loud;

STEEL.

NO 149. TUESDAY, AUGUST 21, 1711.

*Cut in manu sit quem esse dementem celi,  
 Quem sapere, quem sanari, quem in morbum incidit,  
 Quam contra unam, quem accersit, quem caput.*  
 CECIL. apud TULL.

The following letter, and my answer, shall take up  
 the present speculation.

SIR, SPECTATOR,  
 I AM the young widow of a country gentleman,  
 who has left me entire mistress of a large fortune,  
 which he agreed to as an equivalent for the differ-  
 ence in our years. In these circumstances it is not  
 extraordinary to have a crowd of admirers; which  
 I have abridged in my own thoughts, and reduced  
 to a couple of candidates only, both young, and  
 neither of them disagreeable in their persons: ac-  
 cording to the common way of computing, in the  
 estate more than deserves my fortune, in the  
 other my fortune more than deserves the estate.  
 When I consider the first, I own I am so far a  
 woman I cannot avoid being delighted with the  
 thoughts of living great; but then she seems to re-  
 ceive such a degree of courage from the know-  
 ledge of what he has, he looks as if he was going  
 to coaster an obligation on me; and the readiness  
 he accosts me with, makes me jealous I am only  
 hearing a repetition of the same things he has said  
 to a hundred women before. When I consider  
 the other, I see myself approached with so much

\* No postscript was printed with this letter; it may,  
 therefore, be supposed to have contained matter merely of  
 a private nature or personal application.  
 + Waller, on Love.

modesty and respect, and such a doubt of himself,  
 as betrays, methinks, an affection within, and a  
 belief at the same time that he himself would be  
 the only gainer by my consent. What an unex-  
 ceptionable husband could I make out of both!  
 but since that is impossible, I beg to be concluded  
 by your opinion. It is absolutely in your power  
 to dispose of,

Your most obedient servant,

SYLVIA.

MADAM,

You do me great honour in your application to  
 me on this important occasion; I shall therefore  
 talk to you with the tenderness of a father, in gra-  
 titude for your giving me the authority of one.  
 You do not seem to make any great distinction  
 between these gentlemen as to their persons; the  
 whole question lies upon their circumstances and  
 behaviour. If the one is less respectful because  
 he is rich, and the other more obsequious because  
 he is not so, they are in that point moved by the  
 same principle, the consideration of fortune; and  
 you must place them in such other circumstances  
 before you can judge of their inclination. To  
 avoid confusion in discussing this point, I will call  
 the richer man Stephon, and the other Florio.  
 If you believe Florio with Stephon's estate would  
 behave himself as he does now, Florio is cer-  
 tainly your man; but if you think Stephon, were  
 he in Florio's condition, would be as obsequious  
 as Florio is now, you ought for your own sake to  
 choose Stephon; for where the men are equal,  
 there is no doubt riches ought to be a reason for  
 preference. After this manner, my dear child, I  
 would have you abstract them from their circum-  
 stances; for you are to take it for granted, that he  
 who is very humble only because he is poor, is the  
 very same man in nature, with him who is haughty  
 because he is rich.

When you have gone thus far, as to consider  
 the figure they make towards you; you will please,  
 my dear, next to consider the appearance you make  
 towards them. If they are men of discerning,  
 they can observe the motives of your heart; and  
 Florio can see when he is disregarded only upon  
 account of fortune, which makes you to him a  
 mercenary creature; and you are still the same  
 thing to Stephon, in taking him for his wealth  
 only: you are therefore to consider whether you  
 had rather oblige, than receive an obligation.

The marriage-life is always an insipid, a vex-  
 atious, or a happy condition. The first is, when  
 two people of no genius or taste, for themselves  
 meet together, upon such a settlement as has been  
 thought reasonable by parents and conveyancers  
 from an exact valuation of the land and cash of  
 both parties. In this case the young lady's person  
 is no more regarded, than the house and improve-  
 ments in purchase of an estate; but she goes with  
 her fortune, rather than her fortune will her.  
 These make up the crowd or vulgar of the rich,  
 and fill up the number of human race, or respect  
 benevolence towards those below them, or respect  
 towards those above them; and lead a deplorable,  
 independent, and useless life, without sense of the  
 joys of kindness, good-nature, mutual offices, and  
 the elegant satisfactions which flow from reason  
 and virtue.

Two people of quick  
 and reason, but in  
 which capricious  
 which the chief



other say, that a broad-brimmed hat, short hair, and unfolded handkerchief, were in his time absolutely necessary to denote a 'notable man'; and that he had known two or three, who aspired to the character of 'very notable; wear shoe-strings with great success.

To the honour of our present age it must be allowed, that some of our greatest geniuses for wit and business have almost entirely broke the neck of these absurdities.

Victor, after having dispatched the most important affairs of the commonwealth, has appeared at an assembly, where all the ladies have declared him the gentlest man in the company; and in Athens \*, though every way one of the greatest geniuses the age has produced, one sees nothing particular in his dress or carriage to denote his pretensions to wit and learning: so that at present a man may venture to cock up his hat, and wear a fashionable wig, without being taken for a rake or a fool.

The medium between a top and a sloven is what a man of sense would endeavour to keep: yet I remember Mr. Osborn advises his son to appear in his habit rather above than below his fortune; and tells him that he will find an handsome suit of clothes always procures some additional respect. I have, indeed, myself observed that my hanker ever bows lower to me when I wear my full-bottomed wig; and writes me 'Mr.' or 'Esq.' accordingly as he sees me dressed.

I shall conclude this paper with an adventure which I was myself an eye-witness of very lately. It happened the other day to call in at a celebrated coffee-house near the Temple. I had not been there long when there came in an elderly man very meanly dressed and sat down by me; he had a thread-bare loose coat on, which it was plain he wore to keep himself warm, and not to favour his under suit, which seemed to have been at least his contemporary; his short wig and hat were both answerable to the rest of his apparel. He was no sooner seated than he called for a dish of tea: but as several gentlemen in the room wanted other things, the boys of the house did not think themselves at leisure to mind him. I could observe at his being obliged to repeat his commands several times to no purpose; till at last one of the lads accompanied with some stale tea in a broken dish, so raised his indignation, that after several obliging appellations of dog and rascal, he asked him almost before the whole company, 'why he must be used with less respect than that for there?' pointing to a well-dressed young gentleman who was drinking tea at the opposite table. The boy of the house replied with a great deal of pertness, 'that his master had two sorts of customers, and that the gentleman at the other table had given him many a sixpence for wiping his shoes.' By this time the young Templar, who found his honour concurred in the dispute, and that the eyes of the whole coffee-house were upon him, had thrown aside a paper he had in his hand, and was coming towards us, while we at the table made what haste we could to get away from the impending quarrel, but were all of us surprised to see him as he approached nearer put on an air of de-

\* Perhaps Mr. Addison:

+ Advice to a son, by Francis Osborn, Esq. Part I. sec. 23. This book is less known than it deserves to be, notwithstanding the qualities of its style.

I know no one character that gives reason a greater shock, at the same time that it presents a good ridiculous image to the imagination, than that of a man of wit and pleasure about the town. This description of a man of fashion, spoken by some with a mixture of scorn and ridicule, by others with great gravity as a laudable distinction, is in every body's mouth that spends any time in conversation. My friend Will Honeycomb has this expression very frequently; and I never could understand by the story which follows, upon his mention of such a one, but that his man of wit and pleasure was either a drunkard too old for wenching, or a young lewd fellow with some ill inclinations, or he with your wit. According to his description, a man of wit, when he could have wenchings would be so extraneous as to bring servants, make false friendships, dignify relations: I say, according to him, plain and simple vice was too little for a man of wit and pleasure; but he would leave an easy, and accessible wickedness, to come at the same thing with only the addition of certain falsehood and possible murder. Will thinks the town grown very dull, in that we do not hear so much as we used to do of these ecocombs, (whom with rogues in nature, with relation to friendship, love, or conversation. When pleasure is made the chief pursuit of life, it will necessarily follow that such monsters as these will arise from a constant application to such blandishments as naturally root out the force of reason and reflection, and substitute in their place a general impotence of thought, and a constant privacy of inordinate desire.

Pleasure, when it is a man's chief purpose, disappoints itself; and the constant application to it pulls the faculty of enjoying it, though it leaves the sense of our inability for that we wish, with a distasteful of every thing else. Thus the intermediate seasons of the man of pleasure are more heavy than one would impose upon the wisest criminal. Take him when he is awaked too soon after a debauch, or disappointed in the following a man living whose being is such a weight or vexation as his is. He is an utter stranger to the pleasure and gladness of heart or quickness of spirit in the

Martina virtutes facere omnes necesse est voluptate do-

TUL. de Fin.

lected.

No 151. THURSDAY, AUGUST 23, 1711.

NOBILIS.

Though I by no means approve either the impudence of the servants, or the extravagance of the son, I cannot but think the old gentleman was in some measure justly served for walking in masquerade, I mean appearing in a dress so much beneath his quality and estate.

X.





[illegible]



us. I am apt to believe (begging your pardon) the reasons why I was forced to wench, drink, play, and do every thing which are necessary to the character of a man of wit and pleasure\*, to be well with the ladies.

'You are to know then that I was bred a gentleman, and had the finishing part of my education under a man of great probity, wit, and learning, in one of our universities. I will not deny but this made my behaviour and mien bear in it a li-gare of thought rather than action; and a man of a quite contrary character, who never thought in his life, rallied me one day upon it; and said, "he believed I was still a virgin." There was a young lady of virtue present, and I was not displeased to favour the insinuation; but it had a quite contrary effect from what I expected. I was eternally treated with great coldness, both by that lady and all the rest of my acquaintance. In a very little time I never came into a room but I could hear a whisper, "Here comes the maid." A girl of humour would on some occasion say, "Why, how do you know more than any of us?" An expression of that kind was generally followed by a loud laugh. In a word, for no other fault in the world than that they really thought me as innocent as themselves, I became of no consequence among them, and was received always upon the foot of a jest. This made so strong an impression upon me, that I resolved to be as agreeable as the best of the men who laughed at me; but I observed it was nonsense for me to be impudent at first among those who knew me. My character for modesty was so notorious wherever I had hitherto appeared, that I resolved to show my new face in new quarters of the world. My first step I chose with judgment; for I went to Astrop†, and came down among a crowd of academics, at one dash, the impudentest fellow they had ever seen in their lives. Pushed with this success, I made love and was happy. Upon this conquest I thought it would be unlike a gentleman to stay long with my mistress, and crossed the country to Bury‡. I could give you a very good account of myself at that place also. At these two ended my first summer of gallantry. The winter following, you would wonder at it, but I relapsed into modesty upon coming among people of figure in London, yet not so much but that the ladies who had formerly laughed at me, said, "Bless us! how wonderfully that gentleman is improved!" Some familiarities about the play-houses towards the end of the ensuing winter, made me conceive new hopes of adventures. And instead of returning the next summer to Astrop or Bury, I thought myself qualified to go to Ipsom, and followed a young woman, whose relations were jealous of my place in her favour, to Scarborough. I carried my point, and in my third year aspired to go to Tunbridge, and in the autumn of the same year made my appearance at Bath. I was now got into the way of talk proper for ladies, and was run into a vast acquaintance among them, which I always improved to the best advantage.

'What I intend, Mr. Spectator, by writing all this to you, is that you would, before you go any further with your panegyrics on the fair sex, give them some lectures upon their silly approbations. It is that I am weary of vice, and that it was not my natural way, that I am now so far recovered as not to bring this believing dear creature to contempt and poverty for her generosity to me. At the same time, tell the youth of good education of our sex, that they take too little care of improving themselves in little things. A good air at entering into a room, a proper audacity, in expressing him-self with gaiety and gracefulness, would make a young gentleman of virtue and sense capable of discovering the shallow impudent rogues that shine among the women.

Mr. Spectator, I do not doubt but you are a very sagacious person, but you are so great, with a tully of late, that I fear you will condemn these things as matters of no consequence: but believe me, I am apt to believe (begging your pardon) the reasons why I was forced to wench, drink, play, and do every thing which are necessary to the character of a man of wit and pleasure\*, to be well with the ladies.

\* See No 151.  
† Astrop-wells, in the parish of King's Sutton, in Oxfordshire.  
‡ Bury-fair: a place at that time, and long before, resorted to by persons of fashion and pleasure. It gives the title to one of Shadwell's comedies, of which the scene is laid there.

and, first, they are of the highest importance to be-  
come wise and if you can do anything towards  
opposing false eyes, you will lay an obligation upon  
all your contemporaries who are false eye husbands,  
or husbands to females.

,KOCATON HUKU ,  
 'JNU LBS O'QUHTE HUKU LBS ,

DATE \_\_\_\_\_



U.S. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE

—The more we know

— 100 —

These things, which have been discussed and settled,

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED

**Figure 6**

at license taken in accordance with applicable laws.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

...allied together in the same great camp.

have, upon making observations of this sort, in

1919-1920

holle way of life. They are all, to a certain

— 200 —

unstable liberty which is taken in their process

ՀԱՅԿԱՅԻՆ ԴԵՄՈՔՐԱՏԻԿԱՆ ԴՐՈՒՄՆԵՐԻ ՄԱՍԻՆ

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FOR REPLY TO:

1990年12月10日

we also have collected a good deal of material

התורה והנבואה

1990-1991

That I am now old, I learned in my bar, and

... ..

2017年12月31日 星期三

...starting just in my face, ready to interpret my

[illegible]

micro to emit my cry, place my hands, or a hat

1. *Chlorophyll* 2. *Carotene* 3. *Xanthophyll* 4. *Lutein* 5. *Phycocyanin* 6. *Peridinin* 7. *Algae* 8. *Plankton* 9. *Phytoplankton* 10. *Phaeocystis* 11. *Phaeodactylum* 12. *Phaeobryopsis* 13. *Phaeocystis* 14. *Phaeodactylum* 15. *Phaeobryopsis* 16. *Phaeocystis* 17. *Phaeodactylum* 18. *Phaeobryopsis* 19. *Phaeocystis* 20. *Phaeodactylum* 21. *Phaeobryopsis* 22. *Phaeocystis* 23. *Phaeodactylum* 24. *Phaeobryopsis* 25. *Phaeocystis* 26. *Phaeodactylum* 27. *Phaeobryopsis* 28. *Phaeocystis* 29. *Phaeodactylum* 30. *Phaeobryopsis* 31. *Phaeocystis* 32. *Phaeodactylum* 33. *Phaeobryopsis* 34. *Phaeocystis* 35. *Phaeodactylum* 36. *Phaeobryopsis* 37. *Phaeocystis* 38. *Phaeodactylum* 39. *Phaeobryopsis* 40. *Phaeocystis* 41. *Phaeodactylum* 42. *Phaeobryopsis* 43. *Phaeocystis* 44. *Phaeodactylum* 45. *Phaeobryopsis* 46. *Phaeocystis* 47. *Phaeodactylum* 48. *Phaeobryopsis* 49. *Phaeocystis* 50. *Phaeodactylum* 51. *Phaeobryopsis* 52. *Phaeocystis* 53. *Phaeodactylum* 54. *Phaeobryopsis* 55. *Phaeocystis* 56. *Phaeodactylum* 57. *Phaeobryopsis* 58. *Phaeocystis* 59. *Phaeodactylum* 60. *Phaeobryopsis* 61. *Phaeocystis* 62. *Phaeodactylum* 63. *Phaeobryopsis* 64. *Phaeocystis* 65. *Phaeodactylum* 66. *Phaeobryopsis* 67. *Phaeocystis* 68. *Phaeodactylum* 69. *Phaeobryopsis* 70. *Phaeocystis* 71. *Phaeodactylum* 72. *Phaeobryopsis* 73. *Phaeocystis* 74. *Phaeodactylum* 75. *Phaeobryopsis* 76. *Phaeocystis* 77. *Phaeodactylum* 78. *Phaeobryopsis* 79. *Phaeocystis* 80. *Phaeodactylum* 81. *Phaeobryopsis* 82. *Phaeocystis* 83. *Phaeodactylum* 84. *Phaeobryopsis* 85. *Phaeocystis* 86. *Phaeodactylum* 87. *Phaeobryopsis* 88. *Phaeocystis* 89. *Phaeodactylum* 90. *Phaeobryopsis* 91. *Phaeocystis* 92. *Phaeodactylum* 93. *Phaeobryopsis* 94. *Phaeocystis* 95. *Phaeodactylum* 96. *Phaeobryopsis* 97. *Phaeocystis* 98. *Phaeodactylum* 99. *Phaeobryopsis* 100. *Phaeocystis*

1. The first step is to identify the problem or question that needs to be answered. This involves understanding the context and the specific information required.

and Mr. Spectator, between gentlemen that is to

by the modest and yet keen public-spirited. The

১৯৭১ সালের ১৫ আগস্ট রাতে বাংলাদেশের স্বাধীনতা ঘোষণার পরেই  
 বাংলাদেশের স্বাধীনতা ঘোষণার পরেই

and cannot fly from it. I do more for you, sir,

॥ श्रीगणेशाय नमः ॥

॥ श्रीगणेशाय नमः ॥

॥ अथ श्रीगणेशोत्थानम् ॥

ॐ नमो भगवते वासुदेवाय ॥

It is possible that only the first copy

॥ १ ॥ ॐ नमो भगवते वासुदेवाय ॥

Curiosity having been my prevailing passion, and indeed the sole entertainment of my life, I have sometimes made it my business to examine the course of intrigues as well as the manners and accomplishments of such as have been most successful that way. In all my observation, I never knew a man of good understanding a general favourite; some singularity in his behaviour, some

whim in his way of life, and what would have made him ridiculous among the men, has recommended him to the other sex. I should be very sorry to offend a people so fortunate as these of whom I am speaking; but let any one look over the old beaux, and he will find the man of success was remarkable for quarrelling impertinently for their sakes, for dressing unlike the rest of the world, or passing his days in an insipid assiduity about the fair sex to gain the figure he made amongst them. Add to this that he must have the reputation of being well with other women, to please any one woman of gallantry; for you are to know, that there is a mighty ambition among the light part of the sex to gain slaves from the domination of others. My friend Will Honeycomb says, it was a common bite \* with him, to lay suspicions that he was favoured by a lady's enemy, that is, some rival beauty, to be well with herself. A little spite is natural to a great beauty; and it is ordinary to snap up a disagreeable fellow just as other should have him. That impudent toad Bae-faces well among all the ladies he converses with, has the skill to keep them from explanation with one another. Did they know there is not one who likes him in her heart, each would declare her scorn of him the next moment; but he is well received by them because it is the fashion, and opposition to each other. What adds to him the greatest grace is, that the pleasant thief, as they call him, is the most inconstant creature living, has a wonderful deal of wit and humour, and never wants something to say; besides all which, he has a most spiteful dangerous tongue if you should provoke him.

To make a woman's man, he must not be a man of sense, or a fool; the business is to entertain, and it is much better to have a faculty of arguing, than a capacity of judging right. But the pleasantest of all the women's equipages are your regular visitants: these are volunteers in their service, without hopes of pay or preferment. It is enough that they can lead out from a public place, that they are admitted on a public day, and can be allowed to pass away part of that heavy load, their time, in the company of the fair. But command me above all others to, those who are known for your ruinners of ladies; these are the choicest spirits which our age produces. We have several of these irresistible gentlemen among us when the company is in town. These fellows are accomplished with the knowledge of the ordinary occurrences about court and town, have that sort of good-freeding which is exclusive of all morality, and consists only in being publicly decent, privately dissolute.

It is wonderful how far a fond opinion of herself can carry a woman, to make her have the least regard to a professed known woman's man; but as scarce one of all the women who are in the town of

naturally more helpful than the other sex; and a man of honour and sense should have this in his view in all manner of commerce with her. Were this well weighed, inconsideration, rivalry, and nonsense, would not be more natural to entertain women with than men; and it would be as much impertinence to go into a shop of one of these young women without buying, as into that of any other trader. I shall end this speculation with a letter I have received from a pretty milliner in the city.

\* MR. SPECTATOR,

I have read your account of beauties\*, and was not a little surprised to find no character of myself in it. I do assure you I have little else to do but to give audience as I am such. Here are merchants, of no small consideration, who call in as certainly as they go to 'Change, to say something of my roguish eye. And here is one who makes me once or twice a week tumble over all my goods, and then owns it was only a gallantry to see me act with these pretty hands; then lays out three-pence in a little ribband for his wristbands, and thinks he is a man of great vivacity. There is an ugly thing not far off me, whose shop is frequented only by people of business, that is all day long as busy as possible. Must I that am a beauty be treated with for nothing but my beauty? Be pleased to assign rates for my kind graces, or make all pay who come to see me, or I shall be undone by my admirers for want of customers. Alas! we are, if they were in our condition; therefore pray consider the distress of us the lower order of beauties, and I shall be

Your obliged humble servant,

J.

No 156. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 29, 1711.

*Sed tu simul obligasti,*

*Perfidium tollis caput, cunctis*

*Pulchritudo nullo*

HOR. OD. VI. 1. 2. ver. 5.

—But thou

Since perjur'd, dost more charming grow.

DUKE.

I do not think any thing could make a pleasanter entertainment, than the history of the reigning favourites among the women from time to time about this town. In such an account we ought to have a faithful confession of each lady for what she liked such and such a man, and he ought to tell us by what particular action or dress he believed he should be most successful. As for my part, I have always made as easy a judgment when a man addresses for the ladies, as when he is equipped for hunting or coursing. The woman's man is a person in his air and behaviour quite different from the rest of our species. His garb is more loose and negligent, his manner more soft and indolent; that is to say, in both these cases there is an apparent endeavour to appear unconcerned and careless. In catching birds the fowlers have a method of imitating their voices, to bring them to the snare; and your women's men have always a similitude of the creature they hope to betray, in their own conversation. A woman's man is very knowing in all that passes from one family to another, has little pretty officiousnesses, is not at a loss what is









[illegible]

"I have been often told that the rock before me was the haunt of a Genius; and that secret had been entertained with music who had passed by it, but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts by those transporting airs which he played, to taste the pleasures of his conversation, as I looked upon him like an angel, he became to me, and by the waving of his hand directed me to approach the place where he sat. I drew near with that reverence which is due to a superior nature; and as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down in his feet and wept. The genius smiled upon me with a look of joy and compassion, and then calmly directed him to my admiration, and to one which reflected all the tears and aspirations with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and taking me by the hand, "Altera," said he, "I have heard thee in thy solitudes; follow me." He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and placing me on the top of it, "Can thy eyes extend," said he, "and tell me what thou seest?"—"I see," said he, "a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it."—"The valley that thou seest," said he, "is the Vale of Alby, and the tide of water that thou seest is part of the great tide of humanity."—"What is the cause of that tide?"—"The tide is set not on a rock, but on one end, and again flows itself in a thick mist at the other?"—"What thou seest," said he, "is that portion of eternity which is called time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation. Examine now," said he, "this sea that is bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it."—"I see a bridge," said I, "standing in the midst of the tide."—"The bridge thou seest," said he, "is humanity; consider it attentively." Upon a more extensive survey of it, I found that it consisted of three score and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which, added to those that were entire, made up the number about an hundred. As I was counting the arches, the Genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches; but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruins of a thousand. I now beheld it. "But tell me further," said he, "what thou discoverest on it."—"I see multitudes of people passing over it," said I, "and a black cloud hanging on each end of it." As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge into the great tide that rushed beneath it; and upon further examination, I perceived there were innumerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner arrived upon, but they fell through them into the sea, and immediately disappeared. These hidden pitfalls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that thousands of people no sooner broke through the cloud, but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the end of the arches that were entire. There were indeed some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobnobbing march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk.



*distortion, grimace, and outward figure, but no-thing of that divine impulse which raises the mind above itself, and makes the sounds more than hu-man.*

There is another kind of great geniuses which I shall place in a second class, not as I think them inferior to the first, but only for distinction's sake. They are of a different kind. This second class of great geniuses are those that have formed them-selves by rules, and submitted the greatness of their natural talents to the corrections and restraints of art. Such among the Greeks were Plato and Aristotle; among the Romans, Virgil and Tully; among the English, Milton and Sir Francis Bacon.

The genius in both these classes of authors may be equally great, but shows itself after a different manner. In the first, it is like a rich soil in a happy climate, that produces a whole wilderness of noble plants rising in a thousand beautiful landscapes, without any certain order or regularity. In the other, it is the same rich soil under the same happy climate, that has been laid out in walks and par-terres, and cut into shape and beauty by the skill of the gardener.

The great danger in these latter kind of geniuses, is, lest they cram their own abilities too much by imitation, and form themselves altogether upon models, without giving the full play to their own natural parts. An imitation of the best au-thors is not to compare with a good original; and I believe we may observe, that very few writers make an extraordinary figure in the world, who have not something in their way of thinking or ex-pressing themselves, that is peculiar to them, and entirely their own.

'It is odd to consider what great geniuses are sometimes thrown away upon titles. I once saw a shepherd, says a famous Italian author, who used to divert himself in his solitudes with tossing up eggs, and catching them again with-out breaking them: in which he had arrived to so great a degree of perfection, that he would keep up four at a time for several minutes together play-ing in the air, and falling into his hand by turns. I think, says the author, I never saw a greater fullness than in this man's face; for by his wonder-ful perseverance and application, he had contracted the seriousness and gravity of a privy-counsellor; and I could not but reflect with myself, that the same assiduity and attention, had they been rightly ap-plied, might have made him a greater mathemati-cian than Archimedes.'

ANDISON.

NO 161. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1711.

*Ipse dies agitat festos: fustusque per herbarum,  
ignis ubi in medio et socii cratera coronant,  
De libano, Lenææ, vocat: pccorisque magistris  
Voles juveni certamina poni in ulmo.  
Corporaque agrestis nudat prædura palæstra.  
Hanc olim ceteris vilam coluere Sabini,  
Hanc Remus et fratres, ac fortis Euryia crevit,  
Scilicet et verum sacra est pulcherrima Roma.*  
VIRG. Georg. ll. ver. 527.

Himself, in rustic pomp, on holy-days,  
To rural powers a just oblation pays;  
And on the green his careless limbs displays;  
The hearth is in the midst, the hearthsmen, round  
The cheerful fire, provoke his health in goblets crown'd.  
He calls on Bacchus, and propounds the prize,  
The groom his fellow-groom at huts debases,  
And bends his bow, and levels with his eyes:  
Or scrapt for wrestling, smears his limbs with oil,  
And watches with a trip his foe to foil.

I am glad that my late going into the country has increased the number of my correspondents, one of whom sends me the following letter:

*Such was the life the frugal Sabines led;  
So Remus and his brother god were bred:  
From whom the austere Roman virtue rose;  
And this rude life our homely fathers chose;  
Old Rome from such a race deriv'd her birth,  
The seat of empire, and the conquer'd earth.*  
DRYDEN.

'Though you are pleased to retire from us so soon into the city, I hope you will not think the affairs of the country altogether unworthy of your inspection for the future. I had the honour of seeing your short face at Sir Roger de Coverley's, and have ever since thought your person and writings both extraordinary. Had you staid there a few days longer, you would have seen a country wake, which you know in most parts of England is the eve-feast of the dedication of our churches. I was last week at one of these assemblies, which was held in a neighbouring parish; where I found their Green covered with a promiscuous multitude of all ages and both sexes, who esteem one another more or less the following part of the year, according as they distinguish themselves at this time. The whole company were in their holiday clothes, and divided into several parties, all of them endeavouring to show themselves in those exercises wherein they excelled, and to gain the approbation of the lookers-on.

I found a ring of cudgel-players, who were breaking one another's heads, in order to make some impression on their mistresses' hearts. I observed a lusty young fellow, who had the misfortune of a broken pate; but what considerably added to the anguish of the wound was, his overhearing an old man, who shook his head and said, "That he questioned now if Black Kate would marry him these three years." I was diverted from a further observation of these combatants by a football match, which was on the other side of the Green: where Tom Short behaved himself so well, that most people seemed to agree, "it was impossible that he should remain a bachelor until the next wake." Having played many a match myself, I could have looked longer on this sport, had I not observed a country girl, who was posted on an eminence at some distance from me, and was making so many odd grimaces, and writhing and distorting her whole body in so strange a manner, as made me very desirous to know the meaning of it. Upon my coming up to her, I found that she was overlooking a ring of wrestlers, and that her sweetheart, a person of small stature, was contending with a huge brawny fellow, who twisted him about, and shook the little man so violently, that, by a secret sympathy of hearts, it produced all those agitations in the person of his mistress, who, I dare say, like Cælia in Shakspeare, on the same occasion, could have wished herself "invisible to catch the strong fellow by the leg." The squite of the parish treats the whole company every year with a hog'shead of ale; and proposes a bet, ver hat as a recompense to him who gives most falls. This has raised such a spirit of emulation in the youth of the place, that some of them have rendered themselves very expert at this exercise, and I was often surprised to see a fellow's heels fly up, by a trip which was given him so smartly that I could scarce discern it. I found that the old

"I told me that some persons were likely to  
 be so taken with the story, that they would  
 follow for Black Kate.  
 I was the more pleased with having made  
 the pretifal and design of them meeting, as  
 it seems to be most agreeable to the future  
 which they were all unwilling, as we are in-  
 formed by the learned Mr. Bence, with a  
 sort of ill concealed my present paper.  
 The ancient, young, or boy friends, and a  
 boy, in an epistle to Misses the Abbess, and  
 that they should be kept in beds as nurses made  
 up with bread and butter of them round the  
 church."  
 "To add," that this incredible custom of waking  
 prevailed for many ages, until the late parties  
 began to excite against it as a remnant of popery;  
 and by degrees the practice has almost  
 wholly sunk in order for the improvement of all  
 mankind but on Blood Land's complaining of the  
 invading humors, the King commanded the order  
 to be renewed."

N. 102. WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1711

[illegible][illegible]

I have been thinking of you very much lately, and wondering how you are getting on. I hope you are well and happy. I have been very busy lately, but I have managed to find some time to write to you. I have been thinking of you very much lately, and wondering how you are getting on. I hope you are well and happy. I have been very busy lately, but I have managed to find some time to write to you.

[illegible]

*Ille Tigellinus hoc: Casar, quicquid posset,  
si pateret per amicitiam patris, atque suam,*

[illegible]

\* In his 'Absalom and Achitophel' + This character was Buchanan.



ing her; and by the advantages of a good person along regarded this alliance rather as a marriage of convenience than of love. Constantia had now no relief but in her devotions and exercises of religion, to which her afflictions had so entirely subverted her mind, that after some years had abated the violence of her sorrows, and settled her thoughts in a kind of tranquillity, she resolved to pass the remainder of her days in a convent. Her father was not displeased with a resolution which would save money in his family, and readily complied with his daughter's intentions. Accordingly in the twenty-fifth year of her age, while her beauty was yet in all its height and bloom, he carried her to a neighbouring city, in order to look out a sister-in-law for her, and placed her among those who were very much renowned for their piety and example; and as it is usual in the Romish church for those who are under any great affliction, or trouble of mind, to apply themselves to the most eminent confessors for pardon and consolation, our beautiful votary took the opportunity of confessing herself to this celebrated father.

We must now return to Theodosius, who the very morning that the above-mentioned inquiries had been made after him, arrived at a religious house in the city where now Constantia resided; and desiring that secrecy and concealment of the fathers of the convent, which is very usual upon any extraordinary occasion, he made himself one of the order, with a private vow never to inquire after Constantia; whom he looked upon as given away to his rival upon the day on which, according to common fame, their marriage was to have been solemnized. Having in his youth made a good progress in learning, that he might dedicate himself more entirely to religion, he entered into holy orders, and in a few years became renowned for his sanctity of life, and those pious sentiments which he inspired into all who conversed with him. It was this holy man to whom Constantia had determined to apply herself in confession, though neither she nor any other, besides the prior of the convent, knew any thing of his name or family. The gay, the amiable Theodosius, had now taken upon him the name of Father Francis, and was so far concealed in a long beard, a shaven head, and a religious habit, that it was impossible to discover the man of the world in the venerable countenance.

As he was one morning shirt up in his confessional, Constantia kneeling by him opened the state of her soul to him; and after having given him the history of a life full of innocence, she burst out into tears, and entered upon that part of her story in which he himself had so great a share. 'Ally me tears, and I fear been the death of a man who had no other fault but that of loving me too much. Heaven only knows how dear he was to me whilst he lived, and how bitter the remembrance of him has been to me since his death.' She here paused, and lifted up her eyes that streamed with tears towards the father; who was so moved with the sense of her sorrows, that he could only command his voice, which was broke with sighs and sobbings, so far as to bid her proceed. She followed his directions, and in a flood of tears poured out her heart before him. The father could not forbear weeping aloud, inasmuch that in the agonies of his grief the seat shook under him: and Theodosius, and likely to keep a considerable portion in his family, was not very much concerned at the obstinate refusal of his daughter; and did not find it very difficult to excuse himself upon that

'The thought of my Constantia, which for some years has been my only happiness, is now become a greater torment to me than I am able to bear. Alas! I then live to see you another? The streams, the fields, and meadows, where we have so often talked together, grow painful to me; life itself is become a burden. May you long be happy in the world, but forget that there was ever such a man in it as

'THEODOSIUS.'

This letter was conveyed to Constantia that very evening, who fainted at the reading of it; and the next morning she was much more alarmed by two or three messengers, that came to her father's house one after another to inquire if they had heard any thing of Theodosius, who, it seems, had left his chamber about midnight, and could nowhere be found. The deep melancholy which had hung upon his mind some time before made them apprehend the worst that could befall him. Constantia, who knew that nothing but the report of her marriage could have driven him to such extremities, was not to be comforted. She now accused herself of having so tamely given an ear to the proposal of a husband, and looked upon the new lover as the murderer of Theodosius. In short, she resolved to suffer the utmost effects of her father's displeasure, rather than comply with a marriage which appeared to her so full of guilt and horror. The father seeing himself entirely rid of Theodosius, and likely to keep a considerable portion in his family, was not very much concerned at the obstinate refusal of his daughter; and did not find it very difficult to excuse himself upon that

wrote the following letter to Constantia:

'The thought of my Constantia, which for some years has been my only happiness, is now become a greater torment to me than I am able to bear. Alas! I then live to see you another? The streams, the fields, and meadows, where we have so often talked together, grow painful to me; life itself is become a burden. May you long be happy in the world, but forget that there was ever such a man in it as

condition to acquiesce him with that view of virt-

the proper allotment for her time, and the only

sacrifice she could make to the memory of Theo-

dora. The father, who by this time had pretty

well composed himself, burst out again in tears

upon hearing that name to which he had been so

long devoted, and upon receiving the intimation of

an unparalleled selfishness from one who he thought

had several years since given herself up to the pos-

session of another. Amidst the interruptions of his

sorrow, seeing his position overwhelmed with grief,

he was obliged to bid her return to him so

concocted—to tell her that her time was further

lost—that her guilt was great as he appro-

ved himself—that the blood did not better to be

afflicted above measure. After which he reco-

verted himself enough to give her the absolution in

form, directing her at the same time to repeat in

his name the prayer which he had taken, and give

her suitable exhortations for her behaviour to it.

Constance retired, and the next morning returned

her application. Theodosius, having examined her

and with proper observation and reflection, ex-

pressed himself on this occasion in the best manner

he could to maintain his position in the course of

life she was entering upon, and wear out of her

mind those groundless fears and apprehensions

which had taken possession of it; concluding with

condemning the adulterous when she should have

taken upon her the holy veil. The rest of our

respectable orders, says he, will not permit that

I should see you, but we may assure yourself not

only of having a place in my prayers, but of re-

ceiving frequent remembrance as I can convey

to you by letter. On an opportunity in the glo-

rious course you were undertaken, and you will

quickly find such a peace and satisfaction in your

mind, which it is not in the power of the world to

Constance's heart was so elevated with the dis-

of father Francis, that the very next day

entered upon her vow. As soon as the solen-

ities of her reception were over, she retired, as

it is usual, with the abbess into her own apart-

ment.

The abbess had been informed the night before

of all that had passed between her novice and

father Francis, from whom she now declined to

her the following letter.

As the first fruits of those joys and consolations

which you may expect from the life you are now

entering upon, I must acquaint you that Theodosius,

whose death will no longer grieve you, thought, by

will allow, and that the father, to whom you have

contracted yourself, is so good that Theodosius whom

you so much lament. The love which we have had

for one another will make us more happy in the

disappointment than it could have been in the suc-

cess. Providence has disposed of us for our ad-

vantage, though not according to our wishes.

Constance will no longer be a prey for one

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particular. After having wept with tears of joy,

like a conqueror, says she, Theodosius is still in po-

- The letters which the father must not afterwards

are yet extant in the monastery where she resided;

and are often read to the young religious in order

to inspire them with good resolutions and with

moments of virtue. It so happened, that after Con-

stance had lived about ten years in the cloister,

a violent fever broke out in the place, which swept

away great multitudes, and among others Theo-

dora. Upon this distressed he went his brother-in-

law to a very moving manner to Constance, who at

that time was betrothed so far good to the same fatal

distemper, that she lay delirious. Upon the morn-

ing which generally precedes death in sicknesses of

this nature, the abbess, doubting that the physicians

had given her over, told her that Theodosius was

just gone before her, and that he had kept his promise

of devotion to his last moments. Constance re-

ceived it with pleasure. 'A sad story,' says she, 'it

do not ask any thing improper, let me be permitted

by Theodosius. My vow reaches no further than

the grave. What I ask is, I hope, no violation of

conscience to her request.

'These words are all that I saw, with a short

Latin inscription over them to the following pur-

pose:

'Here lie the bodies of Father Francis and the

late Constance. They were lately in the cloister,

and in their deaths they were not divided.'

ADMONITION.

No 165. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1771.

At the request of

the church of St. James, London

Constance's heart was so elevated with the dis-

of father Francis, that the very next day

entered upon her vow. As soon as the solen-

ities of her reception were over, she retired, as

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The abbess had been informed the night before

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whose death will no longer grieve you, thought, by

will allow, and that the father, to whom you have

contracted yourself, is so good that Theodosius whom

you so much lament. The love which we have had

for one another will make us more happy in the

disappointment than it could have been in the suc-

cess. Providence has disposed of us for our ad-

vantage, though not according to our wishes.

Constance will no longer be a prey for one

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in the right to publish the news of the present war in English phrases, and make their campaigns unintelligible. Their people might flatter themselves that things are not so bad as they really are, were they thus palliated with foreign terms, and thrown into shades and obscurity; but the English cannot be too clear in their narrative of those actions, which have raised their country to a higher pitch of glory than it ever yet arrived at, and which will be still the more admired the better they are explained.

For my part, by that time a siege is carried on two or three days, I am altogether lost and bewildered in it, and meet with so many inexplicable difficulties, that I scarce know what side has the better of it, until I am informed by the Tower guns that the place has surrendered. I do indeed make some allowances for this part of the war, fortifications having been foreign inventions, and upon that account abounding in foreign terms. But when we have won battles which may be described in our own language, why are our papers filled with so many unintelligible exploits, and the French obliged to lend us a part of their tongue before we can know how they are conquered? They must be made accessory to their own disgrace, as the Britons were formerly so artificially wrought in the curtain of the Roman theatre, that they seemed to draw it up in order to give the spectators an opportunity of seeing their own defeat celebrated upon the stage: for so Mr. Dryden has translated that verse in Virgil:

*Purpurea intexti tollunt aulica Britanni.*

Georg. III. 25.

Which interwoven Britons seem to raise  
And show the triumph that their shame displays.

The histories of all our former wars are transmitted to us in our vernacular idiom, to use the phrase of a great modern critic \*. I do not find in any of our chronicles that Edward the Third ever reconnoitred the enemy, though he often discovered the posture of the French, and as often vanquished them in battle. The Black Prince passed many a river without the help of pontoons, and allied a ditch with fagots as successfully as the generals of our times do it with fascines. Our commanders lose half their praise, and our people half their joy, by means of those hard words and dark expressions in which our newspapers do so much abound. I have seen many a prudent citizen, after having read every article, inquire of his next neighbour what news the mail had brought?

I remember, in that remarkable year when our country was delivered from the greatest fears and apprehensions, and raised to the greatest height of gladiators it had ever felt since it was a nation, I mean the year of Blenheim, I had the copy of a letter sent me out of the country, which was written from a young gentleman in the army to his father, a man of good estate and plain sense. As the letter was very modestly chequered with this modern military eloquence, I shall present my reader with a copy of it.

\* The Rev. Dr. Richard Bentley.  
+ The battle of Hochstedt, or Blenheim, fought August 2, 1704, between the Confederates, under Prince Eugene and the Duke of Marlborough, and the French and Bavarians, under the Elector of Bavaria and Marshal Tallard. The Marston, wounded, or drowned in the Danube. The Allies lost 15,000 men.

Upon the junction of the French and Bavarian armies they took post behind a great morass which

they thought impracticable. Our general the next day sent a party of horse to "reconnoitre" them from a little "hauteur," at about a quarter of an hour's distance from the army, who returned again to the camp unobserved through several "debiles," in one of which they met with a party of French that had been "marauding," and made them all prisoners at discretion. The day after a Drum arrived at our camp, with a message which he would communicate to none but the general; he was followed by a Trumpet, who they say behaved himself very saucily, with a message from the Duke of Bavaria. The next morning our army being divided into two "corps," made a movement towards the enemy. You will hear in the public prints how we treated them, with the other circumstances of that glorious day. I had the good fortune to be in that regiment that pushed the "gens d'armes." Several French battalions, who some say were a "corps de reserve," made a show of resistance; but it only proved a "gasconade," for upon our preparing to fill up a little "fosse," in order to attack them, they beat the "chamade," and sent us "carte blanche." Their "commandant," with a great many other general officers, and troops without number, are made prisoners of war, and will I believe give you a visit in England, the "carte!" not being yet settled. Not questioning but these particulars will be very welcome to you, I congratulate you upon them, and am your most dutiful son, &c.

The father of the young gentleman upon the perusal of the letter found it contained great news, but could not guess what it was. He immediately communicated it to the curate of the parish, who upon the reading of it, being vexed to see any thing he could not understand, fell into a kind of a passion, and told him, that his son had sent him a letter that was neither fish, flesh, nor good red-berring. "I wish," says he, "the captain may be 'compos mentis,' he talks of a saucy 'Trumpet,' and a Drum that carries messages; then who is this 'carte blanche?' He must either banter us, or he is out of his senses." The father, who always looked upon the curate as a learned man, began to fret inwardly at his son's usage, and producing a letter which he had written to him about three posts before, "You see here," says he, "when he writes for money he knows how to speak intelligibly enough; there is no man in England can express himself clearer, when he wants a new fur-til with his son, had he not seen all the prints about three days after filled with the same terms of art, and that Charles only writ like other men.

ADPISON.  
No 166. MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1711.  
L.  
— *Quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis,  
Nec poterit Styx, nec edax abscire rotas.*  
OVID. Met. xv. ver. 871.  
Which not dreads the rage  
Of tempests, fire, or war, or wasting age.  
WEIISTED.

ARISTOTLE tells us, that the world is a copy or transcript of those ideas which are in the mind of the first Being, and that those ideas which are in the mind of man, are a transcript of the world. To this we may add, that words are the transcript of those ideas which are in the mind of man, and that writing or printing are the transcript of words.







what we express by the word good-breeding. For if we examine thoroughly the idea of what we call so, we shall find it to be nothing else but an imitation and mimicry of good-nature, or in other terms, affability, complaisance, and easiness of temper, reduced into an art.

These exterior shows and appearances of humanity render a man wonderfully popular and beloved, when they are founded upon a real good-nature; but without it are like hypocrisy in religion, or a bare form of holiness, which, when it is discovered, makes a man more detestable than professed hypocrisy.

Good-nature is generally born with us: health, prosperity, and kind treatment from the world, are great cherishers of it where they find it; but nothing is capable of forcing it up, where it does not grow of itself. It is one of the blessings of a happy constitution, which education may improve but not produce.

Xenophon in the life of his imaginary prince\*, whom he describes as a pattern for real ones, is always celebrating the philanthropy or good-nature of his hero, which he tells us he brought into the world with him, and gives many remarkable instances of it in his childhood, as well as in all the several parts of his life. Nay, on his death-bed, he describes him as being pleased, that while his soul returned to him who made it, his body should incorporate with the great mother of all things, and by that means become beneficial to mankind.

For which reason, he gives his sons a positive order not to inhume it in gold or silver, but to lay it in the earth as soon as the life was gone out of it. An instance of such an overflowing of humanity, such an exuberant love to mankind, could not have entered into the imagination of a writer, who had not a soul filled with great ideas, and a general benevolence to mankind.

In that celebrated passage of Sallust†, where Caesar and Cato are placed in such beautiful, but opposite lights; Caesar's character is chiefly made up of good-nature, as it showed itself in all its forms towards his friends or his enemies, his servants or dependants, the guilty or the distressed. As for Cato's character, it is rather awful than amiable. Justice seems most agreeable to the nature of God, and mercy to that of man. A being who has nothing to pardon in himself, may reward every man according to his works; but he whose very best actions must be seen with grains of allowance, cannot be too mild, moderate, and forgiving. For this reason, among all the monstrous characters in human nature, there is none so odious, not indeed so exquisitely ridiculous, as that of a rigid severe temper in a worthless man.

This part of good-nature, however, which consists in the pardoning and overlooking of faults, is to be exercised only in doing ourselves justice, and that too in the ordinary commerce and occurrences of life; for in the public administrations of justice, mercy to one may be cruelty to others.

It is grown almost into a maxim, that good-natured men are not always men of the most wit. This observation, in my opinion, has no foundation in nature. The greatest wits I have conversed with are men eminent for their humanity. I take therefore this remark to have been occasioned by two reasons. First, because ill-nature among ordinary observers passes for wit. A spiteful saying gratifies

Your most humble servant.

Bedfordshire, Sept. 1, 1711.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I AM one of those whom every body calls a poacher, and sometimes go out to course with a brace of greyhounds, a mastiff, and a spaniel or two; and when I am weary with coursing, and have killed hares enough, go to an alehouse to refresh myself. I beg the favour of you (as you set up for a reformer) to send us word how many dogs you will allow us to go with, how many full pots of ale to drink, and how many hares to kill in a day, and you will do a great piece of service to all the sportsmen. Be quick then, for the time of coursing is come on.

Yours in haste,

STEELE.

TER. ANDR. act. i. sc. 1.

His manner of life was this: to bear with every body's humours; to comply with the inclinations and pursuits of those he conversed with; to contradict no body; never to assume a superiority over others. This is the ready way to gain applause, without exciting envy.

MAN is subject to innumerable pains and sorrows by the very condition of humanity, and yet, as if nature had not sown evils enough in life, we are continually adding grief to grief, and aggravating the common calamity by our cruel treatment of one another. Every man's natural weight of afflictions is still made more heavy by the envy, malice, treachery, or injustice of his neighbour. At the same time that the storm beats upon the whole species, we are falling foul upon one another.

Half the misery of human life might be extinguished, would men alleviate the general curse they lie under, by mutual offices of compassion, benevolence, and humanity. There is nothing, therefore, which we ought more to encourage in ourselves and others, than that disposition of mind which in our language goes under the title of good-nature, and which I shall choose for the subject of this day's speculation.

Good-nature is more agreeable in conversation than wit, and gives a certain air to the countenance which is more amiable than beauty. It shows, virtue in the fairest light, takes off in some measure from the deformity of vice, and makes even folly and impertinence supportable.

There is no society or conversation to be kept up in the world without good-nature, or something which must bear its appearance, and supply its place. For this reason mankind have been forced to invent a kind of artificial humanity, which is

fit to many little persons in those who bear it, least they upon it, and the man who offers it is looked upon as a forward satirist. This may be one reason why a great many pleasant companions are ready to expiate in the crops those blights in the reputation of a wit. The ill-natured man, though but of equal parts, gives himself a larger field to expiate in; he crops those blights in human nature which the other would cut a red over, laughs at vices which the other either excuses or conceals, gives utterance to reflections which the other smiles, talks indifferently upon friends of character, exposes the person who has obliged or benefited him, and, in short, picks at nothing that may stain his character of a wit. It is no wonder therefore he succeeds in it better than the case of humanity, as a person who makes use of indirect methods is more likely to grow rich than the fair trader.

ADMONITION.

would turn into ridicule, and by that means gain

for those misfortunes or sufferings, which another because he is not to be moved with compassion, sometimes bring his wit to question, is, perhaps

Another reason why the good-natured man may succeed better than the ill-natured, is that the ill-natured is more fastidious in his private life or assemblies, in dis-approving between what is right, and what is ill-natured, than the good-natured is in his public behaviour to be merry in parties the public being

more fastidious in his private life or assemblies, in dis-approving between what is right, and what is ill-natured, than the good-natured is in his public behaviour to be merry in parties the public being

# SPECTATOR.

THE

VOL. III.

No 170. FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1711.

*In amore hac omnia insunt vitia : injuria,  
Suspitiones, inimicitia, inducitur,  
Bellum, pars tursum*

TER. Eun. Act. I. Sc. 1.

All these inconveniences are incident to love : reproaches, jealousies, quarrels, reconcillements, wars, and then peace.

**U**PON looking over the letters of my female correspondents, I find several from women complaining of jealous husbands, and at the same time protesting their own innocence; and desiring my advice on this occasion. I shall therefore take this subject into my consideration; and the more willingly, because I find that the Marquis of Halifax, who, in his Advice to a Daughter, has instructed a wife how to behave herself towards a false, an intemperate, a choleric, a sullen, a covetous, or a silly husband, has not spoken one word of a jealous husband.

'Jealousy is that pain which a man feels from the apprehension that he is not equally beloved by the person whom he entirely loves.' Now because our inward passions and inclinations can never make themselves visible, it is impossible for a jealous man to be thoroughly cured of his suspicions; His thoughts hang at best in a state of doubtfulness and uncertainty; and are never capable of receiving any satisfaction on the advantageous side; so that his inquiries are most successful when they discover nothing. His pleasure arises from his disappointment, and his life is spent in pursuit of a secret that destroys his happiness if he chance to find it.

An ardent love is always a strong ingredient in this passion; for the same affection which sits up the jealous man's desires, and gives the party beloved so beautiful a figure in his imagination, makes him believe she kindles the same passion in others, and appears as amiable to all beholders. And as jealousy thus arises from an extraordinary love, it is of so delicate a nature, that it seems to take up with any thing less than an equal return of love. Not the warmest expressions of affection, the softest and most tender hypocrisy, are able to give any satisfaction, where we are not persuaded that the affection is real, and the satisfaction mutual. For the jealous man wishes himself a kind of deity to the person he loves. He would be the only pleasure of her senses, the employment of her thoughts; and is angry at every thing she admires, or takes delight in, besides himself. Phaedria's request to his mistress, upon his leaving her for three days, is imitatively beautiful and natural;

*'Cum mille isto præsens, absens ut sis;  
Dies noctesque me ames : me desideres :  
Me somites : me expectes : de me cogites :  
Me speres : me te oblectes : m.*

181

*Mens fac sis postremo*

RIGHT HON. HENRY BOYLE.

TO THE

SIR,

As the professed design of this work is to entertain its readers in general, without giving offence to any particular person, it would be difficult to find out so proper a patron for it as yourself, there being none whose merit is more universally acknowledged by all parties, and who has made himself more friends, and fewer enemies. Your great abilities and unquestioned integrity, in those high employments which you have passed through, would not have been able to have raised you this general approbation, had they not been accompanied with that moderation in a high fortune, and that affability of manners, which are so conspicuous through all parts of your life. Your aversion to any ostentatious arts of setting to show those great services which you have done the public, has not likewise a little contributed to that universal acknowledgment which is paid you by your country.

THE SPECTATOR.  
Your most obedient,  
humble servant,  
SIR,

\* This gentleman, to whose kindness Addison partly owed his introduction to Lord Godolphin, was the youngest son of Charles Lord Clifford. He was appointed by King William chancellor of the exchequer, in March 1701; in which post he continued till Feb. 1707-8, when he was made one of the principal secretaries of state, and so remained till Sept. 1710, George I. on his accession, created Mr. Boyle Lord Catterton, and soon after made him president of the council. He died a bachelor, March, 1724-5.

"When you are in company with that wretch, before he is  
 well, he will be my very soul, as I am yours."

The jealous man's disease is of no malignant na-

nature, that it converts all it takes into the same

doubtful element. A cool behaviour sets him on the

track, and understood as an instance of extreme

or indifference; a good good raises the suspicion,

and leads too much like dissimulation and artifice.

If the person who loves the character, but does not

certainly, thinking on himself, and if said, she is

must be employed on another, and if said, she is

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The first are those who are connected to the re-

public of an individual, whether it be in relation, and

age, deformity, leprosy, or the like. These

men are so well acquainted with the miserable

part of themselves, that they have not the least

difficult to think they are really beloved; and are

no different from their own wretched, that all fondness

for them is a just upon their persons. They grow

accustomed to their dark looking in a glass, and are

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The jealous man is not indeed angry if you dislike another: but if you find those faults which are to be found in his own character, you discover not only your dislike of another, but of himself. In short, he is so desirous of ingrossing all your love, that he is grieved at the want of any charm, which the beloved has power to raise it; and if he finds by your censures on others, that he is not so agreeable in your opinion as he might be, he naturally concludes you could love him better if he had other qualifications, and that by consequence your affection does not rise so high as he thinks it ought. If therefore his temper be grave or sullen, you must not be too much pleased with a jest, or transported with any thing that is gay and diverting. If his beauty be none of the best, you must be a professed admirer of prudence, or any other quality he is master of, or at least vain enough to think he is.

In the next place, you must be sure to be free and open in your conversation with him, and to let in light upon your actions, to unravel all your designs, and discover every secret, however trifling or indifferent. A jealous husband has a particular aversion to winks and whispers; and if he does not see to the bottom of every thing, will be sure to go beyond it in his fears and suspicions. He will always expect to be your chief confidant; and where he finds himself kept out of a secret, will believe there is more in it than there should be. And here it is of great concern, that you reserve the character of your sincerity, uniform and of a piece; for if he once finds a false gloss put upon any single action, he quickly suspects all the rest: his working imagination immediately takes a false hint, and turns off with it into several remote consequences, till he has proved very ingenious in working out his own misery.

If both these methods fail, the best way will be to let him see you are much cast down and afflicted for the ill opinion he entertains of you, and the disquietudes he himself suffers for your sake. There are many who take a kind of barbarous pleasure in the jealousy of those who love them, that insult over an aching heart, and triumph in their charms which are able to excite so much undastiness: *Ardeat ipsa licet, formiculis gaudet amantibus;* JUV. Sat. vi. 208. 'Tho' equal pains her peace of mind destroy, A lover's torments give her spiteful joy.

But these often carry the humour so far, till their affected coldness and indifference quite kills all the fondness of a lover, and are then sure to meet in their turn with all the contempt and scorn that is due to so insolent a behaviour. On the contrary, it is very probable a melancholy, dejected carriage, the usual effects of injured innocence, may soften the jealous husband into pity, make him sensible of all the wrong he does you, and work out of his mind all those fears and suspicions that make you both unhappy. At least it will have this good effect, that he will keep his jealousy to himself, and repine in private, either because he is sensible it is a weakness, or because he will be apt to fear some ill effect it may produce in cooling your love towards him, or diverting it to another. There is still another secret that can never fail, if you can get it believed, and which is often practised by women of greater cunning than virtue. This is to change sides for a while with the jealous man, and to turn his own passion upon himself; to take some occasion of growing jealous of him, and

country, but are many degrees nearer the sun in

After this trifling account of jealousy, and the persons who are most subject to it, it will be but fair to show by what means the passion may be best allayed, and those who are possessed with it set at ease. Other faults indeed are not under the wife's jurisdiction; and should, if possible, escape her observation; but jealousy calls upon her particular for its cure, and deserves all her art and application in the attempt. Besides, she has this for her encouragement, that her endeavours will be always pleasing, and that she will still find the affection of her husband rising towards her in proportion as his doubts and suspicions vanish; for, as we have seen all along, there is so great a mixture of love and jealousy as is well worth the separating. But this shall be the subject of another paper.

ADISON.  
No 171. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1711.

*Credula res amor est* OVID. Met. vii. 826.  
The man who loves is easy of belief.

HAVING in my yesterday's paper discovered the nature of jealousy, and pointed out the persons who are most subject to it, I must here apply myself to my fair correspondents, who desire to live well with a jealous husband, and to ease his mind of its unjust suspicions.

The first rule I shall propose to be observed is, that you never seem to dislike in another what the jealous man is himself guilty of, or to admire any thing in which he himself does not excel. A jealous man is very quick in his applications; he knows how to find a double edge in an invective, and to draw a satire on himself out of a panegyric on another. He does not trouble himself to consider the person, but to direct the character; and is secretly pleased or confounded, as he finds of any thing in another stirs up his jealousy, as it shows you have a value for others besides himself; but the commendation of that, which he himself respects you prefer others before him. Jealousy is admirably described in this view by Horace in his ode to Lydia:

*Quant tu, Lydia, Telephum  
Cervicem roseam, et certa  
Tandem brachia, re mecum  
Ferturam difficile bile lumen, jecur:  
Tunc nec meus mihi, nec color  
Certa sede manet; humor et in genas  
Eurym labitur, arguens  
Quam lenis pectus mactat ignibus;* I Od. xlii. 1.

'When Telephus his youthful charms,  
His rosy neck and winding arms,  
With endless rapture you rectle,  
And in the pleasing name delight;  
My heart, inflam'd by jealous heat,  
With numbr'dresses-resentments beat;  
From my pale cheek the colour flies;  
And all the man within me dies:  
By turns my hidden grief appears  
In rising sighs and falling tears,  
That show too well the warm desires,  
The silent, slow, consuming fires,  
Which on my limber vitals prey,  
And melt my very soul away.'

\* See No 175.







chant. I shall not, continued he, at this time  
remind Sir Roger of the great and noble mun-  
iments of charity and public spirit, which have  
been erected by merchants since the Reformation,  
but at present content myself with what he allows  
of, parsimony and frugality. If it were consistent  
with the quality of so ancient a baronet as Sir  
Roger, to keep an account, or measure things by  
the most trifling way, that of numbers, he would  
prefer our parsimony to his hospitality. If to  
drink so many hog-heads is to be hospitable, we  
do not contend for the fame of that virtue; but it  
would be worth while to consider, whether so many  
articles at work ten days together by my apothec-  
ary, or so many peasants made merry on Sir Ro-  
ger's charges, are the men more obliged? I believe  
the families of the merchants will thank me, more  
than the household of the peasant shall Sir Roger.  
Sir Roger gives to his men, but I place mine above  
the necessity or obligation of my bounty. I am in  
very little pain for the Roman proverb upon the  
Carthaginian traders; the Romans were their pro-  
fessed enemies; I am only sorry no Carthaginian  
historians have come to our hands: we might have  
been taught perhaps by their some proverbs against  
the Roman generosity, in fighting for, and bestow-  
ing other people's goods. But since Sir Roger has  
taken occasion from an old proverb, to be out of  
harbour with merchants, it should be no offence to  
utter one not quite so old in their defence. When  
a man happens to break in Holland, they say of  
him that "he has not kept true accounts." This  
phrase, perhaps, among us would appear a soft or  
humorous way of speaking; but with that exact na-  
tion it bears the highest reputation. For a man to  
be mistaken in the estimation of his expenses, in  
his ability to answer future demands, or to be  
importantly sanguine in putting his credit to too  
great adventures, are all instances of so much in-  
famy, as with gay nations to be falling in con-  
fessing, or common honesty.

"Numbers are so much the measure of every  
thing that is valuable, that it is not possible to de-  
monstrate the success of any action, or the pro-  
ficiency of any undertaking, without them. I say  
this in answer to what Sir Roger is pleased to say,  
"that little that is truly noble can be expected  
from one who is ever poring on his cash-book, or  
battening his accounts." When I have my returns  
from abroad, I can tell to a shilling, by the help  
of numbers, the profit or loss by my adventures;  
but I ought also to be able to show that I had rea-  
son for making it, either from my own experience,  
or that of other people, or from a reasonable pre-  
sumption that my returns will be sufficient to an-  
swer my expense and hazard; and this is never to  
be done without the skill of numbers. For in-  
stance, if I am to trade to Turkey; I ought to be-  
forehand to know the demand of our manufactures  
there as well as of their silks in England, and the  
customary prices that are given for both in each  
country. I ought to have a clear knowledge of  
these matters beforehand, that I may press upon  
sufficient returns to answer the charge of the cargo  
I have fitted out, the freight and assurance out and  
home, the customs to the queen, and the interest  
of my own money, and besides all these expenses,  
a reasonable profit to myself. Now what is there  
of scandal in this skill? What has the merchant  
done, that he should be so little in the good graces  
of Sir Roger? He throws down no man's inco-  
nolings from the industrious labourer; he pays the  
poor man for his . . . he commends the profit

No 174. WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1711.  
THE *mercator et sutoria prouta confectio* *Agrippa*.  
VIRG. *Eccl. vi. ver. 1.*  
There rhymes I did to memory commend,  
When vanquish'd Thyrsus did in vain intend.  
DIXON.

There is scarce any thing more common than an-  
tiquities between parties that cannot submit but by  
their agreement; this was well requiesced in the  
redition of the members of the human body in the  
old Roman table. It is often the case of lesser  
confederate states against a superior power, which  
are hardly held together, though their unanimity  
is necessary for their common safety; and this is  
always the case of the landed and trading interest  
of Great Britain: the trader is fed by the product  
of the land, and the landed man cannot be clothed  
but by the skill of the trader; and yet those in-  
terests are ever jarring.

We had last winter an instance of this at our  
club, in Sir Roger de Coverley and Sir Andrew  
Freecourt, between whom there is generally a con-  
stant, though friendly, opposition of opinions. It  
happened that one of the company, in an historical  
discourse, was observing, that Carthaginian faith  
was a proverbial phrase to intimate breach of  
league. Sir Roger said it could hardly be other-  
wise; that the Carthaginians were the greatest  
traitors in the world; and as such is the chief end  
of such a people, they never pursue any other; the  
means to it are never regarded; they will, if it  
comes easily, get money honestly; but if not, they  
will not scruple to attain it by fraud, or cozenage;  
and indeed, what is the whole business of the  
trader's account, but to over-reach him who trusts  
to his memory? But were that not so, what can  
there great and noble be expected from him whose  
attention is for ever fixed upon battening his books,  
and watching over his expenses? And as he is, let  
frugality and parsimony be the virtues of the mer-  
chant, how much is his punctual dealing below a  
gentleman's charity? to the poor, or hospitality  
among his neighbours?

Captain Scary observed Sir Andrew very illi-  
gent in hearing Sir Roger, and had a mind to turn  
the discourse, by taking notice in general from the  
highest to the lowest parts of human society, that  
was a secret, though unjust, way among men, of  
indulging the seeds of ill-nature and envy, by com-  
paring their own state of life to that of another,  
and grudging the approach of their neighbourhood  
who is the less at his ease, rejoices at the other,  
who he thinks has unjustly the advantage over him.  
Thus the civil and military lists look upon each  
other with unwell ill-nature; the soldier rejoices at  
the courtier's power, and the courtier railles the  
soldier's honour; or, to come to lower instances,  
the private men in the horse and foot of an army,  
the carmen and coachmen in the city streets, mu-  
tually look upon each other with ill-will, when  
they are in competition for quarters, or the way  
in their respective notions.

It is very well, good captain, interrupted Sir  
Andrew: you may attempt to turn the discourse  
if you think fit; but I must however have a word  
or two with Sir Roger, who, I see, thinks he has  
paid me off, and been very severe upon the mer-

\* Well related from Livy in Shakespeare's *Coriolanus*, act 1.  
scene 1.





ferent woods with his dear life, and at the same time they are wholly put on, and yet not be hard-hearted enough to tell the dear good creature that she is a hypocrite.

'This sort of good men is very frequent in the populous and wealthy city of London, and in the two bed-packet man. The kind creature cannot break through his kindness so far as to come to an explanation with the tender soul, and therefore goes on to comfort her when nothing else but, to appear but when she is not angry, and to give her cash when he knows she does not want it; rather than be necessary for a whole month, which is computed by hard-hearted men the space of time which a forward woman takes to come to herself, if you have courage to stand out.

'There are, indeed, several other species of the bed-packet, and in my opinion they are certainly the best subjects the queen has; and for that reason I take it to be your duty to keep me above

[illegible][illegible]

like will not ask her some question concerning the coeducation, which she answers me in general out of Harrington's Ocean." Then I conveyed her strange message, and her aim is immediately locked in mine. While I keep her in the center she plays before me, seated near the table, the room, sometimes kneeling as at her right, and, varying her posture and her changes to such a manner that I am in continual pleasure. She will play the fool if I allow her to do what; but if she suspects I like her for her trifling, she immediately grows grave.

No 177, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1771.  
 STEEL  
 J.  
 'KATHARINE NEWBOST',  
 'LIVING'



may make a man easy in himself and agreeable to others, but implies no merit in him that is possessed of it. A man is no more to be praised upon this account, than because he has a regular pulse, or a good digestion. This good-nature, however, in the constitution, which Mr. Dryden somewhere calls a 'milkiness of blood,' is an admirable groundwork for the other. In order, therefore, to try our goodness, which it arises from the body or the mind, whether it be founded in the animal or rational part of our nature; in a word, whether it be such as is entitled to any other reward, besides that secret satisfaction and commendment of mind which is essential to it, and the kind reception it procures us in the world, we must examine it by the following rules:

First, whether it acts with steadiness and uniformity in sickness and in health, in prosperity and adversity; if otherwise, it is to be looked upon as nothing else but an irradiation of the mind from some new supply of spirits, or a more kindly cultivation of the blood. Sir Francis Bacon mentions a cunning solicitor, who would never ask a favour of a great man before dinner; but took care to prefer his petition in a time when the party was not in a hurry. Such a transient appetite in good humour, is not that philanthropy, that love of mankind, which deserves the title of a moral virtue.

The next way of a man's bringing his good-nature to the test, is, to consider whether it operates according to the rules of reason and duty: for if, notwithstanding its general benevolence to mankind, it makes no distinction between its objects, if it exerts itself promiscuously towards the deserving and undeserving, if it relieves alike the idle and the indigent, if it gives itself up to the first petitioner, and lightens upon any one rather by accident than choice, it may pass for an amiable instinct, but must not assume the name of a moral virtue.

The third trial of good-nature will be, the examining ourselves, whether or no we are able to exert it to our own disadvantage, and employ it on proper objects, notwithstanding any little pain, want, or inconvenience which may arise to ourselves from it. In a word, whether we are willing to risk any part of our fortune, our reputation, or health, or ease, for the benefit of mankind. Among all these expressions of good-nature, I shall single out that which goes under the general name of charity, as it consists in relieving the indigent; that being a trial of this kind which offers itself to us almost at all times, and in every place.

I should propose it as a rule to every one who is provided with any competency of fortune more than sufficient for the necessities of life, to lay aside a certain proportion of his income for the use of the poor. This I would look upon as an offering to him who has a right to the whole, for the use of those whom, in the passage hereafter mentioned, he has described as his own representatives upon earth. At the same time, we should manage our charity with such prudence and caution, that we may not hurt our own friends or relations, whilst we are doing good to those who are strangers to us.

This may possibly be explained better by an example than by a rule.

Bugenis is a man of an universal good-nature, and generous beyond the extent of his fortune; but without so proud in the economy of his affairs, that what goes out in charity is made up by good management.

There are few men so cramped in their private affairs, who may not be charitable after this manner, without any disadvantage to themselves, or prejudice to their families. It is but sometimes sacrificing a diversion or convenience to the poor, and turning the usual course of our expenses into a better channel. This is, I think, not only the most prudent and convenient, but the most meritorious piece of charity, which we can put in practice. By this method, we in some measure share the necessities of the poor at the same time that we relieve them, and make ourselves not only their patrons, but their fellow-sufferers.

Sir Thomas Brown, in the last part of his *Religio Medici*\*, in which he describes his charity in several heroic instances, and with a noble heart of sentiment, mentions that verse in the *Proverbs* of Solomon, 'He that hath pity upon the poor, lendeth unto the Lord'; There is more rhetoric in that one sentence, says he, than in a library of sermons; and indeed if those sentences were understood by the reader, with the same emphasis as those volumes of instructions, but might be honest by an epicure.

This passage in scripture is indeed wonderfully persuasive; but I think the same thought is carried much further in the New Testament, where our Saviour tells us, in a most pathetic manner, that he shall hereafter regard the clothing of the naked, the feeding of the hungry, and the visiting of the imprisoned, as offices done to himself, and reward them accordingly†. Pursuant to those passages in holy scripture, I have somewhere met with the epitaph of a charitable man, which has very much pleased me. I cannot recollect the words, but the sense of it is to this purpose: What I spent I lost; what I possessed is left to others; what I gave away remains with me‡.

\* Part II. sec. 13.  
† Prov. xix. 17.  
‡ *Misc. xxv. 35, et seq.*  
§ The allusion is to an epistle in the church at Doncaster.



answered only, that I expose my own reputation and sense if I appear jealous. I wish, good sir, you would take this into serious consideration, and admonish husbands and wives, what terms they ought to keep towards each other. Your thoughts on this important subject will have the greatest reward, that which descends on such as feel the sorrows of the afflicted. Give me leave to subscribe myself,

Your unfortunate humble servant,  
CLAYDON.

I had it in my thoughts, before I received the letter of this lady, to consider this dismal passion in the mind of a woman; and the smart she seems to feel does not abate the inclination I had to recommend to husbands a more regular behaviour, than to give the most exquisite of torments to those who love them, may, whose torment would be abated if they did not love them.

It is wonderful to observe how little is made of this, irrepressible injury, and how easily men get into a habit of being least agreeable where they are most obliged to be so. But this subject deserves a distinct speculation, and I shall observe for a day or two the behaviour of two or three happy pairs I am acquainted with, before I pretend to make a system of conjugal morality. I design, in the first place, to go a few miles out of town, and there I know where to meet one who practises all the parts of a fine gentleman in the duty of a husband. When he was a bachelor, much business made him particularly negligent in his habit; but now there is no young lover living so exact in the care of his person. One who asked why he was so long washing his mouth, and so delicate in the choice and wearing of his linen, was answered: 'Because there is a woman of merit obliged to receive me kindly, and I think it incumbent upon me to make her inclination go along with her duty.'

If a man would give himself leave to think, he would not be so unreasonable as to expect decency and innocence could live in commerce together; or hope that flesh and blood is capable of so strict an alliance, as that a fine woman must go on to improve herself till she is as good and impressive as an angel, only to preserve a fidelity to a brute and a satyr. The lady who desires me for her sake to end one of my papers with the following letter, I am persuaded, thinks such a perversion very impracticable.

MUSBARD,  
'Stay more at home. I know where you visited at seven of the clock on Thursday evening. The colonel, whom you charged me to see no more, is in town.

STEEL.

MARTHA HOUSEWIFE,  
T.

No 179. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1711.

Centuriae seniorum agilius expertis pugis:  
Celsi praeterea iustera postula Rhinnes,  
Umine tui punctum qui miscuit uille datus;  
Lectorum delectando, pariterque monendo.  
HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 341.

Old age explodes all but morality;  
Austerity offends aspiring youth;  
But he that joins instruction with delight,  
Profit with pleasure, carries all the votes.  
ROSCOMMON.

I MAY call my readers under two general divisions, the Alercurial and the Saturnine. The first

are the gay part of my disciples, who require speculations of wit and humour; the others are those placed out in papers of morality and sound sense. The former call every thing that is serious, stupid; the latter look upon every thing as impertinent that is ludicrous. Were I always grave, one half of my readers would fall off from me: were I always merry, I should lose the other. I make it therefore my endeavour to find out entertainments of both kinds, and by that means perhaps consult the good of both, more than I should do, did I always write to the particular taste of either. As they neither of them know what I proceed upon, the sprightly readers, who take up my paper in order to be diverted, very often find myself engaged in serious and profitable course of thinking; as, on the contrary, the thoughtful man, who perhaps craves hope to find something solid, and full of deep reflection, is very often insensibly drawn into a fit of mirth. In a word, the reader sits down to my entertainment without knowing his bill of fare, and has therefore at least the pleasure of being surprised into a fit of mirth. In a word, the reader sits down to my entertainment without knowing his bill of fare, and has therefore at least the pleasure of being surprised into a fit of mirth.

I must confess, were I left to myself, I should be sure of hoping there may be a dish to his palate. I must confess, were I left to myself, I should be sure of hoping there may be a dish to his palate.

For this reason several unthinking persons fall in shocking to the careless and inconsiderate. For this reason several unthinking persons fall in shocking to the careless and inconsiderate.

my way, who would give no attention to lectures delivered with a religious seriousness or a philosophic gravity. They are hurried into sentiments of wisdom and virtue when they do not think of it; and it by that means they arrive only at such a degree of consideration as may dispose them to listen to more studied and elaborate discourses. I shall not think my speculations useless. I might likewise observe, that the best men are involved, sometimes the minds of the best men are involved, very often stands in need of such little incidents to mirth and laughter, as are apt to disperse melancholy, and put our faculties in good humour. To which some will add, that the British climate, more than any other, makes entertainments of this nature in a manner necessary.

If what I have here said does not recommend, it will at least excuse the variety of my speculations. I would not willingly laugh but in order to instruct, or if I sometimes fail in this point, when my mirth ceases to be instructive, it shall never cease to be innocent. A scrupulous conduct to this particular, has, perhaps, more merit in it than the generality of readers imagine; did they know how many thoughts occur to a point of humour, which a discrete author in modestly suppresses; how many strokes of satirery present themselves, which could not fail to please the ordinary taste of mankind, but are silted in their birth by reason of some remote tendency which they carry in them to corrupt the minds of those who read them; did they know how many glances of ill-nature are indistinctly avoided for fear of doing injury to the reputation of another, they would be apt to think kindly of those writers who endeavour to make themselves diverting, without being immoral. One may apply to these authors that passage in Waller:

'Poets lose half the praise they would  
Were it but known what they would  
ve got.'

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numbers, and the vast armies that have been maintained here, make it credible that the remaining two thirds of Spaniards are equal in all his other conquests; and consequently by all he cannot have gained more than 750,000 new subjects, men, women, and children, especially if a deduction shall be made of such as have retired from the conqueror, to live under their old masters.

It is time now to set his loss against his profit, and to show for the new subjects he had acquired, how many old ones he had lost in the acquisition. I think that in his wars he has seldom brought less into the field in all places than two hundred thousand fighting men, besides what have been left in garrisons; and I think the common computation is, that of an army, at the end of a campaign, without losses or battles, scarce four fifths can be mastered of those that came into the field at the beginning of the year. His wars at several times until the last peace have held about twenty years; and if 40,000 yearly lost, or a fifth part of his armies, are to be multiplied by 20, he cannot have lost less than 800,000 of his old subjects, and all able-bodied men; a greater number than the new subjects he had acquired.

But this loss is not all. Providence seems to have equally divided the whole mass of mankind into different sexes, that every woman may have her husband, and that both may equally contribute to the continuance of the species. It follows then, that for all the men that have been lost, as many women must have lived single, and it were but charity to believe, they have not done all the service they were capable of doing in their generation. In so long a course of years great part of them must have died, and all the rest must go off at last, without leaving any representatives behind. By this account he must have lost not only 800,000 subjects, but double that number, and all the increase that was reasonably to be expected from it.

It is said in the last war there was a famine in his kingdom, which swept away two millions of his people. This is hardly credible. If the loss was only of one fifth part of that sum, it was very great. But it is no wonder there should be famines, where so much of the people's subsistence is taken away for the king's use, that they have not sufficient left to provide against accidents; where so many of the men are taken from the plough to serve the king in his wars, and a great part of the village is left to the weaker hands of so many women and children. Whatever was the loss, it must undoubtedly be placed to the account of his ambition.

And so must also the destruction or banishment of 3 or 400,000 of his reformed subjects; he could have no other reasons for valuing those lives so very cheap, but only to recommend himself to the bigotry of the Spanish nation.

How should there be industry in a country where all property is precarious? What subject will sow his land, that his prince may reap the whole harvest? Parsimony and frugality must be strangers to such a people; for with any man save to-day, what he has reason to fear will be taken from him to-morrow? And where is the encouragement for marrying? Will any man think of raising children, without any assurance of clothing for their backs, or so much as food for their bellies? And thus by his fatal ambition he must have lessened the number of his subjects, not only by slaughter and destruction; but by preventing their

It is well for him he had found out a way to steal a kingdom; if he had gone on conquering as he did before, his ruin had been long since finished. This brings to my mind a saying of king Pyrrhus, after he had a second time beat the Romans in a pitched battle, and was complimented by his generals; "Yes," says he, "such another victory, and I am quite undone." And since I have mentioned Pyrrhus, I will end with a very good, though known story of this ambitious madman. When he had shown the utmost fondness for his expedition against the Romans, Cynæas his chief minister asked him what he proposed to himself by this war? "Why," says Pyrrhus, "to conquer the Romans, and reduce all Italy to my obedience." "What then?" says Cynæas. "To pass over into Sicily," says Pyrrhus, "and then all the Sicilians must be our subjects."—And what does your majesty intend next?—"Why truly," says the king, "to conquer Carthage, and make myself master of all Africa."—"And what, sir," says the minister, "is to be the end of all your expeditions?"—"Why then," says the king, "for the rest of our lives we will sit down to good wine."—"How, sir," replied Cynæas, "to better than we have now before us? Have we not already as much as we can drink?"

Riot and excess are not the becoming characters of princes; but if Pyrrhus and Lewis had debauched like Vitellius, they had been less hurtful to their people. Your humble servant,

STEELE.—But the letter by Mr. Henry Martyn, 27.

No 181. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1711.

*His lacrymis vitæ dantur, et intersecimus ultro.*  
VIRG. ÆN. II. ver. 145.  
Moved by these tears, we ply and protect.

I am more pleased with a letter that is filled with touches of nature than of wit. The following one is of this kind:

"Among all the distresses which happen in families, I do not remember that you have touched upon the marriage of children without the consent of their parents. I am one of these unfortunate persons. I was about fifteen when I took the liberty to choose for myself; and have ever since languished under the displeasure of an inexorable father, who, though he sees me happy in the best

\* Spain, seized by Louis XIV. for his grandson, as having been bequeathed to him by a will of Charles II.



as he conveyed me along had you in his mouth, and said, "this would make a pure story for the Spectator." I hope, sir, you won't pretend to wit, and take the part of dull regales of business. The world is so altered of late years, that there was not a man who would knock down a watchman in my behalf, but I was carried off with as much triumph as if I had been a pickpocket. At this rate, there is an end of all the wit and humour in the world. The time was when all the honest who-masters in the neighbourhood would have rose against the cockbills in my rear. If fornication is to be scandalous, half the fine things that have been writ by most of the wits of the last age may be burned by the common hangman. Hark! Mr Spec. do not be queer; after having done some things pretty well, don't begin to write at that rate that no gentleman can read thee. Be true to love, and burn your Seneca. You do not expect me to write my name from hence, but I am,

Your unknown humble, &c.

T.

STABLE.

N<sup>o</sup> 183. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1711

Μητις φαντασθαι οὐδεν ἄλλοτε (τυραννίδος) ὅσον,  
 - Μῆτις δ' οὐτ' ὁμιλοῦμαι, ἀλλ' ὅσον μὲν ἔστιν ἄνθρωπον.  
 HENRIOT.

Sometimes like truth in fiction we disguise;  
 Sometimes present her naked to men's eyes.

FABLES were the first pieces of wit that made their appearance in the world, and have been still highly valued not only in times of the greatest simplicity, but among the most polite ages of mankind. Jotham's fable of the Trees\* is the oldest that is extant, and as beautiful as any which have been made since that time. Nathan's fable of the Poor Man and his Lamb† is likewise more ancient than any that is extant, besides the above mentioned, and had so good an effect, as to convey instruction to the ear of a king without offending it, and to bring the man after God's own heart to a right sense of his guilt and his duty. We find Æsop in the most distant ages of Greece; and if we look into the very beginnings of the commonwealth of Rome, we see a meeting among the common people attended by a fable of the Belly and the Limbs‡, which was indeed very proper to gain the attention of an illiterate rabble, at a time when perhaps they would have torn to pieces any man who had preached the same doctrine to them in an open and direct manner. As fables took their birth in the very infancy of learning, they never flourished more than when learning was at its greatest height. To justify this assertion, I shall put my reader in mind of Horace, the greatest wit and critic in the Augustan age; and of Boccaccio, the most correct poet among the moderns; not to mention La Fontaine, who by this way of writing is come more into vogue than any other author of our times.

The fables I have here mentioned are raised altogether upon brutes and vegetables, with some of our own species mixed among them, when the moral hath no required. But besides this kind of fable, there is another in which the actors are passions, virtues, vices, and other imaginary persons

of the like nature. Some of the ancient critics will have it, that the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* of Homer are fables of this nature; and that the several names of gods and herods are nothing else but the affections of the mind in a visible shape and character. Thus they tell us, that Achilles, in the first *Iliad*, represents anger, or the irascible part of human nature; that upon drawing his sword against his superior to a fall assembly, Pallas is only another name for reason, which checks and advises him upon that occasion; and at her first appearance touches him upon the head, that part of the man being looked upon as the seat of reason. And thus of the rest of the poem. As for the *Odyssey*, I think it is plain that Horace considered it as one of these allegorical fables, by the moral which he has given us of several parts of it. The greatest Italian wits have applied themselves to the writing of this latter kind of fables. Spenser's *Fairy Queen* is one continued series of them from the beginning to the end of that admirable work. If we look into the finest prose-authors of antiquity, such as Cicero, Plato, Xenophon, and many others, we shall find that this was likewise their favourite kind of fable. I shall only further observe upon it, that the first of this sort that made any considerable figure in the world, was that of Hercules meeting with Pleasure and Virtue; which was invented by Prodicus, who lived before Socrates, and in the first dawnings of philosophy. He used to travel through Greece by virtue of this fable, which procured him a kind reception in all the market-towns, where he never failed telling it as soon as he had gathered an audience about him.

After this short preface, which I have made up of such materials as my memory does at present suggest to me, before I present my reader with a fable of this kind, which I design as the entertainment of the present paper, I must in a few words open the acumen of it.

In the account which Plato gives us of the conversation and behaviour of Socrates the morning he was to die, he tells the following circumstance:

When Socrates's fetters were knocked off (as was usual to be done on the day that the condemned person was to be executed), being waited to the midst of his disciples, and laying one of his legs over the other, in a very unconcerned posture, he began to rub it where it had been galled by the iron; and whether it was to show the indifference with which he entertained the thoughts of his approaching death, or (after his usual manner) to take every occasion of philosophizing upon some useful subject, he observed the pleasure of that sensation which now arose in those very parts of his leg, that just before had been so much pained by the fetter. Upon this he reflected on the nature of pleasure and pain in general, and how constantly they succeed one another. To this he added, That if a creed one another for a fable were to represent the nature of pleasure and pain in that way of writing, he would probably join them together after such a manner, that it would be impossible for the one to come into any place without being followed by the other.

It is possible, that if Plato had thought it proper at such a time to describe Socrates laughing at late a discourse which was not of a piece with the business of the day, he would have enlarged upon this hint, and have drawn it out into some beautiful allegory or fable. But since he has not done it, I shall attempt to write one myself in the spirit of that divine author.

\* There were two families which from the begin-

\* Judges, ix. 3-15.

† 2 Sam. xii. 1, &c.

‡ See Livy's Roman History, book ii.

ning of the world were as opposite to each other as light and darkness. The one of them lived in heaven, and the other in hell. The youngest descendant of the first family was Pleasure, who was the daughter of Happiness, who was the child of Virtue, who was the offspring of the Gods. These, as I said before, had their habitation in heaven. The youngest of the opposite family was Pain, who was the son of Misery, who was the child of Vice, who was the offspring of the Furies. The habitation of this race of beings was in hell.

The middle station of nature between these two opposite extremes was the earth, which was inhabited by creatures of a middle kind, neither so virtuous as the one, nor so vicious as the other, but partaking of the good and had qualities of these two opposite families. Jupiter considering that the species, commonly called Man, was too virtuous to be miserable, and too vicious to be happy; that he might make a distinction between the good and the bad, ordered the two youngest of the above-mentioned families, Pleasure, who was the daughter of Happiness, and Pain, who was the son of Misery, to meet one another upon this part of nature which lay in the half way between them, having promised to settle it upon them both, provided they could agree upon the division of it, so as to share mankind between them.

Pleasure and Pain were no sooner met in their new habitation, but they immediately agreed upon this point, that Pleasure should take possession of the virtuous, and Pain of the vicious part of that species which was given up to them. But upon examining to which of them any individual they met with belonged, they found each of them had a right to him; for that, contrary to what they had seen in their old places of residence, there was no person so vicious who had not some good in him, nor any person so virtuous who had not in him some evil. The truth of it is, they generally found upon search, that in the most vicious man Pleasure might lay claim to an hundredth part, and that in the most virtuous man Pain might come in for at least two-thirds. This they saw would occasion endless disputes between them, unless they could come to some accommodation. To this end there was a marriage proposed between them, and at length concluded. By this means it is, that we find Pleasure and Pain are such constant joke-fellows, and that they either make their visits together, or are never far asunder. If Pain comes into a heart, he is quickly followed by Pleasure: and if Pleasure enters, you may be sure Pain is not far off.

But notwithstanding this marriage was very convenient for the two parties, it did not seem to answer the intention of Jupiter in sending them among mankind. To remedy therefore this inconvenience, it was stipulated between them by article, and confirmed by the consent of each family, that notwithstanding they here possessed the species indifferently; upon the death of every single person, if he was found to have in him a certain proportion of evil, he should be dispatched into the infernal regions by a passport from Pain, there to dwell with Misery, Vice, and the Furies. Or on the contrary, if he had in him a certain proportion of good, he should be dispatched into heaven by a passport from Pleasure, there to dwell with Happiness, Virtue, and the Gods.

ADDISON.

L.

N<sup>o</sup> 184. MONDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1711.— *Opere in longo fas est obrepere somnum.*

HOR. Ars Poet. v. 360.

— In long works sleep will sometimes surprise.

ROSCOMMON.

When a man has discovered a new vein of humour, it often carries him much further than he expected from it. My correspondents take the hint I gave them, and pursue it into speculations which I never thought of at my first starting it. This has been the fate of my paper on the match of grinning\*, which has already produced a second paper on parallel subjects†, and brought me the following letter by the last post. I shall not premise any thing to it further, than that it is built on matter of fact, and is as follows:

‘sm,

‘You have already obliged the world with a discourse upon grinning, and have since proceeded to whistling, from whence you at length came to yawning: from this, I think, you may make a very natural transition to sleeping. I therefore recommend to you for the subject of a paper the following advertisement, which about two months ago was given into every body’s hands, and may be seen with some additions in the Daily Courant of August the ninth.

“NICHOLAS HART‡, who slept last year in St. Bartholomew’s hospital, intends to sleep this year at the Cock and Bottle in Little-Britain.”

‘Having since inquired into the matter of fact, I find that the above-mentioned Nicholas Hart is every year seized with a periodical fit of sleeping, which begins upon the fifth of August, and ends on the 11th of the same month: That

On the first of that month he grew dull;  
On the second, appeared drowsy;  
On the third, fell a yawning;  
On the fourth, began to nod;  
On the fifth, dropped asleep;  
On the sixth, was heard to snore;  
On the seventh, turned himself in his bed;  
On the eighth, recovered his former posture;  
On the ninth, fell a stretching;  
On the tenth, about midnight, awaked;  
On the eleventh, in the morning, called for a little small-beer.

‘This account I have extracted out of the journal of this sleeping worthy, as it has been faithfully kept by a gentleman of Lincoln’s-in, who has undertaken to be his historiographer. I have sent it to you, not only as it represents the actions of Nicholas Hart, but as it seems a very natural picture of the life of many an honest English gentleman, whose whole history very often consists of yawning, nodding, stretching, turning, sleeping, drinking, and the like extraordinary particulars. I do not question, sir, that, if you pleased, you could put out an advertisement not unlike the above-mentioned, of several men of figure; that Mr. John Such-a-one, gentleman, or Thomas Such-a-one, esquire, who slept in the country last summer, intends to sleep in town this winter. The worst of

\* N<sup>o</sup> 173.† N<sup>o</sup> 179.‡ An account of this curious character may be seen in The British Apollo, N<sup>o</sup> 69.



It is, that the drowsy part of our species is chiefly made up of very honest gentlemen, who live quietly among their neighbours, without ever disturbing the public peace. They are drones without stings. I could heartily wish, that several turbulent, restless, ambitious spirits, would for a while change places with these good men, and enter themselves into Nicholas Hart's fraternity. Could one but lay asleep a few busy heads which I could name, from the first of November next to the first of May ensuing\*, I question not but it would very much redound to the quiet of particular persons, as well as to the benefit of the public.

But to return to Nicholas Hart: I believe, sir, you will think it a very extraordinary circumstance for a man to gain his livelihood by sleeping, and that rest should procure a man sustenance as well as industry; yet so it is, that Nicholas got last year enough to support himself for a twelvemonth. I am likewise informed that he has this year had a very comfortable nap. The poets value themselves very much for sleeping on Parnassus, but I never heard they got a groat by it. On the contrary, our friend Nicholas gets more by sleeping than he could by working, and may be more properly said, than ever Homer was, to have had golden dreams. Jove, indeed, sometimes a drowsy husband who raised an estate by snoring, but then he is represented to have slept what the common people call a dog's sleep; or if his sleep was real, his wife was awake, and about her business. Your pen, which loves to moralize upon all subjects, may raise something, methinks, on this circumstance also, and point out to us those sets of men, who, instead of growing rich by an honest industry, recommend themselves to the favours of the great, by making themselves agreeable companions in the participations of luxury and pleasure.

\* I must further acquaint you, sir, that one of the most eminent pens in Great-street is now employed in writing the dream of this marvellous sleeper, which I hear will be of a more than ordinary length, as it must contain all the particulars that are supposed to have passed in his imagination during so long a sleep. He is said to have gone already through three days and three nights of it, and to have comprised in them the most remarkable passages of the four first centuries of the world. If he can keep free from party strokes, his work may be of use; but this I much doubt, having been informed by one of his friends and confidants, that he has spoken some things of Minerva with too great freedom.

'I am ever, sir, &c.'

ADAMSON.

L.

N<sup>o</sup> 163. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1711.

*Tucentis oculis cubitibus ure!*

VING. EA. L. VER. IX.

And dwell such fiery in celestial breath!

Tucent is nothing in which men more deceive themselves than in what the world calls real. There are so many passions which hide themselves under it, and so many mischiefs arising from it, that some have gone so far as to say it would have been for the benefit of mankind if it had never been reckoned in the catalogue of virtues. It is certain, where it is once landed and predominant, it is an

hundred times criminal and erroneous; nor can it be otherwise, if we consider that it operates with equal violence in all religions, however opposite they may be to one another, and in all the subdivisions of each religion in particular.

We are told by some of the Jewish rabbins, that the first murder was occasioned by a religious controversy; and if we had the whole history of real from the days of Cain to our own times, we should see it filled with so many scenes of slaughter and bloodshed, as would make a wise man very careful how he suffers himself to be actuated by such a principle when it only regards matters of opinion and speculation.

I would have every zealous man examine his heart thoroughly, and, I believe, he will often find, that what he calls a zeal for his religion, is either pride, interest, or ill-nature. A man, who differs from another in opinion, sets himself above him in his own judgment, and in several particulars pretends to be the wiser person. This is a great provocation to the proud man, and gives a very keen edge to what he calls his zeal. And that this is the case very often, we may observe from the behaviour of some of the most zealous for orthodoxy, who have often great friendships and intimacies with vicious immoral men, provided they do but agree with them in the same scheme of belief. The reason is, because the vicious believer gives the precedence to the virtuous man, and allows the good Christian to be the wiser person, at the same time that he cannot stand up to his perfections. This we find exemplified in that trite passage which we see quoted in almost every system of ethics, though upon another occasion:

*Plato vociferans proloquitur,  
Dilectum sequor.*

OTVID. MET. VI. VER. 21.

'I see the right, and I approve it too;  
Condemn the wrong, and yet the wrong pursue.'

TATE.

On the contrary, it is certain, if our zeal were true and generous, we should be much more angry with a sinner than a heretic; since there are several cases which may excuse the latter before his great Judge, but none which can excuse the former.

Interest is likewise a great seducer, and sets a man on persecution under the colour of zeal. For this reason we find none are so forward to promote the true worship by fire and sword, as those who find their present account in it. But I shall extend the word interest to a larger meaning than what is generally given it, as it relates to our spiritual safety and welfare, as well as to our temporal. A man is glad to gain numbers on his side, as they serve to strengthen him in his private opinions. Every proselyte is like a new argument for the establishment of his faith. It makes him believe that his principles carry conviction with them, and are the more likely to be true, when he finds they are conformable to the reason of others, as well as to his own. And that this temper of mind deludes a man very often into an opinion of his zeal, may appear from the common behaviour of the atheist, who maintains and spreads his opinions with as much heat as those who believe they do it only out of a passion for God's glory.

Ill-nature is another dreadful imitator of zeal. Many a good man may bear a natural rancour and malice in his heart, which has been in some measure quelled and subdued by religion; but if it finds any pretence of breaking out, which does

\* Alluding to the time of the year generally occupied in the sitting of parliament.

not seem to him inconsistent with the duties of a Christian, it throws off all restraint, and rages in full fury. Zeal is therefore a great ease to a malicious man, by making him believe he does God service, whilst he is gratifying the bent of a perverse revengeful temper. For this reason we find, that most of the massacres and devastations, which have been in the world, have taken their rise from a furious pretended zeal.

I love to see a man zealous in a good matter, and especially when his zeal shows itself for advancing morality, and promoting the happiness of mankind. But when I find the instruments he works with are racks and gibbets, galleys and dungeons; when he imprisons men's persons, confiscates their estates, ruins their families, and burns the body to save the soul, I cannot stick to pronounce of such a one, that (whatever he may think of his faith and religion) his faith is vain, and his religion unprofitable.

After having treated of these false zealots in religion, I cannot forbear mentioning a monstrous species of men, who one would not think had any existence in nature, were they not to be met with in ordinary conversation, I mean the zealots in atheism. One would fancy that these men, though they fall short in every other respect of those who make profession of religion, would at least outshine them in this particular, and be exempt from that single fault which seems to grow out of the imprudent fervours of religion. But so it is, that infidelity is propagated with as much fierceness and contention, wrath and indignation, as if the safety of mankind depended upon it. There is something so ridiculous and perverse in this kind of zealots, that one does not know how to set them out in their proper colours. They are a sort of gamblers who are eternally upon the fret, though they play for nothing. They are perpetually teasing their friends to come over to them, though at the same time they allow that neither of them shall get any thing by the bargain. In short, the zeal of spreading atheism is, if possible, more absurd than atheism itself.

Since I have mentioned this unaccountable zeal which appears in atheists and infidels, I must further observe, that they are likewise in a most particular manner possessed with the spirit of bigotry. They are wedded to opinions full of contradiction and impossibility, and at the same time look upon the smallest difficulty in an article of faith as a sufficient reason for rejecting it. Notions that fall in with the common reason of mankind, that are conformable to the sense of all ages, and all nations, not to mention their tendency for promoting the happiness of societies, or of particular persons, are exploded as errors and prejudices; and schemes erected in their stead that are altogether monstrous and irrational, and require the most extravagant credulity to embrace them. I would fain ask one of these bigoted infidels, supposing all the great points of atheism, as the casual or eternal formation of the world, the materiality of a thinking substance, the mortality of the soul, the fortuitous organization of the body, the motions and gravitation of matter, with the like particulars, were laid together and formed into a kind of creed, according to the opinions of the most celebrated atheists; I say, supposing such a creed as this were formed, and imposed upon any one people in the world, whether it would not require an infinitely greater measure of faith, than any set of articles which they so violently oppose. Let me therefore advise this generation of wran-

glers, for their own and for the public good, to act at least so consistently with themselves, as not to burn with zeal for irreligion, and with bigotry for nonsense.

ADDITION.

G.

N<sup>o</sup> 186. WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1711.*Cælum ipsum petimus stultitia.*—

HOR. Od. III. l. 1: ver. 38.

— Scarcely the gods and heavenly climes  
Are safe from our audacious crimes.  
DRYDEN.

Upon my return to my lodgings last night, I found a letter from my worthy friend the clergyman, whom I have given some account of in my former papers. He tells me in it, that he was particularly pleased with the latter part of my yesterday's speculation; and at the same time inclosed the following essay, which he desires me to publish as the sequel of that discourse. It consists partly of uncommon reflections, and partly of such as have been already used, but now set in a stronger light.

'A believer may be excused by the most hardened atheist for endeavouring to make him a convert, because he does it with an eye to both their interests. The atheist is inexcusable who tries to gain over a believer, because he does not propose the doing himself or the believer any good by such a conversion.

'The prospect of a future state is the secret comfort and refreshment of my soul; it is that which makes nature look gay about me; it doubles all my pleasures, and supports me under all my afflictions. I can look at disappointments and misfortunes, pain and sickness, death itself, and what is worse than death, the loss of those who are dearest to me, with indifference, so long as I keep in view the pleasures of eternity, and the state of being in which there will be no fears nor apprehensions, pains nor sorrows, sickness nor separation.' Why will any man be so impertinently officious as to tell me all this is only fancy and delusion? Is there any merit in being the messenger of ill news? If it is a dream, let me enjoy it, since it makes me both the happier and better man.

'I must confess I do not know how to trust a man who believes neither heaven nor hell, or, in other words, a future state of rewards and punishments. Not only natural self-love, but reason directs us to promote our own interests above all things. It can never be for the interest of a believer to do me a mischief, because he is sure upon the balance of accounts to find himself a loser by it. On the contrary, if he considers his own welfare in his behaviour towards me, it will lead him to do me all the good he can, and at the same time restrain him from doing me any injury. An unbeliever does not act like a reasonable creature, if he favours me contrary to his present interest, or does not distress me when it turns to his present advantage. Honour and good-nature may indeed tie up his hands; but as these would be very much strengthened by reason and principle, so without them they are only instincts, or wavering unsettled notions, which rest on no foundation.

'Infidelity has been attacked with so good success of late years, that it is driven out of all its out-works. The atheist has not found his post tenable, and is therefore retired into deism, and a disbelief of revealed truth of it is, the greatest are

those who, for want of a virtuous education, or examining the grounds of religion, knew so very little of the matter in question, that their infidelity is but another term for their ignorance.

As folly and inconsiderateness are the foundations of infidelity, the great pillars and supports of it are either a vanity of appearing wiser than the rest of mankind, or an ostentation of courage in despising the terrors of another world, which have so great an influence on what they call weaker minds; or an aversion to a belief that must cut them off from many of these pleasures they propose to themselves, and fill them with remorse for many of those they have already tasted.

The great received articles of the Christian religion have been so clearly proved, from the authority of that divine revelation in which they are delivered, that it is impossible for those who have ears to hear, and eyes to see, not to be convinced of them. But were it possible for any thing in the Christian faith to be erroneous, I can find no ill consequences in adhering to it. The great points of the incarnation and sufferings of our Saviour produce naturally such habits of virtue in the mind of man, that I say, supposing it were possible for us to be mistaken in them, the infidel himself must at least allow that no other system of religion could so effectually contribute to the heightening of morality. They give us great ideas of the dignity of human nature, and of the love which the Supreme Being bears to his creatures, and consequently engage us in the highest acts of duty towards our Creator, our neighbour, and ourselves. How many noble arguments has Saint Paul raised from the chief articles of our religion, for the advancing of morality in its three great branches! To give a single example in each kind. What can be a stranger motive to a firm trust and reliance on the mercies of our Maker, than the giving us his Son to suffer for us? What can make us love and esteem even the most inconsiderable of mankind more than the thought that Christ died for him? Or what disposes us to set a stricter guard upon the purity of our own hearts, than our being members of Christ, and a part of the society of which that immaculate person is the head? But these are only a specimen of those admirable inforcements of morality, which the apostle has drawn from the history of our blessed Saviour.

If our modern infidels considered these matters with that candour and seriousness which they deserve, we should not see them act with such a spirit of bitterness, arrogance, and malice. They would not be raising such insignificant cavils, doubts, and scruples, as may be started against every thing that is not capable of mathematical demonstration; in order to unsettle the minds of the ignorant, disturb the public peace, subvert morality, and throw all things into confusion and disorder. If none of these reflections can have any influence on them, there is one that perhaps may, because it is adapted to their vanity, by which they seem to be guided much more than their reason. I would therefore have them consider, that the wisest and best of men, in all ages of the world, have been those who lived up to the religion of their country, when they saw nothing in it opposite to morality, and to the best light they had of the Divine Nature. Pythagoras's first rule directs us to worship the gods "as it is ordained by law," for that is the most natural interpretation of the precept. Socrates, who was the

most renowned among the heathens both for wisdom and virtue, to his last moments desires his friends to offer a cock to Esculapian; doubtless out of a submissive deference to the established worship of his country. Xenophon tells us, that his prince (when he sets forth as a pattern of perfection), when he found his death approaching, offered sacrifices on the mountains to the Persian Jupiter, and the Sun, "according to the custom of the Persians;" for those are the words of the historian. Nay, the Epicureans and atomical philosophers showed a very remarkable modesty in this particular; for though the being of a God was entirely repugnant to their schemes of natural philosophy, they contented themselves with the denial of a Providence, asserting at the same time the existence of gods in general; because they would not shock the common belief of mankind, and the religion of their country.

ADDRESS

L.

N° 187. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1711.

—A short garden

Inconspicuous notice—

HOB. Od. v. 1. l. ver. 12.

Ah, wretched those who love, yet never did try  
The smiling breachery of thy eye!  
CREECH.

THE intelligence given by this correspondent is so important and useful, in order to avoid the person he speaks of, that I shall insert his letter at length.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I do not know that you have ever touched upon a certain species of women, whom we ordinarily call Jilts. You cannot possibly go upon a more useful work, than the consideration of these dangerous animals. The coquette is indeed one degree towards the Jilt; but the heart of the former is bent upon admiring herself, and giving false hopes to her lovers; but the latter is not contented to be extremely amiable, but she must add to that advantage a certain delight in being a torment to others. This when her lover is in the full expectation of success, the Jilt shall meet him with a sudden indifference, and admiration in her face at his being surprised that he is received like a stranger, and a cast of her head another way with a pleasant scorn of the fellow's insolence. It is very probable the lover goes home utterly astonished and dejected, sits down to his secretary, sends her word in the most abject terms, that he knows not what he has done, that all which was desirable in this life is so suddenly vanished from him, that the charmer of his soul should withdraw the vital heat from the heart which pants for her. He continues a mournful absence for some time, pining in secret, and out of humour with all things which he meets with. At length he takes a resolution to try his fate, and explain with her resolutely upon her unaccountable carriage. He walks up to her apartment, with a thousand inquietudes and doubts in what manner he shall meet the first cast of her eye; when upon his first appearance she flies towards him, wonders where he has been, accuses him of his absence, and treats him with a familiarity as surprising as her former coldness. This good correspondence continues till the lady observes the lover grows happy in it, and then she interrupts it with some new inconsistency of behaviour. For (as I just now said) the happiness of

a jilt consists only in the power of making others uneasy. But such is the folly of this sect of women, that they carry on this pretty skittish behaviour, till they have no charms left to render it snupportable. Corinna, that used to torment all who conversed with her with false glances, and little heedless unguarded motions, that were to betray some inclination towards the man she would insnare, finds at present all she attempts that way unregarded; and is obliged to indulge the jilt in her constitution, by laying artificial plots, writing perplexing letters from unknown hands, and making all the young fellows in love with her, till they find out who she is. Thus, as before she gave torment by disguising her inclination, she now is obliged to do it by hiding her person.

As for my own part, Mr. Spectator, it has been my unhappy fate to be jilted from my youth upward; and as my taste has been very much towards intrigue, and having intelligence with women of wit, my whole life has passed away in a series of impositions. I shall, for the benefit of the present race of young men, give some account of my loves. I know not whether you have ever heard of the famous girl about town called Kitty. This creature (for I must take shame upon myself) was my mistress in the days when keeping was in fashion. Kitty, under the appearance of being wild, thoughtless, and irregular in all her words and actions, concealed the most accomplished jilt of her time. Her negligence had to me a charm in it like that of chastity, and want of desires seemed as great a merit as the conquest of them. The air she gave herself was that of a romping girl, and whenever I talked to her with any turn of fondness, she would immediately snatch off my periwig, try it upon herself in the glass, clap her arms a-kimbo, draw my sword, and make passes on the wall, take off my cravat, and seize it, to make some other use of the lace, or run into some other unaccountable romphishness, till the time I had appointed to pass away with her was over. I went from her full of pleasure at the reflection that I had the keeping of so much beauty in a woman, who, as she was too heedless to please me, was also too inattentive to form a design to wrong me. Long did I divert every hour that hung heavy upon me in the company of this creature, whom I looked upon as neither guilty nor innocent, but could laugh at myself for my unaccountable pleasure in an expense upon her, until in the end it appeared my pretty insensible was with child by my footman.

This accident roused me into a disdain against all libertine women, under what appearance soever they hid their insincerity, and I resolved after that time to converse with none but those who lived within the rules of decency and honour. To this end I formed myself into a more regular turn of behaviour, and began to make visits, frequent assemblies, and lead out ladies from the theatres, with all the other insignificant duties which the professed servants of the fair place themselves in constant readiness to perform. In a very little time (having a plentiful fortune) fathers and mothers began to regard me as a good match, and I found easy admittance into the best families in town to observe their daughters; but I, who was born to follow the fair to no purpose, have by the force of my ill stars made my application to three jilts successively.

Hyæna is one of those who form themselves into a melancholy and indolent air, and endeavour to gain admirers from their inattention to all around them. Hyæna can toll in her coach, with

something so fixed in her countenance, that it is impossible to conceive her meditation is employed only on her dress and her charms in that posture. If it were not too coarse a simile, I should say, Hyæna, in the figure she affects to appear in, is a spider in the midst of a cobweb, that is sure to destroy every fly that approaches it. The net Hyæna throws is so fine, that you are taken in it, before you can observe any part of her work. I attempted her for a long and weary season, but I found her passion went no further than to be admired; and she is of that unreasonable temper, as not to value the inconstancy of her lovers, provided she can honest she once had their addresses.

Biblis was the second I aimed at, and her vanity lay, in purchasing the adorers of others, and not in rejoicing in their love itself. Biblis is no man's mistress, but every woman's rival. As soon as I found this, I fell in love with Chloe, who is my present pleasure and torment. I have writ to her, danced with her, and fought for her, and have been her man in the sight and expectation of the whole town these three years, and thought myself near the end of my wishes; when the other day she called me into her closet, and told me, with a very grave face, that she was a woman of honour, and scorned to deceive a man who loved her with so much sincerity as she saw I did; and therefore she must inform me that she was by nature the most inconstant creature breathing, and begged of me not to marry her: if I insisted upon it, I should; but that she was lately fallen in love with another. What to do or say I know not, but desire you to inform me, and you will infinitely oblige,

sin,

Your most humble servant,

CHARLES YELLOW.

#### ADVERTISEMENT.

Mr. Sly, haberdasher of hats, at the corner of Devereux-court, in the Strand, gives notice, that he has prepared very neat hats, rubbers, and brushes, for the use of young tradesmen in their last year of apprenticeship, at reasonable rates.\*

STEELE.

T.

Nº 185. FRIDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1711.

*Lætus sum laudari a te laudato viro.*

TULL.

It gives me pleasure to be praised by you, whom all men praise.

He is a very unhappy man who sets his heart upon being admired by the multitude, or affects a general and undistinguishing applause among men. What pious men call the testimony of a good conscience, should be the measure of our ambition in this kind, that is to say, a man of spirit should condemn the praise of the ignorant, and like being applauded for nothing but what he knows in his own heart he deserves. Besides which, the character of the person who commends you is to be considered, before you set a value upon his esteem. The praise of an ignorant man is only good-will, and you should receive his kindness as he is a good neighbour in society, and not as a good judge of your actions in point of fame and reputation. The satirist said

\* This Mr. Sly (who is also mentioned in other parts of the Spectator) died April 14, 1729, of a mortification in his leg; which, say the newspapers of the day, he had endured a long time.

very well of popular praise and acknowledgments; 'Give the thinkers and cobblers their presents again, and learn to live of yourself.' It is an argument of a loose and ungoverned mind to be affected with the promiscuous approbation of the generality of mankind; and a man of virtue should be too delicate for so coarse an appetite of fame. Men of honour should endeavour only to please the worthy, and the man of merit should desire to be tried only by his peers. I thought it a noble sentiment which I heard yesterday uttered in conversation: 'I know,' said a gentleman, 'a way to be greater than any man. If he has worth to him, I can rejoice in his superiority to me; and that satisfaction is a greater act of the soul to me, than any to him which can possibly appear to me.' This thought could proceed but from a candid and generous spirit; and the approbation of such souls is what may be esteemed true praise; for with the common rate of men there is nothing commendable but what they themselves may hope to be partakers of, and arrive at; but the motive truly glorious is, when the mind is set rather to do things laudable, than to purchase reputation. Where there is that sincerity as the foundation of a good name, the kind opinion of virtuous men will be an unsought, but a necessary consequence. The Lacedæmonians, though a plain people, and no pretenders to politeness, had a certain delicacy in their sense of glory, and sacrificed to the Muses when they acted upon any great enterprise. They would have the commemoration of their actions be transmitted by the purest and most exalted memorialists. The dia which attends victories and public triumphs is by far less eligible, than the recital of the actions of great men by honest and able historians. It is a frivolous pleasure to be the admiration of gaping crowds; but to have the approbation of a good man in the cool reflections of his closet, is a gratification worthy an heroic spirit. The applause of the crowd makes the head giddy, but the attestation of a reasonable man makes the heart glad.

What makes the love of popular or general praise still more ridiculous, is, that it is usually given for circumstances which are foreign to the persons admired. Thus they are the ordinary attendants on power and riches, which may be taken out of one man's hands, and put into another's. The application only, and not the power itself, makes those outward things honourable. The vulgar and men of sense agree in admiring men for having what they themselves would rather be possessed of; the who man applauds him whom he thinks most virtuous, the rest of the world him who is most wealthy.

When a man is in this way of thinking, I do not know what can occur to one more monstrous, than to see persons of ingenuity address their services and performances to men no way addicted to liberal arts. In these cases, the praise on one hand, and the patronage on the other, are equally the objects of ridicule. Dedications to ignorant men are as absurd as any of the speeches of Balshach in the Droll. Such an address one is apt to translate into other words; and when the different parties are thoroughly considered, the panegyric generally implies no more than if the author should say to the patron, 'My very good lord, you and I can never understand one another, therefore I humbly desire we may be intimate friends for the future.'

The rich may as well ask to borrow of the poor,

as the man of virtue or merit hope for addition to his character from any but such as himself. He that commends another engages so much of his own reputation as he gives to that person commended; and he that has nothing laudable in himself is not of ability to be such a surety. The wise Phocion was so sensible how dangerous it was to be touched with what the multitude approved, that upon a general acclamation made when he was making an oration, he turned to an intelligent friend who stood near him; and asked in a surprised manner, 'What slip have I made?'

I shall conclude this paper with a billet which has fallen into my hands, and was written to a lady from a gentleman whom she had highly commended. The author of it had formerly been her lover. When all possibility of commerce between them on the subject of love was cut off, she spoke so handsomely of him, as to give occasion to this letter.

MADAM,

I should be incapable to a stupidity, if I could forbear making you my acknowledgments for your late mention of me with so much applause. It is, I think, your fate to give me new sentiments: as you formerly inspired me with the true sense of love, so do you now with the true sense of glory. A desire had the least part in the passion I heretofore professed towards you, so has vanity no share in the glory to which you have now raised me. Innocence, knowledge, beauty, virtue, sincerity, and discretion, are the constant ornaments of her who has said this of me. Fame is a bubble, but I have arrived at the highest glory in this world, the commendation of the most deserving person to it.

STEELE.

N° 189 SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1711.

— *Patris pietatis amor.* —

VIRG. Æn. 2. v. 62.

An Image of paternal Gratitude!

THE following letter being written to my bookseller, upon a subject of which I treated some time since, I shall publish it in this paper, together with the letter that was enclosed in it.

MR. BUCKLEY,

MR. SPECTATOR having of late decanted upon the cruelty of parents to their children, I have been induced (at the request of several of Mr. Spectator's admirers) to enclose this letter, which I assure you is the original from a father to his own son, notwithstanding the latter gave but little or no provocation. It would be wonderfully obliging to the world, if Mr. Spectator would give his opinion of it in some of his speculations, and particularly to (Mr. Buckley)

'Your humble servant.'

MADAM,

You are a sandy meddlesome rascal, and both fool and mad, and I care not a farthing whether you tremble or no; that does not raise one my impressions of your insolence, going about railing at me, and the next day to solicit my favour. There are inconsistencies, such as discover thy reason depraved. To be brief, I never desire to see your face; and, afraid, if you go to the workhouse, it is

no disgrace to me for you to be supported there; and if you starve in the streets, I'll never give any thing underhand in your behalf. If I have any more of your scribbling nonsense, I'll break your head the first time I set sight on you. You are a stubborn beast; is this your gratitude for my giving you money? You rogue, I'll better your judgment, and give you a greater sense of your duty to (I regret to say) your father, &c.

'P. S. Its prudence for you to keep out of my sight; for to reproach me, that Might overcomes Right, on the outside of your letter, I shall give you a great knock on the skull for it.'

Was there ever such an image of paternal tenderness! It was usual among some of the Greeks to make their slaves drink to excess, and then expose them to their children, who by that means conceived an early aversion to a vice which makes men appear so monstrous and irrational. I have exposed this picture of an unnatural father with the same intention, that its deformity may deter others from its resemblance. If the reader has a mind to see a father of the same stamp represented in the most exquisite strokes of humour, he may meet with it in one of the finest comedies that ever appeared upon the English stage: I mean the part of Sir Sampson in *Love for Love*.

I must not, however, engage myself blindly on the side of the son, to whom the fond letter above-written was directed. His father calls him a 'saucy and audacious rascal' in the first line, and I am afraid upon examination he will prove but an ungracious youth. 'To go about railing' at his father, and to find no other place but 'the outside of his letter' to tell him 'that might overcomes right'—if it does not discover 'his reason to be depraved,' and 'that he is either fool or mad,' as the choleric old gentleman tells him, we may at least allow that the father will do very well in endeavouring to 'better his judgment, and give him a greater sense of his duty.' But whether this may be brought about by 'breaking his head,' or 'giving him a great knock on the skull,' ought, I think, to be well considered. Upon the whole, I wish the father has not met with his match, and that he may not be as equally paired with a son, as the mother in Virgil:

— *Crudelis tu quoque mater:*  
*Crudelis mater magis, an puer improbus ille?*  
*Improbus ille puer, crudelis tu quoque mater.*

ECL. viii. ver. 48.

Cruel alike the mother and the son.

Or like the crow and her egg in the Greek proverb:

ΚΑΚΗ ΧΟΡΑΚΑΙ ΧΑΚΗΤ ΕΓΓΟ.

'Bad the crow, bad the egg.'

I must here take notice of a letter which I have received from an unknown correspondent, upon the subject of my paper, upon which the foregoing letter is likewise founded \*. The writer of it seems very much concerned lest that paper should seem to give encouragement to the disobedience of children towards their parents; but if the writer of it will take the pains to read it over again attentively, I dare say his apprehensions will vanish. Pardon and reconciliation are all the penitent daughter requests, and all that I contend for in her

behalf; and in this case I may use the saying of an eminent wit, who, upon some great men's pressing him to forgive his daughter who had married against his consent, told them he could refuse nothing to their instances, but that he would have them remember there was difference between giving and forgiving.

I must confess, in all controversies between parents and their children, I am naturally prejudiced in favour of the former. The obligations on that side can never be acquitted, and I think it is one of the greatest reflections upon human nature, that paternal instinct should be a stronger motive to love than filial gratitude; that the receiving of favours should be a less inducement to good-will, tenderness, and commiseration, than the conferring of them; and that the taking care of any person should endear the child or dependant more to the parent or benefactor, than the parent or benefactor to the child or dependant; yet so it happens, that for one cruel parent we meet with a thousand undutiful children. This is indeed wonderfully contrived (as I have formerly observed \*) for the support of every living species; but at the same time that it shows the wisdom of the Creator, it discovers the imperfection and degeneracy of the creature.

The obedience of children to their parents is the basis of all government, and set forth as the measure of that obedience which we owe to those whom Providence hath placed over us.

It is father Le Compte †, if I am not mistaken, who tells us how want of duty in this particular is punished among the Chinese, inasmuch that if a son should be known to kill, or so much as to strike his father, not only the criminal, but his whole family, would be rooted out, nay, the inhabitants of the place where he lived would be put to the sword, nay, the place itself would be razed to the ground, and its foundations sown with salt. For, say they, there must have been an utter depravation of manners in that clan or society of people who could have bred up among them so horrid an offender. To this I shall add a passage out of the first book of Herodotus. That historian, in his account of the Persian customs and religion, tells us, it is their opinion that no man ever killed his father, or that it is possible such a crime should be in nature; but that if any thing like it should ever happen, they conclude that the reputed son must have been illegitimate, supposititious, or begotten in adultery. Their opinion in this particular shows sufficiently what a notion they must have had of undutifulness in general.

ADDISON.

L.

Nº 190. MONDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1711.

*Servitus crescit nova*

HOR. Od. viii. l. ii. ver. 18.

A servitude to former times unknown.

SINCE I made some reflections upon the general negligence used in the case of regard towards women, or, in other words, since I talked of need-men, I have had epistles upon that subject, which I shall, for the present entertainment, insert as they lie before me.

\* Nº 120.

† In his

Q. G.

\* Nº 181.

MR. SPECTATOR,

As your speculations are not confined to any part of human life, but concern the wicked as well as the good, I must desire your favourable acceptance of what I, a poor strolling girl about town, have to say to you. I was told by a Roman catholic gentleman who picked me up last week, and who, I hope, is absolved for what passed between us; I say, I was told by such a person, who even vowed to convert me to his own religion, that in countries where popery prevails, besides the advantage of licensed stewards, there are large endowments given for the *Incubitus*, I think he called them, such as are part all remedy, and are allowed such maintenance and support as to keep them without further care till they expire. This manner of treating poor sinners has, methinks, great humanity in it; and as you are a person who pretend to carry your reflections upon all subjects whatever that occur to you, with candour, and act above the sense of what misinterpretation you may meet with, I beg the favour of you to lay before all the world the unhappy condition of us poor vagrants, who are really in a way of labour instead of idleness. There are crowds of us whose manner of livelihood has long come to be pleasing to us; and who would willingly lead a new life, if the rigour of the virtuous did not for ever expel us from coming into the world again. As it now happens, to the eternal infamy of the male sex, falsehood among you is not reproachful, but credulity in women is infamous.

Give me leave, sir, to give you my history. You are to know that I am a daughter of a man of a good reputation, tenant to a man of quality. The heir of this great house took it in his head to cast a favourable eye upon me, and succeeded. I do not pretend to say he promised me marriage; I was not a creature silly enough to be taken by so foolish a story; but he ran away with me up to this town, and introduced me to a grave matron, with whom I boarded for a day or two with great gravity, and was not a little pleased with the change of my condition, from that of a country life to the finest company, as I believed, in the whole world. My humble servant made me understand that I should be always kept in the pleasurable condition I then enjoyed; when, after a very great goodness towards me, he one day took his leave of me for four or five days. In the evening of the same day my good landlady came to me, and observing me very pensive, began to comfort me, and with a smile told me I must see the world. When I was deaf to all she could say to divert me, she began to tell me with a very frank air that I must be treated as I ought, and not take these squeamish humours upon me, for my friend had left me to the town; and, as their phrase is, she expected I would see company, or I must be treated like what I had brought myself to. This put me into a fit of crying; and I immediately, in a true sense of my condition, threw myself on the floor, deploring my fate, calling upon all that was good and sacred to succour me. While I was in all this agony, I observed a decrepit old fellow come into the room, and looking with a sense of pleasure in his face at all my vehemence and trans-

port. In a pause of my distress, I heard him say to the shameless old woman who stood by me, "She is certainly a new face, or else she acts it rarely." With that the gentlewoman, who was making her market of me, in all the turns of my person, the heaves of my passion, and the suitable changes of my posture, took occasion to commend my neck, my shape, my eyes, my limbs. All this was accompanied with such speeches as you may have heard horse-couriers make in the sale of nags, when they are warranted for their soundness. You understood by this time that I was left in a bachel, and exposed to the next bidder that could purchase me of my patroness. This is so much the work of hell; the pleasure in the possession of us wench, abates in proportion to the degrees we go beyond the bounds of innocence; and so was I gratified, if there is nothing left for him to debauch. Well, sir, my first man, when I came upon the town, was Sir Jeffrey Folbe, who was extremely lavish to me of his money, and took such a fancy to me that he would have carried me off, if my patroness would have taken any reasonable terms for me; but as he was old, his constancy was his strongest passion, and poor I was soon left exposed to be the common refuse of all the rakes and debauchers in town. I cannot tell whether you will do me justice or no; till I see whether you print this or not; otherwise, as I now live old Bel\*, I could give you a very just account of who and who is together in this town. You perhaps won't believe it; but I know of one who pretends to be a very good protestant, who lies with a Roman catholic; but more of this hereafter, as you please me. There do come to our house the greatest politicians of the age; and Bel is more shrewd than any body thinks. No body can believe that such wise men could go to hardy-bowts out of idle purposes. I have heard them often talk of Augustus Caesar, who had intrigues with the wives of senators, but set of wastefulness, but stratagem.

It is a thousand pities you should be so severely virtuous as I fear you are; otherwise, after one visit or two, you would soon understand that we women of the town are not such useless correspondents as you may imagine; you have undoubtedly heard that it was a courtesan who discovered Catiline's conspiracy. If you print this I'll tell you more; and am, in the mean time,

SIR,

Your most humble servant,

REBECCA HATTLETOW.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I AM an idle young woman that would work for my livelihood, but that I am kept in such a manner as I cannot stir out. My tyrant is an old jealous fellow, who allows me nothing to appear in. I have but one shoe and one slipper; no head-dress, and no upper petticoat. As you set up for a reformer, I desire you would take me out of this wicked way, and keep me yourself.

EVE AFTERDAY.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I AM to complain to you of a set of impertinent coxcombs, who visit the apartments of us women of the town, only, as they call it, to see the world. I must confess to you, this is more of delicacy might have so effect to cure them; but as they are stupid, noisy, and drunken fellows, it tends only

\* For much more headable purposes, we have the instructions of The Magdalen and The Aylmer; the former for the relief and reformation of Penitent Prostitutes; the latter, for Female Orphans whose settlements cannot be found; to preserve them from falling into the ways of vice and shame.

\* A noted procurer of that time.





After having wished my correspondent good luck, and thanked him for his intended kindness, I shall for this time dismiss the subject of the lottery, and only observe, that the greatest part of mankind are in some degree guilty of my friend Gooding's extravagance. We are apt to rely upon future prospects, and become really expensive while we are only rich in possibility. We live up to our expectations, not to our possessions, and make a figure proportionable to what we may be, not what we are. We outrun our present income, as not doubting to disburse ourselves out of the profits of some future place, project, or reversion that we have in view. It is through this temper of mind, which is so common among us, that we see tradesmen break, who have met with no misfortunes in their business; and men of estates reduced to poverty, who have never suffered from losses or repairs, tenants, taxes, or law-suits. In short, it is this foolish sanguine temper, this depending upon contingent fortuities, that occasions romantic generosity, chimerical grandeur, senseless ostentation, and generally ends in beggary and ruin. The man, who will live above his present circumstances, is in great danger of living in a little time much beneath them; as the Italian proverb runs, 'The man who lives by hope, will die by hunger.'

It should be an indispensable rule in life, to contract our desires to our present condition; and, whatever may be our expectations, to live within the compass of what we actually possess. It will be time enough to enjoy an estate when it comes into our hands; but if we anticipate our good fortune, we shall lose the pleasure of it when it arrives, and may possibly never possess what we have so foolishly counted upon.

ADDITION.

L

Nº 192. WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1711.

— *Una ore curam cordis*  
*Bona dixerit, et laudare fortune mact.*  
*Qui gaudium habet non habet longum proclum.*

THE SPECTATOR, vol. 1. no. 1.

All men agreed in complimenting me, and applauded my good fortune in being the father of so bountiful a son.

I wrote the other day, and beheld a father sitting in the middle of a room with a large family of children about him; and methought I could observe in his countenance different notions of delight, as he turned his eye towards the one and the other of them. The man is a person moderate in his design for their preferment and welfare; and as he has an easy fortune, he is not ambitious to make a great one. His eldest son is a child of a very tawardly disposition, and as much as the father loves him, I dare say he will never be a knave to improve his fortune. I do not know any man who has a juster relish of life than the person I am speaking of, or keeps a better guard against the terrors of want, or the hopes of gain. It is usual in a crowd of children, for the parent to name out of his own flock all the great officers of the kingdom. There is something so very surprising in the parts of a child of a man's own, that there is nothing too great to be expected from his endowments. I knew a good woman who has but three sons, and there is, she says, nothing she expects with more certainty, than that she shall see one of

them a bishop, the other a judge, and the third a court physician. The humour is, that any thing which can happen to any man's child, is expected by every man for his own. Not my friend, whom I was going to speak of, does not flatter himself with such vain expectations, but has his eye more upon the virtue and disposition of his children, than their advancement or wealth. Good habits are what will certainly improve a man's fortune and reputation; but, on the other side, affluence of fortune will not as probably produce good affections of the mind.

It is very natural for a man of a kind disposition, to amuse himself with the premises his imagination makes to him of the future condition of his children, and to represent to himself the figure they shall bear in the world after he has left it. When his prospects of this kind are agreeable, his fondness gives us as it were a longer date to his own life; and the servitorship of a worthy man in his son, is a pleasure scarce inferior to the hopes of the continuance of his own life. That man is happy who can believe of his son, that he will escape the follies and dissolutions of which he himself was guilty, and pursue and improve every thing that was valuable in him. The continuance of his virtue is much more to be regarded than that of his life; but it is the most lamentable of all reflections, to think that the heir of a man's fortune is such a one as will be a stranger to his friends, alienated from the same interests, and a promoter of every thing which he himself disapproved. An estate in possession of such a successor to a good man, is more than laid waste; and the family, of which he is the head, is in a more deplorable condition than that of being extinct.

When I visit the agreeable seat of my honoured friend Ruricola, and walk from room to room revolving many pleasing occurrences, and the expressions of many just sentiments I have heard him utter, and seeing the booby his heir is pale while he is doing the honours of his house to the friend of his father, the heaviness it gives me is not to be expressed. Want of genius is not to be imputed to any man, but want of humanity is a man's own fault. The son of Ruricola (whose life was one continued series of worthy actions, and gentleman-like inclinations) is the companion of drunken clowns, and knows no sense of praise but in the flattery he receives from his own servants; his pleasures are gross and inordinate, his language base and stilted, his behaviour rough and absurd. Is this creature to be accounted the successor of a man of virtue, wit, and breeding? At the same time that I have this melancholy prospect at the house where I visit my old friend, I can go to a gentleman's not far off it, where he has a daughter who is the picture both of his body and mind, but both improved with the beauty and modesty peculiar to her sex. It is she who supplies the loss of her father to the world; she, without his name or fortune, is a truer memorial of him, than her brother who succeeds him in both. Such an offspring as the eldest son of my friend perpetuates his father in the same manner as the appearance of his ghost would: it is indeed Ruricola, but it is Ruricola grown frightful.

I know not to what to attribute the brutal turn which this young man has taken, except it may be to a certain severity and distance which his father used towards him, and might, perhaps, have occasioned a dislike to those modes of life, which were not made suitable to him by freedom and affability.

We may promise ourselves that no such excessence will appear in the family of the Cornelli, where the father lives with his sons like their eldest brother, and the sons converse with him as if they did it for no other reason but that he is the wisest man of their acquaintance. As the Cornelli are eminent traders, their good correspondence with each other is useful to all that know them, as well as to themselves: and their friendship, good-will, and kind offices, are disposed of jointly as well as their fortune, so that no one ever obliged one of them, who had not the obligation multiplied in returns from them all.

It is the most beautiful object the eyes of man can behold, to see a man of worth and his son live in an entire unreserved correspondence. The mutual kindness and affection between them, give an inexpressible satisfaction to all who know them. It is a sublime pleasure which increases by the participation. It is as sacred as friendship, as pleasurable as love, and as joyful as religion. This state of mind does not only dissipate sorrow, which would be extreme without it, but enlarges pleasures which would otherwise be contemptible. The most indifferent thing has its force and beauty when it is spoke by a kind father, and an insignificant trifle has its weight when offered by a dutiful child. I know not how to express it, but I think I may call it 'a transplanted self-love.' All the enjoyments and sufferings which a man meets with are regarded only as they concern him in the relation he has to another. A man's very honour receives a new value to him, when he thinks that, when he is in his grave, it will be had in remembrance that such an action was done by such a one's father. Such considerations sweeten the old man's evening, and his soliloquy delights him when he can say to himself, No man can tell my child his father was either unmerciful or unjust. My son shall meet many a man who shall say to him, 'I was obliged to thy father; and be my child a friend to his child for ever.'

It is not in the power of all men to leave illustrious names or great fortunes to their posterity, but they can very much conduce to their having industry, probity, valour, and justice. It is in every man's power to leave his son the honour of descending from a virtuous man, and add the blessings of heaven to whatever he leaves him. I shall end this rhapsody with a letter to an excellent young man of my acquaintance, who has lately lost a worthy father.

'DEAR SIR,

'I KNOW no part of life more impertinent than the office of administering consolation: I will not enter into it, for I cannot but applaud your grief. The virtuous principles you had from that excellent man, whom you have lost, have wrought in you as they ought, to make a youth of three and twenty incapable of comfort upon coming into possession of a great fortune. I doubt not but you will honour his memory by a modest enjoyment of his estate; and scorn to triumph over his grave, by employing in riot, excess, and debauchery; what he purchased with so much industry, prudence, and wisdom. This is the true way to show the sense you have of your loss, and to take away the distress of others upon the occasion. You cannot recal your father by your grief, but you may revive him to his friends by your conduct.'

STEEL.

No. 193. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1711.

—*Ingentem foribus domus alta superhis  
Manc salutantum lotis comit adibus undam.*

VIRG. Georg. II. ver. 461.

His lordship's palace, from its stately doors,  
A flood of levee-hunting mortals pours.

WHEN we look round us, and behold the strange variety of faces and persons which fill the streets with business and hurry, it is no unpleasant amusement to make guesses at their different pursuits, and judge by their countenances, what it is that so anxiously engages their present attention. Of all this busy crowd, there are none who would give a man inclined to such inquiries better diversion for his thoughts, than those whom we call good courtiers, and such as are assiduous at the levees of great men. These worthies are got into a habit of being servile with an air, and enjoy a certain vanity in being known for understanding how the world passes. In the pleasure of this they can rise early, go abroad sleek and well-dressed, with no other hope or purpose, but to make a bow to a man in court favour, and be thought, by some insignificant smile of his, not a little engaged in his interests and fortunes. It is wondrous, that a man can get over the natural existence and possession of his own mind so far, as to take delight either in paying or receiving such cold and repeated civilities. But what maintains the humour is, that outward show is what most men pursue, rather than real happiness. Thus both the idol, and idolater, equally impose upon themselves in pleasing their imaginations this way. But as there are very many of her majesty's good subjects, who are extremely uneasy at their own seats in the country, where all from the skies to the centre of the earth is their own, and have a mighty longing to shine in courts, or to be partners in the power of the world; I say, for the benefit of these, and others who hanker after being in the whisper with great men, and vexing their neighbours with the changes they would be capable of making in the appearance at a country sessions, it would not methinks be amiss to give an account of that market for preferment, a great man's levee.

For aught I know, this commerce between the mighty and their slaves, very justly represented, might do so much good, as to incline the great to regard business rather than ostentation; and make the little know the use of their time too well, to spend it in vain applications and addresses. The famous doctor in Moorfields, who gained so much reputation for his horary predictions; is said to have had in his parlour different ropes to little bells which hung in the room above stairs, where the doctor thought fit to be oraculous. If a girl had been deceived by her lover, one bell was pulled; and if a peasant had lost a cow, the servant rung another. This method was kept in respect to all other passions and concerns, and the skilful waiter below sifted the inquirer, and gave the doctor notice accordingly. The levee of a great man is after the same manner, and twenty whispering alarms; and private intimations, pass on and forward for the patron himself to pay their the scene is



will say is not common. I have a wife, of whose virtue I am not in the least doubtful; yet I cannot be satisfied she loves me, which gives me as great uneasiness as being faulty the other way would do. I know not whether I am not yet more miserable than in that case, for she keeps possession of my heart without the return of hers. I would desire your observations upon that temper in some women who will not condescend to convince their husbands of their innocence or their love, but are wholly negligent of what reflections the poor men make upon their conduct (so they cannot call it criminal), when at the same time a little tenderness of behaviour, or regard to show an inclination to please them, would make them entirely at ease. Do not such women deserve all the misinterpretation which they neglect to avoid? Or are they not in the actual practice of guilt, who care not whether they are thought guilty or not? If my wife does the most ordinary thing, as visiting her sister, or taking the air with her mother; it is always carried with the air of a secret. Then she will sometimes tell a thing of no consequence, as if it was only want of memory made her conceal it before; and this only to dally with my anxiety. I have complained to her of this behaviour in the gentlest terms imaginable, and beseeched her not to use him, who desired only to live with her like an indulgent friend, as the most morose and unsociable husband in the world. It is no easy matter to describe our circumstance; but it is miserable, with this aggravation, that it might be easily mended, and yet no remedy endeavoured. She reads you, and there is a phrase or two in this letter which she will know came from me. If we enter into an explanation which may tend to our future quiet by your means, you shall have our joint thanks: in the mean time I am (as much as I can in this ambiguous condition be any thing),

‘SIR,  
‘Your humble servant.’

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘GIVE me leave to make you a present of a character not yet described in your papers, which is that of a man who treats his friend with the same odd variety which a fantastical female tyrant practises towards her lover. I have for some time had a friendship with one of these mercurial persons. The rogue I know loves me, yet takes advantage of my fondness for him to use me as he pleases. We are by turns the best friends and the greatest strangers imaginable. Sometimes you would think us inseparable; at other times he avoids me for a long time, yet neither he nor I know why. When we meet next by chance, he is amazed he has not seen me, is impatient for an appointment the same evening; and when I expect he should have kept it, I have known him slip away to another place; where he has sat reading the news, when there is no post; smoking his pipe, which he seldom cares for; and staring about him in company with whom he had nothing to do, as if he wondered how he came there.

‘That I may state my case to you the more fully, I shall transcribe some short minutes I have taken of him in my almanack since last spring; for you must know there are certain seasons of the year, according to which, I will not say our friendship, but the enjoyment of it rises or falls. In March and April he was as various as the weather; in May and part of June, I found him the sprightliest best-humoured fellow in the world; in the

dog-days he was much upon the indolent; in September, very agreeable but very busy; and since the glass fell last to changeable, he has made three appointments with me, and broke them every one. However I have good hopes of him this winter, especially if you will lend me your assistance to reform him, which will be a great ease and pleasure to,

October 9,  
1711.

‘SIR,  
‘Your most humble servant.’

STEEL.

T.

Nº 195. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1711.

Νηπιετ, καὶ ἱσταντ ὅσω παλιον ἱμνισυ παλτος.  
Ουδ' ὁσον εἰ μαλ' αὖτε τε ἀσφοδὶλῳ μιλ' οὐνιαρ.  
HES. Oper. et Dier. l. i. ver. 40.

Fools, not to know that half exceeds the whole,  
Nor the great blessings of a frugal board!

THERE is a story in the Arabian Nights Tales of a king who had long languished under an ill habit of body, and had taken abundance of remedies to no purpose. At length, says the fable, a physician cured him by the following method: He took a hollow ball of wool; and filled it with several drugs; after which he closed it up so artificially that nothing appeared. He likewise took a mall, and after having hollowed the handle, and that part which strikes the ball, he inclosed in them several drugs after the same manner as in the ball itself. He then ordered the sultan, who was his patient, to exercise himself early in the morning with these rightly-prepared instruments, till such time as he should sweat: when, as the story goes, the virtue of the medicaments perspiring through the wood had so good an influence on the sultan's constitution, that they cured him of an indisposition which all the compositions he had taken inwardly had not been able to remove. This eastern allegory is finely contrived to show us how beneficial bodily labour is to health, and that exercise is the most effectual physic. I have described in my hundred and fifteenth paper, from the general structure and mechanism of an human body, how absolutely necessary exercise is for its preservation. I shall in this place recommend another great preservative of health, which in many cases produces the same effects as exercise, and may, in some measure, supply its place, where opportunities of exercise are wanting. The preservative I am speaking of is temperance, which has those particular advantages above all other means of health, that it may be practised by all ranks and conditions, at any season, or in any place. It is a kind of regimen into which every man may put himself, without interruption to business, expense of money, or loss of time. If exercise throws off all superfluities, temperance prevents them; if exercise clears the vessels, temperance neither satiates nor overstrains them; if exercise raises proper ferments in the humours, and promotes the circulation of the blood, temperance gives nature her full play, and enables her to exert herself in all her force and vigour; if exercise dissipates a growing distemper, temperance starves it.

Physic, for the most part, is nothing else but the substitute of exercise or temperance. Medicines are indeed absolutely necessary in acute distempers, that cannot wait the slow operations of these two great instruments of health; but did



mend to you to talk in an humbler strain than your predecessors have done, and, instead of presuming to be happy, instruct us only to be easy. The thoughts of him who would be discreet, and aim at practicable things, should turn upon allaying our pain rather than promoting our joy. Great inquietude is to be avoided, but great felicity is not to be attained. The great lesson is equanimity, a regularity of spirit, which is a little above cheerfulness and below mirth. Cheerfulness is always to be supported if a man is out of pain, but mirth to a prudent man should always be accidental. It should naturally arise out of the occasion, and the occasion seldom be laid for it; for those tempers who want mirth to be pleased, are like the constitutions which flag without the use of brandy. Therefore, I say, let your precept be, "Be easy." That mind is dissolute and ungoverned, which must be hurried out of itself by loud laughter or sensual pleasure, or else be wholly unactive.

'There are a couple of old fellows of my acquaintance who meet every day and smoke a pipe, and by their natural love to each other, though they have been men of business and bustle in the world, enjoy a greater tranquillity than either could have worked himself into by any chapter of Seneca. Indolence of body and mind, when we aim at no more, is very frequently enjoyed; but the very inquiry after happiness has something restless in it, which a man who lives in a series of temperate meals, friendly conversations, and easy slumbers, gives himself no trouble about. While men of refinement are talking of tranquillity, he possesses it.

'What I would by these broken expressions recommend to you, Mr. Spectator, is, that you would speak of the way of life which plain men may pursue to fill up the spaces of time with satisfaction. It is a lamentable circumstance, that wisdom, or, as you call it, philosophy, should furnish ideas only for the learned; and that a man must be a philosopher, to know how to pass away his time agreeably. It would therefore be worth your pains to place in a handsome light the relations and affinities among men, which render their conversation with each other so grateful, that the highest talents give but an impotent pleasure in comparison with them. You may find descriptions and discourses which will render the fireside of an honest artificer as entertaining, as your own club is to you. Good-nature has an endless source of pleasures in it; and the representation of domestic life filled with its natural gratifications, (instead of the necessary vexations which are generally insisted upon in the writings of the witty) will be a very good office to society.

'The vicissitudes of labour and rest in the lower part of mankind, make their being pass away with that sort of relish which we express by the word comfort; and should be treated of by you, who are a Spectator, as well as such subjects which appear indeed more speculative, but are less instructive. In a word, sir, I would have you turn your thoughts to the advantage of such as want you most; and show that simplicity, innocence, industry, and temperance, are arts which lead to tranquillity, as much as learning, wisdom, knowledge, and contemplation. 'I am, sir,

'Your most humble servant,  
'T. B.'

'MR. SPECTATOR, Hackney, October 12.  
'I AM the young woman whom you did so much jus-

tice to some time ago, in acknowledging that I am perfect mistress of the fan, and use it with the utmost knowledge and dexterity\*. Indeed, the world, malicious as it is, will allow, that from a hurry of laughter, I recollect myself the most suddenly, make a curtesy, and let fall my hands before me, closing my fan at the same instant, the best of any woman in England. I am not a little delighted that I have had your notice and approbation; and however other young women may rally me out of envy, I triumph in it, and demand a place in your friendship. You must therefore permit me to lay before you the present state of my mind. I was reading your Spectator of the 9th instant†, and thought the circumstance of the ass divided between two bundles of hay which equally affected his senses, was a lively representation of my present condition, for you are to know that I am extremely enamoured with two young gentlemen who at this time pretend to me. One must hide nothing when one is asking advice, therefore I will own to you that I am very amorous, and very covetous. My lover Will is very rich, and my lover Tom very handsome. I can have either of them when I please; but when I debate the question in my own mind, I cannot take Tom for fear of losing Will's estate, nor enter upon Will's estate, and bid adieu to Tom's person. I am very young, and yet no one in the world, dear sir, has the main chance more in her head than myself. Tom is the gayest, the blithest creature! He dances well, is very civil, and diverting at all hours and seasons. Oh he is the joy of my eyes! But then again Will is so very rich and careful of the main. How many pretty dresses does Tom appear in to charm me! But then it immediately occurs to me, that a man of his circumstances is so much the poorer. Upon the whole, I have at last examined both these desires of love and avarice, and upon strictly weighing the matter I begin to think I shall be covetous longer than fond; therefore if you have nothing to say to the contrary, I shall take Will. Alas, poor Tom!

'Your humble servant,  
'BIDDY LOVELESS.'

STEELE.

T.

Nº 197. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1711.

*Aller rixatur de lana saepe caprina, et  
Propugnatur nugis armatus: scilicet, ut non  
Sit mihi prima fides†: et, vere quod placet, ut non  
Acrius elatrem? Pretium atas altera sordet.  
Ambigitur quid enim! Castor sciunt, an Docilis plus,  
Brundisium Numici melius via ducat, an Appli.  
HOR. Ep. xviii. l. l. ver. 15.*

One strives for trifles, and for toys contends:  
He is in earnest; what he says, defends:  
'That I should not be trusted, right or wrong,  
'Or be debar'd the freedom of my tongue,  
'And not bawl what I please! To part with this,  
'I think another life too mean a price.'  
The question is—Pray, what?—Why which can boast  
Or Docilis, or Castor, knowing most;  
Or whether thro' Numicum ben't as good  
To fair Brundisium, as the Applan road.  
CREECH.

EVERY age a man passes through, and way of life he engages in, has some particular vice or imperfection naturally cleaving to it, which it will require his nicest care to avoid. The several weaknesses to which youth, old age, and manhood are exposed, have long since been set down by many

\* See the concluding letter in Nº 134. † Nº 191.

both of the poets and philosophers; but I do not remember to have met with any author who has treated of those ill habits men are subject to, not so much by reason of their different ages and tempers, as the particular professions or business in which they were educated and brought up.

I am the more surprised to find this subject so little touched on, since what I am here speaking of is so apparent, as not to escape the most vulgar observation. The business men are chiefly conversant in, does not only give a certain cast or turn to their minds, but is very often apparent in their outward behaviour, and some of the most indifferent actions of their lives. It is this air diffusing itself over the whole man, which helps us to find out a person at his first appearance; so that the most careless observer fancies he can scarce be mistaken in the carriage of a seaman, or the gait of a tailor.

The liberal arts, though they may possibly have less effect on our external men and behaviour, make so deep an impression on the mind, as is very apt to bend it wholly one way.

The mathematician will take little less than demonstration in the most common discourse, and the schoolman is as great a friend to definitions and syllogisms. The physician and divine are often heard to dictate in private companies with the same authority which they exercise over their patients and disciples; while the lawyer is putting cases, and raising matter for disputation, out of every thing that occurs.

I may possibly some time or other animadvert more at large on the particular fault each profession is most infected with; but shall at present wholly apply myself to the cure of what I last mentioned, namely, that spirit of strife and contention in the conversations of gentlemen of the long robe.

This is the more ordinary, because these gentlemen regarding argument as their own proper province, and very often making ready-money of it, think it unsafe to yield before company. They are showing in common talk how zealously they could defend a cause in court, and therefore frequently forget to keep that temper which is absolutely requisite to render conversation pleasant and instructive.

Captain Bentry piques this matter so far, that I have heard him say, 'he has known but few pleaders that were tolerable company.'

The captain, who is a man of good sense, but dry conversation, was last night giving me an account of a discourse, in which he had lately been engaged with a young wrangler in the law. 'I was giving my opinion,' says the captain, 'without apprehending any debate that might arise from it, of a general's behaviour in a battle that was fought some years before either the Templar or myself were born. The young lawyer immediately took me up, and by reasoning above a quarter of an hour upon a subject which I saw he understood nothing of, endeavoured to show me that my opinion was ill-grounded. Upon which,' says the captain, 'to avoid any further contest, I told him, that truly I had not considered those several arguments which he had brought against me, and that there might be a great deal in them.' 'Ay, but,' says my antagonist, who would not let me escape so, 'there are several things to be urged in favour of your opinion which you have omitted;' and thereupon began to shew on the other side of the question. Upon this, says the captain, 'I came over to my first sentiments, and entirely acquiesced

in his reasons for my so doing. Upon which the Templar again recovered his former posture, and comforted both himself and me a third time. In short,' says my friend, 'I found he was resolved to keep me at sword's length, and never let me close with him; so that I had nothing left but to hold my tongue, and give my antagonist free leave to stalle at his victory, who I found, like Hadrianus,\* could still change sides, and still conclude.'

For my own part, I have ever regarded our loss at court as nurseries of statesmen and law-givers, which makes me often frequent that part of the town with great pleasure.

Upon my calling in lately at one of the most noted Temple coffee-houses, I found the whole room, which was full of young students, divided into several parties, each of which was deeply engaged in some controversy. The management of the late ministry was attacked and defended with great vigour; and several preliminaries to the peace were proposed by some, and rejected by others. the demolishing of Dunkirk was so eagerly insisted on, and so warmly controverted, as had like to have produced a challenge. In short, I observed that the desire of victory,abetted with the little prejudices of party and interest, generally carried the argument to such a height, as made the disputants insensibly conceive an aversion towards each other, and part with the highest dissatisfaction on both sides.

The managing an argument head-onely being so nice a point, and what I have seen so very few excel in, I shall here set down a few rules on that head, which, among other things, I gave in writing to a young kinsman of mine, who had made so great a proficiency in the law, that he began to plead in company, upon every subject that was started.

Having the entire manuscript by me, I may, perhaps, from time to time, publish such parts of it as I shall think requisite for the instruction of the British youth. What regards my present purpose is as follows:

Avoid disputes as much as possible. In order to appear easy and well-bred in conversation, you may assure yourself that it requires more wit, as well as more good-humour, to improve than to contradict the notions of another; but if you are at any time obliged to enter on an argument, give your reasons with the utmost coolness and modesty, two things which scarce ever fail of making a deep impression on the hearers. Besides, if you are neither dogmatical, nor show, either by your actions or words, that you are full of yourself, all will the more heartily rejoice at your victory. Nay, should you be piqued in your argument, you may make your retreat with a very good grace. You were never positive, and are now glad to be better informed. This has made some approve the Socratical way of reasoning, where, while you scarce affirm any thing, you can hardly be caught in an absurdity; and though possibly you are endeavouring to bring over another to your opinion, which is truly first, you seem only to desire information from him.

In order to keep that temper which is so difficult, and yet so necessary to preserve, you may please to consider, that nothing can be more unjust or ridiculous, than to be angry with another because he is not of your opinion. The latter is,

education, and means by which men attain their knowledge, are so very different, that it is impossible they should all think alike; and he has not least as much reason to be angry with you, as you with him. Sometimes to keep yourself cool, it may be of service to ask yourself fairly, what might have been your opinion, had you all the biases of education and interest your adversary may possibly have? But if you contend for the honour of victory alone, you may lay down this as an infallible maxim, That you cannot make a more false step, or give your antagonists a greater advantage over you, than by falling into a passion.

When an argument is over, how many weighty reasons does a man recollect, which his heat and violence made him utterly forget?

It is yet more absurd to be angry with a man because he does not apprehend the force of your reasons, or gives weak ones of his own. If you argue for reputation, this makes your victory the easier; he is certainly in all respects an object of your pity, rather than anger; and if he cannot comprehend what you do, you ought to thank nature for her favours, who has given you so much the clearer understanding.

You may please to add this consideration, that among your equals no one values your anger, which only preys upon its master; and perhaps you may find it not very consistent either with prudence or your ease, to punish yourself whenever you meet with a fool or a knave.

Lastly, if you propose to yourself the true end of argument, which is information, it may be a reasonable check to your passion; for if you search purely after truth, it will be almost indifferent to you where you find it. I cannot in this place omit an observation which I have often made, namely, That nothing procures a man more esteem and less envy from the whole company, than if he chooses the part of moderator, without engaging directly on either side in a dispute. This gives him the character of impartial, furnishes him with an opportunity of sifting things to the bottom, showing his judgment, and of sometimes making handsome compliments to each of the contending parties.

I shall close this subject with giving you one caution. When you have gained a victory, do not push it too far; it is sufficient to let the company and your adversary see it is in your power, but that you are too generous to make use of it.

BODGELL.

X.

N<sup>o</sup> 198. WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1711.

*Certi luporum præda rapacitum,  
Sectamur ultro, quos opinus  
Fallere et effugere est triumphus.*

HOR. Od. iv. l. iv. ver. 50.

We, like the stag, the brinded wolf provoke,  
And, when retreat is victory,  
Rush on, tho' sure to die.

ANON.

THERE is a species of women, whom I shall distinguish by the name of Salamanders. Now a Salamander is a kind of heroine in chastity, that treads upon fire, and lives in the midst of flames, without being hurt. A Salamander knows no distinction of sex in those she converses with, grows familiar with a stranger at first sight, and is not so narrow-spirited as to observe whether the person she talks to be in breeches or petticoats. She admits a male visitant to her bed-side, plays with him a whole afternoon at picquet, walks with him two

or three hours by moonlight, and is extremely scandalized at the unreasonableness of a husband, or the severity of a parent, that would debar the sex from such innocent liberties. Your Salamander is therefore a perpetual declaimer against jealousy, an admirer of the French good-breeding, and a great stickler for freedom in conversation. In short, the Salamander lives in an invincible state of simplicity and innocence. Her constitution is preserved in a kind of natural frost. She wonders what people mean by temptations, and defies mankind to do their worst. Her chastity is engaged in a constant ordeal, or fiery trial: like good Queen Emma\*, the pretty innocent walks blindfold among burning ploughshares, without being scorched or singed by them.

It is not therefore for the use of the Salamander, whether in a married or single state of life, that I design the following paper; but for such females only as are made of flesh and blood, and find themselves subject to human frailties.

As for this part of the fair sex who are not of the Salamander kind, I would most earnestly advise them to observe a quite different conduct in their behaviour; and to avoid as much as possible what religion calls temptations, and the world opportunities. Did they but know how many thousands of their sex have been gradually betrayed from innocent freedoms to ruin and infamy; and how many millions of ours have begun with flatteries, protestations, and endearments, but ended with reproaches, perjury, and perfidiousness; they would shun like death the very first approaches of one that might lead them into inextricable labyrinths of guilt and misery. I must so far give up the cause of the male world, as to exhort the female sex in the language of Chamont in the Orphan:

'Trust not a man: ye are by nature false,  
Dissembling, subtle, cruel, and unconstant:  
When a man talks of love, with caution trust him;  
But if he swears, he'll certainly deceive thee.'

I might very much enlarge upon this subject, but shall conclude it with a story which I lately heard from one of our Spanish officers†, and which may show the danger a woman incurs by too great familiarities with a male companion.

An inhabitant of the kingdom of Castile, being a man of more than ordinary prudence, and of a grave composed behaviour, determined about the fiftieth year of his age to enter upon wedlock. In order to make himself easy in it, he cast his eye upon a young woman who had nothing to recommend her but her beauty and her education, her parents having been reduced to great poverty by the wars, which for some years have laid that whole country waste. The Castilian having made his addresses to her and married her, they lived together in perfect happiness for some time; when at length the husband's affairs made it necessary for him to take a voyage to the kingdom of Naples, where a great part of his estate lay. The wife loved him too tenderly to be left behind him. They had not been a-shipboard above a day, when they unluckily fell into the hands of an Algerine pirate, who carried the whole company on shore, and made

\* Emma, the mother of King Edward the Confessor: who, being suspected of incontinence, was, as a trial of her innocence, made to walk hood-winked and bare-foot over nine red-hot ploughshares. This, which was called the ordeal-trial, Emma is said to have performed unhurt.

† Meaning, we suppose, one of the English officers who had been employed under the Earl of Peterborough, in Spain, in 1706.



them slaves. The Castilian and his wife had the comfort to be under the same masters who seeing how dearly they loved one another, and gaped after their liberty, demanded a most exorbitant price for their ransom. The Castilian, though he would rather have died in slavery himself, than have paid such a sum as he found would go near to ruin him, was so moved with compassion towards his wife, that he sent repeated orders to his friend in Spain (who happened to be his next relation) to sell his estate, and transmit the money to him. His friend hoping that the terms of his ransom might be made more reasonable, and unwilling to sell an estate which he himself had some prospect of inheriting, formed so many delays, that three whole years passed away without any thing being done for the setting them at liberty.

There happened to live a French renegade in the same place where the Castilian and his wife were kept prisoners. As this fellow had in him all the vivacity of his nation, he often entertained the captives with accounts of his own adventures; to which he sometimes added a song or a dance, or some other piece of mirth, to divert them during their confinement. His acquaintance with the manners of the Algerines, enabled him likewise to do them several good offices. The Castilian, as he was one day in conversation with this renegade, discovered to him the negligence and treachery of his correspondent in Castile, and at the same time asked his advice how he should behave himself in that emergency; he further told the renegade, that he found it would be impossible for him to raise the money, unless he himself might go over to dispose of his estate. The renegade, after having represented to him that his Algerine master would never consent to his release upon such a pretence, at length contrived a method for the Castilian to make his escape in the habit of a seaman. The Castilian succeeded in his attempt; and having sold his estate, being afraid lest the money should miscarry by the way, and determining to perish with it rather than lose one who was much dearer to him than his life, he returned himself in a little vessel that was going to Algiers. It is impossible to describe the joy he felt upon this occasion, when he considered that he should soon see the wife whom he so much loved, and embrace himself more to her, by this uncommon piece of generosity.

The renegade, during the husband's absence, so insinuated himself into the good graces of his young wife, and so turned her head with stories of gallantry, that she quickly thought him the finest gentleman she had ever conversed with. To be brief, her mind was quite alienated from the honest Castilian, whom she was taught to look upon as a formal old fellow, unworthy the possession of so charming a creature. She had been instructed by the renegade how to manage herself upon his arrival; so that she received him with an appearance of the utmost love and gratitude, and at length persuaded him to treat their common friend the renegade with the money he had brought over for their ransom; as not questioning but he would bend down the terms of it, and negotiate the affair more to their advantage than they themselves could do. The good man admired her prudence, and followed her advice. I wish I could conceal the sequel of this story; but since I cannot, I shall dispatch it in as few words as possible. The Castilian having slept longer than ordinary the next morning, upon his awaking found his wife had left him. He immediately rose and inquired after her. It was told that she was seen with the renegade

about break of day. In a word, her lover having got all things ready for their departure, they soon made their escape out of the territories of Algiers, carried away the money, and left the Castilian in captivity; who partly through the cruel treatment of the licensed Algerine his master, and partly through the unkind usage of his unfaithful wife, died some few months after.

ANDERSON.

L.

No 199. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1711.

—SPECTATOR JESUIT MONK—

OVID. Ep. IV. ver. 12.

Love bids me write.

THE following letters are written with such an air of sincerity that I cannot deny the inserting of them.

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"THOUGH you are every where in your writings a friend to women, I do not remember that you have directly considered the necessary practice of men in the choice of wives. If you will please to employ your thoughts upon that subject, you would easily conceive the miserable condition many of us are in, who not only from the laws of custom and modesty are restrained from making any advances towards our wives, but are also, from the circumstance of fortune, out of all hope of being addressed to by those whom we love. Under all these disadvantages I am obliged to apply myself to you, and hope I shall prevail with you to print in your very next paper the following letter, which is a declaration of passion to one who has made some faint addresses to me for some time. I believe he ardently loves me, but the inequality of my fortune makes him think he cannot answer it to the world, if he pursues his designs by way of marriage; and I believe, as he does not want discerning, he discovered me looking at him the other day unwarily in such a manner, as has raised his hopes of gaining me on terms the men call easier. But my heart was very full on this occasion, and if you know what love and honour are, you will pardon me that I use no further arguments with you, but listen to my letter to him, whom I call Oroondate; because if I do not succeed, it shall look like romance; and if I am regarded, you shall receive a pair of gloves at my wedding, sent to you under the name of Estira."

"TO OROONDATE."

"SIR,

"AFTER very much perplexity in myself, and revolving how to acquaint you with my own sentiments, and expostulate with you concerning yours, I have chosen this way, by which means I can be at once revealed to you, or, if you please, be concealed. If I do not within few days find the effect which I hope from this, the whole affair shall be buried in oblivion. But alas! what am I going to do, when I am about to tell you that I love you! But after I have done so, I am to assure you, that with all the passion which ever entered a tender heart, I know I can banish you from my sight for ever, when I am convinced that you have no inclinations towards me but to my dishonour. But alas! ah, why should you sacrifice the real and essential happiness of life to the opinion of a world, that moves upon an other foundation but profound error and prejudice? You all can observe, that rather

alone do not make you happy, and yet give up every thing else when it stands in competition with riches. Since the world is so bad, that religion is left to us silly women, and you men act generally upon principles of profit and pleasure, I will talk to you without arguing from any thing but what may be most to your advantage as a man of the world. And I will lay before you the state of the case, supposing that you had it in your power to make me your mistress, or your wife, and hope to convince you that the latter is more for your interest, and will contribute more to your pleasure.

'We will suppose then the scene was laid, and you were now in expectation of the approaching evening wherein I was to meet you, and be carried to what convenient corner of the town you thought fit, to consummate all which your wanton imagination has promised to you in the possession of one who is in the bloom of youth, and in the reputation of innocence. You would soon have enough of me, as I am sprightly, young, gay, and nifty. When fancy is sated, and sinks all the promises it made itself false, where is now the innocence which charmed you? The first hour you are alone, you will find that the pleasure of a debauchee is only that of a destroyer. He blasts all the fruit he tastes; and where the brute has been devouring, there is nothing left worthy the relish of the man. Reason resumes her place after imagination is cloyed; and I am, with the utmost distress and confusion, to behold myself the cause of uneasy reflections to you, to be visited by stealth, and dwell for the future with the two companions (the most unfit for each other in the world) solitude and guilt. I will not insist upon the shameful obscurity we should pass our time in, nor run over the little short snatches of fresh air, and free commerce, which all people must be satisfied with, whose actions will not bear examination, but leave them to your reflections, who have seen of that life, of which I have but a mere idea.

'On the other hand, if you can be so good and generous as to make me your wife, you may promise yourself all the obedience and tenderness with which gratitude can inspire a virtuous woman. Whatever gratifications you may promise yourself from an agreeable person, whatever compliances from an easy temper, whatever consolations from a sincere friendship, you may expect as the due of your generosity. What at present in your ill view you promise yourself from me, will be followed by distaste and satiety; but the transports of a virtuous love are the least part of its happiness. The raptures of innocent passion are but like lighting to the day, they rather interrupt than advance the pleasure of it. How happy then is that life to be, where the highest pleasures of sense are but the lowest parts of its felicity?

'Now am I to repeat to you the unnatural request of taking me in direct terms. I know there stands between me and that happiness, the haughty daughter of a man who can give you suitably to your fortune. But if you weigh the attendance and behaviour of her who comes to you in partnership of your fortune, and expects an equivalent, with that of her who enters your house as honoured and obliged by that permission, whom of the two will you choose? You, perhaps, will think fit to spend the day abroad in the common entertainments of men of sense and fortune; she will think herself ill used in that absence, and contrive at home an expense proportioned to the appearance which you make in the world. She is in all things to have a regard to the fortune which she brought

you, I to the fortune to which you introduced me. The commerce between you two will eternally have the air of a bargain, between us of a friendship: joy will ever enter into the room with you, and kind wishes attend my benefactor when he leaves it. Ask yourself how would you be pleased to enjoy for ever the pleasure of having laid an immediate obligation on a grateful mind? Such will be your case with me. In the other marriage you will live in a constant comparison of benefits, and never know the happiness of conferring or receiving any.

'It may be you will, after all, act rather in the prudential way, according to the sense of the ordinary world. I know not what I think or say, when that melancholy reflection comes upon me; but shall only add more, that it is in your power to make me your grateful wife, but never your abandoned mistress.

STEELE.

T.

N<sup>o</sup> 200. FRIDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1711.

*Vincit amor patrie* —

VIRG. *Æn.* vi. ver. 623.

The noblest motive is the public good.

The ambition of princes is many times as hurtful to themselves as to their people. This cannot be doubted of such as prove unfortunate in their wars, but it is often true too of those who are celebrated for their successes. If a severe view were to be taken of their conduct, if the profit and loss by their wars could be justly balanced, it would be rarely found that the conquest is sufficient to repay the cost.

As I was the other day looking over the letters of my correspondents, I took this hint from that of Philarithmus \*; which has turned my present thoughts upon political arithmetic, an art of greater use than entertainment. My friend has offered an essay towards proving that Lewis XIV. with all his acquisitions is not master of more people than at the beginning of his wars; nay, that for every subject he had acquired, he had lost three that were his inheritance. If Philarithmus is not mistaken in his calculations, Lewis must have been impoverished by his ambition.

The prince, for the public good, has a sovereign property in every private person's estate; and consequently his riches must increase or decrease in proportion to the number and riches of his subjects. For example; if sword or pestilence should destroy all the people of this metropolis (God forbid there should be room for such a supposition! but if this should be the case), the queen must needs lose a great part of her revenue, or at least, what is charged upon the city must increase the burden upon the rest of her subjects. Perhaps the inhabitants here are not above a tenth part of the whole; yet, as they are better fed, and clothed, and lodged, than her other subjects, the customs and excises upon their consumption, the imposts upon their houses, and other taxes, do very probably make a fifth part of the whole revenue of the crown. But this is not all; the consumption of the city takes off a great part of the fruits of the whole island; and as it pays such a proportion of the rent or yearly value of the lands in the country, so it is the cause of paying such a pro-

portion of taxes upon those lands. The loss then of such a people must needs be sensible to the prince; and visible to the whole kingdom.

On the other hand, if it should please God to drop from heaven a new people equal in number and riches to the city, I should be ready to think their excises, customs, and house-rent, would raise as great a revenue to the crown as would be lost in the former case. And as the consumption of this new body would be a new market for the fruits of the country, all the lands, especially those most adjacent, would rise in their yearly value, and pay greater yearly taxes to the public. The gain in this case would be as sensible as the former loss.

Whatsoever is assessed upon the general, is levied upon individuals. It were worth the while then to consider what is paid by, or by means of, the meanest subjects, in order to compute the value of every subject to the prince.

For my own part, I should believe that seven-eighths of the people are without property to themselves or the heads of their families, and forced to work for their daily bread; and that of this sort there are seven millions in the whole island of Great Britain; and yet one would imagine that seven-eighths of the whole people should consume at least three-fourths of the whole fruits of the country. If this is the case, the subjects without property pay three-fourths of the rents, and consequently enable the landed men to pay three-fourths of their taxes. Now if so great a part of the land-tax were to be divided by seven millions, it would amount to more than three shillings to every head. And thus as the poor are the cause, without which the rich could not pay this tax, even the poorest subject is upon this account worth three shillings yearly to the prince.

Again; one would imagine the consumption of seven-eighths of the whole people should pay two-thirds of all the customs and excises. And if this sum too should be divided by seven millions, viz. the number of poor people, it would amount to more than seven shillings to every head; and therefore with this and the former ten every poor subject, without property, except of his limbs or labour, is worth at least ten shillings yearly to the sovereign. So much then the queen loses with every one of her old, and gains with every one of her new subjects.

When I was got into this way of thinking, I presently grew conceited of the argument, and was just preparing to write a letter of advice to a member of parliament, for opening the freedom of our towns and trades, for taking away all manner of distinctions between the natives and foreigners, for repealing our laws of parish settlements, and removing every other obstacle to the increase of the people. But as soon as I had recollected with what insupportable eloquence my fellow-labourers had exaggerated the mischiefs of selling the birthright of Britons for a shilling, of spoiling the pure British blood with foreign mixtures, of introducing a confusion of languages and religions, and of letting strangers eat the bread out of the mouths of our own people\*, I became so humble as to let my project fall to the ground, and leave my country to increase by the ordinary way of generation.

As I have always at heart the public good, so I

am ever contriving schemes to promote it; and I think I may without vanity pretend to have contrived some as wise as any of the castle-builders. I had no sooner given up my former project, but my head was presently full of draining fens and marshes, banking out the sea, and joining new lands to my country; for since it is thought impracticable to increase the people to the land, I felt immediately to consider how much would be gained to the prince by increasing the land to the people.

If the same omnipotent Power which made the world, should at this time raise out of the acres and join to Great Britain an equal extent of land, with equal buildings, corn, cattle, and other conveniences and necessities of life, but no men, women, nor children, I should hardly believe this would add either to the riches of the people or revenue of the prince; for since the present buildings are sufficient for all the inhabitants, if any of them should forsake the old to inhabit the new part of the island, the increase of house-rent in this would be attended with at least an equal decrease of it in the other. Besides we have such a sufficiency of corn and cattle, that we give benefits to our neighbours to take what exceeds of the former of our hands, and we will not suffer any of the latter to be imported upon us by our fellow-subjects; and for the remaining product of the country, it is already equal to all our markets. But if all these things should be doubled to the same buyers, the owners must be glad with half their present prices, the landlords with half their present rents; and thus by so great an enlargement of the country, the rents in the whole would not increase, nor the taxes to the public.

On the contrary, I should believe they would be very much diminished; for as the land is only valuable for its fruits, and these are all perishable, and for the most part must either be used within the year, or perish without use, the owners will get rid of them at any rate, rather than they should waste in their possession; so that it is probable the annual production of those perishable things, even of the tenth part of them, beyond all possibility of use, will reduce one half of their value. It seems to be for this reason that our neighbour merchants\*, who ingress all the spices, and know how great a quantity is equal to the demand, destroy all that exceeds it. It were natural then to think that the annual production of twice as much as can be used, must reduce all to an eighth part of their present prices; and thus this extended island would not exceed one-fourth part of its present value, or pay more than one-fourth part of the present tax.

It is generally observed, that in countries of the greatest plenty, there is the poorest living; like the schoolman's use to one of my speculations†, the people almost starve between two meals. The truth is, the poor, which are the bulk of a nation, work only that they may live; and if with two days labour they can get a wretched subsistence, they will hardly be brought to work the other four. But then with the wages of two days they can neither pay such prices for their provisions, nor such excises to the government.

That paradox, therefore, is old Herodotus, whom *Thucydides* quotes, or, "half is more than the whole"; is very applicable to the present case; since nothing is more true in political arithmetic, than that the same people with half a country is more va-

\* In historical allusion to some of the arguments that had been urged in the year 1746, against a bill for the naturalization of foreign Protestants, on their taking and subscribing the oath of abjuration, &c. The Whigs supported this bill, and the Tories opposed it.

\* The Hollanders.

† X<sup>o</sup> 191.

† Selected as the motto of No 191.

humble than with the whole. I begin to think there was nothing absurd in Sir W. Petty, when he fancied if all the highlands of Scotland, and the whole kingdom of Ireland, were sunk in the ocean, so that the people were all saved and brought into the lowlands of Great Britain; nay, though they were to be reimbursed the value of their estates by the body of the people, yet both the sovereign and the subjects in general would be enriched by the very loss.

If the people only make the riches, the father of ten children is a greater benefactor to his country, than he who has added to it 10,000 acres of land, and no people. It is certain, Lewis has joined vast tracts of land to his dominions: but if Philarithmus says true, that he is not now master of so many subjects as before; we may then account for his not being able to bring such mighty armies into the field, and for their being neither so well fed, nor clothed, nor paid as formerly. The reason is plain. Lewis must needs have been impoverished, not only by his loss of subjects, but by his acquisition of lands.

STEELE.

T.

Nº 201. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1711.

*Religientem esse oportet, religiosum nefas.*  
Incerti Auctoris apud AUL. GELL.

A man should be religious, not superstitious.

It is of the last importance in season the passions of a child with devotion, which seldom dies in a mind that has received an early tincture of it. Though it may seem extinguished for a while by the cares of the world, the heats of youth, or the allurements of vice, it generally breaks out and discovers itself again as soon as discretion, consideration, age, or misfortunes have brought the man to himself. The fire may be covered and overlaid, but cannot be entirely quenched and smothered.

A state of temperance, sobriety, and justice, without devotion, is a cold, lifeless, insipid condition of virtue; and is rather to be styled philosophy than religion. Devotion opens the mind to great conceptions, and fills it with more sublime ideas than any that are to be met with in the most exalted science; and at the same time warms and agitates the soul more than sensual pleasure.

It has been observed by some writers, that man is more distinguished from the animal world by devotion than by reason, as several brute creatures discover in their actions something like a faint glimmering of reason, though they betray, in no single circumstance of their behaviour, any thing that bears the least affinity to devotion. It is certain, the propensity of the mind to religious worship, the natural tendency of the soul to fly to some superior being for succour in dangers and distresses, the gratitude to an invisible superintendent which arises in us upon receiving any extraordinary and unexpected good fortune, the acts of love and admiration with which the thoughts of men are so wonderfully transported in meditating upon the divine perfections, and the universal concurrence of all the nations under heaven in the great article of adoration, plainly show that

evotion or religious worship must be the effect of tradition from some first founder of mankind, or that it is conformable to the natural light of reason, or that it proceeds from an instinct implanted in the soul itself. For my part, I look upon all these to be the concurrent causes: but

whichever of them shall be assigned as the principle of divine worship, it manifestly points to a Supreme Being as the first author of it.

I may take some other opportunity of considering those particular forms and methods of devotion which are taught us by Christianity; but shall here observe into what errors even this divine principle may sometimes lead us, when it is not moderated by that right reason which was given us as the guide of all our actions.

The two great errors into which a mistaken devotion may betray us, are, enthusiasm and superstition.

There is not a more melancholy object than a man who has his head turned with a religious enthusiasm. A person that is crazed, though with pride or malice, is a sight very mortifying to human nature; but when the distemper arises from any indiscreet fervours of devotion, or too intense an application of the mind to its mistaken duties, it deserves our compassion in a more particular manner. We may, however, learn this lesson from it, that since devotion itself (which none would be apt to think could not be too warm) may disorder the mind, unless its heats are tempered with caution and prudence, we should be particularly careful to keep our reason as cool as possible, and to guard ourselves in all parts of life against the influence of passion, imagination, and constitution.

Devotion, when it does not lie under the check of reason, is very apt to degenerate into enthusiasm. When the mind finds herself very much inflamed with her devotions, she is too much inclined to think they are not of her own kindling, but blown up by something divine within her. If she indulges this thought too far, and humours the growing passion, she at last flings herself into imaginary raptures and ecstasies; and when once she fancies herself under the influence of a divine impulse, it is no wonder if she slight her own ordinances, and refuses to comply with any established form of religion, as thinking herself directed by a much superior guide.

As enthusiasm is a kind of excess in devotion, superstition is the excess not only of devotion, but of religion in general, according to an old heathen saying, quoted by Aulus Gellius, '*Religientem esse oportet, religiosum nefas*;' 'A man should be religious, not superstitious.' For, as the author tells us, Nigidius observed upon this passage, that the Latin words which terminate in *osus* generally imply vicious characters, and the having of any quality to an excess.

An enthusiast in religion is like an obstinate clown, a superstitious man like an insipid courtier. Enthusiasm has something in it of madness, superstition of folly. Most of the sects that fall short of the Church of England have in them strong tinctures of enthusiasm, as the Roman catholic religion is one huge overgrown body of childish and idle superstitious.

The Roman catholic church seems indeed irrecoverably lost in this particular. If an absurd dress or behaviour be introduced in the world, it will soon be found out and discarded. On the contrary, a habit or ceremony, though never so ridiculous, which has taken sanctuary in the church, sticks in it for ever. A Gothic bishop perhaps thought it proper to repeat such a form in such particular shoes or slippers; another fancied it would be very decent if such a part of public devotions were performed with a mitre on his head, and a crosier in his hand. To this a brother Vandal, as wise as the others, adds an 'ic dress,

which he conceived would allude very aptly to such and such mysteries, till by degrees the whole office has degenerated into an empty show.

Their successors see the vanity and inconvenience of the ceremonies; but, instead of reforming, perhaps add others, which they think more significant, and which take possession in the same manner, and are never to be driven out after they have been once admitted. I have seen the Pope officiate at St. Peter's, where, for two hours together, he was bowed in putting on or off his different accoutrements, according to the different parts he was to act in them.

Nothing is so glorious to the eyes of mankind, and ornamental to human nature, setting aside the infinite advantages which arise from it, as a strong steady, masculine plety; but enthusiasm and superciliousness are the weaknesses of human reason, that expose us to the scorn and derision of insidets, and sink us even below the beasts that perish.

*Idolatry may be looked upon as another error arising from mistaken devotion; but because reflections on that subject would be of no use to an English reader, I shall not enlarge upon it.*

ADDITION.

L.

Nº 202. MONDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1711.

*Says decca eldis instructor adit at horret.*  
HOR. Ep. 13. l. v. 25.

*Many, though doubt much themselves, pretend  
Their less shining neighbours faults to mend.*

THE other day, as I passed along the street, I saw a sturdy 'prentice boy disputing with a hackney-coachman; and in an instant, upon some word of provocation, throw off his hat and perriwig, clench his fist, and strike the fellow a slap on the face; at the same time calling him a rascal, and telling him he was a gentleman's son. The young gentleman was, it seems, bound to a blacksmith, and the debate arose about payment for some work done about a coach, near which they fought. His master, during the combat, was full of his boy's bravery; and as he called to him to play with his hands and foot, and throw in his head, he made all as who stood round him of his party, by declaring the boy had very good friends, and he could trust him with untold gold. As I am generally in the theory of mankind, I could not but make my reflections upon the sudden popularity which was raised about the lad; and perhaps, with my friend Tacitus, fell into observations upon it, which were too great for the occasion; or ascribed this general favour to chance which had nothing to do towards it. But the young blacksmith's being a gentleman was, methought, what created him good-will from his present equality with the mob about him. Add to this, that he was not so much a gentleman, as not, at the same time that he called himself such, to use as rough methods for his defence as his antagonist. The advantage of his having good friends, as his master expressed it, was not lazily urged; but he showed himself superior to the coachman in the personal qualities of courage and activity, to confirm that of his being well allied, before his birth was of any service to him.

If one might moralize from this silly story, a man would say, that whatever advantages of fortune, birth, or any other good, people possess above the rest of the world, they should show collateral circumstances besides those distinctions; or those dis-

tinctions will avail only to keep up common deceptions and ceremonies, and not to preserve a real place of favour or esteem in the opinion and common sense of their fellow creatures.

The folly of people's procedure, in imagining that nothing more is necessary than property and superior circumstances to support them in dissipation, appears in no way so much as in the domestic part of life. It is ordinary to feed their humours into unnatural extravagances, if I may so speak, and make their whole being a wayward and uneasy condition, for want of the obvious reflection, that all parts of human life is a commerce. It is not only paying wages, and giving commands, that constitutes a master of a family; but prudence, equal behaviour, with readiness to protect and cherish them, is what entitles a man to that character in their very hearts and sentiments. It is pleasant enough to observe, that men expect from their dependants, from their sole motive of fear, all the good effects which a liberal education, and affluent fortune, and every other advantage cannot produce in themselves. A man will have his servant just, diligent, sober and chaste, for no other reason but the terror of losing his master's favour; when all the laws divine and human cannot keep him whom he serves within bounds, with relation to any one of those virtues. But both in great and ordinary affairs, all superiority, which is not founded on merit and virtue, is supported only by artifice and stratagem. Thus you see flatterers are the agents in families of humours, and those who govern themselves by any thing but reason. Makebates, distant relations, poor kinsmen, and indigent followers, are the fry which support the economy of an humoursome rich man. He is continually whispered with intelligence of who are true or false to him in matters of no consequence, and he maintains twenty friends to defend him against the insinuations of one who would perhaps cheat him of an old coat.

I shall not enter into farther speculation upon this subject at present, but think the following letters and petition are made up of proper sentiments on this occasion.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I AM A SERVANT to an old lady, who is governed by one she calls her friend; who is so familiar as one, that she takes upon her to advise her without being called to it, and makes her uneasy with all about her. Pray, sir, be pleased to give us some remarks upon voluntary connections; and let those people know, that to give any body advice, is to say to that person, "I am your better." Pray, sir, as near as you can, describe that eternal first and disturber of families, Mrs. Taperty, who is always visiting, and putting people in a way, as they call it. If you can make her stay at home one evening, you will be a general benefactor to all the ladies women in town, and particularly to

'Your loving friend,

'SCARV CITTLE'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I AM A FOOTMAN, and live with one of those men, each of whom is said to be one of the best-humoured men in the world, but that he is passionate. Pray be pleased to inform them, that he who is passionate, and takes no care to command his humours, does more injury to his friends and interests in one half hour, than whole years can atone for. This master of mine, who is the best man alive in common fame, does himself somebody every day he lives; and strikes me for the next thing I do, be-

cause he is out of humour at it. If these gentlemen knew that they do all the mischief that is ever done in conversation, they would reform; and I who have been a Spectator of gentlemen at dinner for many years, have seen that indiscretion does ten times more mischief than ill-nature. But you will represent this better than

Your abused humble servant,

THOMAS KNOWLY.

#### TO THE SPECTATOR.

The humble petition of John Steward, Robert Butler, Harry Cook, and Abigail Chambers, in behalf of themselves and their relations, belonging to and dispersed in the several services of most of the great families within the cities of London and Westminster:

Sheweth,

That in many of the families in which your petitioners live and are employed, the several heads of them are wholly unacquainted with what is business, and are very little judges when they are well or ill used by us your said petitioners.

That for want of such skill in their own affairs, and by indulgence of their own laziness and pride, they continually keep about them certain mischievous animals called spies.

That whenever a spy is entertained, the peace of that house is from that moment banished.

That spies never give an account of good services, but represent our mirth and freedom by the words wantonness and disorder.

That in all families where there are spies, there is a general jealousy and misunderstanding.

That the masters and mistresses of such houses live in continual suspicion of their ingenuous and true servants, and are given up in the management of those who are false and perfidious.

That such masters and mistresses who entertain spies, are no longer more than cyphers in their own families; and that we your petitioners are with great disdain obliged to pay all our respect, and expect all our maintenance from such spies.

Your petitioners therefore most humbly pray, that you would represent the premises to all persons of condition; and your petitioners, as in duty bound, shall for ever pray, &c.

STEELE.

T.

Nº 203. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1711.

*Phæbe pater, si das hujus mihi nominis usum,  
Nec falsa Clymene culpam sub imagine celat;  
Pignora da, genitor*

OID. Met. l. ii. ver. 36.

Illustrious parent! since you don't despise  
A parent's name, some certain token give,  
That I may Clymene's proud boast believe,  
Nor longer under false reproaches grieve.

ADDISON.

THERE is a loose tribe of men whom I have not yet taken notice of, that ramble into all the corners of this great city, in order to seduce such unfortunate females as fall into their walks. These abandoned profligates raise up issue to every quarter of the town, and very often, for a valuable consideration, father it upon the churchwarden. By this means there are several married men who have a little family in most of the parishes of London and Westminster, and several bachelors who are undone by a charge of children.

When a man once gives himself this liberty of

preying at large, and living upon the common, he finds so much gain in a populous city, that it is surprising to consider the numbers which he sometimes propagates. We see many a young fellow who is scarce of age, that could lay his claim to the *jus trium liberorum*, or the privileges which were granted by the Roman laws to all such as were fathers of three children. Nay, I have heard a rake, who was not quite five and twenty, declare himself the father of a seventh son, and very prudently determine to breed him up a physician. In short, the town is full of these young patriarchs, not to mention several battered beaux, who, like heedless spendthrifts that squander away their estates before they are masters of them, have raised up their whole stock of children before marriage.

I must not here omit the particular whim of an impudent libertine, that had a little smattering of heraldry; and observing how the genealogies of great families were often drawn up in the shape of trees, had taken a fancy to dispose of his own illegitimate issue in a figure of the same kind:

*— Nec longum tempus et ingens  
Exist ad cælum ramis, felibus arbor,  
Miraturque notas frondes, et non sua poma.*

VIRG. Georg. ii. ver. 80.

And in short space the laden boughs arise,  
With happy fruit advancing to the skies:  
The mother plant admires the leaves unknown  
Of alien trees, and apples not her own.

DRYDEN.

The trunk of the tree was marked with his own name, Will Maple. Out of the side of it grew a large barren branch, inscribed Mary Maple, the name of his unhappy wife. The head was adorned with five huge boughs. On the bottom of the first was written in capital characters Kate Cole, who branched out into three sprigs, viz. William, Richard, and Rebecca. Sal Twisford gave birth to another bough that shot up into Sarah, Tom, Will, and Frank. The third arm of the tree had only a single infant on it, with a space left for a second, the parent from whom it sprung being near her time when the author took this ingenious device into his head. The two other great boughs were very plentifully laden with fruit of the same kind; besides which, there were many ornamental branches that did not bear. In short, a more flourishing tree never came out of the heralds' office.

What makes this generation of vermin so very prolific, is the indefatigable diligence with which they apply themselves to their business. A man does not undergo more watching and fatigues in a campaign, than in the course of a vicious amour. As it is said of some men, that they make their business their pleasure, these sons of darkness may be said to make their pleasure their business. They might conquer their enervate inclinations with half the pains they are at in gratifying them.

Nor is the invention of these men less to be admired than their industry and vigilance. There is a fragment of Apollodorus the comic poet (who was contemporary with Menander) which is full of humour, as follows: 'Thou mayest shut up thy doors,' says he, 'with bars and bolts. It will be impossible for the blacksmith to make them so fast, but a cat and a whoremaster will find a way through them.' In a word, there is no head so full of stratagems as that of a libidinous man.

Were I to propose a punishment for this infamous race of propagators, it should be to send them, after the second or third offence, into our American colonies, in order to people those parts

of her majesty's dominions where there is a want of inhabitants, and, in the phrase of Diogenes, to 'plant men.' Some countries punish this crime with death; but I think such a banishment would be sufficient, and might turn this generative faculty to the advantage of the public.

In the mean time, till these gentlemen may be thus disposed of, I would earnestly exhort them to take care of those unfortunate creatures whom they have brought into the world by these indirect methods, and to give their spurious children such an education as may render them more virtuous than their parents. This is the best atonement they can make for their own crimes, and indeed the only method that is left them to repair their past misdeeds.

I would likewise desire them to consider, whether they are not bound in common humanity, as well as by all the obligations of religion and nature, to make some provision for those whom they have not only given life to, but entailed upon them, though very narrowly, a degree of shame and disgrace. And here I cannot but take notice of those depraved notions which prevail among us, and which must have taken rise from our natural inclination to favour a vice to which we are so very prone, namely, that bastardy and cockedness should be looked upon as reproaches; and that the ignominy which is only due to lowliness and falsehood, should fall in so unreasonable a manner upon the persons who are innocent.

I have been incessantly drawn into this discourse by the following letter, which is drawn up with such a spirit of sincerity, that I question not but the writer of it has represented his case in a true and genuine light.

'SIR,

'I AM one of those people who by the general opinion of the world are counted both infamous and unhappy.

'My father is a very eminent man in this kingdom, and one who bears considerable offices in it. I am his son; but my misfortune is, that I dare not call him father, nor be without shame own me as his true, I being illegitimate, and therefore deprived of that tendering tenderness and unparalleled satisfaction which a good man finds in the love and conversation of a parent. Neither have I the opportunities to render him the duties of a son, he having always carried himself at so vast a distance, and with such superiority towards me, that by long use I have contracted a timorousness when before him, which blinds me from declaring my own necessities, and giving him to understand the inconveniences I undergo.

'It is my misfortune to have been neither bred a scholar, a soldier, nor to any kind of business, which renders me entirely incapable of making provision for myself without his assistance; and this creates a continual uneasiness in my mind, for I shall in time want bread; my father, if I may so call him, gives me but very faint assurances of doing any thing for me.

'I have hitherto lived somewhat like a gentleman, and it would be very hard for me to labour for my living. I am in continual anxiety for my state fortune, and under a great unhappiness in losing the sweet conversation and friendly advice of my parents; so that I cannot look upon myself otherwise than as a monster, strangely sprung up a nature, which every one is ashamed to own.

'I am thought to be a man of some natural parts, and by the continual reading what you have of-

fered the world, become an admirer thereof, which has drawn me to make this confession; at the same time hoping, if any thing herein shall touch you with a sense of pity, you would then allow me the favour of your opinion thereupon; as also what part I, being unlawfully born, may claim of the man's affection who begot me, and how far is your opinion I am to be thought his son, or he acknowledged as my father. Your sentiments and advice herein will be a great consolation and satisfaction to,

'SIR,

'Your admirer and  
'humble servant,  
'W. A.  
C.

ADDISON.

N° 204. WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1711.

*Orbi gratia proferatur,*

*Et cunctis rationibus habetur apud.*  
MORT. Od. lib. 1. l. 2. var. 1.

With wishing reyness she my soul desires:  
Her face darts forth a thousand rays;  
My eye-balls swim, and I grow giddy while I gaze.  
CONGRÈVE.

I AM not at all displeased that I am because the courier of love, and that the distressed in that passion convey their complaints to each other by my poems. The following letters have lately come to my hands, and shall have their place with great willingness. As to the reader's entertainment, he will, I hope, forgive the inserting such particulars as to him may perhaps seem frivolous, but are to the persons who wrote them of the highest consequence. I shall not trouble you with the preface, compliments, and apologies made to me before each epistle when it was desired (to be inserted); but in general they tell me, that the persons to whom they are addressed have intimations, by phrases and allusions in them, from whence they came.

'TO THE BOTHAMPS.

'THE word, by which I address you, gives you, who understand Portuguese\*, a lively image of the tender regard I have for you. The Spectator's late letter from Statira† gave me the hint to use the same method of explaining myself to you. I am not affronted at the design your late behaviour discovered you had in your addresses to me; but I impute it to the degeneracy of the age, rather than your particular fault. As I am at nothing more than being yours, I am willing to be a stranger to your name, your fortune, or any figure which your wife might expect to make in the world, provided my commerce with you is not to be a guilty one. I resign your dream, the pleasures of visits, company, plays, balls, and operas, for that one satisfaction of having you for ever mine. I am willing you shall industriously conceal the only cause of triumph which I can know in this life. I wish only to have it my duty, as well as my inclination, to study your happiness. If this

\* There is no such word as *Bothamps* in the Portuguese dictionary. *Bothamps* (for which we may suppose it to have been mistaken) signifies, 'the second reward, given for the second dreamer for something short, which is not to be accounted and nations regard, which cannot be expressed by your word in any other language.' *Statira*, 'my dear daughter,' signifies, *Andréa* (which is not to be accounted even dream of power), 'Andréa, therefore, conceals every good work.'

† The last letter is N° 172.

has not the effect this letter seems to aim at, you are to understand that I had a mind to be rid of you, and took the readiest way to pull you with an offer of what you would never desist pursuing while you received ill usage. Be a true innu; be my slave while you doubt me, and neglect me when you think I love you. I defy you to find out what is your present circumstance with me; but I know while I can keep this suspense,

I am your admired

BELINDA.

MADAM,

It is a strange state of mind a man is in, when the very imperfections of a woman he loves turn into excellencies and advantages. I do assure you, I am very much afraid of venturing upon you. I now like you in spite of my reason, and think it an ill circumstance to owe one's happiness to nothing but infatuation. I can see you ogle all the young fellows who look at you, and observe your eye wander after new conquests every moment you are in a public place; and yet there is such a beauty in all your looks and gestures, that I cannot but admire you in the very act of endeavouring to gain the hearts of others. My condition is the same with that of the lover in *The Way of the World* \*. I have studied your faults so long, that they are become as familiar to me, and I like them as well as I do my own. Look to it, madam, and consider whether you think this gay behaviour will appear to me as amiable when an husband, as it does now to me a lover. Things are so far advanced, that we must proceed; and I hope you will lay to heart, that it will be becoming in me to appear still your lover, but not in you to be still my mistress. Gaity in the matrimonial life is graceful in one sex, but exceptionable in the other. As you improve these little hints, you will ascertain the happiness or uneasiness of,

MADAM,

Your most obedient,

most humble servant,

T. D.

SIR,

WHEN I sat at the window, and you at the other end of the room by my cousin, I saw you catch me looking at you. Since you have the secret at last, which I am sure you should never have known but by inadvertency, what my eyes said was true. But it is too soon to confirm it with my hand, therefore shall not subscribe my name.

SIR,

THERE were other gentlemen nearer, and I know no necessity you were under to take up that flip-pant creature's fan last night; but you shall never touch a stick of mine more; that's pos.

PHILLIS.

TO COLONEL R——S, IN SPAIN †.

BEFORE this can reach the best of husbands and the fondest lover, those tender names will be of no more concern to me. The indisposition in which you, to obey the dictates of your honour and duty, left me, has increased upon me; and I am acquainted by my physicians I cannot live a week longer. At this time my spirits fail me; and it is the ardent love I have for you that carries me beyond my strength, and enables me to tell you, the most painful thing in the prospect of death is,

that I must part with you. But let it be a comfort to you, that I have no guilt hangs upon me; no unrepented folly that returns me; but I pass away my last hours in reflection upon the happiness we have lived in together, and in sorrow that it is so soon to have an end. This is a frailty which I hope is so far from criminal, that methinks there is a kind of piety in being so unwilling to be separated from a state which is the institution of heaven, and in which we have lived according to its laws. As we know no more of the next life, but that it will be an happy one to the good, and miserable to the wicked, why may we not please ourselves at least, to alleviate the difficulty of resigning this being, in imagining that we shall have a sense of what passes below, and may possibly be employed in guiding the steps of those with whom we walked with innocence when mortal? Why may not I hope to go on in my usual work, and, though unknown to you, be assistant in all the conflicts of your mind? Give me leave to say to you, O best of men, that I cannot figure to myself a greater happiness than in such an employment. To be present at all the adventures to which human life is exposed, to administer slumber to thy eyelids in the agonies of a fever, to cover thy beloved face in the day of battle, to go with thee a guardian angel incapable of wound or pain, where I have longed to attend thee when a weak, a fearful woman: these, my dear, are the thoughts with which I warm my poor languid heart. But indeed I am not capable under my present weakness of bearing the strong agonies of mind I fall into, when I form to myself the grief you will be in, upon your first hearing of my departure. I will not dwell upon this, because your kind and generous heart will be but the more afflicted, the more the person for whom you lament offers you consolation. My last breath will, if I am myself, expire in a prayer for you. I shall never see thy face again. Farewell for ever.

STEELE.

T.

Nº 205. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1711.

*Decipimur specie recti*—

HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 25.

Deluded by a seeming excellence.

ROSCOMMON.

WHEN I meet with any vicious character that is not generally known, in order to prevent its doing mischief, I draw it at length, and set it up as a scarecrow; by which means I do not only make an example of the person to whom it belongs, but give warning to all her majesty's subjects, that they may not suffer by it. Thus, to change the allusion, I have marked out several of the shoals and quicksands of life, and am continually employed in discovering those which are still concealed, in order to, keep the ignorant and unwary from running upon them. It is with this intention that I publish the following letter, which brings to light some secrets of this nature.

MR. SPECTATOR,

THERE are none of your speculations which I read over with greater delight, than those which are designed for the improvement of our sex. You have endeavoured to correct our unreasonable fears and superstitious, in your seventh and twelfth papers; our fancy for equipage, in your fifteenth; our love of puppet-shows, in your thirty-first; our

\* Congreve's comedy under that title. See Act i. sc. 3. Mirabell speaking of Millamant.

† Supposed to have been Colonel Rivers.



notions of beauty, in your thirty-third; our inclination for romances, in your thirty-seventh; our passion for French fopperies, in your forty-fifth; our manhood and party zeal, in your fifty-seventh; our abuse of dancing, in your sixty-sixth and sixty-seventh; our levity, in your hundred and twenty-eighth; our love of cockcocks, in your hundred and fifty-fourth, and hundred and fifty-seventh; our tyranny over the hen-peck, in your hundred and seventy-sixth. You have described the Piet, in your forty-first; the Idol, in your seventy-third; the Demurrer, in your eighty-ninth; the Salamander, in your hundred and ninety-eighth. You have likewise taken to pieces our dress, and represented to us the extravagances we are often guilty of in that particular. You have fallen upon our patches in your fiftieth and eighty-first; our commodors, in your ninety-eighth; our fash, in your hundred and second; our hooding-habits, in your hundred and fourth; our keep-petticoats, in your hundred and twenty-seventh; besides a great many little blemishes which you have touched upon in your several other papers, and in those many letters that are scattered up and down your works. At the same time we must own, that the compliments you pay our sex are innumerable, and that those very faults which you represent in us, are neither black in themselves, nor, as you own, universal among us. But, sir, it is plain that these your discourses are calculated for none but the fashionable part of womankind, and for the use of those who are rather indiscreet than vicious. But, sir, there is a sort of prostitutes in the lower part of our sex, who are a scandal to us, and very well deserve to fall under your censure. I know it would deface your paper too much to enter into the behaviour of these female libertines; but as your remarks on some part of it would be a doing of justice to several women of virtue and honour, whose reputations suffer by it, I hope you will not think it improper to give the public some accounts of this nature. You must know, sir, I am provoked to write you this letter, by the behaviour of an infamous woman, who, having passed her youth in a most shameful state of prostitution, is now one of those who gain their livelihood by seducing others that are younger than themselves, and by establishing a criminal commerce between the two sexes. Among several of her artifices to get money, she frequently persuades a vain young fellow, that such a woman of quality, or such a celebrated toast, entertains a secret passion for him, and wants nothing but an opportunity of revealing it. Nay, she has gone so far as to write letters in the name of a woman of figure, to borrow money of one of these foolish *Rodrigos's*, which she has afterwards appropriated to her own use. In the mean time, the person who has lent the money, has thought a lady under obligations to him, who scarce knew his name; and wondered at her ingratitude when he has been with her, that she has not owned the favour, though at the same time he was too much a man of honour to put her in mind of it.

When this abandoned baggage meets with a man who has vanity enough to give credit to relations of this nature, she turns him to very good account by repeating praises that were never uttered, and delivering messages that were never sent. As the house of this shameful creature is frequented by several foreigners, I have heard of

another artifice, out of which she often takes money. The foreigner sighs after some British beauty, whom he only knows by fame; upon which she promises, if he can be secret, to procure him a meeting. The stranger, ravished at his good fortune, gives her a present, and in a little time is introduced to some imaginary title; for you must know that this cunning parveyor has her representatives, upon this occasion, of some of the finest ladies in the kingdom. By this means, as I am informed, it is usual enough to meet with a German count in foreign countries, that shall make his boasts of favours he has received from women of the highest rank, and the most unblemished characters. Now, sir, what safety is there for a woman's reputation, when a lady may be thus prostituted as it were by proxy, and be reputed as a chaste woman; as the hero in the ninth book of Dryden's *Virgil* is looked upon as a coward, because the phantom which appeared in his likeness ran away from Turnus? You may depend upon what I relate to you to be matter of fact, and the practice of more than one of these female panders. If you print this letter, I may give you some further accounts of this vicious race of women.

‘Your humble servant,  
‘RELTORRA.’

I shall add two other letters on different subjects to fill up my paper.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

I AM a country clergyman, and hope you will lend me your assistance in ridiculing some little indecencies which cannot so properly be exposed from the pulpit.

A widow lady, who struggled this summer from London into my parish for the benefit of the air, as she says, appears every Sunday at church with many fashionable extravagances, to the great astonishment of my congregation.

But what gives us the most offence is, her theatrical manner of singing the psalms. She intrudes above fifty Italian airs into the hundredth psalm; and whilst we begin “All people” in the old solemn tone of our forefathers, she in a quite different key runs divisions on the vowels, and adorns them with the graces of Niccolini! If she meets with “cho” or “aye,” which are frequent in the metre of Hophias and Sternhold, we are certain to hear her quavering them half a minute after us, to some sprightly air of the opera.

I am very far from being an enemy to church music; but fear this abuse of it may make my parish ridiculous, who already look on the singing psalms as an entertainment, and not part of their devotion; besides, I am apprehensive that the infection may spread; for “bquire Agreemus,” who by his voice acts (if I may use the expression) to be cut out for an Italian singer, was last Sunday practicing the same airs.

I know the lady's principles, and that she will plead the toleration, which (as she fancies) allows her nonconformity in this particular; but I beg you to acquiesce her, that singing the psalms in a different tone from the rest of the congregation, is a sort of schism not tolerated by that act.

I am, sir,  
‘Your very humble servant,  
‘A. A.’

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

In your paper upon temperance, you prescribe

‘N° 172.

\* The character so stated in Shakspeare's tragedy of *Othello*, and who is the only dope of Iago's villainy.

to us a rule of drinking, out of Sir William Temple, in the following words: "The first glass for myself, the second for my friends, the third for good-humour, and the fourth for mine enemies." Now, sir, you must know, that I have read this your Spectator, in a club whereof I am a member: when our president told us there was certainly an error in the print, and that the word glass should be bottle; and therefore has ordered me to inform you of this mistake, and to desire you to publish the following erratum: In the paper of Saturday, October 13, col. 3, line 11, for "glass," read "bottle."

ADISON.

'Yours,  
'RONIN GOODFELLOW.'  
L.

Nº 206. FRIDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1711.

*Quanto quisque sibi plura negaverit,  
A Diis plura feret*

HOR. Od. xvi. l. iii. ver. 21.

They that do much themselves deny,  
Receive more blessings from the sky.  
CREECH.

THERE is a call upon mankind to value and esteem those who set a moderate price upon their own merit; and self-denial is frequently attended with unexpected blessings, which in the end abundantly recompense such losses as the modest seem to suffer in the ordinary occurrences of life. The curious tell us, a determination in our favour or to our disadvantage is made upon our first appearance, even before they know any thing of our characters, but from the intimations men gather from our aspect. A man, they say, wears the picture of his mind in his countenance; and one man's eyes are spectacles to his who looks at him to read his heart. But though that way of raising an opinion of those we behold in public is very fallacious, certain it is, that those, who by their words and actions take as much upon themselves, as they can but barely demand in the strict scrutiny of their deserts, will find their account lessen every day. A modest man preserves his character, as a frugal man does his fortune; if either of them live to the height of either, one will find losses, the other errors, which he has not stock by him to make up. It were therefore a just rule, to keep your desires, your words and actions, within the regard you observe your friends have for you; and never, if it were in a man's power, to take as much as he possibly might, either in preferment or reputation. My walks have lately been among the mercatile part of the world; and one gets phrases naturally from those with whom one converses. I say, then, he that in his air, his treatment of others, or an habitual arrogance to himself, gives himself credit for the least article of more wit, wisdom, goodness, or valour, than he can possibly produce if he is called upon, will find the world break in upon him, and consider him as one who has cheated them of all the esteem they had before allowed him. This brings a commission of bankruptcy upon him; and he that might have gone on to his life's end in a prosperous way, by aiming at more than he should, is no longer proprietor of what he really had before, but his pretensions fare as all things do which are torn instead of being divided.

There is no one living would deny Cino the applause of an agreeable and facetious wit; or could possibly pretend that there is not something

inimitably unforced and diverting in his manner of delivering all his sentiments in his conversation, if he were able to conceal the strong desire of applause which he betrays in every syllable he utters. But they who converse with him, see that all the civilities they could do to him, or the kind things they could say to him, would fall short of what he expects; and, therefore, instead of showing him the esteem they have for his merit, their reflections turn only upon that they observe he has of it himself.

If you go among the women, and behold Gloriana trip into a room with that theatrical ostentation of her charms, Mirtilla with that soft regularity in her motion, Chloe with such an indifferent familiarity, Corinna with such a fond approach, and Roxana with such a demure of respect to the great gravity of her entrance; you find all the sex, who understand themselves and act naturally, wait only for their absence, to tell you that all these ladies would impose themselves upon you; and each of them carry in their behaviour a consciousness of so much more than they should pretend to, that they lose what would otherwise be given them.

I remember the last time I saw Macbeth, I was wonderfully taken with the skill of the poet, in making the murderer form fears to himself from the moderation of the prince whose life he was going to take away. He says of the king: 'He bore his faculties so meekly;' and justly inferred from thence, that all divine and human power would join to avenge his death, who had made such an abstinent use of dominion. All that is in a man's power to do to advance his own pomp and glory, and forbears, is so much laid up against the day of distress; and pity will always be his portion in adversity, who acted with gentleness in prosperity.

The great officer who foregoes the advantages he might take to himself, and renounces all prudential regards to his own person in danger, has so far the merit of a volunteer; and all his honours and glories are unenvied, for sharing the common fate with the same frankness as they do who have no such endearing circumstances to part with. But if there were no such considerations as the good effect which self-denial has upon the sense of other men towards us, it is of all qualities the most desirable for the agreeable disposition in which it places our own minds. I cannot tell what better to say of it, than that it is the very contrary of ambition; and that modesty allays all those passions and inquietudes to which that vice exposes us. He that is moderate in his wishes from reason and choice, and not resigned from sourness, distaste, or disappointment, doubles all the pleasures of his life. The air, the season, a sun-shiny day, or a fair prospect, are instances of happiness, and that which he enjoys in common with all the world, (by his exemption from the enchantments by which all the world are bewitched) are to him uncommon benefits and new acquisitions. Health is not eaten up with care, nor pleasure interrupted by envy. It is not to him of any consequence what this man is famed for, or for what the other is preferred. He knows there is in such a place an uninterrupted walk; he can meet in such a company an agreeable conversation. He has no emulation, he is no man's rival, but every man's well-wisher; can look at a prosperous man, with a pleasure in reflecting that he hopes he is as happy as himself; and has his mind and his fortune (as far as prudence will allow) open to the unhappy and to the stranger.

Lacedæus has learning, wit, humour, eloquence, but no ambitious prospects to pursue with these advantages; therefore to the ordinary world he is perhaps thought to want spirit, but known among his friends to have a mind of the most consummate greatness. He wants no man's admiration, is in no need of pomp. His clothes please him if they are fashionable and warm; his companions are agreeable if they are civil and well-natured. There is with him no occasion for superficiality at meals, or jollity in company, in a word, for anything extraordinary to administer delight to him. Want of prejudice, and command of appetite, are the companions which make his journey of life so easy, that he in all places meets with more wit, more good cheer, and more good-humour, than is necessary to make him enjoy himself with pleasure and satisfaction.

-STEEL.

Z.

N° 207. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1711.

*Quædam in terris, quæ sunt a Cælis hæc  
Astrorum et Cælestium, pæci digniora parent  
Fera domus, æque illis scædæ, dæmonia, pœnæ  
Errantia subula.*

JUV. Sat. x. ver. 1.

Look round the habitable world, how few  
Know their own good, or, knowing it, pursue.  
DRAWDEN

In my last Saturday's paper \* I laid down some thoughts upon devotion in general, and shall here show what were the notions of the most refined heathens on this subject, as they are represented in Plato's dialogue upon prayer, entitled Alcibiades the Second, which despatch gave occasion to Juvenal's tenth satire, and to the second satire of Persius; as the last of these authors has almost transcribed the preceding dialogue, entitled Alcibiades the First, in his fourth satire.

The speakers in this dialogue upon prayer, are Socrates and Alcibiades; and the substance of it (when drawn together out of the intricacies and digressions) are as follows:

Socrates meeting his pupil Alcibiades, as he was going to his devotions, and observing his eyes to be fixed upon the earth with great seriousness and attention, tells him, that he had reason to be thoughtful on that occasion, since it was possible for a man to bring down evil upon himself by his own prayers, and that those things, which the gods send him in answer to his petitions, might turn to his destruction. This, says he, may not only happen when a man prays for what he knows to be unachievable in its own nature, as Odysseus implored the gods to sow dissention between his sons; but when he prays for what he believes would be for his good, and against what he believes would be to his detriment. This the philosopher shows must necessarily happen among us, since most men are blinded with ignorance, prejudice, or passion, which blinder them from seeing such things as are really beneficial to them. For an instance, he asks Alcibiades, whether he would not be thoroughly pleased and satisfied if that god, to whom he was going to address himself, should promise to make him the sovereign of the whole earth? Alcibiades answers, that he should doubtless look upon such a promise as the greatest favour that could be bestowed upon him. Socrates then asks him, if after receiving this great favour he would be contented to lose his life? Or if he would receive it, though he was

sure he should make an ill use of it? To both which questions Alcibiades answers in the negative. Socrates then shows him, from the examples of others, how these might very probably be the effects of such a blessing. He then adds, that other reputed pletes of good-fortune, as that of having a son, or procuring the highest post in a government, are subject to the like fatal consequences; which nevertheless, says he, men ardently desire, and would not fail to pray for, if they thought their prayers might be effectual for the obtaining of them.

Having established this great point, that all the most apparent blessings in this life are obnoxious to such dreadful consequences, and that no man knows what in its events would prove to him a blessing or a curse, he teaches Alcibiades after what manner he ought to pray.

In the first place, he recommends to him, as the model of his devotions, a short prayer which a Greek poet composed for the use of his friends, in the following words: 'O Jupiter, give us those things which are good for us, whether they are such things as we pray for, or such things as we do not pray for; and remove from us those things which are harmful, though they are such things as we pray for.'

In the second place, that his disciple may ask such things as are expedient for him, he shows him, that it is absolutely necessary to apply himself to the study of true wisdom, and to the knowledge of that which is his chief good, and the most suitable to the excellency of his nature.

In the third and last place he informs him, that the best methods he could make use of to draw down blessings upon himself, and to render his prayers acceptable, would be to live in a constant practice of his duty towards the gods, and towards men. Under this head he very much recommends a form of prayer the Lacedæmonians make use of, in which they petition the gods, 'to give them all good things so long as they were virtuous.' Under this head likewise he gives a very remarkable account of an oracle to the following purpose:

When the Athenians in the war with the Lacedæmonians received many defeats both by sea and land, they sent a message to the oracle of Jupiter Ammon, to ask the reasons why they were afflicted so many temples to the gods, and adorned them with such costly offerings; why they who had instituted so many festivals, and accompanied them with such pomp and ceremonies; in short, why they who had slain so many hereticks at their altars, should be less successful than the Lacedæmonians, who fell so short of them in all these particulars? To this, says he, the oracle made the following reply: 'I am better pleased with the prayers of the Lacedæmonians, than with all the oblations of the Greeks.' As this prayer implied and encouraged virtue in those who made it; the philosopher proceeds to show how the most vicious man might be devout, so far as victims could make him, but that his offerings were rejected by the gods as bribes, and his petitions as blasphemy. He likewise quotes on this occasion two verses out of Homer, in which the poet says, 'that the aces of the Trojan sacrifices were carried up to heaven by the winds; but that it was not acceptable to the gods, who were displeased with Priam and all his people.'

The conclusion of this dialogue is very remarkable. Socrates having deterred Alcibiades from

the prayers and sacrifice which he was going to offer, by setting forth the above-mentioned difficulties of performing that duty as he ought, adds these words: 'We must therefore wait till such time as we may learn how we ought to behave ourselves towards the gods and towards men.'—'But when will that time come,' says Alcibiades, 'and who is it that will instruct us? for I would fain see this man, whoever he is.'—'It is one,' says Socrates, 'who takes care of you; but as Homer tells us, that Minerva removed the mist from Diomedes's eyes that he might plainly discover both gods and men \*, so the darkness that hangs upon your mind must be removed before you are able to discern what is good, and what is evil.'—'Let him remove from my mind,' says Alcibiades, 'the darkness and what else he pleases, I am determined to refuse nothing he shall order me, whoever he is, so that I may become the better man by it.' The remaining part of this dialogue is very obscure: there is something in it that would make us think Socrates hinted at himself, when he spoke of this divine teacher who was to come into the world, did not he own that he himself was in this respect as much at a loss, and in as great distress as the rest of mankind.

Some learned men look upon this conclusion as a prediction of our Saviour, or at least that Socrates, like the high priest †, prophesied unknowingly, and pointed at that Divine Teacher who was to come into the world some ages after him. However that may be, we find that this great philosopher saw, by the light of reason, that it was suitable to the goodness of the Divine Nature, to send a person into the world who should instruct mankind in the duties of religion, and, in particular, teach them how to pray.

Whoever reads this abstract of Plato's discourse on prayer, will, I believe, naturally make this reflection, 'That the great Founder of our religion, as well by his own example, as in the form of prayer which he taught his disciples ‡, did not only keep up to those rules which the light of nature had suggested to this great philosopher, but instructed his disciples in the whole extent of this duty, as well as of all others. He directed them to the proper object of adoration, and taught them, according to the third rule above-mentioned, to apply themselves to him in their closets, without show or ostentation, and to worship him in spirit and in truth.' As the Lacedemonians in their form of prayer implored the gods in general to give them all good things so long as they were virtuous, we ask in particular 'that our offences may be forgiven, as we forgive those of others.' If we look into the second rule which Socrates has prescribed, namely, that we should apply ourselves to the knowledge of such things as are best for us, this too is explained at large in the doctrines of the gospel, where we are taught in several instances to regard those things as curses, which appear as blessings in the eye of the world; and, on the contrary, to esteem those things as blessings, which to the generality of mankind appear as curses. Thus in the form which is prescribed to us, we only pray for that happiness which is our chief good, and the great end of our existence, when we petition the Supreme Being for the coming of his kingdom, being solicitous for no other temporal blessings but our daily sustenance. On the other side, we pray against nothing but sin, and against evil in general,

leaving it with Omniscience to determine what is really such. If we look into the first of Socrates's rules of prayer, in which he recommends the above-mentioned form of the ancient poet, we find that form not only comprehended, but very much improved in the petition, wherein we pray to the Supreme Being that his will may be done: which is of the same force with that form which our Saviour used, when he prayed against the most painful and most ignominious of deaths, 'Nevertheless, not my will, but thine be done \*.' This comprehensive petition is the most humble, as well as the most prudent, that can be offered up from the creature to his Creator; as it supposes the Supreme Being wills nothing but what is for our good, and that he knows better than ourselves what is so.

ADDISON.

L.

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No 208. MONDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1711.

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— Veniunt spectentur ut ipse,  
 OVID. Ars Am. l. i. v. 99.

To be themselves a spectacle they come.

I HAVE several letters from people of good sense, who lament the depravity or poverty of taste the town is fallen into with relation to plays and public spectacles. A lady in particular observes, that there is such a levity in the minds of her own sex, that they seldom attend any thing but impertinences. It is indeed prodigious to observe how little notice is taken of the most exalted parts of the best tragedies in Shakspeare; nay, it is not only visible, that sensuality has devoured all greatness of soul, but the under-passion (as I may so call it) of a noble spirit, pity, seems to be a stranger to the generality of an audience. The minds of men are indeed very differently disposed; and the reliefs from care and attention are of one sort in a great spirit, and of another in an ordinary one. The man of a great heart, and a serious complexion, is more pleased with instances of generosity and pity, than the light and ludicrous spirit can possibly be with the highest strains of mirth and laughter. It is, therefore, a melancholy prospect when we see a numerous assembly lost to all serious entertainments, and such incidents as should move one sort of concern, excite in them a quite contrary one. In the tragedy of Macbeth, the other night, when the lady who is conscious of the crime of murdering the king seems utterly astonished at the news, and makes an exclamation at it, instead of the indignation which is natural to the occasion, that expression is received with a loud laugh. They were as merry when a criminal was stabbed. It is certainly an occasion of rejoicing when the wicked are seized in their designs; but I think it is not such a triumph as is exerted by laughter.

You may generally observe that the appetites are sooner moved than the passions. A sly expression which alludes to baudry, puts a whole row into a pleasing smirk; when a good sentence that describes an inward sentiment of the soul, is received with the greatest coldness and indifference. A correspondent of mine, upon this subject, has divided the female part of the audience, and accounts for their prepossessions against this reasonable delight in the following manner: 'The prude,' says he, 'as she acts always in contradiction, so she is gravely sullen at a comedy, and extravagantly gay at a tragedy. The coquette is so

\* Iliad, book v. † Calaphas, John xi. 49—52.

‡ Matt. vi. 9, &c. Luke xi. 2.

\* Matt. xxvi. 39. Luke xxii. 42

much taken up with throwing her eyes around the audience, and considering the effect of them, that she cannot be expected to observe the actors but as they are her rivals, and take off the observation of the men from herself. Besides these species of women, there are the Examples, or the first of the mode; these are to be supposed too well acquainted with what the actor was going to say to be moved at it. After these one might mention a certain significant set of females who are Mimics, and are wonderfully diverted with the conduct of all the people around them, and are spectators only of the audience. But what is of all the most to be lamented, is the loss of a party whom it would be worth preserving in their right senses upon all occasions, and these are those whom we may indifferently call the Innocent, or the unaffected. You may sometimes see one of these sensibly touched with a well-wrought incident; but then she is immediately so imperfectly observed by the men, and frowned at by some insensible superior of her own sex, that she is ashamed, and loses the enjoyment of the most laudable concern, pity. Thus the whole audience is afraid of letting fall a tear, and when as a weakness the best and worthiest part of our scene.

MR.

'As you are one that doth not only pretend to reform, but effect it amongst people of any sense; makes me (who am one of the greatest of your admirers) give you this trouble to desire you will settle the method of us females knowing when one another is in town; for they have now got a trick of never sending to their acquaintance when they first come; and if one does not visit them within the week which they stay at home, it is a mortal quarrel. Now, dear Mr. Spec, either command them to put it in the advertisement of your paper, which is generally read by our sex, or else order them to breathe their sneaky fancies (who are good for nothing else) by sending them to tell all their acquaintance. If you think to print this, pray put it into a better style as to the spelling part. The town is now filling every day, and it cannot be deferred, because people take advantage of one another by this means and break off acquaintance, and are rude. Therefore pray put this in your paper as soon as you can possibly, to prevent any future miscarriages of this nature. I am, as I ever shall be, dear Spec,

'Your most obedient humble servant,

'MARTY MEANWELL.

'Pray settle what is to be a proper notification of a person's being in town, and how that differs according to people's quality.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

Oct. the 20th

I HAVE been out of town, so did not meet with your paper dated September the 28th<sup>o</sup>, wherein you, to my heart's desire, expose that cursed vice of enamouring poor young girls, and drawing them from their friends. I assure you without flattery it has saved a practice of mine from ruin; and in token of gratitude, as well as for the benefit of my family, I have put it in a frame and glass, and hung it behind my counter. I shall take care to make my young ones read it every morning, to furnish them against such pernicious rascals. I know not whether what you writ was matter of fact, or your own invention; but this I will take my oath on, the first part is as exactly like what appeared in my 'practice, that had I read your

paper then, I should have taken your method to have secured a villain. Go on and prosper.

'Your most obliged humble servant'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'WITHOUT rallery, I desire you to insert this word for word in your next, as you value a lover's prayers. You see it is an hoe and cry after a stray heart (with the marks and blunders under-written) which whoever shall bring to you, shall receive satisfaction. Let me beg of you not to fail, as you remember the passion you had for her to whom you lately ended a paper':

'Noble, generous, great, and good,  
Not never to be understood;  
Fickle as the wind, still changing,  
After every female ranging,  
Fainting, trembling, sighing, dying,  
But addicted much to lying;  
When the syren songs repeat,  
Equal measures still it beats;  
Whoever shall wear it, it will smart her,  
And whoever takes it, 'tis a Tartar.

STEELE.

T.

N<sup>o</sup> 202. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1711.

*Immensus est populus iniquorum*

*'Eratius antiquorum, et solus novorum.'*

REMEXIMUS.

Of earthly goods, the best, is a good wife;

A bad, the bitterest curse of human life.

THERE are no authors I am more pleased with, than those who show human nature in a variety of views, and describe the several ages of the world in their different manners. A reader cannot be more rationally entertained, than by comparing the virtues and vices of his own times with those which prevailed in the times of his forefathers; and drawing a parallel to his mind between his own private character, and that of other persons, whether of his own age, or of the ages that went before him. The contemplation of mankind under these changeable colours, is apt to shame us out of any particular vice, or animate us to any particular virtue; to make us pleased or displeased with ourselves in the most proper points, to clear our minds of prejudice and prepossessions, and rectify that narrowness of temper which inclines us to think amiss of those who differ from ourselves.

If we look into the manners of the most remote ages of the world, we discover human nature in her simplicity; and the more we come downward towards our own times, may observe her hiding herself in artifices and refinements, polished invisibly out of her original plainness, and at length entirely lost under form and ceremony, and (what we call) good-breeding. Read the accounts of men and women as they are given us by the most ancient writers, both sacred and profane, and you would think you were reading the history of another species.

Among the writers of antiquity, there are none who instruct us more openly in the manners of their respective times in which they lived, than those who have employed themselves in satires, under what dress soever it may appear; as there are no other authors whose province it is to censure directly into the ways of men, and set their misdeeds in so strong a light.

Dissemble, a poet famous in his generation, by

'Psalms lxxviii.

I think, author of the oldest satire that is now extant; and, as some say, of the first that was ever written. This poet flourished about four hundred years after the siege of Troy; and shows, by his way of writing, the simplicity, or rather coarseness, of the age in which he lived. I have taken notice, in my hundred and sixty-first speculation, that the rule of observing what the French call the *bien-séance* in an allusion, has been found out of latter years; and that the ancients, provided there was a likeness in their similitudes, did not much trouble themselves about the decency of the comparison. The satire or iambics of Simonides, with which I shall entertain my readers in the present paper, are a remarkable instance of what I formerly advanced. The subject of this satire is woman. He describes the sex in their several characters, which he derives to them from a fanciful supposition raised upon the doctrine of pre-existence. He tells us, that the gods formed the souls of women out of those seeds and principles which compose several kinds of animals and elements; and that their good or bad dispositions arise in them according as such and such seeds and principles predominate in their constitutions. I have translated the author very faithfully, and if not word for word (which our language would not bear) at least so as to comprehend every one of his sentiments, without adding any thing of my own. I have already apologized for this author's want of delicacy, and must further premise, that the following satire affects only some of the lower part of the sex, and not those who have been refined by a polite education, which was not so common in the age of this poet:

'In the beginning God made the souls of woman-kind out of different materials, and in a separate state from their bodies.

'The souls of one kind of women were formed out of those ingredients which compose a swine. A woman of this make is a slut in her house and a glutton at her table. She is uncleanly in her person, a slattern in her dress, and her family is no better than a dunghill.

'A second sort of female soul was formed out of the same materials that enter into the composition of a fox. Such a one is what we call a notable discerning woman, who has an insight into every thing whether it be good or bad. In this species of females there are some virtuous and some vicious.

'A third kind of women were made up of canine particles. These are what we commonly call scolds, who imitate the animals out of which they were taken, that are always husy and harking, that snarl at every one who comes in their way, and live in perpetual clamour.

'The fourth kind of women were made out of the earth. These are your sluggards, who pass away their time in indolence and ignorance, hover over the fire a whole winter, and apply themselves with alacrity to no kind of business but eating.

'The fifth species of females were made out of the sea. These are women of variable uneven tempers; sometimes all storm and tempest, sometimes all calm and sun-shine. The stranger who sees one of these in her smiles and smoothness, would cry her up for a miracle of good-humour; but on a sudden her looks and her words are changed, she is nothing but fury and outrage, noise and hurricane.

'The sixth species were made up of the ingredients which compose an ass, or a beast of burden.

These are naturally exceeding slothful, but upon the husband's exerting his authority, will live upon hard fare, and do every thing to please him. They are, however, far from beingaverse to venereal pleasure, and seldom refuse a male companion.

'The cat furnished materials for a seventh species of women, who are of a melancholy, forward, unamiable nature, and so repugnant to the offers of love, that they fly in the face of their husband when he approaches them with conjugal endearments. This species of women are likewise subject to little thefts, cheats, and pilferings.

'The mare with a flowing mane, which was never broke to any servile toil and labour, composed an eighth species of women. These are they who have little regard for their husbands, who pass away their time in dressing, bathing, and perfuming; who throw their hair into the nearest curls, and trick it up with the fairest flowers and garlands. A woman of this species is a very pretty thing for a stranger to look upon, but very detrimental to the owner, unless it be a king or prince who takes a fancy to such a toy.

'The ninth species of females were taken out of the ape. These are such as are both ugly and ill-natured, who have nothing beautiful in themselves, and endeavour to detract from or ridicule every thing which appears so in others.

'The tenth and last species of women were made out of the bee; and happy is the man who gets such an one for his wife. She is altogether faultless and unblamable. Her family flourishes and improves by her good management. She loves her husband, and is beloved by him. She brings him a race of beautiful and virtuous children. She distinguishes herself among her sex. She is surrounded with graces. She never sits among the loose tribe of women, nor passes away her time with them in wanton discourses. She is full of virtue and prudence, and is the best wife that Jupiter can bestow on man.

I shall conclude these iambics with the motto of this paper, which is a fragment of the same author: 'A man cannot possess any thing that is better than a good woman, nor any thing that is worse than a bad one.'

As the poet has shown a great penetration in this diversity of female characters, he has avoided the fault which Juvenal and Monsieur Boileau are guilty of, the former in his sixth, and in his last satire, where they have each exposed the sex in general, without doing the valuable part of it. Such levelling of no use to the world; and for this reason I often wondered how the French and mentioned, who was a man of exquisite taste and a lover of virtue, could think human proper subject for satire in another of his celebrated pieces, which is called *The Satire Man*. What vice or frailty can a discourse rect, which censures the whole species alike, endeavour to show, by some superficial strokes wit, that hates are the most excellent creatures of the two? A satire should expose nothing but what is corrigible, and make a due discrimination between those who are, and those who are not the proper objects of it.

ADDISON.

L.

\* This subject is resumed in N<sup>o</sup> 211.

much taken up with throwing her eyes around the audience, and considering the effect of them, that she cannot be expected to observe the actors but as they are her rivals, and take off the observation of the men from herself. Besides these species of women, there are the Examples, or the first of the mode; these are to be supposed too well acquainted with what the actor was going to say to be moved at it. After these one might mention a certain slipshod set of females who are Mimics, and are wonderfully diverted with the conduct of all the people around them, and are spectators only of the audience. But what is of all the most to be lamented, is the loss of a party whom it would be worth preserving in their right senses upon all occasions, and these are those whom we may indifferently call the innocent, or the unaffected. You may sometimes see one of these sensibly touched with a well-wrought incident; but then she is immediately so imperceptibly observed by the men, and frowned at by some insensible superior of her own sex, that she is ashamed, and loses the enjoyment of the most laudable concern, pity. Thus the whole audience is afraid of letting fall a tear, and thus as a weakness the best and worthiest part of our scene.

MR.

"As you are one that doth not only pretend to reform, but effect it amongst people of any sense; makes me (who am one of the greatest of your admirers) give you this trouble to desire you will settle the method of my females knowing when one another is in town; for they have now got a trick of never sending to their acquaintance when they first come; and if one does not visit them within the week which they stay at home, it is a mortal quarrel. Now, dear Mr. Spec, either command them to put it in the advertisement of your paper, which is generally read by our sex, or else order them to breathe their savvy fountains (who are good for nothing else) by sending them to tell all their acquaintance. If you think to print this, pray put it into a better style as to the spelling part. This is now filling every day, and it cannot be read, because people take advantage of one by this means and break off acquaintance, are rude. Therefore pray put this in your paper as soon as you can possibly, to prevent any future miscarriages of this nature. I now, as I ever shall be, dear Spec,

Your most obedient humble servant,

MARTY MEATWELL.

"Pray settle what is to be a proper notification of a person's being in town, and how that differs according to people's quality."

MR. SPECTATOR,

Oct. the 20th.

"I HAVE been out of town, so did not meet with your paper dated September the 23th, whereby you, to my heart's desire, expose that carried vice of comparing poor young girls, and drawing them from their friends. I assure you without flattery it has saved a pretence of mine from ruin; and in token of gratitude, as well as for the benefit of my family, I have put it in a frame and glass, and hung it behind my counter. I shall take care to make my young ones read it every morning, to fortify them against such pernicious rubbish. I know not whether what you writ was matter of fact, or your own invention; but this I will take my oath on, the first part is so exactly like what happened to my pretence, that had I read your

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"Noble, generous, great, and good,  
But never to be understood;  
Fickle as the wind, still changing,  
After every female caprice;  
Fainting, trembling, sighing, dying,  
But addicted much to lying;  
When the system seems repeated,  
Equal measures still it beats;  
Whether shall wear it, it will court her,  
And whoever takes it, takes a Tartar.

STEELE.

T.

N<sup>o</sup> 209. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1711.

Γενναῖος εἰς χρεῖς, ἀνὴρ λαλῶν  
Ἐὐλαίᾳ ἀμύμονος, εἰς βίον ἄνθρωπος.

BENJAMIN.

Of earthly goods, the best, is a good will;  
A bad, the bitterest curse of human life.

THERE are no authors I am more pleased with, than those who show human nature in a variety of views, and describe the several ages of the world in their different manners. A reader cannot be more rationally entertained, than by comparing the virtues and vices of his own times with those which prevailed in the times of his forefathers; and drawing a parallel in his mind between his own private character, and that of other persons, whether of his own age, or of the ages that went before him. The contemplation of mankind under these changeable colours, is apt to shame us out of any particular vice, or exaltate us to any particular virtue; to make us pleased or displeased with ourselves in the most proper points, to clear our minds of prejudice and prepossession, and rectify that narrowness of temper which inclines us to think amiss of those who differ from ourselves.

If we look into the manners of the most remote ages of the world, we discover human nature in her simplicity; and the more we come downward towards our own times, may observe her hiding herself in artifices and refinements, polished lastly out of her original plainness, and at length entirely lost under form and ceremony, and (what we call) good-breeding. Read the accounts of men and women as they are given us by the most ancient writers, both sacred and profane, and you would think you were reading the history of another species.

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Dissemble, a poet famous in his generation, is

I think, author of the oldest satire that is now extant; and, as some say, of the first that was ever written. This poet flourished about four hundred years after the siege of Troy; and shows, by his way of writing, the simplicity, or rather coarseness, of the age in which he lived. I have taken notice, in my hundred and sixty-first speculation, that the rule of observing what the French call the *bienséance* in an allusion, has been found out of latter years; and that the ancients, provided there was a likeness in their similitudes, did not much trouble themselves about the decency of the comparison. The satire or iambics of Simonides, with which I shall entertain my readers in the present paper, are a remarkable instance of what I formerly advanced. The subject of this satire is woman. He describes the sex in their several characters, which he derives to them from a fanciful supposition raised upon the doctrine of pre-existence. He tells us, that the gods formed the souls of women out of those seeds and principles which compose several kinds of animals and elements; and that their good or bad dispositions arise in them according as such and such seeds and principles predominate in their constitutions. I have translated the author very faithfully, and if not word for word (which our language would not bear) at least so as to comprehend every one of his sentiments, without adding any thing of my own. I have already apologized for this author's want of delicacy, and must further premise, that the following satire affects only some of the lower part of the sex, and not those who have been refined by a polite education, which was not so common in the age of this poet:

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'A third kind of women were made up of canine particles. These are what we commonly call scolds, who imitate the animals out of which they were taken, that are always busy and barking, that snarl at every one who comes in their way, and live in perpetual clamour.

'The fourth kind of women were made out of the earth. These are your sluggards, who pass away their time in indolence and ignorance, hover over the fire a whole winter, and apply themselves with alacrity to no kind of business but eating.

'The fifth species of females were made out of the sea. These are women of variable uneven tempers; sometimes all storm and tempest, sometimes all calm and sunshine. The stranger who sees one of these in her smiles and smoothness, would cry her up for a miracle of good-humour; but on a sudden her looks and her words are changed, she is nothing but fury and outrage, noise and hurricane.

'The sixth species were made up of the ingredients which compose an ass, or a beast of burden.

These are naturally exceeding slothful, but upon the husband's exerting his authority, will live upon hard fare, and do every thing to please him. They are, however, far from being averse to venereal pleasure, and seldom refuse a male companion.

'The cat furnished materials for a seventh species of women, who are of a melancholy, froward, unamiable nature, and so repugnant to the offers of love, that they fly in the face of their husband when he approaches them with conjugal endearments. This species of women are likewise subject to little thefts, cheats, and pilferings.

'The mare with a flowing mane, which was never broke to any servile toil and labour, composed an eighth species of women. These are they who have little regard for their husbands, who pass away their time in dressing, bathing, and perfuming; who throw their hair into the nicest curls, and trick it up with the fairest flowers and garlands. A woman of this species is a very pretty thing for a stranger to look upon, but very detrimental to the owner, unless it be a king or prince who takes a fancy to such a toy.

'The ninth species of females were taken out of the ape. These are such as are both ugly and ill-matured, who have nothing beautiful in themselves, and endeavour to detract from or ridicule every thing which appears so in others.

'The tenth and last species of women were made out of the bee; and happy is the man who gets such an one for his wife. She is altogether faultless and unblamable. Her family flourishes and improves by her good management. She loves her husband, and is beloved by him. She brings him a race of beautiful and virtuous children. She distinguishes herself among her sex. She is surrounded with graces. She never sits among the loose tribe of women, nor passes away her time with them in wanton discourses. She is full of virtue and prudence, and is the best wife that Jupiter can bestow on man.'

I shall conclude these iambics with the motto of this paper, which is a fragment of the same author: 'A man cannot possess any thing that is better than a good woman, nor any thing that is worse than a bad one.'

As the poet has shown a great penetration in this diversity of female characters, he has avoided the fault which Juvenal and Monsieur Boileau are guilty of, the former in his sixth, and the other in his last satire, where they have endeavoured to expose the sex in general, without doing justice to the valuable part of it. Such levelling satires are of no use to the world; and for this reason I have often wondered how the French author above-mentioned, who was a man of exquisite judgment, and a lover of virtue, could think human nature a proper subject for satire in another of his celebrated pieces, which is called *The Satire upon Man*. What vice or frailty can a discourse correct, which censures the whole species alike, and endeavours to show, by some superficial strokes of wit, that brutes are the most excellent creatures of the two? A satire should expose nothing but what is corrigible, and make a due discrimination between those who are, and those who are not the proper objects of it\*.

\* ADDISON.

L.

\* This subject is resumed in N<sup>o</sup> 211:



N<sup>o</sup> 210. - WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1711.

*Atque quomodo in hunc in seculum suum seculorum  
quodam imperium futurum; leges in seculum  
ingressis illamque exilis et cunctis evanescent, et ap-  
parent facilitas.*

CR. Tunc. Quod.

There is, I know not how, in the minds of men, a certain propensity, as it were, of a future existence; and this takes the deepest root, and is most discoverable, in the greatest promises and sweet created souls.

TO THE SPECTATOR.

SIR,

I AM fully persuaded that one of the best springs of generous and worthy actions, is the having generous and worthy thoughts of ourselves. Whoever has a mean opinion of the dignity of his nature, will act in no higher a rank than he has allotted himself in his own estimation. If he considers his being as circumscribed by the uncertain term of a few years, his designs will be contracted into the same narrow span he imagines is to bound his existence. How can he exalt his thoughts to any thing great and noble, who only believes that, after a short turn on the stage of this world, he is to sink into oblivion, and to lose his consciousness for ever?

For this reason, I am of opinion that so useful and elevated a contemplation as that of the soul's immortality cannot be resumed too often. There is not a more improving exercise to the human mind, than to be frequently reviewing its own great privileges and endowments; nor a more effectual means to awaken in us an ambition raised above low objects and little pursuits, than to value ourselves as heirs of eternity.

It is a very great satisfaction to consider the best and wisest of mankind in all nations and ages, asserting, as with one voice, this their brightness, and to find it ratified by an express revelation. At the same time, if we turn our thoughts inward upon us, we may meet with a kind of secret sense concurring with the proofs of our own immortality.

You have, in my opinion, raised a good presumptive argument from the decreasing appetite the mind has to knowledge, and to the extending its own faculties, which cannot be accomplished, as the more restrained perfection of lower creatures may, in the limits of a short life. I think another probable conjecture may be raised from our appetite to duration itself, and from a reflection on our progress through the several stages of it. "We are complaining," as you observe in a former speculation, "of the shortness of life, and yet are perpetually hurrying over the parts of it, to arrive at certain little settlements, or imaginary points of rest, which are dispersed up and down in it."

Now let us consider what happens to us when we arrive at these imaginary points of rest. Do we stop our motion, and sit down satisfied in the settlement we have gained? or are we not removing the boundary, and marking out new points of rest, to which we press forward with the like eagerness, and which come to be such as first as we attain them? Our case is like that of a traveller upon the Alps, who should fancy that the top of

the next hill was end his journey, because it terminates his prospect; but he no sooner arrives at it, than he sees new ground and other hills beyond it, and continues to travel on as before.

This is so plainly every man's condition in life, that there is no one who has observed any thing, but may observe, that as fast as his time wears away, his appetite to something future renews. The use therefore I would make of it is this, that since Nature (as some love to express it) does nothing in vain, or, to speak properly, since the Author of our being has planted no wandering passion in it, no desire which has not its object, fixity is the proper object of the passion so constantly exercised about it; and this restlessness in the present, this assigning ourselves over to further stages of duration, this successive grasping at somewhat still to come, appears to me (whatever it may to others) as a kind of instinct or natural symptom which the mind of man has of its own immortality.

I take it at the same time for granted, that the immortality of the soul is sufficiently established by other arguments; and if so, this appetite, which otherwise would be very unreasonable and absurd, seems very reasonable, and adds strength to the conclusion. But I am amazed when I consider there are creatures capable of thought, who, in spite of every argument, can form to themselves a solid satisfaction in thinking otherwise. There is something so pitifully mean in the inverted ambition of that man who can hope for annihilation, and please himself to think that his whole fabric shall one day crumble into dust, and mix with the mass of hominate beings, that it equally deserves our admiration and pity. The mystery of such man's rebellion is not hard to be penetrated; and indeed amounts to nothing more than a sordid hope that they shall not be immortal, because they dare not be so.

This brings me back to my first observation, and gives me occasion to say further, that as worthy actions spring from worthy thoughts, so worthy thoughts are likewise the consequence of worthy actions. But the wretch who has degraded himself below the character of immortality, is very willing to resign his pretensions to it, and to substitute in its room a dark negative happiness in the extinction of his being.

The admirable Shakespeare has given us a strong image of the unsupported condition of such a person in his last minutes, in the second part of King Henry the Sixth, where Cardinal Beaufort, who had been concerned in the murder of the good Duke Humphrey, is represented on his death-bed. After some short confused speeches, which show an imagination disturbed with guilt, just as he was expiring, King Henry, standing by him (all of compassion, says,

"Lord Cardinal! if thou think'st on brother's blood,  
Hold up thy hand, make signal of that here!—  
He dies, and makes no sign."

The despair which is here shown, without a word or action on the part of the dying person, is beyond what could be painted by the most forcible expressions whatever.

I shall not pursue this thought further, but only add, that as annihilation is not to be had with a wish, so it is the most subject thing in the world to wish it. What are honour, fame, wealth, or power, when compared with the generous expectation of a being without end, and a happiness adequate to that being?

'I shall trouble you no further; but with a certain gravity which these thoughts have given me, I reflect upon some things people say of you, as they will of men who distinguish themselves, which I hope are not true; and wish you as good a man as you are an author.

'I am, sir,

'Your most obedient humble servant,

'T. D.'

HUGHES.

Nº 211. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1711.

*Fictis memincrit nos jocari fabulis.*

PHÆDR. l. 1. Pro.

Let it be remembered, that we sport in fabled stories.

HAVING lately \* translated the fragment of an old poet †, which describes womankind under several characters, and supposes them to have drawn their different manners and dispositions from those animals and elements out of which he tells us they were compounded; I had some thoughts of giving the sex their revenge, by laying together in another paper the many vicious characters which prevail in the male world, and showing the different ingredients that go to the making up of such different humours and constitutions. Horace has a thought which is something akin to this; when, in order to excuse himself to his mistress for an invective which he had written against her, and to account for that unreasonable fury with which the heart of man is often transported, he tells us, that when Prometheus made his man of clay, in the kneading up of the heart, he seasoned it with some furious particles of the lion ‡. But upon turning this plan to and fro in my thoughts, I observed so many unaccountable humours in man, that I did not know out of what animals to fetch them. Male souls are diversified with so many characters, that the world has not variety of materials sufficient to furnish out their different tempers and inclinations. The creation, with all its animals and elements, would not be large enough to supply their several extravagancies.

Instead, therefore, of pursuing the thought of Simonides, I shall observe, that as he has exposed the vicious part of women from the doctrine of pre-existence, some of the ancient philosophers have, in a manner, satirized the vicious part of the human species in general, from a notion of the soul's post-existence, if I may so call it; and that as Simonides describes brutes entering into the composition of women, others have represented human souls as entering into brutes. This is commonly termed the doctrine of transmigration, which supposes that human souls, upon their leaving the body, become the souls of such kinds of brutes as they most resemble in their manners; or to give an account of it, as Mr. Dryden has described it in his translation of Pythagoras's speech in the fifteenth book of Ovid, where that philosopher dissuades his hearers from eating flesh:

'Thus all things are but alter'd, nothing dies;  
And here and there th' unbodied spirit flies:  
By time, or force, or sickness dispospos'd,  
And lodges where it lights, in bird or beast;  
Or hunts without till ready limbs it find,  
And actuates those according to their kind:  
From tenement to tenement is toss'd,  
The soul is still the same, the figure only lost.

\* Nº 209.

† Simonides.

‡ Lib. i. ode xvi.

'Then let not piety be put to flight,  
To please the taste of glutton appetite;  
But suffer inmate souls secure to dwell,  
Lest from their seats your parents you expel;  
With ravid hunger feed upon your kind,  
Or from a beast dislodge a brother's mind.'

Plato, in the vision of Erus the Armenian, which I may possibly make the subject of a future speculation, records some beautiful transmigrations; as that the soul of Orpheus, who was musical, melancholy, and a woman-hater, entered into a swan; the soul of Ajax, which was all wrath and fierceness, into a lion; the soul of Agamemnon, that was rapacious and imperial, into an eagle; and the soul of Thersites, who was a mimic and a buffoon, into a monkey.

Mr. Congreve, in a prologue \* to one of his comedies, has touched upon this doctrine with great humour:

'Thus Aristotle's soul of old that was,  
May now be damn'd to animate an ass;  
Or in this very house, for aught we know,  
Is doing painful penance in some beau.'

I shall fill up this paper with some letters which my last Tuesday's speculation † has produced. My following correspondents will show, what I there observed, that the speculation of that day affects only the lower part of the sex.

'From my house in the Strand, October 30, 1711.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'UPON reading your Tuesday's paper, I find by several symptoms in my constitution that I am a bee. My shop, or if you please to call it so, my cell, is in that great hive of females which goes by the name of the New-Exchange; where I am daily employed in gathering together a little stock of gain from the finest flowers about the town, I mean the ladies and the beaux. I have a numerous swarm of children, to whom I give the best education I am able. But, sir, it is my misfortune to be married to a drone, who lives upon what I get, without bringing any thing into the common stock. Now, sir, as on the one hand I take care not to behave myself towards him like a wasp, so likewise I would not have him look upon me as an humble-bee; for which reason I do all I can to put him upon laying up provisions for a bad day, and frequently represent to him the fatal effects his sloth and negligence may bring upon us in our old age. I must beg that you will join with me in your good advice upon this occasion, and you will for ever oblige your humble servant,

'MELISSA.'

'SIR,

'Piccadilly, October 31, 1711.

'I AM joined in wedlock for my sins to one of those fillies who are described in the old poet with that hard name you gave us the other day. She has a flowing mane, and a skin as soft as silk. But, sir, she passes half her life at her glass, and almost ruins me in ribands. For my own part, I am a plain handicraft man, and in danger of breaking by her laziness and expensiveness. Pray, master, tell me in your next paper, whether I may not expect of her so much drudgery as to take care of her family, and to curry her hide in case of refusal.

'Your loving friend,  
'BARNABY BRITTLE.'

\* This is a mistake: it is in the *Epilogue* to '*Love for Love*.'

† Nº 209.

Nº 210. - WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1711.

*Ecce quædam tabula in montibus quædam ædificiorum  
quædam ædificiorum futurorum; idque in montibus  
ingressis ædificiorum ædificiorum ædificiorum, et ap-  
paretur facillime.*

CIC. Tusc. Quest.

There is, I know not how, in the minds of men, a certain  
premise, as it were, of a future existence; and this takes  
the deepest root, and is most discoverable, in the greatest  
calmness and most exalted soul.

# TO THE SPECTATOR.

SIR,  
I AM fully persuaded that one of the best  
springs of generous and worthy actions, is the har-  
ing generous and worthy thoughts of ourselves.  
Whoever has a mean opinion of the dignity of his  
nature, will act in no higher a rank than he has  
allotted himself in his own estimation. If he  
considers his being as circumscribed by the uncer-  
tain term of a few years, his designs will be con-  
tracted into the same narrow span he imagines is  
to bound his existence. How can he exalt his  
thoughts to any thing great and noble, who only  
believes that, after a short turn on the stage of this  
world, he is to sink into oblivion, and to lose his  
consciousness for ever?

For this reason, I am of opinion that so use-  
ful and elevated a contemplation as that of the  
soul's immortality cannot be resumed too often.  
There is not a more improving exercise to the hu-  
man mind, than to be frequently reviewing its own  
great privileges and endowments; nor a more ef-  
fectual means to awaken in us an ambition raised  
above low objects and little pursuits, than to value  
ourselves as beings of eternity.

It is a very great satisfaction to consider the  
best and wisest of mankind in all nations and ages,  
asserting, as with one voice, this their birthright,  
and to find it ratified by an express revelation. At  
the same time, if we turn our thoughts inward upon  
ourselves, we may meet with a kind of secret sense  
concurring with the proofs of our own immor-  
tality.

You have, in my opinion, raised a good pre-  
sumptive argument from the increasing appetite  
the mind has to knowledge, and to the extend-  
ing its own faculties, which cannot be accomplished,  
as the more restrained perfection of lower crea-  
tures may, in the limits of a short life. I think  
another probable conjecture may be raised from  
our appetite to duration itself, and from a reflec-  
tion on our progress through the several stages of  
it. "We are complaining," as you observe in a  
former speculation, "of the shortness of life, and  
yet are perpetually hurrying over the parts of it,  
to arrive at certain little settlements, or imaginary  
points of rest, which are dispersed up and down  
in it."

Now let us consider what happens to us when  
we arrive at these imaginary points of rest. Do  
we stop our motion, and sit down satisfied in the  
settlement we have pursued? or are we not remem-  
bering the boundary, and marking out new points of  
rest, to which we press forward with the like eager-  
ness, and which cease to be such as fast as we  
attain them? Our case is like that of a traveller  
upon the Alps, who should fancy that the top of

the next hill must end his journey, because it ter-  
minates his prospect; but he no sooner arrives at  
it, than he sees new ground and other hills beyond  
it, and continues to travel on as before.

This is so plainly every man's condition in life,  
that there is no one who has observed any thing,  
but may observe, that as fast as his time wears  
away, his appetite to something future remains.  
The one therefore I would make of it is this, that  
since Nature (as some love to express it) does no-  
thing in vain, or, to speak properly, since the Au-  
thor of our being has planted no wandering passion  
in it, no desire which has not its object, futurity is  
the proper object of the passion so constantly exer-  
cised about it; and this restlessness in the present,  
this engaging ourselves over to further stages of  
duration, this successive grasping at somewhat still  
to come, appears to me (whatever it may to others)  
as a kind of instinct or natural symptom which the  
mind of man has of its own immortality.

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immortality of the soul is sufficiently established  
by other arguments; and if so, this appetite, which  
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surd, seems very reasonable, and adds strength to  
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there are creatures capable of thought, who, in  
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a sullen satisfaction in thinking otherwise. There  
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bition of that man who can hope for annihilation,  
and please himself to think that his whole fabric  
shall one day crumble into dust, and mix with the  
mass of inanimate beings, that it equally deserves  
our admiration and pity. The mystery of such  
men's unbelief is not hard to be penetrated; and  
indeed amounts to nothing more than a sordid hope  
that they shall not be immortal, because they dare  
not be so.

This brings me back to my first observation, and  
gives me occasion to say further, that as worthy  
actions spring from worthy thoughts, so worthy  
thoughts are likewise the consequence of worthy  
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self below the character of immortality, is very  
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The admirable Shakespeare has given us a strong  
image of the unsupported condition of such a per-  
son in his last moments, in the second part of *King  
Henry the Sixth*, where Cardinal Beaufort, who  
had been concerned in the murder of the good  
Duke Humphrey, is represented on his death-bed.  
After some short confused speeches, which show  
an imagination disturbed with guilt, just as he was  
expiring, *King Henry*, standing by him full of  
compassion, says,

"Lord Cardinal! if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,  
Shed up thy head, make signal of that hope —  
He dies, and makes no sign!"

The despair which is here shown, without a  
word or action on the part of the dying person, is  
beyond what could be painted by the most forcible  
expenditure whatever.

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add, that as annihilation is not to be had with a  
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when compared with the generous expectations of a  
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'I am, sir,

'Your most obedient humble servant,

'T. D.'

HUGHES.

N<sup>o</sup> 211. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1711.

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PHILDR. I. I. Prol.

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HAVING lately \* translated the fragment of an old poet †, which describes womankind under several characters, and supposes them to have drawn their different manners and dispositions from those animals and elements out of which he tells us they were compounded; I had some thoughts of giving the sex their revenge, by laying together in another paper the many vicious characters which prevail in the male world, and shewing the different ingredients that go to the making up of such different humours and constitutions. Horace has a thought which is something akin to this, when, in order to excuse himself to his mistress for an invective which he had written against her, and to account for that unreasonable fury with which the heart of man is often transported, he tells us, that when Prometheus made his man of clay, in the kneading up of the heart, he seasoned it with some furious particles of the lion ‡. But upon turning this plan to and fro in my thoughts, I observed so many unaccountable humours in man, that I did not know out of what animals to fetch them. Male souls are diversified with so many characters, that the world has not variety of materials sufficient to furnish out their different tempers and inclinations. The creation, with all its animals and elements, would not be large enough to supply their several extravagancies.

Instead, therefore, of pursuing the thought of Simonides, I shall observe, that as he has exposed the vicious part of women from the doctrine of pre-existence, some of the ancient philosophers have, in a manner, satirized the vicious part of the human species in general, from a notion of the soul's post-existence, if I may so call it; and that as Simonides describes brutes entering into the composition of women, others have represented human souls as entering into brutes. This is commonly termed the doctrine of transmigration, which supposes that human souls, upon their leaving the body, become the souls of such kinds of brutes as they most resemble in their manners; or to give an account of it, as Mr. Dryden has described it in his translation of Pythagoras's speech in the fifteenth book of Ovid, where that philosopher dissuades his hearers from eating flesh:

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And here and there th' unbodied spirit flies:  
By time, or force, or sickness disposess'd,  
And lodges where it lights, in bird or beast;  
Or hunts without till ready limbs it find,  
And actuates those according to their kind:  
From tenement to tenement is toss'd,  
The soul is still the same, the figure only lost.

\* No 209.

† Simonides.

'Then let not piety be put to flight,  
To please the taste of glutton appetite;  
But suffer inmate souls secure to dwell,  
Lest from their seats your parents you expel;  
With rabid hunger feed upon your kind,  
Or from a beast dislodge a brother's mind.'

Plato, in the vision of Erus the Armenian, which I may possibly make the subject of a future speculation, records some beautiful transmigrations; as that the soul of Orpheus, who was musical, melancholy, and a woman-hater, entered into a swan; the soul of Ajax, which was all wrath and fierceness, into a lion; the soul of Agamemnon, that was rapacious and imperial, into an eagle; and the soul of Thersites, who was a mimic and a huffoon, into a monkey.

Mr. Congreve, in a prologue \* to one of his comedies, has touched upon this doctrine with great humour:

'Thus Aristotle's soul of old that was,  
May now be damn'd to animate an ass;  
Or in this very house, for aught we know,  
Is doing painful penance in some beau.'

I shall fill up this paper with some letters which my last Tuesday's speculation † has produced. My following correspondents will show, what I there observed, that the speculation of that day affects only the lower part of the sex.

'From my house in the Strand, October 30, 1711.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'UPON reading your Tuesday's paper, I find by several symptoms in my constitution that I am a bee. My shop, or if you please to call it so, my cell, is in that great hive of females which goes by the name of the New-Exchange; where I am daily employed in gathering together a little stock of gain from the finest flowers about the town, I mean the ladies and the beaux. I have a numerous swarm of children, to whom I give the best education I am able. But, sir, it is my misfortune to be married to a drone, who lives upon what I get, without bringing any thing into the common stock. Now, sir, as on the one hand I take care not to betray myself towards him like a wasp, so likewise I would not have him look upon me as an humble-bee; for which reason I do all I can to put him upon laying up provisions for a bad day, and frequently represent to him the fatal effects his sloth and negligence may bring upon us in our old age. I must beg that you will join with me in your good advice upon this occasion, and you will for ever oblige your humble servant,

'MILLISSA.'

'SIR,

'Piccadilly, October 31, 1711.

'I AM joined in wedlock for my sins to one of those fillies who are described in the old poet with that hard name you gave us the other day. She has a flowing mane, and a skin as soft as silk. But, sir, she passes half her life at her glass, and almost ruins me in ribands. For my own part, I am a plain handicraft man, and in danger of breaking by her laziness and expensiveness. Pray, master, tell me in your next paper, whether I may not expect of her so much drudgery as to take care of her family, and to curry her hide in case of refusal.

'Your loving friend,

'DARNABY BRITTLE.'

\* This is a mistake: it is in the *Epilogue* to 'Love for Love.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,                      'Cheshire, October 30.  
'I AM mightily pleased with the honour of the  
cat; be so kind as to enlarge upon that subject.  
'Yours till death,  
'JOSIAH WICKFIELD.

'P. S. You must know I am married to a Girl-  
milkmaid.'

'MR.                      'Wapping, October 31, 1711.  
'EVER since your Spectator of Tuesday last came  
into our family, my husband is pleased to call me  
his Occana, because the foolish old poet that you  
have translated says, that the souls of some women  
are made of sea-water. This, it seems, has en-  
couraged my sancebox to be witty upon me. When I  
am angry, he cries, "Pr'ythee, my dear, be calm;"  
when I chide one of my servants, "Pr'ythee,  
child, do not bluster." He had the impudence  
about an hour ago to tell me, that he was a sea-  
farer's man, and must expect to divide his life be-  
tween storms and sunshine. When I bestir myself  
with any spirit in my family, it is "high sea" in  
his house; and when I sit still without doing any  
thing, his affairs forsooth are "windbound." When  
I ask him whether it rains, he makes answer, "It  
is no matter, so that it be fair weather within  
doors." In short, sir, I cannot speak my mind  
freely to him, but I either swell or rage, or do  
something that is not fit for a civil woman to bear.  
Pray, Mr Spectator, since you are so sharp upon  
other women, let us know what materials your  
wife is made of, if you have one. I suppose you  
would make a parcel of poor-spirited tame in-  
sidious creatures; but, sir, I would have you to  
know, we have as good passions in us as yourself,  
and that a woman was never designed to be a  
milk-sop.

'MARTHA TENDRIST.'

PROLOGUE

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1711.

*Eripe teryd*  
*Cella ferge, Liber, tiber am, die ago*  
ROM. CAT. VI. 1. 2. ver. 22.  
Leave thy neck from this ignoble chain,  
And holdly say thou'rt free  
CRESCUS.

'MR. SPECTATOR,  
'I NEVER look upon my dear wife, but I think of  
the happiness Sir Roger de Coverley enjoys, in  
having such a friend as you to expose in proper  
colours the cruelty and perverseness of his mistress.  
I have very often wished you visited in our family,  
and were acquainted with my spouse; she would  
afford you, for some months at least, matter enough  
for one Spectator a week. Since we are not so  
happy as to be of your acquaintance, give me leave  
to represent to you our present circumstances as  
well as I can in writing. You are to know then,  
that I am not of a very different constitution from  
Nathaniel Hensrook, whom you have lately re-  
corded in your speculations; and have a wife  
who makes a more tyrannical use of the knowledge  
of my easy temper than that lady ever pretended  
to. We had not been a month married, when she  
found in me a certain pain to give offence, and  
an indolence that made me bear little inconve-

nience rather than dispute about them. From  
this observation it soon came to that pass, that if I  
offered to go abroad, she would get between me and  
the door, kiss me, and say she could not part with  
me; and then down again I sat. In a day or two  
after this first pleasant step towards confining me,  
she declared to me, that I was all the world to  
her, and she thought she ought to be all the world to  
me. "If," said she, "my dear loves me as much as  
I love him, he will never be tired of my company."  
This declaration was followed by my being denied  
to all my acquaintance; and it very soon came to  
that pass, that to give an answer at the door, be-  
fore my face, the servants would ask her whether I  
was within or not; and she would answer No, with  
great fondness, and tell me I was a good dear. I  
will not enumerate more little circumstances to  
give you a livelier sense of my condition; but tell  
you in general, that from such steps as these at  
first, I now live the life of a prisoner of state; my  
letters are opened, and I have not the use of pen,  
ink, and paper, but in her presence. I never go  
abroad, except she sometimes takes me with her in  
her coach to take the air, if it may be called so,  
when we drive, as we generally do, with the glasses  
up. I have overheard my servants lament my  
condition, but they dare not bring me messages  
without her knowledge, because they doubt my  
resolution to stand by them. In the midst of this  
languid way of life, an old acquaintance of mine,  
Tom Meggot, who is a favourite with her, and al-  
lowed to visit me in her company because he stays  
prettily, has roused me to rebel, and conveyed his  
intelligence to me in the following manner. My  
wife is a great pretender to music, and very igno-  
rant of it; but far gone in the Italian taste. Tom  
goes to Armstrong, the famous late writer of mu-  
sic, and desires him to put this sentence of Tully  
in the scale of an Italian air, and write it out for  
my spouse from him. *Ad illa mihi iter cuius iter  
insuper? cuius iter insuper, praeferit, fubet, retet,  
quod videtur? qui mihi imperit negare, nulli  
recusans audet? Poud? dandum est. Poud? recu-  
santem. Effudit? abestum. Multat? extim-  
aculum.* "Does he live like a gentleman, who is  
commanded by a woman to do to whom she gives  
law, grants and denies what she pleases? who can  
neither deny her any thing she asks, or refuse to  
do any thing she commands?"

'To be short, my wife was extremely pleased  
with it; said the Italian was the only language for  
music; and admired how wonderfully tender the  
weather was, and how pretty the accent is of that  
language; with the rest that is said by rote on that  
occasion. Mr. Meggot is sent to sing this air, which  
he performs with mighty applause; and my wife is  
so rapt as on the occasion, and glad to find, by my  
being so much pleased, that I was at last come in-  
to the notion of the Italian; "For," said she, "it  
grows upon one when one once comes to know a  
little of the language; and pray, Mr. Meggot, sing  
again those notes." *Nulli imperit negare, nulli  
recusantem.* "You may believe I was not a little de-  
lighted with my friend Tom's expedient to alarm me,  
and to obedience to his mistress I give all this story  
time at large; and I am resolved, when this ap-  
pears in the Spectator, to declare for myself.  
The manner of the transposition I contrive by your  
means, which shall be no other than that Tom  
Meggot, who is at our last-table every morning,  
shall read it to us; and if my dear can take the  
hint, and say not one word, but let this be the  
beginning of a new life without farther explana-  
tion, it is very well; for as soon as the Spectator

is read out, I shall, without more ado, call for the coach, name the hour when I shall be at home, if I come at all; if I do not, they may go to dinner. If my spouse only swells and says nothing, Tom and I go out together, as I all find well, as I said before; but if she begins to quarrel or expostulate, you shall, in my next to you, receive a full account of her resistance and submission, for submit the dear thing must, to,

Yours most obedient humble servant,  
ANTHONY FREEMAN.

\* P. S. I hope I need not tell you that I desire this may be in your very next.\*

1711.

7.

218. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1711.

— \* The subject is resumed in No 216.  
\* Rom. vii. 13.

It is the great art and secret of Christianity, if I may use that phrase, to manage our actions to the best advantage, and direct them in such a manner, that every thing we do may turn to account at that great day, when every thing we have done will be set before us.

In order to give this consideration its full weight, we may cast all our actions under the division of such as are themselves either good, evil, or indifferent. If we divide our intentions after the same manner, and consider them with regard to our actions, we may discover that great art and secret of religion which I have here mentioned.

A good intention joined to a good action, gives it its proper force and efficacy; joined to an evil action, extenuates its malignity, and in some cases may take it wholly away; and joined to an indifferent action, turns it to a virtue, and makes it meritorious as far as human actions can be so.

In the next place, to consider in the same manner the influence of an evil intention upon our actions. An evil intention perverts the best of actions, and strikes them in reality, what the fathers with a witty kind of zeal have termed the virtue of the heathen world, so many shining sins. It destroys the innocence of an indifferent action, and gives an evil action all possible blackness and horror, or, in the emphatical language of sacred writ, makes 'sin exceeding sinful.'

If, in the last place, we consider the nature of an indifferent intention, we shall find that it destroys the merit of a good action; abates, but never takes away, the malignity of an evil action; and leaves an indifferent action in its natural state of indifference.

It is therefore of unspeakable advantage to possess our minds with an habitual good intention, and to aim all our thoughts, words, and actions at some laudable end, whether it be the glory of our Maker, the good of mankind, or the benefit of our own souls.

This is a sort of thrift or good housewifery in moral life, which does not throw away any single action, but makes every one go as far as it can. It multiplies the means of salvation, increases the number of our virtues, and diminishes that of our vices.

There is something very devout, though not solid, in Avon's answer to Lincolnton, who objects to him the multiplicity of ceremonies in the Jewish religion, as washings, dresses, meats, purgations, and the like. The reply which the Jew makes upon this occasion, is, to the best of my remembrance, as follows: 'There are not duties enough,' says he, 'in the essential parts of the law for a zealous and active obedience. Time, place, and person are requisite, before you have an opportunity of putting a moral virtue into practice. We have, therefore,' says he, 'enlarged the sphere of our duty, and made many things, which are in themselves indifferent, a part of our religion, that we may have more occasions of showing our love to God, and in all the circumstances of life be doing something to please him.'

Monieur St. Legeron has endeavoured to palliate the superstitions of the Roman Catholic religion with the same kind of apology, where he pretends to consider the different spirits of the Papists and the Calvinists, as to the great points wherein they disagree. He tells us, that the former are actuated by love, and the other by fear; and that in their expressions of duty and devotion towards the Supreme Being, the former seem particularly careful to do every thing which may possibly please him, and the other to abstain from every thing which may possibly displease him.

Notwithstanding this plausible reason with which both the Jew and the Roman Catholic would excuse their respective superstitions, it is certain there is something in them very pernicious to mankind, and destructive to religion, because the injunction of superfluous ceremonies makes such actions duties, as were before indifferent, and by that means renders religion more burdensome and difficult than it is in its own nature, betrays many into sins of omission which they could not otherwise be guilty of, and fixes the minds of the vulgar to the shadowy, unessential points, instead of the more weighty and more important matters of the law.

This zealous and active obedience, however, takes place in the great point we are recommending; for, if, instead of prescribing to ourselves indifferent actions as duties, we apply a good intention to all our most indifferent actions, we make our very existence one continued act of obedience, we turn our diversions and amusements to our eternal advantage, and are pleasing Him (whom we are made to please) in all the circumstances and occurrences of life.

It is this excellent frame of mind, this holy officiousness (if I may be allowed to call it such), which is recommended to us by the apostle in that uncommon precept wherein he directs us to propose to ourselves the glory of our Creator in all our most indifferent actions, 'whether we eat or drink, or what-ever we do.'

A person therefore who is possessed with such an habitual good intention as that which I have been here speaking of, enters upon no single circumstance of life, without considering it as well-pleasing to the great Author of his being, conformable to the dictates of reason, suitable in human nature in general, or to that particular station in which Providence has placed him. He lives in a perpetual sense of the Divine Presence, regards himself as acting, in the whole course of his existence, under the observation and inspection of that Being, who is privy to all his motions and all his

\* The subject is resumed in No 216.

\* Rom. vii. 13.

thoughts, who knows his 'down-sitting and his up-  
rising, who is about his path, and about his bed,  
and spileth out all his ways \*.' In a word, he re-  
members that the eye of his Judge is always upon  
him, and in every action he reflects that he is doing  
what is commended or allowed by him who will  
hereafter either reward or punish it. This was the  
character of those holy men of old, who in that  
beautiful phrase of scripture are said to have  
walked with God †.

When I employ myself upon a paper of mor-  
ality, I generally consider how I may recommend  
the particular virtue which I treat of, by the pre-  
cepts or examples of the ancient heathens; by  
that means, if possible, to shame those who have  
greater advantages of knowing their duty, and  
therefore greater obligations to perform it, into a  
better course of life: besides that many among us  
are unreasonably disposed to give a fairer hearing  
to a pagan philosopher, than to a christian writer.

I shall therefore produce an instance of this ex-  
cellent frame of mind in a speech of Socrates,  
which is quoted by Erasmus. This great philoso-  
pher on the day of his execution, a little before  
the draught of poison was brought to him, enter-  
taining his friends with a discourse on the immor-  
tality of the soul, has these words: 'Whether or  
no God will approve of my actions, I know not;  
but this I am sure of, that I have at all times made  
it my endeavour to please him, and I have a good  
hope that this my endeavour will be accepted by  
him.' We find in these words of that great man  
the habitual good intention which I would here  
inculcate, and with which that divine philosopher  
always acted. I shall only add, that Erasmus,  
who was an abridged Roman Catholic, was so  
much transported with this passage of Socrates,  
that he could scarce forbear looking upon him as a  
saint, and desiring him to pray for him; or as that  
ingenious and learned writer has expressed him-  
self in a much more lively manner: 'When I re-  
flect on such a speech pronounced by such a per-  
son, I can scarce forbear crying out, *Sempe So-  
crates, ora pro nobis!*' O holy Socrates, pray for  
us!

ADDITION.

L.

N° 214. MONDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1711.

— *Perferre compari laetum*  
— *decedit* —

JUV. Sat. 12. ver. 113.

A long dependence in us here is lost.  
DUTCH.

I am some time ago lay before the world the un-  
happy condition of the trading part of mankind  
who suffer by want of partiality in the dealings  
of persons above them; but there is a set of men  
who are much more the objects of compassion than  
even those; and these are the dependants on great  
men, whom they are pleased to take under their  
protection as such as are to share in their friend-  
ship and favour. These, indeed, as well from the  
benefit that is accepted from them, as the hopes  
which are given to them, are become a sort of  
vreditors; and these debts being debts of honour,

ought, according in the accustomed manner, to be  
first discharged.

When I speak of dependants, I would not be  
understood to mean those who are worthless in  
themselves, or who, without any call, will press  
into the company of their betters. Nor, when I  
speak of patrons, do I mean those who either have  
it not in their power, or have no obligation to as-  
sist their friends; but I speak of such leagues  
where there is power and obligation on the one  
part, and merit and expectation on the other.

The division of patron and client, may, I be-  
lieve, include a third of our nation; the want of  
merit, and real worth in the client, will strike  
out about ninety-nine in a hundred of these; and  
the want of ability in patrons, as many of that  
kind. But, however, I must beg leave to say, that  
he who will take up another's time and fortune in  
his service, though he has no prospect of reward-  
ing his merit towards him, is as unjust to his de-  
lings as he who takes up goods of a tradesman with-  
out intention or ability to pay him. Of the few  
of the class which I think fit to consider, there are  
not two in ten who succeed, inasmuch that I know  
a man of good sense who put his son to a black-  
smith, though an offer was made him of his being  
received as a page to a man of quality: There  
are not more cripples come out of the wars than  
there are from these great services; some through  
direct loss of their speech, some their memories,  
others their senses, or their lives; and I seldom see  
a man thoroughly disconcerted, but I conclude he  
has had the favour of some great man. I have  
known of such as have been for twenty years to-  
gether within a month of a good employment, but  
never arrived at the happiness of being possessed  
of any thing.

There is nothing more ordinary than that a man  
who has got into a considerable station shall im-  
mediately alter his manner of treating all his  
friends, and from that moment he is to deal with  
you as if he were your Fair. You are no longer  
to be consulted, even in matters which concern  
yourself; but your patron is of a species above you,  
and a free communication with you is not to be  
expected. This perhaps may be your condition all  
the while he bears office; and when that is at an  
end, you are as intimate as ever you were, and he  
will take it very ill if you keep the distance he  
prescribed you towards him in his grandeur. One  
would think this should be a behaviour a man  
could fall into with the worst grace imaginable;  
but they who know the world have seen it more  
than once. I have often, with secret pity, brand  
the same man who has professed his abhorrence  
against all kind of pensive behaviour, low minis-  
ters, bows, days, and years, in a fruitless attendance on  
men who had no inclination to befriend him. It is  
very much to be regretted, that the great have one  
particular privilege above the rest of the world, of  
being slow in receiving impressions of kindness,  
and quick in taking offence. The elevation above  
the rest of mankind, except in very great minds,  
makes men so giddy, that they do not see after the  
same manner they did before. Thus they despite  
their old friends, and strive to extend their inter-  
est to new persons. By this means it often  
happens, that when you come to know how you  
had such an employment, you will find the man  
who got it never dreamed of his best, forsooth, he  
was to be surprised into it, or perhaps solicited to  
receive it. Upon such occasions as these a man  
may perhaps grow out of himself. If you are in  
all mankind will fall in with the patron, and you

\* Psal. cxi. v. 3. — We may have of service, more for all,  
if all the spectators were, possibly to have guided by our  
example, whether these dependants be private writers, or com-  
mon men, or the like; but we shall be found out, and we shall be  
found out, and we shall be found out, and we shall be found out.

† Gen. xii. v. 9.

are an humorist and untractable if you are capable of being sour at a disappointment: but it is the same thing whether you do or do not resent ill usage, you will be used after the same manner; as some good mothers will be sure to whip their children till they cry, and then whip them for crying.

There are but two ways of doing any thing with great people; and those are, by making yourself either considerable or agreeable. The former is not to be obtained but by finding a way to live without them, or concealing that you want them; the latter is only by falling into their taste and pleasures. This is of all the employments in the world the most servile, except it happens to be of your own natural humour. For to be agreeable to another, especially if he be above you, is not to be possessed of such qualities and accomplishments as should render you agreeable in yourself, but such as make you agreeable in respect to him. An imitation of his faults, or a compliance, if not subservience to his vices, must be the measures of your conduct.

When it comes to that, the unnatural state a man lives in, when his patron pleases, is ended; and his guilt and complaisance are objected to him, though the man who rejects him for his vices was not only his partner, but seducer. Thus the client (like a young woman who has given up the innocence which made her charming) has not only lost his time, but also the virtue which could render him capable of resenting the injury which is done him.

It would be endless to recount the tricks of turning you off from themselves to persons who have less power to serve you, the art of being sorry for such an unaccountable accident in your behaviour, that such a one (who, perhaps, has never heard of you) opposes your advancement; and if you have any thing more than ordinary in you, you are flattered with a whisper, that it is no wonder people are so slow in doing for a man of your talents, and the like.

After all this treatment, I must still add the pleasantest insolence of all, which I have once or twice seen; to wit, that when a silly rogue has thrown away one part in three of his life in unprofitable attendance, it is taken wonderfully ill that he withdraws, and is resolved to employ the rest for himself.

When we consider these things, and reflect upon so many honest natures (which one who makes observation of what passes may have seen) that have miscarried by such sort of applications, it is too melancholy a scene to dwell upon; therefore I shall take another opportunity to discourse of good patrons, and distinguish such as have done their duty to those who have depended upon them, and were not able to act without their favour. Worthy patrons are like Plato's guardian angels, who are always doing good to their wards; but negligent patrons are like Epicurus's gods, that lie lolling on the clouds, and instead of blessings pour down storms and tempests on the heads of those that are offering incense to them.

STEELE.

T.

Nº 215. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1711.

— *Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes  
Emollit mores, nec sinit esse ferus.*

OID. Ep. ix. l. 2. de Ponto, ver. 47.

Ingenuous arts, where they an entrance find,  
Softens the manners, and subdues the mind.

I CONSIDER a human soul without education like marble in the quarry, which shows none of its inherent beauties, till the skill of the polisher fetches out the colours, makes the surface shine, and discovers every ornamental cloud, spot, and vein that runs through the body of it. Education, after the same manner, when it works upon a noble mind, draws out to view every latent virtue and perfection, which without such helps are never able to make their appearance.

If my reader will give me leave to change the allusion so soon upon him, I shall make use of the same instance to illustrate the force of education, which Aristotle has brought to explain his doctrine of substantial forms, when he tells us that a statue lies hid in a block of marble; and that the art of the statuary only clears away the superfluous matter, and removes the rubbish. The figure is in the stone, the sculptor only finds it. What sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to a human soul. The philosopher, the saint, or the hero; the wise, the good, or the great man, very often lie hid and concealed in a plebeian, which a proper education might have dis-interred, and have brought to light. I am therefore much delighted with reading the accounts of savage nations, and with contemplating those virtues which are wild and uncultivated; to see courage exerting itself in fierceness, resolution in obstinacy, wisdom in cunning, patience in sullenness and despair.

Men's passions operate variously, and appear in different kinds of actions, according as they are more or less rectified and swayed by reason. When one hears of negroes, who upon the death of their masters, or upon changing their service, hang themselves upon the next tree, as it frequently happens in our American plantations, who can forbear admiring their fidelity, though it expresses itself in so dreadful a manner? What might not that savage greatness of soul which appears in these poor wretches on many occasions, be raised to, were it rightly cultivated? And what colour of excuse can there be for the contempt with which we treat this part of our species? that we should not put them upon the common foot of humanity; that we should only set an insignificant fine upon the man who murders them; nay, that we should, as much as in us lies, cut them off from the prospects of happiness in another world as well as in this, and deny them that which we look upon as the proper means for attaining it?

Since I am engaged on this subject, I cannot forbear mentioning a story which I have lately heard, and which is so well attested, that I have no manner of reason to suspect the truth of it. I may call it a kind of wild tragedy that passed about twelve years ago at Saint Christopher's, one of our British Leeward islands. The negroes who were the persons concerned in it, were all of them the slaves of a gentleman who is now in England.

This gentleman among his negroes had a young woman, who was looked upon as a most extraordinary beauty by those of her own complexion.





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STEEL.

T.

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If my reader will give me leave to change the allusion so soon upon him, I shall make use of the same instance to illustrate the force of education, which Aristotle has brought to explain his doctrine of substantial forms, when he tells us that a statue lies hid in a block of marble; and that the art of the statuary only clears away the superfluous matter, and removes the rubbish. The figure is in the stone, the sculptor only finds it. What sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to a human soul. The philosopher, the saint, or the hero; the wise, the good, or the great man, very often lie hid and concealed in a plebeian, which a proper education might have dis-interred, and have brought to light. I am therefore much delighted with reading the accounts of savage nations, and with contemplating those virtues which are wild and uncultivated; to see courage exerting itself in fierceness, resolution in obstinacy, wisdom in cunning, patience in sullenness and despair.

Men's passions operate variously, and appear in different kinds of actions, according as they are more or less rectified and swayed by reason. When one hears of negroes, who upon the death of their masters, or upon changing their service, hang themselves upon the next tree, as it frequently happens in our American plantations, who can forbear admiring their fidelity, though it expresses itself in so dreadful a manner? What might not that savage greatness of soul which appears in these poor wretches on many occasions, be raised to, were it rightly cultivated? And what colour of excuse can there be for the contempt with which we treat this part of our species? that we should not put them upon the common foot of humanity; that we should only set an insignificant fine upon the man who murders them; nay, that we should, as much as in us lies, cut them off from the prospects of happiness in another world as well as in this, and deny them that which we look upon as the proper means for attaining it?

Since I am engaged on this subject, I cannot forbear mentioning a story which I have lately heard, and which is so well attested, that I have no manner of reason to suspect the truth of it. I may call it a kind of wild tragedy that passed about twelve years ago at Saint Christopher's, one of our British Leeward islands. The negroes who were the persons concerned in it, were all of them the slaves of a gentleman who is now in England.

This gentleman among his negroes had a young woman, who was looked upon as a most extraordinary beauty by those of her own complexion.

thoughts, who knows his 'down-sitting and his up-rising, who is about his path, and about his bed, and sleeth out all his ways.' In a word, he remembers that the eye of his Judge is always upon him, and in every action he reflects that he is doing what is commanded or allowed by him who will hereafter either reward or punish it. This was the character of those holy men of old, who in that beautiful phrase of scripture are said to have walked with God †.

When I employ myself upon a paper of morality, I generally consider how I may recommend the particular virtue which I treat of, by the precepts or examples of the ancient heathens; by that means, if possible, to shame those who have greater advantages of knowing their duty, and therefore greater obligations to perform it, into a better course of life: besides that many among us are unreasonably disposed to give a fairer hearing to a pagan philosopher, than to a christian writer.

I shall therefore produce an instance of this excellent frame of mind in a speech of Socrates, which is quoted by Erasmus. This great philosopher on the day of his execution, a little before the draught of poison was brought to him, entertaining his friends with a discourse on the immortality of the soul, has these words: 'Whether or no God will approve of my actions, I know not; but this I am sure of, that I have at all times made it my endeavour to please him, and I have a good hope that this my endeavour will be accepted by him.' We find in these words of that great man the habitual good intention which I would here recommend, and with which that divine philosopher always acted. I shall only add, that Erasmus, who was an unbigotted Roman Catholic, was so much transported with this passage of Socrates, that he could scarce forbear looking upon him as a saint, and desiring him to pray for him; or as that ingenious and learned writer has expressed himself in a much more lively manner: 'When I remember such a speech pronounced by such a person, I can scarce forbear crying out, "Sancte Socrates, ora pro nobis!" O holy Socrates, pray for us!'

ANDREW.

L.

Nº 214. MONDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1711.

— *Parvum tempus laus  
brevis* —

JCV Sat. 14. ver. 122.

A long dependence on an hour is lost.  
DUTY.

I did some time ago say before the world the unhappy condition of the trading part of mankind who suffer by want of punctuality in the dealings of persons above them; but there is a set of men who are much more the objects of compassion than even those; and these are the dependants on great men, whom they are pleased to take under their protection as such as are to share in their friendship and favour. These, indeed, as well from the homage that is accepted from them, as the hopes which are given to them, are become a sort of creditors; and these debts being debts of honour,

ought, according to the accustomed maxim, to be first discharged.

When I speak of dependants, I would not be understood to mean those who are worthless in themselves, or who, without any call, will press into the company of their betters. Nor, when I speak of patrons, do I mean those who either have it not in their power, or have no obligation to assist their friends; but I speak of such leagues where there is power and obligation on the one part, and merit and expectation on the other. The division of patron and client, may, I believe, include a third of our nation; the want of merit, and real worth in the client, will strike out about ninety-nine in a hundred of these; and the want of ability in patrons, as many of that kind. But, however, I must beg leave to say, that he who will take up another's time and fortune in his service, though he has no prospect of rewarding his merit towards him, is as unjust in his dealings as he who takes up goods of a tradesman without intention or ability to pay him. Of the few of the class which I think fit to consider, there are not two in ten who succeed, inasmuch that I know a man of good sense who put his son to a blacksmith, though an offer was made him of his being received as a page to a man of quality: There are not more cripples come out of the wars than there are from those great services; some through discontent lose their speech, some their memories, others their senses, or their lives; and I seldom see a man thoroughly discontented, but I conclude he has had the favour of some great man. I have known of such as have been for twenty years together within a month of a good employment, but never arrived at the happiness of being possessed of any thing.

There is nothing more ordinary than that a man who has got into a considerable station shall immediately alter his manner of treating all his friends, and from that moment he is to deal with you as if he were your Peer. You are no longer to be consulted, even in matters which concern yourself; but your patron is of a species above you, and a free communication with you is not to be expected. This perhaps may be your condition all the while he bears office; and when that is at an end, you are as late as ever you were, and he will take it very ill if you keep the distance he prescribed you towards him to his grievance. One would think this should be a behaviour a man could fall into with the worst grace imaginable; but they who know the world have seen it more than once. I have often, with secret pity, heard the same man who has professed his abhorrence against all kind of passive behaviour, low politics, bows, days, and years, in a fruitless attendance on one who had no inclination to befriend him. It is very much to be regretted, that the great have one particular privilege above the rest of the world, of being slow in reviving impressions of kindness, and quick in taking offence. The elevation above the rest of mankind, except in very great roads, makes men so glidy, that they do not see after the same manner they did before. Thus they despise their old friends, and strive to extend their interest to new persons. By this means it often happens, that when you come to know how you lost such an employment, you will find the man who got it never dreamed of it; but, forsooth, he was to be surprised into it, or perhaps solicited to receive it. Upon such occasions as these a man may perhaps grow out of humours. If you are so, all mankind will fall in with the patron, and you

\* Phil. c. 11. §. 2.—We may here observe, once for all, that the Spectator seems generally to have quoted by memory, whether from sermons or private writers; if compared with the books themselves, his quotations will be found always substantially, but not verbally, correct.

† Gen. c. 22. v. 12.

are an humorist and untractable if you are capable of being sour at a disappointment: but it is the same thing whether you do or do not resent ill usage, you will be used after the same manner; as some good mothers will be sure to whip their children till they cry, and then whip them for crying.

There are but two ways of doing any thing with great people; and those are, by making yourself either considerable or agreeable. The former is not to be attained but by finding a way to live without them, or concealing that you want them; the latter is only by falling into their taste and pleasures. This is of all the employments in the world the most servile, except it happens to be of your own natural humour. For to be agreeable to another, especially if he be above you, is not to be possessed of such qualities and accomplishments as should render you agreeable in yourself, but such as make you agreeable in respect to him. An imitation of his faults, or a compliance, if not subservience to his vices, must be the measures of your conduct.

When it comes to that, the unnatural state a man lives in, when his patron pleases, is ended; and his guilt and complaisance are objected to him, though the man who rejects him for his vices was not only his partner, but seducer. Thus the client (like a young woman who has given up the innocence which made her charming) has not only lost his time, but also the virtue which could render him capable of resenting the injury which is done him.

It would be endless to recount the tricks of turning you off from themselves to persons who have less power to serve you, the art of being sorry for such an unaccountable accident in your behaviour, that such a one (who, perhaps, has never heard of you) opposes your advancement; and if you have any thing more than ordinary in you, you are flattered with a whisper, that it is no wonder people are so slow in doing for a man of your talents, and the like.

After all this treatment, I must still add the pleasantest insolence of all, which I have once or twice seen; to wit, that when a silly rogue has thrown away one part in three of his life in unprofitable attendance, it is taken wonderfully ill that he withdraws, and is resolved to employ the rest for himself.

When we consider these things, and reflect upon so many honest natures (which one who makes observation of what passes may have seen) that have miscarried by such sort of applications, it is too melancholy a scene to dwell upon; therefore I shall take another opportunity to discourse of good patrons, and distinguish such as have done their duty to those who have depended upon them, and were not able to act without their favour. Worthy patrons are like Plato's guardian angels, who are always doing good to their wards; but negligent patrons are like Epicurus's gods, that lie lolling on the clouds, and instead of blessings pour down storms and tempests on the heads of those that are offering incense to them.

STEELE.

T.

N<sup>o</sup> 215. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1711.

— *Ingenuas didicisse fide liter artes  
Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.*

OVID. Ep. ix. l. 2. de Ponto, ver. 47.

Ingenuous arts, where they an entrance find,  
Softens the manners, and subdues the mind.

I CONSIDER a human soul without education like marble in the quarry, which shows none of its inherent beauties, till the skill of the polisher fetches out the colours, makes the surface shine, and discovers every ornamental cloud, spot, and vein that runs through the body of it. Education, after the same manner, when it works upon a noble mind, draws out to view every latent virtue and perfection, which without such helps are never able to make their appearance.

If my reader will give me leave to change the allusion so soon upon him, I shall make use of the same instance to illustrate the force of education, which Aristotle has brought to explain his doctrine of substantial forms, when he tells us that a statue lies hid in a block of marble; and that the art of the statuary only clears away the superfluous matter, and removes the rubbish. The figure is in the stone, the sculptor only finds it. What sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to a human soul. The philosopher, the saint, or the hero; the wise, the good, or the great man, very often lie hid and concealed in a plebeian, which a proper education might have dis-interred, and have brought to light. I am therefore much delighted with reading the accounts of savage nations, and with contemplating those virtues which are wild and uncultivated; to see courage exerting itself in fierceness, resolution in obstinacy, wisdom in cunning, patience in sullenness and despair.

Men's passions operate variously, and appear in different kinds of actions, according as they are more or less rectified and swayed by reason. When one hears of negroes, who upon the death of their masters, or upon changing their service, hang themselves upon the next tree, as it frequently happens in our American plantations, who can forbear admiring their fidelity, though it expresses itself in so dreadful a manner? What might not that savage greatness of soul which appears in these poor wretches on many occasions, be raised to, were it rightly cultivated? And what colour of excuse can there be for the contempt with which we treat this part of our species? that we should not put them upon the common foot of humanity; that we should only set an insignificant fine upon the man who murders them; nay, that we should, as much as in us lies, cut them off from the prospects of happiness in another world as well as in this, and deny them that which we look upon as the proper means for attaining it?

Since I am engaged on this subject, I cannot forbear mentioning a story which I have lately heard, and which is so well attested, that I have no manner of reason to suspect the truth of it. I may call it a kind of wild tragedy that passed about twelve years ago at Saint Christopher's, one of our British Leeward islands. The negroes who were the persons concerned in it, were all of them the slaves of a gentleman who is now in England.

This gentleman among his negroes had a young woman, who was looked upon as a most extraordinary beauty by those of her own complexion.

He had at the same time two young fellows who were likewise negroes and slaves, remarkable for the comeliness of their persons, and for the friendship which they bore to one another. It unfortunately happened that both of them fell in love with the female negro above-mentioned, who would have been very glad to have taken either of them for her husband, provided they could agree between themselves which should be the man. But they were both so passionately in love with her, that neither of them could think of giving her up to his rival; and at the same time were so true to one another, that neither of them would think of gaining her without his friend's consent. The torments of these two lovers were the discourse of the family to which they belonged, who could not forbear observing the strange complication of passions which perplexed the hearts of the poor negroes, that often dropped expressions of the unreasonableness they modern call, and how impossible it was for either of them ever to be happy.

After a long struggle between love and friendship, truth and jealousy, they one day took a walk together into a wood, carrying their mistresses along with them; where, after abundance of lamentations, they stabbed her to the heart, of which she immediately died. A slave who was at his work not far from the place where this astonishing piece of cruelty was committed, hearing the shrieks of the dying persons, ran to see what was the occasion of them. He there discovered the woman lying dead upon the ground, with the two negroes on each side of her, kissing the dead corpse, and weeping over it, and beating their breasts in the utmost agonies of grief and despair. He immediately ran to the English family with the news of what he had seen; who upon coming to the place saw the woman dead, and the two negroes expiring by her with wounds they had given themselves.

We see in this amazing instance of barbarity, that strange disorders are bred in the minds of those men whose passions are not regulated by virtue, and disciplined by reason. Though the action which I have related is to itself full of guilt and horror, it proceeded from a temper of mind which might have produced very noble fruits, had it been informed and guided by a suitable education.

It is therefore an unpeakable blessing to be born to those parts of the world where wisdom and knowledge flourish; though, it must be confessed, there are, even in those parts, several poor uninstructed persons, who are but little above the inhabitants of those nations of which I have been here speaking; as those who have had the advantages of a more liberal education, rise above one another by several different degrees of perfection. For, to return to our state in the block of marble, we see it sometimes only begun to be chipped, sometimes rough-hewn, and but just sketched into an human figure; sometimes we see the man appearing distinctly in all his limbs and features, sometimes we find the figure wrought up to a great elegance, but seldom we see with any to which the hand of a Phidias or Praxiteles could not give several other touches and finishings.

Discourses of morality, and reflections upon human nature, are the best means we can make use of to improve our minds, and gain a true knowledge of ourselves, and consequently to recover our souls out of the vice, ignorance, and prejudice, which naturally cleave to them. I have all along professed myself in this paper a promoter of these great ends; and I flatter myself that I do from

day to day contribute something to the polishing of men's minds; at least my design is laudable, whatever the execution may be. I must confess I am not a little encouraged in it by many letters which I receive from unknown hands, in approbation of my endeavours; and must take this opportunity of returning my thanks to those who write them, and excusing myself for not inserting several of them in my papers, which I am sensible would be a very great ornament to them. Should I publish the praises which are so well penned, they would do honour to the persons who write them; but my publishing of them would, I fear, be a sufficient instance to the world that I did not deserve them.

ADONOR.

C.

N<sup>o</sup> 216. WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1711.

*Regularem hercle puerum, et prius, neque fortius;  
Puerum et inuicem, neque pariterque matrem  
dixit, additque non potest, cum membra expectat,  
Lactis part, utro non potest, cum membra expectat,  
De amara, et ferre non potest: neque ad, sedet,  
Perhinc aliquid, ubi ne cunctis periret.*

TER. REX. act. I. sc. 1.

If indeed you can keep to your resolution, you will act a noble and a worthy part; but if, when you have set about it, your courage fails you, and you make a voluntary submission, acknowledging the violence of your passion, and your inability to hold out any longer, all's over with you; you are undone, and may go hang yourself; she will laugh over you, when she finds you her slave.

TO THE SPECTATOR.

SIR,

'Twas to inform you, that Mr. Freeman had so soon taken coach, but his lady was taken with a terrible fit of the vapours, which, it is feared, will make her miscarry, if not endanger her life; therefore, dear sir, if you know of any receipt that is good against this fashionable reigning disorder, be pleased to communicate it for the good of the public, and you will oblige,

'Yours,

'A. MORWELL.'

MR. SPECTATOR,

'Twas upon was so great as soon as I had read the Spectator concerning Mrs. Freeman's, that after many revolutions in her temper, of raging, swooning, railing, fainting, pitying herself, and reviling her husband, upon an accidental meeting in of a neighbouring lady (who says she has writ to you also) she had nothing left for it but to fall in a fit. I had the honour to read the paper to her, and have pretty good command of countenance and temper on such occasions; and soon found my historical name to be Tom Muggot in your writings; but concealed myself till I saw how it affected Mrs. Freeman. She looked frequently at her husband, as often at me; and she did not tremble as she felled fit, till she came to the circumstance of Armstrong's writing out a piece of Tully for an open lane. Then she burst out, she was exposed, she was deceived, she was wronged and abused. The tea-spoon was thrown in the fire; and without taking vengeance on her spouse, she said to me, that I was a pretending cuckold, a mischief that knew not what it was to interfere in so she as always as between a man and his wife. To which Mr. Freeman's blind was I too fond of you

than I am, I should not have taken this way of writing to the Spectator, to inform a woman, whom God and nature has placed under my direction, with what I request of her; but since you are so indiscreet as not to take the hint which I gave you in that paper, I must tell you, madam, in so many words, that you have for a long and tedious space of time acted a part unsuitable to the sense you ought to have of the subordination in which you are placed. And I must acquaint you once for all, that the fellow without—'Ah, Tom!'—(here the footman entered and answered—Madam)—'Sirrah, don't you know my voice? Look upon me when I speak to you.'—I say, madam, this fellow here is to know of me myself, whether I am at leisure to see company or not. I am from this hour master of this house; and my business in it, and every where else, is to behave myself in such a manner, as it shall be hereafter an honour to you to bear my name; and your pride that you are the delight, the darling, and ornament of a man of honour, useful and esteemed by his friends; and I no longer one that has buried some merit in the world, in compliance to a froward humour which has grown upon an agreeable woman by his indulgence." Mr. Freeman ended this with a tenderness in his aspect, and a downcast eye, which showed he was extremely moved at the anguish he saw her in; for she sat swelling with passion, and her eyes firmly fixed on the fire; when I, fearing he would lose again, took upon me to provoke her out of that amiable sorrow she was in, to fall upon me; upon which I said very seasonably for my friend, that indeed Mr. Freeman was become the common talk of the town; and that nothing was so much a jest, as when it was said in company Mr. Freeman has promised to come to such a place. Upon which the good lady turned her softness into downright rage, and threw the scalding tea-kettle upon your humble servant, fley into the middle of the room, and cried out she was the unfortunatest of all women. Others kept family dissatisfactions for hours of privacy and retirement. No apology was to be made to her, no expedient to be found, no previous manner of breaking what was amiss in her; but all the world was to be acquainted with her errors, without the least admonition. Mr. Freeman was going to make a softening speech, but I interposed: "Look you, madam, I have nothing to say to this matter, but you ought to consider you are now past a chicken: this humour, which was well enough in a girl, is insufferable in one of your motherly character." With that she lost all patience, and flew directly at her husband's periwig. I got her in my arms, and defended my friend; he making signs at the same time that it was too much; I beckoning, nodding, and frowning over her shoulder, that he was lost if he did not persist. In this manner she flew round and round the room in a moment, until the lady I spoke of above and servants entered; upon which she fell upon a couch as breathless. I still kept up my friend: but he, with a very silly air, bid them bring the coach to the door, and we went off: I being forced to bid the coachman drive on. We were no sooner come to my lodgings, but all his wife's relations came to inquire after him; and Mrs. Freeman's mother writ a note, wherein she thought never to have seen this day, and so forth.

'In a word, sir, I am afraid we are upon a thing we have no talents for; and I can observe already, my friend looks upon me rather as a man that knows a weakness of him that he is ashamed

of, than one who has rescued him from slavery. Mr. Spectator, I am but a young fellow, and if Mr. Freeman submits, I shall be looked upon as an incendiary, and never get a wife as long as I breathe. He has indeed sent word home he shall lie at Hampstead to-night; but I believe fear of the first onset after this rupture has too great a place in this resolution. Mrs. Freeman has a very pretty sister; suppose I delivered him up, and articulated with the mother for her bringing him home. If he has not courage to stand it (you are a great casnist), is it such an ill thing to bring myself off as well as I can? What makes me doubt my man, is, that I find he thinks it reasonable to expostulate at least with her; and Captain Sentry will tell you, if you let your orders be disputed, you are no longer a commander. I wish you could advise me how to get clear of this business handsomely.

'Yours,

'TOM MEGGOT.'

STEELE.

T.

N<sup>o</sup> 217. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1711.

—*Tunc femina simplex,  
Et pariter toto repetitur clamor ab antra.*


JUV. Sat. vi. ver. 326r

Then unrestrain'd by rules of decency,  
Th' assembled females raise a general cry.

I SHALL entertain my reader to-day with some letters from my correspondents. The first of them is the description of a club, whether real or imaginary I cannot determine; but am apt to fancy, that the writer of it, whoever she is, has formed a kind of nocturnal orgie out of her own fancy. Whether this be so or not, her letter may conduce to the amendment of that kind of persons who are represented in it, and whose characters are frequent enough in the world.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'IN some of your first papers you were pleased to give the public a very diverting account of several clubs and nocturnal assemblies; but I am a member of a society which has wholly escaped your notice, I mean a club of She-Romps. We take each a hackney-coach, and meet once a week in a large upper-chamber, which we hire by the year for that purpose; our landlord and his family, who are quiet people, constantly contriving to be abroad on our club-night. We are no sooner come together, than we throw off all that modesty and reservedness with which our sex are obliged to disguise themselves in public places. I am not able to express the pleasure we enjoy from ten at night till four in the morning, in being as rude as you men can be for your lives. As our play runs high, the room is immediately filled with broken fans, torn petticoats, lappets, or head-dresses, flounces, forbelows, garters, and working-aprons\*. I had forgot to tell you at first, that besides the coaches we come in ourselves, there is one which stands always empty to carry off our dead men, for so we call all those fragments and tatters with which the room is strewed, and which we pack up together in bundles and put into the aforesaid coach. It is no small diversion for us to meet the next night at some member's chamber, where every one is to pick out what belonged to her from this con-

\* It appears probable, is a  for worked-aprons.

fused bundle of silks, stuffs, laces, and ribands. I have hitherto given you an account of our diversions on ordinary club-nights; but must acquaint you further, that once a month we demolish a pride, that is, we get some queer formal creature to amuse us, and marry her in an instant. Our last month's pride was so armed and fortified in whale-bone and buckram, that we had much ado to come at her; but you would have died with laughing to have seen how the sober awkward thing looked when she was forced out of her intrenchments. In short, sir, it is impossible to give you a true notion of our sport, unless you would come one night amongst us; and though it be directly against the rules of our society to admit a male visitor, we repose so much confidence in your silence and tactfulness, that it was agreed by the whole club, at our last meeting, to give you entrance for one night as a Spectator.

'I am your humble servant,

'KITTY TERBAGANT.

'P. S. We shall demolish a pride next Thursday.'

Though I thank Kitty for her kind offer, I do not at present find in myself any inclination to venture my person with her and her romping companions. I should regard myself as a second Clodius intruding on the mysterious rites of the Bona Dea, and should apprehend being demolished as much as the pride.

The following letter comes from a gentleman, whose taste I find is much too delicate to endure the least advance towards romping. I may perhaps hereafter improve upon the hint he has given me, and make it the subject of a whole Spectator; in the mean time take it as it follows in his own words:

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'It is my misfortune to be in love with a young creature who is daily committing faults, which, though they give me the utmost uneasiness, I know not how to reprove her for, or even acquaint her with. She is pretty, dresses well, is rich, and good-humoured; but either wholly neglects, or has no notion of that which polite people have agreed to distinguish by the name of delicacy. After our return from a walk the other day she threw herself into an elbow-chair, and professed before a large company, that she was all over in a sweat. She told me this afternoon that her stomach ached; and was complaining yesterday at dinner of something that stuck in her teeth. I treated her with a basket of fruit last summer, which she ate as very greedily, as almost made me resolve never to see her more. In short, sir, I begin to tremble whenever I see her about to speak or move. As she does not want sense, if she takes these hints I am happy; if not, I am more than afraid, that these things, which shock me even in the behaviour of a maid, will appear insupportable in that of a wife.

'I am, sir,

'Yours, &c.'

My next letter comes from a correspondent whom I cannot but very much value, upon the account which she gives of herself.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I am happily arrived at a state of tranquillity which few people envy, I mean that of an old

woman; therefore being wholly unconcerned in all that medley of follies which our sex is apt to contract from their silly fondness of youth, I read your rafflesries on us without provocation. I can say with Hamlet,

'—Man delights not me,  
Nor woman neither.'

'Therefore, dear sir, as you never spare your own sex, do not be afraid of reproving what is ridiculous in ours, and you will oblige at least one woman, who is

'Your humble servant,  
'SUSANNAH FROST.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I am wife to a clergyman, and cannot help thinking that in your teeth or tythe character of woman-kind, you meant myself; therefore I have no quarrel against you for the other wise characters.

'Your humble servant,

'A. B.'

RUGGELL.

J.

N<sup>o</sup> 218. FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1711.

*Orbis est quædam terra, et cui dicitur, septem continet.*  
1608. Ep. xviii. l. 1. ver. 68.

—Have a care  
Of whom you talk, to whom, and what, and where.  
FOOLERY.

I HAPPEVED the other day, as my way is, to stroll into a little coffee-house beyond Aldgate; and as I sat there, two or three very plain sensible men were talking of the Spectator. One said, he had that morning drawn the great benefit ticket; another wished he had; but a third shook his head and said, it was pity that the writer of that paper was such a sort of man, that it was no great matter whether he had it or no. 'He is, it seems,' said the good man, 'the most extravagant creature in the world; has run through vast sums, and yet been in continual want; a man, for all he talks so well of economy, unfit for any of the offices of life by reason of his profusion. It would be an unhappy thing to be his wife, his child, or his friend; and yet he talks as well of those duties of life as any one.' Much reflection has brought me to so easy a contempt for every thing which is false, that this heavy accusation gave me no manner of uneasiness; but at the same time it threw me into deep thought upon the subject of fame in general; and I could not but ply such as were so weak, as to value what the common people say out of their own talkative trumper in the advantage or distinction of those whom they mention, without being moved either by malice or good-will. It will be too long to expatiate upon the same all mankind have of fame, and the inexpressible pleasures which there is in the approbation of worthy men, to all who are capable of worthy actions; but perhaps one may divide the general word fame, into three different species, as it regards the different orders of mankind who have any thing to do with it. Fame therefore may be divided into glory, which respects the hero; reputation, which is procured by every gentleman; and credit, which must be supported by every tradesman. These passions in some are deeper than life to those characters of

men, or rather are the life of those characters. Glory, while the hero pursues great and noble enterprises, is impregnable; and all the assailants of his renown do but show their pain and impatience of its brightness, without throwing the least shade upon it. If the foundation of an high name be virtue and service, all that is offered against it is but rumour, which is too short-lived to stand up in competition with glory, which is everlasting.

Reputation, which is the portion of every man who would live with the elegant and knowing part of mankind, is as stable as glory, if it be as well founded; and the common cause of human society is thought concerned when we hear a man of good behaviour calumniated. Besides which, according to a prevailing custom amongst us, every man has his defence in his own arm: and reproach is soon checked, put out of countenance, and overtaken by disgrace.

The most unhappy of all men, and the most exposed to the malignity or wantonness of the common voice, is the trader. Credit is undone in whispers. The tradesman's wound is received from one who is more private and more cruel than the ruffian with the lantern and dagger. The manner of repeating a man's name,—As; 'Mr. Cash, oh! do you leave your money at his shop? Why, do you know Mr. Searoom? He is indeed a general merchant.' I say, I have seen, from the iteration of a man's name, hiding one thought of him, and explaining what you hide, by saying something to his advantage when you speak, a merchant hurt in his credit; and him who, every day he lived, literally added to the value of his native country, undone by one who was only a burden and a blenheim to it. Since every body who knows the world is sensible of this great evil, how careful ought a man to be in his language of a merchant? It may possibly be in the power of a very shallow creature to lay the ruin of the best family in the most opulent city; and the more so, the more highly he deserves of his country; that is to say, the further he places his wealth out of his hands, to draw home that of another climate.

In this case an ill word may change plenty into want, and by a rash sentence a free and generous fortune may in a few days be reduced to beggary. How little does a giddy prater imagine, that an idle phrase to the disfavour of a merchant, may be as pernicious in the consequence, as the forgery of a deed to bar an inheritance, would be to a gentleman? Land stands where it did before a gentleman was calumniated, and the state of a great action is just as it was before calumny was offered to diminish it, and there is time, place, and occasion expected to unravel all that is contrived against those characters; but the trader, who is ready only for probable demands upon him, can have no armour against the inquisitive, the malicious, and the envious, who are prepared to fill the cry to his dishonour. Fire and sword are slow engines of destruction, in comparison of the babbling in the case of the merchant.

For this reason I thought it an imitable piece of humanity of a gentleman of my acquaintance, who had great variety of affairs, and used to talk with warmth enough against gentlemen by whom he thought himself ill dealt with; but he would never let any thing be urged against a merchant (with whom he had any difference), except in a court of justice. He used to say, that to speak ill of a merchant, was to begin his suit with judgment and execution. One cannot, I think, say more on this occasion, than to repeat, that the merit of the mer-

chant is above that of all other subjects; for while he is untouched in his credit, his hand-writing is a more portable coin for the service of his fellow-citizens, and his word the gold of Ophir to the country wherein he resides.

STEEL.

T.

Nº 219. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1711.

*Vix ea nostra voco.*—

OID. Met. xiii. 141.

These I scarce call our own.

THERE are but few men, who are not ambitious of distinguishing themselves in the nation or country where they live, and of growing considerable among those with whom they converse. There is a kind of grandeur and respect, which the meanest and most insignificant part of mankind endeavour to procure in the little circle of their friends and acquaintance. The poorest mechanic, nay the man who lives upon common alms, gets him his set of admirers, and delights in that superiority which he enjoys over those who are in some respects beneath him. This ambition, which is natural to the soul of man, might methinks receive a very happy turn; and, if it were rightly directed, contribute as much to a person's advantage, as it generally does to his un-casiness and disquiet.

I shall therefore put together some thoughts on this subject, which I have not met with in other writers; and shall set them down as they have occurred to me, without being at the pains to connect or methodise them.

All superiority and pre-eminence that one man can have over another, may be reduced to the notion of quality, which, considered at large, is either that of fortune, body, or mind. The first is that which consists in birth, title, or riches; it is the most foreign to our natures, and what we can the least call our own of any of the three kinds of quality. In relation to the body, quality arises from health, strength, or beauty; which are nearer to us, and more a part of ourselves than the former. Quality, as it regards the mind, has its rise from knowledge or virtue; and is that which is more essential to us, and more intimately united with us, than either of the other two.

The quality of fortune, though a man has less reason to value himself upon it than on that of the body or mind, is however the kind of quality which makes the most shining figure in the eye of the world.

As virtue is the most reasonable and genuine source of honour, we generally find in titles an intimation of some particular merit that should recommend men to the high stations which they possess. Holiness is ascribed to the pope; majesty to kings; serenity or mildness of temper to princes; excellence of perfection to ambassadors; grace to archbishops; honour to peers; worship or venerable behaviour to magistrates; and reverence, which is of the same import as the former, to the inferior clergy.

In the founders of great families, such attributes of honour are generally correspondent with the virtues of the person to whom they are applied; but in the descendants they are too often the marks rather of grandeur than of merit. The stamp and denomination still continues, but the intrinsic value is frequently lost.

The death-

of titles in a



true light. A poor dispirited sinner lies trembling under the apprehensions of the state he is entering on; and is asked by a grave attendant how his holiness does? Another bears himself addressed to under the title of highness or excellency, who lies under such mean circumstances of mortality as are the disgrace of human nature. Titles at such a time look rather like insults and mockery than respect.

The truth of it is, honours are in this world under no regulation; true quality is neglected, virtue is oppressed, and vice triumphant. The last day will rectify this disorder, and assign to every one a station suitable to the dignity of his character. Ranks will be then adjusted, and precedence set right.

It thinks we should have an ambition, if not to advance ourselves in another world, at least to preserve our post in it, and outshine our inferiors in virtue here, that they may not be put above us in a state which is to settle the distinction for eternity.

Men in scripture are called strangers and sojourners upon earth, and life a pilgrimage. Several brethren, as well as Christian authors, under the same kind of metaphor, have represented the world as an inn, which was only designed to furnish us with accommodations in this our passage. It is therefore very absurd to think of settling up our rest before we come to our journey's end, and not rather to take care of the reception we shall there meet, than to fix our thoughts on the little conveniences and advantages which we enjoy one above another in the way to it.

Epictetus makes use of another kind of allusion, which is very beautiful, and wonderfully proper to incline us to be satisfied with the post in which Providence has placed us. We are here, says he, as in a theatre, where every one has a part allotted to him. The great duty which lies upon a man is to act his part in perfection. We may indeed say, that our part does not suit us, and that we could act another better. But this, says the philosopher, is not our business. All that we are concerned in is to excel in the part which is given us. If it be an improper one, the fault is not in us, but in Him who has cast our several parts, and is the great director of the drama.

The part that was acted by this philosopher himself was but a very indifferent one, for he lived and died a slave. His motive to contentment in this particular, receives a very great reinforcement from the above-mentioned consideration, if we remember that our parts in the other world will be new ones, and that mankind will be there ranged in different stations of superiority and pre-eminence, in proportion as they have here excelled one another in virtue, and performed in their several parts of life the duties which belong to them.

There are many beautiful passages in the little apocryphal book, entitled, The Wisdom of Solomon, to set forth the vanity of greatness, and the like temporal blessings which are in so great repute among men, and to comfort those who have met the possession of them. It represents in very warm and noble terms the advancement of a good man in the other world, and the great surprise which it will produce among those who are his superiors in this.

Thus shall the righteous man stand in great honour before the face of such as have afflicted him, and made no account of his labours. When they see it they shall be troubled with terrible fear, and shall be amazed at the strangeness of his sal-

vation, so far beyond all that they looked for. And they, repenting and groaning for anguish of spirit, shall say within themselves, This was he whom we had sometime in derision, and a proverb of reproach. We fools accounted his life madness, and his end to be without honour. Now he is numbered among the children of God, and his lot is among the saints.

If the reader would see the description of a life that is passed away in vanity and among the shadows of pomp and greatness, he may see it very finely drawn in the same place. In the mean time, since it is necessary, in the present constitution of things, that order and distinction should be kept in the world, we should be happy, if those who enjoy the upper stations in it, would endeavour to surpass others in virtue, as much as in rank, and by their humanity and condescension make their superiority easy and acceptable to those who are beneath them; and if, on the contrary, those who are in meaner posts of life, would consider how they may better their condition hereafter, and by a just deference and submission to their superiors, make them happy in those blessings with which Providence has thought fit to distinguish them.

ADDITION.

N<sup>o</sup> 220. MONDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1711.

*Excerptum scribitur* — VIRG. Ec. iii. ver. 22.

A thousand reasons spread.

SIR,

Why will you apply to my father for my love? I cannot help it if he will give you my person; but I assure you it is not in his power, nor even in my own, to give you my heart. Dear sir, do but consider the ill consequence of such a match; you are fifty-five, I twenty-one. You are a man of business, and wholly conversant in arithmetic and making calculations; be pleased therefore to consider what proportion your spirits bear to mine; and when you have made a just estimate of the necessary decay on one side, and the redundancy on the other, you will act accordingly. This perhaps is such language as you may not expect from a young lady; but my happiness is at stake, and I must talk plainly. I mortally hate you; and so, as you and my father agree, you may take me or leave me; but if you will be so good as never to see me more, you will for ever oblige,

SIR,

Your most humble servant,

'MUSSETTA.'

MR. SPECTATOR,

There are so many artifices and modes of falsehood, and such a variety of humour discovers itself among satirists, that it would be impossible to exhaust so fertile a subject, if you would think fit to resume it. The following instances may, if you think fit, be added by way of appendix to your discourses on that subject.

That sort of political activity mentioned by Horace, of an author who could compose two hundred verses while he stood upon one leg, has been imitated (as I have heard) by a modern writer who, priding himself on the bony of his invention,

Writ. ch. 1-2. 4 L. ch. 2-16.

2. See Rem. 18 and 21.

thought it no small addition to his fame to have each piece minuted with the exact number of hours or days it cost him in the composition. He could taste no praise till he had acquainted you in how short space of time he had deserved it; and was not so much led to an ostentation of his art, as of his dispatch:

"—— Accipe, si vis,  
Accipiam tabulas; detur nobis locus, hora,  
Custodes: videamus uter plus scribere possit."  
HOR. Sat. iv. l. 1. ver. 14.

"Here's pen and ink, and time, and place; let's try,  
Who can write most, and fastest, you or I."  
CRÉCH.

'This was the whole of his ambition; and therefore I cannot but think the flights of this rapid author very proper to be opposed to those laborious nothings which you have observed were the delight of the German wits, and in which they so happily got rid of such a tedious quantity of their time.

'I have known a gentleman of another turn of humour, who, despising the name of an author, never printed his works, but contracted his talent, and by the help of a very fine diamond which he wore on his little finger, was a considerable poet upon glass. He had a very good epigrammatic wit; and there was not a parlour or tavern-window where he visited or dined for some years, which did not receive some sketches or memorials of it. It was his misfortune at last to lose his genius and his ring to a sharper at play, and he has not attempted to make a verse since.

'But of all contractions or expedients for wit, I admire that of an ingenious projector whose book I have seen. This virtuoso, being a mathematician, has, according to his taste, thrown the art of poetry into a short problem, and contrived tables, by which any one without knowing a word of grammar or sense, may to his great comfort, be able to compose, or rather to erect Latin verses\*. His tables are a kind of poetical logarithms, which being divided into several squares, and all inscribed with so many incoherent words, appear to the eye somewhat like a fortune-telling screen. What a joy must it be to the unlearned operator to find that these words being carefully collected and writ down in order according to the problem, start of themselves into hexameter and pentameter verses? A friend of mine, who is a student in astrology, meeting with this book, performed the operation, by the rules there set down; he showed his verses to the next of his acquaintance who happened to understand Latin; and, being informed they described a tempest of wind, very luckily prefixed them, together with a translation, to an almanack he was just then printing, and was supposed to have foretold the last great storm†.

'I think the only improvement beyond this, would be that which the late Duke of Buckingham‡ mentioned to a stupid pretender to poetry, as a project of a Dutch mechanic, viz. a mill to make verses. This being the most compendious method of all which have yet been proposed, may deserve the thoughts of our modern virtuosi who are employed in new discoveries for the public good; and it may be worth the while to consider, whether

in an island where few are content without being thought wits, it will not be a common benefit, that wit as well as labour should be made cheap.

'I am, SIR,  
'Your humble servant, &c.\*'

'MR. SPECTATOR,  
'I often dine at a gentleman's house where there are two young ladies, in themselves very agreeable, but very cold in their behaviour, because they understand me for a person that is to "break my mind," as the phrase is, very suddenly to one of them. But I take this way to acquaint them that I am not in love with either of them, in hopes they will use me, with that agreeable freedom and indifference which they do all the rest of the world, and not to drink to one another only, but sometimes cast a kind look, with their service to,

'SIR,  
'Your humble servant.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,  
'I AM a young gentleman, and take it for a piece of good breeding to pull off my hat when I see any thing peculiarly charming in any woman, whether I know her or not. I take care that there is nothing ludicrous or arch in my manner, as if I were to betray a woman into a salutation by way of jest or humour; and yet except I am acquainted with her, I find she ever takes it for a rule, that she is to look upon this civility and homage I pay to her supposed merit, as an impertinence or forwardness which she is to observe and neglect. I wish, sir, you would settle the business of salutation; and please to inform me how I shall resist the sudden impulse I have to be civil to what gives an idea of merit; or tell these creatures how to behave themselves in return to the esteem I have for them. My affairs are such, that your decision will be a favour to me, if it be only to save the unnecessary expense of wearing out my hat so fast as I do at present.

'I am, sir,  
'Yours,  
'T. D.

'P. S. There are some that do know me, and won't bow to me.'

Nº 221. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1711.

Ab ovo  
Usque ad mala—

HOR. Sat. iii. l. 1. ver. 6.

From eggs, which first are set upon the board,  
To apples ripe, with which it last is stor'd.

WHEN I have finished any of my speculations, it is my method to consider which of the ancient authors have touched upon the subject that I treat of. By this means I meet with some celebrated thought upon it, or a thought of my own expressed in better words, or some similitude for the illustration of my subject. This is what gives birth to the motto of a speculation, which I rather choose to take out of the poets than the prose-writers, as the former generally give a finer turn to a thought than the latter, and by couching it in few words, and in harmonious numbers, make it more portable to the memory.

My reader is therefore sure to meet with at least

\* This letter by Hughes.

\* These tables will be found printed at the end of a volume, entitled, 'The Curiosity; or, Gentleman and Lady's Library,' 12mo. 1739.

† November 26, 1703. The loss that London alone sustained by it exceeded 1,000,000 £ sterling.

‡ George Villiers, author of The Rehearsal.

one good line in every paper, and very often finds his imagination entertained by a hint that awakens in his memory some beautiful passage of a classic author.

It was a saying of an ancient philosopher, which I find some of our writers have ascribed to Queen Elizabeth, who perhaps might have taken occasion to repeat it, that a good face is a letter of recommendation. It naturally makes the beholders inquisitive into the person who is the owner of it, and generally prepossesses them in his favour. A handsome motto has the same effect. Besides that it always gives a supereminent beauty to a paper, and is sometimes in a manner necessary, when the writer is engaged in what may appear a paradox or vulgar notion, as it shows that he is supported by good authorities, and is not singular in his opinion.

I must confess, the motto is of little use to an unlearned reader \*, for which reason I consider it only as 'a word to the wise.' But as for my unlearned friends, if they cannot relish the motto, I take care to make provision for them in the body of my paper. If they do not understand the sign that is hung out, they know very well by it, that they may meet with entertainment in the house; and I think I was never better pleased than with a plain man's compliment, who, upon his friend's telling him that he would like the Spectator much better if he understood the motto, replied, that 'good wise words no bush.'

I have heard of a couple of preachers in a country town, who endeavoured which should outshine one another, and draw together the greatest congregation. One of them, being well versed in the Fathers, used to quote every now and then a Latin sentence to his illiterate hearers, who, it seems, found themselves so edified by it, that they flocked in greater numbers to this learned man than to his rival. The other finding his congregation moul-dering every Sunday, and hearing at length what was the occasion of it, resolved to give his parish a little Latin in his turn; but being unacquainted with any of the Fathers, he digressed into his personal whole book of *Our Jesus*, adding, how-  
ever, such explications to it as he thought might be for the benefit of his people. He afterwards rati-  
fied upon *As in Presence*, which he converted in the same manner to the use of his parishioners. This in a very little time thickened his audience, filled his church, and raised his antagonists.

The natural love to Latin, which is so prevalent in our common people, makes me think that my speculations stir never the worse among them for that little trap which appears at the head of them; and what the more encourages me in the use of quotations is an unknown tongue, to, that I hear the ladies, whose approbation I value more than that of the whole learned world, declare themselves in a more particular manner pleased with my Greek notes.

Designating this day's work for a dissertation upon the two extremities of my paper, and having already dispatched my motto, I shall, in the next place, discourse upon those single capital letters, which are placed at the end of it, and which have afforded great matter of speculation to the curious. I have heard various conjectures upon this subject, some tell me that C is the mark of those papers that are written by the stergiumen, though others ascribe them to the club in general: that the papers marked with H were written by my friend A &

Roger: that L signifies the lawyer, whom I have described in my second speculation; and that T stands for the trader or merchant. But the letter X, which is placed at the end of some few of my papers, is that which has puzzled the whole town, as they cannot think of any name which begins with that letter, except Xenophos and Xerxes, who can neither of them be supposed to have had any hand in these speculations.

In answer to these inquisitive gentlemen, who have many of them made inquiries of me by letter, I must tell them the reply of an ancient philosopher, who carried something hidden under his cloak. A certain acquaintance desiring him to let him know what it was he covered so carefully, 'I cover it,' says he, 'on purpose that you should not know.' I have made use of these obscure marks for the same purpose. They are, perhaps, little amulets or charms to preserve the paper against the fascination and malice of evil eyes; for which reason I would not have any reader surprised, if hereafter he sees any of my papers marked with a Q, a Z, a Y, an &c. or with the word Abracadabra.

I shall, however, so far explain myself to the reader, as to let him know that the letters C, L, and X, are cabalistical, and carry more in them than it is proper for the world to be acquainted with. Those who are versed in the philosophy of Pythagoras, and swear by the Tetractys, that is the number four, will know very well that the number ten, which is signified by the letter X (and which has so much perplexed the Jews) has in it many particular powers; that it is called by Mathematic writers the complete number; that one, two, three, and four, put together, make up the number ten; and that ten is all. But these are not mysteries for ordinary readers to be let into. A man must have spent many years in hard study before he can arrive at the knowledge of them.

We had a rabbinical dispute in England, who was chaplain to the Earl of Essex in Queen Elizabeth's time, that had an admirable head for secrets of this nature. Upon his taking the doctor of divinity's degree, he preached before the university of Cambridge, upon the first verse of the first chapter of the first book of Chronicles, "in which," says he, "you have the three following words:

<sup>9</sup> Adam Smith, *North America*.

He divided this short text into many parts, and by discussing several mysteries in each word, made a most learned and elaborate discourse. The name of this profound preacher was Dr. Alabaster, of whom the reader may find a more particular account in Dr Fuller's book of English Worthies. This discourse will, I hope, convince my readers that there may be a great deal of fine writing in the capital letters which bring up the crust of my paper, and give them some satisfaction in that particular. But as for the full explanation of those matters, I must refer them to time, which discovers all things.

## APPENDIX

\* An Illinois word, especially associated with Chicago. A particular example of this word is it being found in the English-Spanish Dictionary.

[illegible]

\* The letters were sent on 8 July 1970 and by return  
2.1.1970

Nº 222. WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1711.

*Cur alter fratrum cessare, et ludere, et ungi,  
Præferat Herodis palmæ pinguibus*

HOR. Ep. II. l. 2. ver. 183.

Why, of two brothers, one his pleasure loves,  
Prefers his sports to Herod's fragrant groves.  
CREECH.

MR. SPECTATOR,

THERE is one thing I have often looked for in your papers, and have as often wondered to find myself disappointed; the rather, because I think it a subject every way agreeable to your design, and by being left unattempted by others, it seems reserved as a proper employment for you; I mean a disquisition, from whence it proceeds that men of the brightest parts, and most comprehensive genius, completely furnished with talents for any province in human affairs; such as by their wise lessons of economy to others have made it evident that they have the justest notions of life, and of true sense in the conduct of it——; from what unhappy contradictions cause it proceeds, that persons thus finished by nature and by art should so often fail in the management of that which they so well understand, and want the address to make a right application of their own rules. This is certainly a prodigious inconsistency in behaviour, and makes much such a figure in morals, as a monstrous birth in naturals; with this difference only, which greatly aggravates the wonder, that it happens much more frequently; and what a blemish does it cast upon wit and learning in the general account of the world? And in how disadvantageous a light does it expose them to the busy class of mankind, that there should be so many instances of persons who have so conducted their lives in spite of these transcendent advantages, as neither to be happy in themselves, nor useful to their friends; when every body sees it was entirely in their own power to be eminent in both these characters? For my part, I think there is no reflection more astonishing, than to consider one of these gentlemen spending a fair fortune, running in every body's debt without the least apprehension of a future reckoning, and at last leaving not only his own children, but possibly those of other people, by his means, in starving circumstances; while a fellow, whom one would scarce suspect to have a human soul, shall perhaps raise a vast estate out of nothing, and be the founder of a family capable of being very considerable in their country, and doing many illustrious services to it. That this observation is just, experience has put beyond all dispute. But though the fact be so evident and glaring, yet the causes of it are still in the dark; which makes me persuade myself, that it would be no unacceptable piece of entertainment to the town, to inquire into the hidden sources of so unaccountable an evil.

I am, sir,  
Your most humble servant.

What this correspondent wonders at, has been matter of admiration ever since there was any such

great a sensibility in my friend, and thought it, since it was done, better to be supposed marked by me than the author himself, the real state of which this zealot rashly and injudiciously exposes. I ask the reader, whether any thing but an earnestness to disparage me could provoke the editor in behalf of Mr. Addison to say, that he marked it out of caution against me, when I had taken upon me to say it was I that did it out of tenderness to him? It may be hence conjectured, that Steele put the *¶* as a mark to distinguish Addison's papers in the Guardian.

thing as human life. Horace reflects upon this inconsistency very agreeably in the character of Tigellius\*, whom he makes a mighty pretender to economy, and tells you, you might one day hear him speak the most philosophic things imaginable concerning being contented with a little, and his contempt of every thing but mere necessities; and in half a week after spend a thousand pounds. When he says this of him with relation to expense, he describes him as unequal to himself in every other circumstance of life. And indeed, if we consider lavish men carefully, we shall find it always proceeds from a certain incapacity of possessing themselves, and finding enjoyment in their own minds. Mr. Dryden has expressed this very excellently in the character of Zimri†:

'A man so various, that he seem'd to be  
Not one, but all mankind's epitome.  
Still in opinion, always in the wrong,  
Was every thing by starts, and nothing long;  
But in the course of one revolving moon,  
Was chymist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon.  
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,  
Besides ten thousand freaks, that died in thinking;  
Bless'd madman, who could every hour employ  
In something new to wish, or to enjoy!  
In squandering wealth was his peculiar art,  
Nothing went unrewarded but desert.'

This loose state of the soul hurries the extravagant from one pursuit to another; and the reason that his expenses are greater than another's, is, that his wants are also more numerous. But what makes so many go on in this way to their lives' end, is, that they certainly do not know how contemptible they are in the eyes of the rest of mankind, or rather, that indeed they are not so contemptible as they deserve. Tully says, it is the greatest of wickedness to lessen your paternal estate. And if a man would thoroughly consider how much worse than banishment it must be to his child, to ride by the estate which should have been his had it not been for his father's injustice to him, he would be smitten with the reflection more deeply than can be understood by any but one who is a father. Sure there can be nothing more afflicting, than to think it had been happier for his son to have been born of any other man living than himself.

It is not perhaps much thought of, but it is certainly a very important lesson, to learn how to enjoy ordinary life, and to be able to relish your being without the transport of some passion, or gratification of some appetite. For want of this capacity, the world is filled with whetters, tipplers, cutters, sippers, and all the numerous train of those who, for want of thinking, are forced to be ever exercising their feeling, or tasting. It would be hard on this occasion to mention the harmless smokers of tobacco, and takers of snuff.

The slower part of mankind, whom my correspondent wonders should get estates, are the more immediately formed for that pursuit. They can expect distant things without impatience, because they are not carried out of their way either by violent passion, or keen appetite to any thing. To men addicted to delights, business is an interruption; to such as are cold to delights, business is an entertainment. For which reason it was said to one who commended a dull man for his application, 'No thanks to him; if he had no business, he would have nothing to do.'

STEELE.

\* Hor. Sat. iii. lib. 1.

† Intended to character

N° 223. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1711.

*O sweet soul! how good must you have been heretofore,  
When your remains are so delicious!*

MILTON. Feb. 1. L. S. ver. 5.

*O sweet soul! how good must you have been heretofore,  
When your remains are so delicious!*

When I reflect upon the various fate of those multitudes of ancient writers who flourished in Greece and Italy, I consider them as an immense ocean, in which many noble authors are entirely swallowed up, many very much shattered and damaged, some quite disjointed and broken into pieces, while some have wholly escaped the common wreck; but the number of the last is very small.

*'Apparent rest' meets in surprise rest.'*

VIRG. Æn. I. ver. 122.

*'One here and there floats on the vast abyss.'*

Among the mutilated poets of antiquity there is none whose fragments are so beautiful as those of Sappho. They give us a taste of her way of writing, which is perfectly conformable with that extraordinary character we find of her in the remarks of those great critics who were conversant with her works when they were entire. One may see by what is left of them, that she followed nature in all her thoughts, without descending to those little points, conceits, and turns of wit with which many of our modern lyrics are so miserably infected. Her soul seems to have been made up of love and poetry. She felt the passion in all its warmth, and described it in all its symptoms. She is called by ancient authors the tenth muse; and by Ptolemy is compared to Cæcus the son of Vulcan, who breathed out nothing but flame. I do not know by the character that is given of her works, whether it is not for the benefit of mankind that they are lost. They are filled with such bewitching tenderness and rapture, that it might have been dangerous to have given them a reading.

An inconstant lover called Phaon, occasioned some calamities to this poetical lady. She fell desperately in love with him, and took a voyage into Sicily, in pursuit of him, he having withdrawn himself thither on purpose to avoid her. It was in that island, and on this occasion, she is supposed to have made the hymn to Venus, with a translation of which I shall present my reader. Her hymn was imperfect for procuring that happiness which she prayed for in it. Phaon was still obstinate, and Sappho so transported with the violence of her passion, that she was resolved to get rid of it at any price.

There was a promontory in Acarua called Lævate, on the top of which was a little temple dedicated to Apollo. In this temple it was usual for despairing lovers to make their vows to success, and afterwards to fling themselves from the top of the precipice into the sea, where they were sometimes taken up alive. This place was therefore called, The Lover's Leap; and whether or no the sight they had been in, or the resolution that could push them to so dreadful a remedy, or the belief which they often received in their fall, banished all the tender sentiments of love, and gave their spirits another turn; those who had taken this leap were observed never to relapse into that passion. Sappho tried the cure, but perished in the experiment.

After having given this short account of Sappho,

so far as it regards the following Ode, I shall subjoin the translation of it as it was sent me by a friend\*, whose admirable pastoral and wistfulness have been already so well received. The reader will find in it that pathetic simplicity which is so peculiar to him, and so suitable to the ode he has here translated. This ode is the Greek (besides those beauties observed by Madame Dacier) has several harmonious turns in the words, which are not lost in the English. I went further add, that the translation has preserved every image and sentiment of Sappho, notwithstanding it has all the ease and spirit of an original. In a word, if the ladies have a mind to know the manner of writing practised by the so much celebrated Sappho, they may here see it in its genuine and natural beauty, without any foreign or affected ornaments.

## AN HYMN TO VENUS.

*'O Venus, beauty of the skies,  
To whom a thousand temples rise,  
Gaily alive in groves and meads,  
Fall of love-perfuming winds,  
O goddess! from my heart remove  
The warring cure and pains of love.'*

*'If ever thou hast kindly heard  
A song in soft discourse preferred,  
Propitious to my tender vow,  
O gentle goddess! hear me now  
Desire, thou bright, immortal girl,  
In all thy radiant charms controul.'*

*'Thou once didst leave a strictly Jew,  
And all the golden race above;  
The one thy woeless spousest drew,  
If 'twere in all thy lightest bow;  
As to my bowers they would their way,  
I saw their quivering arrows play.'*

*'The birds themselves (while you remain)  
Have lost their empty carousal;  
Then you, with looks divinely mild,  
In every heart's desire amild,  
And said what new transports I made,  
And why I could not live to aid.'*

*'What frenzy is my bosom rapt,  
And by what cure to be exempt?  
What gentle youth's words I love,  
Whom in my arms I wish to prove!  
Who does thy tender heart possess,  
Tell me, my Sappho, tell me what.'*

*'Thou' now be done thy longing arms,  
He soon shall court thy slightest charms;  
Thou' now thy charms be done,  
He soon be done thy slightest charms;  
Thou' now be done, he soon shall burn,  
And be thy victim in his turn.'*

*'Celestial deities, once more  
Thy sweetest presence I implore!  
In pity come, and ease my grief,  
Bring my dreamt-of bliss to life,  
For ever thy sweetest words be,  
And give me all my heart desire.'*

Madame Dacier observes, there is something very pretty in that circumstance of this ode, wherein Venus is described as sending away her chariot upon her arrival at Sappho's lodgings, to denote that it was not a short transient love which she intended to make here. This ode was preserved by an excellent Greek critic, who inserted it in his works, as a pattern of perfection in the structure of it.

Longinus has quoted another ode of this great poetess, which is likewise admirable in its kind, and has been translated by the same hand with the foregoing ode. I shall oblige my reader with it

\* Anon. Phil. m.

\* A copy of this ode was in the library of the late Mr. ...

in another paper \*. In the meanwhile, I cannot but wonder, that these two finished pieces have never been attempted before by any of our own countrymen. But the truth of it is, the compositions of the ancients, which have not in them any of those unnatural witticisms that are the delight of ordinary readers, are extremely difficult to render into another tongue, so as the beauties of the original may not appear weak and faded in the translation.

ADDISON.

C.

Nº 224. FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1711.

— *Fulgente trahit constrictos gloria curru*  
*Non minus ignotos generosis*—

HOR. Sat. vi. l. 1. ver. 23.

— Glory's shining chariot swiftly draws  
 With equal whirl the noble and the base.

CREECH.

If we look abroad upon the great multitude of mankind, and endeavour to trace out the principles of action in every individual, it will, I think, seem highly probable that ambition runs through the whole species, and that every man in proportion to the vigour of his complexion is more or less actuated by it. It is indeed no uncommon thing to meet with men, who, by the natural bent of their inclinations, and without the discipline of philosophy, aspire not to the heights of power and grandeur; who never set their hearts upon a numerous train of clients and dependencies, nor other gay appendages of greatness; who are contented with a competency, and will not molest their tranquillity to gain an abundance. But it is not therefore to be concluded that such a man is not ambitious; his desires may have cut out another channel, and determined him to other pursuits; the motive however may be still the same; and in these cases likewise the man may be equally pushed on with the desire of distinction.

Though the pure consciousness of worthy actions, abstracted from the views of popular applause, be to a generous mind an ample reward, yet the desire of distinction was doubtless implanted in our natures as an additional incentive to exert ourselves in virtuous excellence.

This passion, indeed, like all others, is frequently perverted to evil and ignoble purposes; so that we may account for many of the excellencies and follies of life upon the same innate principle, to wit, the desire of being remarkable: for this, as it has been differently cultivated by education, study, and converse, will bring forth suitable effects, as it falls in with an ingenuous disposition, or a corrupt mind. It does accordingly express itself in acts of magnanimity or selfish cunning, as it meets with a good or a weak understanding. As it has been employed in embellishing the mind, or adorning the outside, it renders the man eminently praiseworthy or ridiculous. Ambition therefore is not to be confined only to one passion or pursuit; for as the same humours in constitutions otherwise different, affect the body after different manners, so the same aspiring principle within us, sometimes breaks forth upon one object, sometimes upon another.

It cannot be doubted, but that there is as great desire of glory in a ring of wrestlers or cudgel-players, as in any other more refined competition for superiority. No man that could avoid it, would

ever suffer his head to be broken but out of a principle of honour. This is the secret spring that pushes them forward; and the superiority which they gain above the undistinguished many, does more than repair those wounds they have received in the combat. It is Mr. Waller's opinion, that Julius Cæsar, had he not been master of the Roman empire, would in all probability have made an excellent wrestler:

'Great Julius on the mountains bred;  
 A flock perhaps or herd had led;  
 He that the world subdu'd had been  
 But the best wrestler on the green.'

That he subdued the world, was owing to the accidents of art and knowledge; had he not met with those advantages, the same sparks of emulation would have kindled within him, and prompted him to distinguish himself in some enterprise of a lower nature. Since therefore no man's lot is so unalterably fixed in this life, but that a thousand accidents may either forward or disappoint his advancement, it is, methinks, a pleasant and inoffensive speculation, to consider a great man as divested of all the adventitious circumstances of fortune, and to bring him down in one's imagination to that low station of life, the nature of which bears some distant resemblance to that high one he is at present possessed of. Thus one may view him exercising in miniature those talents of nature, which being drawn out by education to their full length, enable him for the discharge of some important employment. On the other hand, one may raise uneducated merit to such a pitch of greatness as may seem equal to the possible extent of his improved capacity.

Thus nature furnishes a man with a general appetite of glory, education determines it to this or that particular object. The desire of distinction is not, I think, in any instance more observable than in the variety of outsides and new appearances, which the modish part of the world are obliged to provide, in order to make themselves remarkable; for any thing glaring and particular, either in behaviour or apparel, is known to have this good effect, that it catches the eye, and will not suffer you to pass over the person so adorned without due notice and observation. It has likewise, upon this account, been frequently resented as a very great slight, to leave any gentleman out of a lampoon or satire, who has as much right to be there as his neighbour, because it supposes the person not eminent enough to be taken notice of. To this passionate fondness for distinction are owing various frolicsome and irregular practices, as sallying out into nocturnal exploits, breaking of windows, singing of catches, beating the watch, getting drunk twice a day, killing a great number of horses; with many other enterprises of the like fiery nature: for certainly many a man is more rakish and extravagant than he would willingly be, were there not others to look on, and give their approbation.

One very common, and at the same time the most absurd ambition that ever showed itself in human nature, is that which comes upon a man with experience and old age, the season when it might be expected he should be wisest; and therefore it cannot receive any of those lessening circumstances which do, in some measure, excuse the disorderly ferments of youthful blood: I mean the passion for getting money, exclusive of the character of the provident father, the affectionate husband, or the generous friend. It may be remarked,

\* See Nº 229.

N° 223. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1711.

*O maris ardua! qualem te docuit boscon*

*And char. fates, tales cum ant. r. p. 1.*

FIELD. Pub. L. S. ver. 3.

*On sweet soul! how good must you have been heretofore,  
When your reason was so delicious!*

When I reflect upon the various fate of those multitudes of ancient writers who flourished in Greece and Italy, I consider those as an immense ocean, in which many noble authors are entirely swallowed up, many very much shattered and damaged, some quite disjointed and broken into pieces, while some have wholly escaped the common wreck; but the number of the last is very small.

*'Apparent rursus mentis in gurgite vasto.'*

VIRG. Æn. l. vi. ver. 122.

*'One born and there floats on the vast abyss.'*

Among the mutilated poets of antiquity there is none whose fragments are so beautiful as those of Sappho. They give us a taste of her way of writing, which is perfectly conformable with that extraordinary character we find of her in the remarks of those great critics who were conversant with her works when they were entire. One may see by what is left of them, that she followed nature in all her thoughts, without descending to those little points, conceits, and turns of wit with which many of our modern lyrics are so miserably infected. Her soul seems to have been made up of love and poetry. She felt the passion in all its warmth, and described it in all its symptoms. She is called by ancient authors the tenth muse; and by Ptolemy is compared to Cæcus the son of Vulcan, who breathed out nothing but flame. I do not know by the character that is given of her works, whether it is not for the benefit of mankind that they are lost. They are filled with such bewitching tenderness and rapture, that it might have been dangerous to have given them a reading.

An incestuous lover called Phaon, occasioned great calamities to this poetical lady. She fell desperately in love with him, and took a voyage into Sicily, in pursuit of him, he having withdrawn himself thither on purpose to avoid her. It was in that island, and on this occasion, she is supposed to have made the hymn to Venus, with a translation of which I shall prevent my reader. Her hymn was the effectual far procuring that happiness which she prayed for in it. Phaon was still obstinate, and Sappho so transported with the violence of her passion, that she was resolved to get rid of it at any price.

There was a promontory in Acarnania called Leucate, on the top of which was a little temple dedicated to Apollo. In this temple it was usual for despairing lovers to make their vows in secret, and afterwards to fling themselves from the top of the precipice into the sea, where they were sometimes taken up alive. This place was therefore called, The Lover's Leap, and whether or no the fright they had been in, or the resolution that could push them to so dreadful a remedy, or the bruises which they often received in their fall, banished all the tender sentiments of love, and gave their spirits another turn; those who had taken this leap were observed never to recover into that passion. Sappho tried the cure, but provided in the experiment.

After having given this short account of Sappho,

so far as it regards the following Ode, I shall subjoin the translation of it as it was sent me by a friend, whose admirable pastorals and winter-pieces have been already so well received. The reader will find in it that pathetic simplicity which is so peculiar to him, and so suitable to the ode he has here translated. This ode is in the Greek (besides those beauties observed by Madam Dacier) has several harmonious turns in the words, which are not lost in the English. I must farther add, that the translation has preserved every image and sentiment of Sappho, notwithstanding it has all the ease and spirit of an original. In a word, if the ladies have a mind to know the manner of writing, practised by the so much celebrated Sappho, they may here see it in its genuine and natural beauty, without any foreign or affected ornaments.

#### AN HYMN TO VENUS.

*'O Venus, honours of the stars,  
To whom a thousand temples rise,  
Daily like to perfumes arise,  
Fall of love-perpetuating wiles;  
O goddess! give my heart repose,  
The wretched cure and pains of love.'*

*'If ever thou hast kindly heard  
A song in soft-sustained measure,  
Propitious to my musical voice,  
O gentle goddess! how we now  
Deserve, thou bright, immortal guest,  
In all thy radiant charms to dwell.'*

*'Thou once didst love a mortal youth,  
And all the golden youth above;  
The one thy wanton sports drew,  
Striving to shew thy lightly brow;  
As to my power they wiled thee away,  
I saw their quivering pulses play.'*

*'The birds down'd (while you remain)  
Have back their country now again;  
Then you, with looks distinctly mild,  
In every beauty's features smile;  
And told what new complaints I made,  
And why I call'd you to my aid.'*

*'What frenzy in my bosom reigns,  
And by what cure to be assu'd;  
What gentle youth I would possess,  
Whom in my arms I would possess;  
Who does thy tender heart seduce,  
Tell me, my Sappho, tell me what.'*

*'Thou now he shows thy laughing arms,  
He soon shall court thy shy charms;  
Thou now thy dress's he despise,  
He soon to thee shall sacrifice;  
Thou now he dreads, he soon shall burn,  
And be thy victim in his turn.'*

*'Celestial villain, once more  
Thy sweetest presence I implore!  
In pity come, and ease my grief,  
Prize my discourses I will re-see,  
Favour thy suppliant's bed less hard,  
And give me all my heart desires.'*

Madam Dacier observes, there is something very pretty in that circumstance of this ode, wherein Venus is described as sending away her chariot upon her arrival at Sappho's lodgings, to denote that it was not a short transient visit which she intended to make her. This ode was preserved by an eminent Greek critic, who inserted it under the name of Sappho, as a pattern of perfection in the structure of it.

Longinus has quoted another ode of the great poetess, which is likewise admirable in its kind, and has been translated by the same hand with the foregoing one. I shall omit my reader will it

2 A 2nd ed. 1712.

3 Translated by the same hand with the foregoing one.

in another paper. In the meanwhile, I cannot but wonder, that these two beautiful pieces have never been attempted before by any of our modern writers. But the truth of it is, the copyists of the ancient, which I have met in the works of those unskilful writers, that are the objects of ordinary readers, are extremely deficient in order into another tongue, so as the beauty of the original may not appear weak and false in the translation.

ADDISON.

45

Nº 224. FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1711.

AN EPIGRAM, IN ANSWER TO A LETTER FROM

A FRIEND, WHO HAD BEEN

ADVISED TO WRITE A

POEM, IN PRAISE OF A

WOMAN, WHO HAD BEEN

ADVISED TO WRITE A

POEM, IN PRAISE OF A

It is not look at a man as the great or little of number, but as the degree of his nature. The purpose of action is to be useful, it will, I think, be highly probable that a man may be the most useful, and at the same time, a proper person to the signs of a very great nature, or else neglected by it. If a man is a man, he is to meet with men, who, by the nature of their education, and the nature of the education of the people, are not to the height of power and glory. They who never let the least by the power of a train of clients and dependents, for they are appendages of greatness who are contented with a competency, and will not let their nature be to give an alienation. But it is not of course to be concluded that such a man is not ambitious of his desire may have set out as they do, and determined him to other pursuits, the nature of the man may be still the same; and in these cases like, where the man may be equally pushed on with the desire of distinction.

Though the pure ambition of worthy actions, abstracted from the views of popular applause, be to a generous mind an ample reward, yet the desire of distinction was doubtless implanted in our nature as an additional incentive to exert ourselves in virtuous excellence.

This passion, in itself, like all others, is frequently perverted to evil and ignoble purposes; so that we may account for many of the excellencies and follies of life upon the same innate principle, to wit, the desire of being remarkable; for this, as it has been differently cultivated by education, policy, and converse, will bring forth suitable effects, as it falls in with an ingenious disposition, or a corrupt mind. It does accordingly express itself in acts of magnanimity or selfish cunning, as it meets with a good or a weak understanding. As it has been employed in embellishing the mind, or adorning the outside, it renders the man eminently praiseworthy or ridiculous. Ambition therefore is not to be confined only to one passion or pursuit; for as the same humour, in constitutions otherwise different, affect the body after different manner, so the same aspiring principle within us, sometimes breaks forth upon one object, sometimes upon another.

It cannot be doubted, but that there is as great desire of glory in a ring of wrestlers or cudgel-players, as in any other more refined competition for superiority. No man that could avoid it, would

ever suffer his head to be broken but out of a principle of honour. This is the secret spring that pushes them forward; and the superiority which they gain above the un distinguished many, does more than repair those wounds they have received in the contest. It is, Mr. Waller's opinion, that Julius Cæsar had been not been ruler of the Roman empire, were it not in all probability have made an excellent orator.

AN EPIGRAM, IN ANSWER TO A LETTER FROM  
A FRIEND, WHO HAD BEEN  
ADVISED TO WRITE A  
POEM, IN PRAISE OF A  
WOMAN, WHO HAD BEEN  
ADVISED TO WRITE A  
POEM, IN PRAISE OF A

But I am to show the world, was owing to the accident of art and knowledge; had he not met with these advantages, the rare sparks of emulation would have kindled within him, and prompted him to attempt to sell in an enterprise of a lower nature. Since therefore a man's lot is so really, only fixed in this life, but that a thousand necessities press either forward or backward upon his advances, it is, in itself, a most happy and inoffensive condition, to consider a great man as divorced of all the advantages and disadvantages of fortune, as to have his own down in one's imagination to that low state of life, the nature of which becomes a disadvantage to that high one, as at present a power of it. Thus one may view him exercising a moderate use of talents of nature, which have been not by education to their full length, enable him for the discharge of more important employments. On the other hand, one may view him to such a pitch of greatness as may be equal to the possible extent of his improved capacity.

It is nature furnishes a man with a general appetite of glory, education determines it to this or that particular object. The desire of distinction is not, I think, in any instance more observable than in the variety of natures and new appearances, which the visible part of the world are obliged to provide, in order to make themselves remarkable; for any thing glaring and particular, either in behaviour or apparel, is known to have this good effect, that it catches the eye, and will not suffer you to pass over the person as adorned without due notice and observation. It has likewise, upon this account, been frequently resented as a very great fault, to leave any gentleman out of a family or circle, who has as much right to be there as his neighbour, because it supposes the person not eminent enough to be taken notice of. To this passion its faults for distinction are owing various frolicsome and irregular practices, as excluding out into nocturnal exploits, breaking of windows, making of catches, breaking the watch, getting drunk twice a day, killing a great number of horses, with many other enterprises of the like fiery nature; for certainly many a man is more rash and extravagant than he would willingly be, were there not others to look on, and give their approbation.

One very common, and at the same time the most absurd ambition that ever showed itself in human nature, is that which comes upon a man with experience and old age, the season when it might be expected he should be wisest; and therefore it cannot receive any of those lessening circumstances which do, in some measure, excuse the disorderly ferments of youthful blood: I mean the passion for getting money, exclusive of the character of the provident father, the affectionate husband, or the generous friend.

remarked,





an under-agent of Providence, to guide and direct us in the ordinary concerns of life.

There are many more shining qualities in the mind of man, but there is none so useful as discretion; it is this indeed which gives a value to all the rest, which sets them at work in their proper times and places, and turns them to the advantage of the person who is possessed of them. Without it, learning is pedantry, and wit impertinence; virtue itself looks like weakness; the best parts only qualify a man to be more sprightly in errors, and active to his own prejudice.

Nor does discretion only make a man the master of his own parts, but of other men's. The discreet man finds out the intent of those he converses with, and knows how to apply them to proper uses. Accordingly, if we look into particular communities and divisions of men, we may observe, that it is the discreet man, not the witty, nor the learned, nor the brave, who guides the conversation, and gives measures to the society. A man with great talents, but void of discretion, is like Polyphemus in the fable, strong and blind, endued with an irresistible force, which for want of sight is of no use to him.

Though a man has all other perfections, and wants discretion, he will be of no great consequence in the world; but if he has this single talent in perfection, and but a common share of others, he may do what he pleases in his particular station of life.

At the same time that I think discretion the most useful talent a man can be master of, I look upon cunning to be the accomplishment of little, mean, ungenerous minds. Discretion points out the noblest ends to us, and pursues the most proper and laudable methods of attaining them. Cunning has only private selfish aims, and sticks at nothing which may make them succeed. Discretion has large and extended views, and, like a well-formed eye, commands a whole horizon. Cunning is a kind of short-sightedness, that discovers the nearest objects which are near at hand, but is not able to discern things at a distance. Discretion, the more it is discovered, gives a greater authority to the person who possesses it. Cunning, when it is once detected, loses its force, and makes a man incapable of bringing about even those events which he might have done, had he passed only for a plain man. Discretion is the perfection of reason, and a guide to us in all the duties of life: cunning is a kind of instinct, that only looks out after our immediate interest and welfare. Discretion is only found in men of strong sense and good understandings: cunning is often to be met with in brutes themselves, and in persons who are but the fewest removes from them. In short, cunning is only the mimic of discretion, and may pass upon weak men, in the same manner as vivacity is often mistaken for wit, and gravity for wisdom.

The cast of mind which is natural to a discreet man, makes him look forward into futurity, and consider what will be his condition millions of ages hence, as well as what it is at present. He knows that the misery or happiness which are reserved for him in another world, lose nothing of their reality by being placed at so great a distance from him. The objects do not appear little to him because they are remote. He considers that those pleasures and pains which lie hid in eternity, approach nearer to him every moment, and will be present with him in their full weight and measure, as much as those pains and pleasures which he feels at this very instant. For this reason he is careful to se-

cure to himself that which is the proper happiness of his nature, and the ultimate design of his being. He carries his thoughts to the end of every action, and considers the most distant as well as the most immediate effects of it. He supersedes every little prospect of gain and advantage which offers itself here, if he does not find it consistent with his views of an hereafter. In a word, his hopes are full of immortality, his schemes are large and glorious, and his conduct suitable to one who knows his true interest, and how to pursue it by proper methods.

I have, in this essay upon discretion, considered it both as an accomplishment and as a virtue, and have therefore described it in its full extent; not only as it is conversant about worldly affairs, but as it regards our whole existence; not only as it is the guide of a mortal creature, but as it is in general the director of a reasonable being. It is in this light that discretion is represented by the wise man, who sometimes mentions it under the name of discretion, and sometimes under that of wisdom. It is indeed (as described in the latter part of this paper) the greatest wisdom; but at the same time in the power of every one to attain. Its advantages are infinite, but its acquisition easy; or to speak of her in the words of the apocryphal writer whom I quoted in my last Saturday's paper \*, 'Wisdom is glorious, and never fadeth away, yet she is easily seen of them that love her, and found of such as seek her. She preventeth them that desire her, in making herself first known unto them. He that seeketh her early, shall have no great travel: for he shall find her sitting at his doors. To think therefore upon her is the perfection of wisdom, and whoso watcheth for her shall quickly be without care. For she goeth about seeking such as are worthy of her, sheweth herself favourably unto them in the ways, and meeteth them in every thought.'

ADDISON.

C.

Nº 226. MONDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1711.

*Mutum est pictura poema.*

A picture is a poem without words.

I HAVE very often lamented and hinted my sorrow in several speculations, that the art of painting is made so little use of to the improvement of our manners. When we consider that it places the action of the person represented in the most agreeable aspect imaginable, that it does not only express the passion or concern as it sits upon him who is drawn, but has under those features the height of the painter's imagination, what strong images of virtue and humanity might we not expect would be instilled into the mind from the labours of the pencil? There is a poetry which would be understood with much less capacity, and less expense of time, than what is taught by writings; but the use of it is generally perverted, and that admirable skill prostituted to the basest and most unworthy ends. Who is the better man for beholding the most beautiful Venus, the best wrought Bacchannal, the images of sleeping Cupids, languishing nymphs, or any of the representations of gods, goddesses, demi-gods, satyrs, Polyphemes, sphynxes, or fawns? But if the virtues and vices, which are sometimes pretended to be represented under such draughts, were given us by the painter in the cha-

\* Wisdom of Solomon, ch. vi. 12—16.

raciers of real life, and the persons of men and women, whose actions have rendered them laudable or infamous; we should not see a good history-piece without receiving an instructive lecture. There needs no other proof of this truth, than the testimony of every reasonable creature who has seen the cartoons in her majesty's gallery at Hampton-court. These are representations of no less actions than those of our blessed Saviour and his apostles. As I now sit and recollect the wondrous images which the admirable Raphael has raised, it is impossible even from the faint traces in one's memory of what one has not seen these two years, to be unmoved at the horror and reverence which appear in the whole assembly when the mercenary man fell down dead; at the amazement of the man born blind, when he first receives sight; or at the graceless indignation of the sorcerer when he is struck blind. The same when they first find strength in their feet, stand doubtful of their new vigour. The heavenly apostles appear acting these great things, with a deep sense of the infirmities which they relieve, but no value at themselves who administer to their weakness. They know themselves to be but instruments; and the generous distrust they are painted in when divine honours are offered to them, is a representation in the most exquisite degree of the beauty of holiness. When St. Paul is preaching to the Athenians, with what wonderful art are almost all the different tempers of mankind represented in that elegant audience? You see one credulous of all that is said; another wrung up in deep suspense; another saying, there is some reason to what he says; another angry that the apostle destroys a favourite opinion which he is unwilling to give up; another wholly convinced, and holding out his hands in rapture; while the generality attend, and wait for the opinion of those who are at leading characters in the assembly. I will not pretend so much as to mention that chart on which is drawn the appearance of our blessed Lord after his resurrection. Present authority, late sufferings, humility and majesty, despotic command, and divine love, are at once seated in his celestial aspect. The figures of the eleven apostles are all in the same passion of admiration, but discover it differently according to their characters. Peter receives his Master's orders on his knees with an admiration mixed with a more particular attention; the two next with a more open ecstasy, though still constrained by the awe of the divine presence. The beloved disciple, whom I take to be the right of the two first figures, has in his countenance wonder drowned in love; and the last personage, whose back is towards the spectators, and his side towards the presence, one would fancy to be St. Thomas, so amazed by the conscience of his former diffidence; which perplexed concern it is possible Raphael thought too hard a task to draw, but by this acknowledgment of the difficulty to describe it.

The whole work is an exercise of the highest piety in the painter; and all the touches of a religious mind are expressed in a manner much more sensible than can possibly be performed by the most moving eloquence. These invaluable pictures are very justly in the hands of the greatest and most pious sovereign in the world; and cannot be the frequent subject of every one at their own leisure; but as an engraver is to the painter what a printer is to an author, it is worthy her majesty's name, that she has encouraged that noble art of engraving Dorigny, to print these works of Ra-

phael\*. We have of this gentleman a piece of transmigration, which I think is held a work second to none in the world.

It thinks it would be ridiculous in our people of condition, after their large bounties to foreigners of no name or merit, should they overlook this occasion of having, for a trifling subscription, a work which it is impossible for a man of sense to behold, without being warmed with the noblest sentiments that can be inspired by love, admiration, compassion, contempt of this world, and expectation of a better.

It is certainly the greatest honour we can do our country, to distinguish strangers of merit who apply to us with modesty and diffidence, which generally accompanies merit. No opportunity of this kind ought to be neglected; and a modest behaviour should alarm us to examine whether we do not lose something excellent under that disadvantage in the possession of that quality. My skill in paintings, where one is not directed by the penmen of the pictures, is so inconsiderable, that I am in very great perplexity when I offer to speak of any performances of painters of landscapes, buildings, or single figures. This makes me at a loss how to mention the pieces which Mr. Boul exposed to sale by auction on Wednesday next in Chandos-street; but having heard him recommended by those who have bought of him heretofore for great integrity in his dealing, and overheard him himself (though a handsome painter) say, nothing of his own was fit to come into the room with those he had to sell, I feared I should have an occasion of serving a man of worth, in waiting to speak of his auction.

STEELE.

T.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

There is arrived from Italy a painter, who acknowledges himself the greatest master of the age in that art, and is willing to be so renowned in this island, as he declares he is in foreign parts. The doctor paints the poor for nothing.

N° 271. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1711.

It was my wish to have been my country,  
 To have been my country, to have been my country,  
 To have been my country, to have been my country,  
 To have been my country, to have been my country.  
 THOMAS.

In my late Thursday's paper\*, I made mention of a place called *The Lover's Leap*, which I had raised a great curiosity among several of my correspondents. I there told them, that this leap was said to be taken from a promontory of *Lewarn*. This *Lewarn* was formerly a part of *Araxania*, being joined to it by a narrow neck of land, which the sea has by length of time overthrown and washed away; so that at present *Lewarn* is divided from the continent, and is a little island in the *Sundus* sea. The promontory of this island, from whence the lover took his leap, was formerly called *Lewarn*. If the reader has a mind to know both the island and the promontory by their modern titles, he will find in his map the ancient island of *Lewarn* under the name of *St. Mowra*, and the se-

\* This paper was intended to be a notice to the public, of a new paper, which I had then printed, and was to be sold by the author, and was to be sold by the author, and was to be sold by the author.

cient promontory of Leucate under the name of The Cape of St. Mauro.

Since I am engaged thus far in antiquity, I must observe, that Theocritus, in the motto prefixed to my paper, describes one of his despairing shepherds addressing himself to his mistress after the following manner: 'Alas! what will become of me! wretch that I am! Will you not hear me? I'll throw off my clothes, and take a leap into that part of the sea which is so much frequented by Olpis the fisherman. And though I should escape with my life, I know you will be pleased with it.' I shall leave it with the critics to determine whether the place, which this shepherd so particularly points out, was not the above-mentioned Leucate, or at least some other lover's leap, which was supposed to have had the same effect. I cannot believe, as all the interpreters do, that the shepherd means nothing further here than that he would drown himself, since he represents the issue of his leap as doubtful, by adding, that if he should escape with life, he knows his mistress would be pleased with it: which is according to our interpretation, that she would rejoice any way to get rid of a lover who was so troublesome to her.

After this short preface, I shall present my reader with some letters which I have received upon this subject. The first is sent me by a physician.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'THE Lover's Leap, which you mention in your 223d paper, was generally, I believe, a very effectual cure for love, and not only for love, but for all other evils. In short, sir, I am afraid it was such a leap as that which Hero took to get rid of her passion for Leander. A man is in no danger of breaking his heart, who breaks his neck to prevent it. I know very well the wonders which ancient authors relate concerning this leap: and in particular, that very many persons who tried it, escaped not only with their lives but their limbs. If by this means they got rid of their love, though it may in part be ascribed to the reasons you give for it; why may not we suppose that the cold bath into which they plunged themselves, had also some share in their cure? A leap into the sea, or into any creek of salt waters, very often gives a new motion to the spirits, and a new turn to the blood; for which reason we prescribe it in distempers which no other medicine will reach. I could produce a quotation out of a very venerable author, in which the frenzy produced by love, is compared to that which is produced by the biting of a mad dog. But as this comparison is a little too coarse for your paper, and might look as if it were cited to ridicule the author who has made use of it; I shall only hint at it, and desire you to consider whether, if the frenzy produced by these two different causes be of the same nature, it may not very properly be cured by the same means.

'I am, sir,

'Your most humble servant,

'and well-wisher,

'ÆSCULAPIUS.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I AM a young woman crossed in love. My story is very long and melancholy. To give you the heads of it. A young gentleman, after having made his applications to me for three years together, and filled my head with a thousand dreams of happiness, some few days since married another. Pray tell me in what part of the world your promontory lies, which you call The Lover's Leap, and

whether one may go to it by land? But alas! I am afraid it has lost its virtue, and that a woman of our times would find no more relief in taking such a leap, than in singing an hymn to Venus\*. So that I must cry out with Dido in Dryden's Virgil:

'Ah! cruel heav'n, that made no cure for love!'

'Your disconsolate servant,

'ATHENIAS.'

'MISTER SPECTATOR,

'MY heart is so full of loves and passions for Mrs. Gwinifrid, and she is so prettish and overrun with chublers against me, that if I had the good happiness to have my dwelling (which is placed by my great-grandfather upon the bottom of an hill) no further distance but twenty mile from the Lover's Leap, I would indeed endeavour to break my neck upon it on purpose. Now, good Mister Spletatur of Crete Britain, you must know it, there is in Caernrnvonshire a very pig mountain, the clory of all Wales, which is named Penmalmaure, and you must also know, it is no great journey on foot from me; but the road is stony and had for shoes. Now, there is upon the forehead of this mountain a very high rock (like a parish steeple), that cometh a huge deal over the sea; so when I am in my melancholies, and I do throw myself from it, I do desire my sery good friend to tell me in his Spictatur, if I shall be cure of my grieved loves; for there is the sea clear as glass, and as green as the leek. Then likewise if I be drown and break my neck, if Mrs. Gwinifrid will not lose me afterwards, Pray be speedy in your answers, for I am in crete haste, and it is my tesires to do my busines without loss of time. I remain with cordial affections, your ever loving friend,

'DAVYTH AP SHENKYN.

'P. S. My law-suits have brought me to London, but I have lost my causes; and so have made my resolutions to go down and leap before the frosts begin; for I am apt to take colds.'

Ridicule, perhaps, is a better expedient against love than sober advice; and I am of opinion, that Hudibras and Don Quixote may be as effectual to cure the extravagancies of this passion, as any of the old philosophers. I shall therefore publish very speedily the translation of a little Greek manuscript, which is sent me by a learned friend. It appears to have been a piece of those records which were kept in the temple of Apollo, that stood upon the promontory of Leucate. The reader will find it to be a summary account of several persons who tried the Lover's Leap, and of the success they found in it. As there seem to be in it some anachronisms, and deviations from the ancient orthography, I am not wholly satisfied myself that it is authentic, and not rather the production of one of those Grecian sophisters, who have imposed upon the world several spurious works of this nature. I speak this by way of precaution, because I know there are several writers of uncommon erudition, who would not fail to expose my ignorance, if they caught me tripping in a matter of so great moment.

ADDISON.

C.

\* See No 223. The Hymn to Venus.

Nº 228. WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1711.

*Percontatorem flegile, nam percontator hinc est.*  
HOR. Ep. viii. l. 2. ver. 49.

When the Inquisitive and curious man;  
For what he hears he will relate again.  
POOLY.

TALKER is a creature who has all the organs of speech, a tolerable good capacity for conceiving what is said to it, together with a pretty proper behaviour in all the occurrences of common life; but naturally very vacant of thought to itself, and therefore forced to apply itself to foreign existences. Of this make is that man who is very inquisitive. You may often observe, that though he speaks as good sense as any man upon any thing with which he is well acquainted, he cannot trust to the range of his own fancy to entertain himself upon that foundation, but goes on still to new inquiries. Thus, though you know he is fit for the most polite conversation, you shall see him very well contented to sit by a jockey, giving an account of the many revolutions in his horse's health, what potion he made him take, how that agreed with him, how afterwards he came to his stomach and his exercise, or any the like impertinence; and be as well pleased as if you talked to him on the most important truths. This humour is far from making a man unhappy, though it may subject him to raillery; for he generally falls in with a person who seems to be born for him, which is your talkative fellow. It is so ordered, that there is a secret bent, as natural as the meeting of different sexes, in these two characters, to supply each other's wants. I had the honour the other day to sit in a public room, and saw an inquisitive man look with an air of satisfaction upon the approach of one of these talkers. The man of ready utterance sat down by him, and rubbing his head, leaning on his arm, and making an easy countenance, he began, 'There is no manner of news to-day. I cannot tell what is the matter with me, but I slept very ill last night; whether I caught cold or no, I know not, but I fancy I do not wear shoes thick enough for the weather, and I have coughed all this week. It must be so, for the custom of washing my head with cold water and summer with cold water, prevents any injury from the season entering that way; so it must come in at my feet; but I take no notice of it; as it comes so it goes. Most of our evils proceed from too much tenderness; and our faces are naturally as little able to resist the cold as other parts. The Indian answered very well to an European, who asked him how he could go naked; "I am all face."'

I observed this discourse was as welcome to my general inquirer as any other of more consequence could have been; but somebody calling our talker to another part of the room, the inquirer told the next man who sat by him, that Mr. Reckless, who was just gone from him, used to wash his head with cold water every morning; and so repeated almost verbatim all that had been said to him. The truth is, the inquisitive are the furnish of conversation; they do not take in any thing for their own use, but merely to pass it to another. They are the channels through which all the good and evil that is spoken in town are conveyed. Such as are offended at them, or that they suffer by their behaviour, may themselves stand that inconvenience; for they are not a malicious people, and if you

will supply them, you may contradict any thing they have said before by their own mouths. A further account of a thing is one of the gratest goods that can arrive to them; and it is seldom that they are more particular than to say, 'The town will have it, for I have it from a good hand' so that there is room for the town to know the matter more particularly, and for a better hand to contradict what was said by a good one.

I have not known this humour more ridiculous than in a father, who has been earnestly solicitous to have an account how his son has passed his leisure hours; if it be in a way thoroughly insignificant, there cannot be a greater joy than as inquirer discovers in seeing him follow so hopefully his own steps. But this humour among men is most pleasant when they are saying something which is not wholly proper for a third person to hear, and yet is in itself indifferent. The other day there came in a well-dressed young fellow, and two gentlemen of this species immediately fell a whispering his pedigree. I could overhear, by breaks, 'She was his aunt' then an answer, 'Ay, she was of the mother's side;' then again in a little lower voice, 'His father wore generally a darker wig.' Answer, 'Not much, but this gentleman wears higher heels to his shoes.'

As to the inquisitive, in my opinion, are such merely from a vacancy to their own imaginations, there is nothing, methinks, so dangerous as to communicate secrets to them; for the same temper of inquiry makes them as importunately communicative; but so men, though he converse with them, need put himself in their power, for they will be contrived with matters of less moment as well. When there is fuel enough, so matter what it is.—Thus the ends of sentences in the news-papers, as, 'This wants confirmation.'—'This occasions many speculations.'—and 'That will discover the event,' are read by them, and considered not as mere explicatives.

One may see now and then this humour accompanied with an insatiable desire of knowing what passes, without turning it to any use in the world but merely their own entertainment. A mind which is gratified this way is adapted to humour and pleasantry, and formed for an unconcerned character to the world; and, like myself to be a mere spectator. This curiosity, without malice or self-interest, lays up in the imagination a magazine of circumstances which cannot but entertain when they are produced in conversation. If one were to know, from the man of the first quality to the meanest servant, the different intrigues, passions, pleasures, and interests of mankind, would it not be the most pleasing entertainment imaginable to enjoy so constant a farce, as the observing mankind much more different from themselves in their secret thoughts and public actions, than in their night-caps and long periwigs?

\* MR. SPECTATOR,

'PLUTARCH tells us, that Caius Gracchus, the Roman, was frequently hurried by his passions into so loud and tumultuous a way of speaking, as to restrain his voice, so not to be able to proceed. To remedy this evil, he had an ingenious resort, by some Libanus, always attending him with a pipe-pipe, or instrument to regulate the voice; who, whenever he heard his master begin to be high, immediately touched a soft note, at which he mild, Caius would presently abate and grow calm.

\* Upon recollecting Cicerone, I have frequently

wondered that this useful instrument should have been so long discontinued; especially since we find that this good office of Licinius has preserved his memory for many hundred years, which, methinks, should have encouraged some one to have revived it, if not for the public good, yet for his own credit. It may be objected, that our loud talkers are so fond of their own noise, that they would not take it well to be checked by their servants. But granting this to be true, surely any of their hearers have a very good title to play a soft note in their own defence. To be short, no Licinius appearing, and the noise increasing, I was resolved to give this late long vacation to the good of my country; and I have at length, by the assistance of an ingenious artist, who works for the Royal Society, almost completed my design, and shall be ready in a short time to furnish the public with what number of these instruments they please, either to lodge at coffee-houses, or carry for their own private use. In the mean time I shall pay that respect to several gentlemen, who I know will be in danger of offending against this instrument, to give them notice of it by private letters, in which I shall only write, "Get a Licinius."

'I should now trouble you no longer, but that I must not conclude without desiring you to accept one of these pipes, which shall be left for you with Buckley; and which I hope will be serviceable to you, since, as you are silent yourself, you are most open to the insults of the noisy.

I am, sir, &c.

W. B.

'I had almost forgot to inform you, that as an improvement in this instrument, there will be a particular note, which I call a hush-note; and this is to be made use of against a long story, swearing, obscenity, and the like.'

STEEL.

T.

Nº 229. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1711.

*Spirat adhuc amor,  
Vicuntque commisit calores  
Æolicæ fidibus puellæ.*

HOR. Od. ix. l. iv. ver. 10.

Sappho's charming lyre  
Preserves her soft desire,  
And tunes our ravish'd souls to love.  
CREECH.

Among the many famous pieces of antiquity which are still to be seen at Rome, there is the trunk of a statue which has lost the arms, legs, and head; but discovers such an exquisite workmanship in what remains of it, that Michael Angelo declared he had learned his whole art from it. Indeed he studied it so attentively, that he made most of his statues, and even his pictures, in that gusto, to make use of the Italian phrase; for which reason this maimed statue is still called Michael Angelo's school.

A fragment of Sappho, which I design for the subject of this paper, is in as great reputation among the poets and critics, as the mutilated figure above mentioned is among the statuary and painters. Several of our countrymen, and Mr. Dryden in particular, seem very often to have copied after it in their dramatic writings, and in their poems upon love.

Whatever might have been the occasion of this ode, the English reader will enter into the beauties of it, if he supposes it to have been written in

the person of a lover sitting by his mistress. I shall set to view three different copies of this beautiful original: the first is a translation by Catullus, the second by Monsieur Boileau, and the last by a gentleman whose translation of the Hymn to Venus has been so deservedly admired\*.

#### AD LESBIAM.

*' Ille mi par esse Deo videtur,  
Ille, si fas est, superare divos,  
Qui sedens adversus identidem te  
Spectat, et audit.*

*' Dulce ridentem; miscro quod omnes  
Eripit sensus mihi: num, simul te,  
Lesbia, aspexi, nihil est super ni  
Quod loquar amens.*

*' Lingua sed torpet: tenuis sub artus  
Flamma demanat: sonitu suapte  
Tintinnant aures: gemina teguntur  
Lumina nocte.'*

My learned reader will know very well the reason why one of these verses is printed in Roman letters; and if he compares this translation with the original, will find that the three first stanzas are rendered almost word for word, and not only with the same elegance, but with the same short turn of expression which is so remarkable in the Greek, and so peculiar to the Sapphic ode. I cannot imagine for what reason Madam Dacier has told us, that this ode of Sappho is preserved entire in Longinus, since it is manifest to any one who looks into that author's quotation of it, that there must at least have been another stanza, which is not transmitted to us.

The second translation of this fragment which I shall here cite, is that of Monsieur Boileau.

*' Heureux! qui pres de toi, pour toi seule soupire:  
Qui jouit du plaisir de t'entendre parler:  
Qui te voit quelquefois doucement lui sourire.  
Les dieux, dans son bonheur, peurent-ils l'égaler!*

*' Je sens de teine en teine une subtile flamme  
Courir par tout mon corps, si-tot que je te vois:  
Et dans les doux transports, ou s'égare mon ame,  
Je ne saurois trouver de langue, ni de voix.*

*' Un nuage confus se repand sur ma vue,  
Je n'entens plus, je tombe en de douces langueurs;  
Et pale, sans haleine, interdite, espérée,  
Un frisson me saisit, je tremble, je me meurs.'*

The reader will see that this is rather an imitation than a translation. The circumstances do not lie so thick together, and follow one another with that vehemence and emotion as in the original. In short, Monsieur Boileau has given us all the poetry, but not all the passion of this famous fragment. I shall, in the last place, present my reader with the English translation.

*' Bless'd as th' immortal gods is he,  
The youth who fondly sits by thee,  
And hears and sees thee all the while  
Softly speak and sweetly smile.*

*' 'Twas this depriv'd my soul of rest,  
And rais'd such tumults in my breast;  
For while I gaz'd, in transport lost,  
My breath was gone, my voice was lost:*

\* Ambrose Phillips. See Nos. 223 and 366.

+ This Adonic line is wanting in Catullus; the words here substituted by the Spectator are those of Parthenius. Vulpius informs us, that in some MSS. found at a library in Verona, the supplied Adonic, and the preceding line, stand thus:

*Lesbia, aspexi, nihil est <sup>suprema</sup>  
Vocæ locuta.*

Horace, lib. 1. od. xxii. (end) has the first stanza of this ode.

'My beams glow'd; the rubic flame  
 As a quick through all my vital frame;  
 O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung;  
 My ears with hollow murmurs rang

'In dew drops my limbs were chill'd;  
 My blood with frantic horrors thrill'd;  
 My feeble-pole forgot to play;  
 I faint'd, sunk, and dy'd away'

Instead of giving any character of this last translation, I shall desire my learned reader to look into the criticism which Longinus has made upon the original. By that means he will know in which of the translations he ought to give the preference. I shall only add, that this translation is written in the very spirit of Sappho, and as near the Greek as the genius of our language will possibly suffer.

Longinus has observed, that this description of love in Sappho is an exact copy of nature, and that all the circumstances which follow one another in such an hurry of sentiments, notwithstanding they appear repugnant to each other, are really such as happen in the phrenesies of love.

I wonder, that not one of the critics or editors, through whose hands this ode has passed, has taken occasion from it to mention a circumstance related by Ptolemy. That author, in the famous story of Antiochus, who fell in love with Stratonice, his mother-in-law, and (not daring to discover his passion) pretended to be confined to his bed by sickness, tells us, that Erasistratus, the physician, found out the nature of his disorder by these symptoms of love which he had learnt from Sappho's writings. Stratonice was in the room of the love-sick prince, when these symptoms discovered themselves to his physician; and it is probable, that they were not very different from those which Sappho here describes in a letter sitting by his mistress. The story of Antiochus is so well known, that I need not add the sequel of it, which has no relation to my present subject.

ADDISON.

C.

Nº 230. FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1711.

*Hæmorrhæ ad drem uicula re preceptis accedunt, quæm an-  
 tibus hæmorrhæis dremus*

TULL.

Men resemble the gods in nothing so much, as in doing good to their fellow-creatures.

It may nature appears a very deformed, or a very beautiful object, according to the different lights in which it is viewed. When we see men of infamous passions, or of wicked designs, treating one another to pieces by open violence, or undermining each other by secret treachery; when we observe base and narrow ends pursued by ignominious and dishonest means; when we behold men united in society as if it were for the destruction of it; we are even ashamed of our species, and out of humour with our own being. But in another light, when we behold them mild, good, and benevolent, full of a generous regard for the public prosperity, compassionating each other's distresses, and relieving each other's wants, we can hardly believe they are creatures of the same kind. In this view they appear gods to each other, in the exercise of the noblest power, that of doing good; and the greatest complacency we have ever been able to make to our own being, has been by calling this disposition of mind humanity. We cannot but observe a pleasure arising in our

own breast upon the seeing or hearing of a generous action, even when we are wholly disinterested in it. I cannot give a more proper instance of this, than by a letter from Pilny, in which he recommends a friend in the most handsome manner, and methinks it would be a great pleasure to know the success of this epistle, though each party concerned in it has been so many hundred years in his grave.

'TO MAXIMUS.

'WHAT I should gladly do for my friend of yours, I think I may now with confidence request for a friend of mine. Arrivans Maximus is the most considerable man of his country; when I call him on I do not speak with relation to his fortune, though that is very plentiful, but to his integrity, justice, gravity, and prudence; his advice is useful to me in business, and his judgment in matters of learning. His fidelity, truth, and good understanding, are very great; besides this, he loves me as you do, then which I cannot say any thing that signifies a warmer affection. He has nothing that is aspiring; and, though he might rise to the highest order of nobility, he keeps himself in an inferior rank; yet I think myself bound to use my endeavours to serve and promote him; and would therefore find the means of adding something to his honours while he neither expects nor knows it, nay, though he should refuse it. Something, in short, I would have for him that may be honourable, but not troublesome; and I entreat that you will procure him the first thing of this kind that offers, by which you will not only oblige me, but him also; for, though he does not covet it, I know he will be as grateful to acknowledge your favour as if he had asked it.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'THE reflections in some of your papers on the servile manner of education now in use, have given birth to an ambition, which, unless you discountenance it, will, I doubt, engage me in a very difficult, though not ungrateful adventure. I am about to undertake, for the sake of the British youth, to instruct them in such a manner, that the most dangerous page in Virgil or Homer may be read by them with much pleasure, and with perfect safety to their persons.

'Could I prevail so far as to be honoured with the protection of some few of them (for I am not here enough to rescue many) my design is to retire with them to an agreeable solitude, though within the neighbourhood of a city, for the convenience of their being instructed in music, dancing, drawing, designing, or any other such accomplishments, which it is conceived may make us proper disquisitions for them, and almost as pleasant, as the little world games which dirty schoolboys are so much delighted with. It may easily be imagined, how such a pretty society, conversing with some greatness themselves, and sometimes admitted, or perhaps not so entertaining parties, amongst better company, commended and rewarded for their little performances, and turned by such conversation to a certain gallery of soul, might be brought early acquainted with some of the same polite & useful writers. This having given them some tolerable stock of books, they would make themselves masters of the Latin tongue by methods far easier than those in use, with as little difficulty or reluctance as young ladies learn to speak French, or to sing

\* So the verse written by Maximus.

Italian operas. When they had advanced thus far, it would be time to form their taste something more exactly. One that had any true relish of fine writing, might, with great pleasure both to himself and them, run over together with them the best Roman historians, poets, and orators, and point out their more remarkable beauties; give them a short scheme of chronology, a little view of geography, medals, astronomy, or what else might best feed the busy inquisitive humour so natural to that age. Such of them as had the least spark of genius, when it was once awakened by the shining thoughts and great sentiments of those admired writers, could not, I believe, be easily withheld from attempting that more difficult sister-language, whose exalted beauties they would have heard so often celebrated as the pride and wonder of the whole learned world. In the meanwhile, it would be requisite to exercise their style in writing any light pieces that ask more of fancy than of judgment: and that frequently in their native language, which every one methinks should be most concerned to cultivate, especially letters, in which a gentleman must have so frequent occasions to distinguish himself. A set of genteel good-natured youths fallen into such a manner of life, would form almost a little academy, and doubtless prove no such contemptible companions, as might not often tempt a wiser man to mingle himself in their diversions, and draw them into such serious sports as might prove nothing less instructing than the gravest lessons. I doubt not but it might be made some of their favourite plays, to contend which of them should recite a beautiful part of a poem or oration most gracefully, or sometimes to join in acting a scene of Terence, Sophocles, or our own Shakspeare. The cause of Milo might again be pleaded before more favourable judges, Cæsar a second time be taught to tremble, and another race of Athenians be afresh enraged at the ambition of another Philip. Amidst these noble amusements, we could hope to see the early dawns of their imagination daily brighten into sense, their innocence improve into virtue, and their unexperienced good-nature directed to a generous love of their country.

‘I am, &c.’

STEELE.

T.

Nº 231. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1711.

*O pudor! O pietas!*——

MART.

*O modesty! O piety!*

LOOKING over the letters which I have lately received from my correspondents, I met with the following one \*, which is written with such a spirit of politeness, that I could not but be very much pleased with it myself, and question not but it will be as acceptable to the reader.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘You, who are no stranger to public assemblies, cannot but have observed the awe they often strike on such as are obliged to exert any talent before them. This is a sort of elegant distress, to which ingenuous minds are the most liable, and may therefore deserve some remarks in your paper.

\* By Hughes.

Many a brave fellow, who has put his enemy to flight in the field, has been in the utmost disorder upon making a speech before a body of his friends at home. One would think there was some kind of fascination in the eyes of a large circle of people, when darting all together upon one person. I have seen a new actor in a tragedy so hounded up by it as to be scarce able to speak or move, and have expected he would have died above three acts before the dagger or cup of poison were brought in. It would not be amiss, if such an one were at first introduced as a ghost, or a statue, till he recovered his spirits, and grew fit for some living part.

‘As this sudden desertion of one’s self shows a diffidence, which is not displeasing, it implies at the same time the greatest respect to an audience that can be. It is a sort of mute eloquence, which pleads for their favour much better than words could do; and we find their generosity naturally moved to support those who are in so much perplexity to entertain them. I was extremely pleased with a late instance of this kind at the opera of *Almahide*, in the encouragement given to a young singer, whose more than ordinary concern on her first appearance, recommended her no less than her agreeable voice and just performance. Mere bashfulness, without merit is awkward; and merit without modesty insolent. But modest merit has a double claim to acceptance, and generally meets with as many patrons as beholders.

‘I am, &c.’

It is impossible that a person should exert himself to advantage in an assembly, whether it be his part either to sing or speak, who lies under too great oppressions of modesty. I remember, upon talking with a friend of mine concerning the force of pronunciation, our discourse led us into the enumeration of the several organs of speech which an orator ought to have in perfection, as the tongue, the teeth, the lips, the nose, the palate, and the wind-pipe. ‘Upon which,’ says my friend, ‘you have omitted the most material organ of them all, and that is the forehead.’

But notwithstanding an excess of modesty obstructs the tongue, and renders it unfit for its offices, a due proportion of it is thought so requisite to an orator, that rhetoricians have recommended it to their disciples as a particular in that art. Cicero tells us, that he never liked an orator, who did not appear in some little confusion at the beginning of his speech, and confesses that he himself never entered upon an oration without trembling and concern. It is indeed a kind of deference which is due to a great assembly, and seldom fails to raise a benevolence in the audience towards the person who speaks. My correspondent has taken notice that the bravest men often appear timorous on these occasions, as indeed we may observe, that there is generally no creature more impudent than a coward:

—— *Lingua melior, sed frigida bello*  
*Dextera*——

VIRG. *Æn.* xi. ver. 338.

—— Bold at the council-board;  
But cautious in the field, he shunn’d the sword.  
DRYDEN.

A bold tongue and a feeble arm are the qualifications of Drances in Virgil; as Homer, to express a man both timorous and saucy, makes use of a kind of point, which is very rarely to be met with



in his writings; namely, that he had the eyes of a dog, but the heart of a deer.\*

A just and reasonable modesty does not only recommend eloquence, but sets off every great talent which a man can be possessed of. It brightens all the virtues which it accompanies; like the shades in paintings, it raises and rounds every figure, and makes the colours more beautiful, though not so glaring as they would be without it.

Modesty is not only an ornament, but also a guard to virtue. It is a kind of quick and delicate feeling in the soul, which makes her shrink and withdraw herself from every thing that has danger in it. It is such an exquisite sensibility, as warns her to shun the first appearance of every thing which is *harmful*.

I cannot at present recollect either the place or time of what I am going to mention; but I have read somewhere in the history of ancient Greece, that the women of the country were seized with an unaccountable melancholy, which disposed several of them to make away with themselves. The senate, after having tried many expedients to prevent this self-murder, which was so frequent among them, published an edict, that if any woman whatever should lay violent hands upon herself, her corpse should be exposed naked in the street, and dragged about the city in the most public manner. This edict immediately put a stop to the practice which was before so common. We may see in this instance the strength of female modesty, which was able to overcome even the violence of madness and despair. The fear of shame in the fair sex, was in those days more prevalent than that of death.

If modesty has so great an influence over our actions, and is in many cases so impregnable a fence to virtue; what can more moderate morality than that politeness which reigns among the thinking part of mankind, and treats as unquestionable the most legendary part of our behaviour; which recommends impudence as good-breeding, and keeps a man always in countenance, not because he is innocent, but because he is shameless!

Seneca thought modesty so great a check to vice, that he prescribes to us the practice of it in secret, and advises us to value it in ourselves upon imaginary occasions, when such as are real do not offer themselves; for this is the meaning of his precept. That when we are by ourselves, and in our greatest solitudes, we should fancy that Cæsar stands before us, and sees every thing we do. To short, if you banish modesty out of the world, she carries away with her half the virtue that is in it.

After these reflections on modesty, as it is a virtue; I must observe, that there is a vicious modesty, which justly deserves to be ridiculed, and which those persons very often discover, who value themselves most upon a well-berd confidence. This happens when a man is habituated to act up to his reason, and would not upon any consideration be surprised in the practice of those duties, for the performance of which he was bred into the world. *Stay an impudent libertine* would blush to be caught in a women's discourse, and would scarce be able to show his head, after having disclosed a religion thought. Secrecy of behaviour, all outward show of virtue, and abhorrence of vice, are rarely to be met in this set of shameless people, who would disgrace their gowns of trumpery, and infallibly bring them to dishonour. This is

such a pooriness of spirit, such a despicable cowardice, such a degenerate subject state of mind, as one would think human nature incapable of, did we not meet with frequent instances of it in ordinary conversation.

There is another kind of vicious modesty which makes a man ashamed of his person, his birth, his profession, his poverty, or the like misfortunes, which it was not in his choice to prevent, and is not in his power to rectify. If a man appears ridiculous by any of the afore-mentioned circumstances, he becomes much more so by being out of countenance for them. They should rather give him occasion to exert a noble spirit, and to palliate those imperfections which are not in his power, by those perfections which are; or, to use a very witty allusion of an eminent author, he should imitate Cæsar, who, because his head was bald, covered that defect with laurels.

ADDITION.

Nº 232. MONDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1711.

*Nulla longitudo gloriam odipens est*  
BALLIST.

By bestowing nothing he acquired glory.

My wife and good friend, Mr Andrew Freeport, divides himself almost equally between the town and the country. His time in town is given up to the public, and the management of his private fortune; and a few every three or four days spent in this manner, he retires far as many to his seat within a few miles of the town, to the enjoyment of himself, his family, and his friend. Town business and pleasure, or rather, in Mr Andrew, labour and rest, recommend each other. They take their turns with so quick a vicissitude, that neither becomes a habit, or takes possession of the whole man; nor is it possible he should be satisfied with either. I often see him at our club in good humour, and yet sometimes (too with an air of care in his looks; but in his country retreat he is always absent, and such a companion as I could desire; and therefore I seldom fail to make use with him when he is pleased to invite me.

The other day, as soon as we were got into his chariot, two or three beggars on each side hung upon the doors, and solicited our charity with the usual rhetoric of a sick wife or husband at home, three or four helpless little children, all starving with cold and hunger. We were forced to part with some money in get rid of their importunity; and then we proceeded on our journey with the blessings and acclamations of these people.

"Well then," says Mr Andrew, "we go off with the prayers and good wishes of the beggars, and perhaps, too, our healths will be drunk at the next ale-house; so, all we shall be able to value ourselves upon is, that we have promoted the trade of the victualler and the carver of the government. And how few ounces of wool do we use upon the backs of these poor creatures! And where they shall rest fall in our way, they will hardly be better dressed; they must always live in rags, to look like objects of compassion. If their families, too, are such as they are represented, 'tis certain they cannot be better clothed, and need be a great deal worse fed. (For would that pretchers should be off their heads, and their drink the pure element; and their whole greedy customers are the farmers like to have

for their wool, corn, and cattle? Such customers, and such a consumption, cannot choose but advance the landed interest, and hold up the rents of the gentlemen.

‘But of all men living, we merchants who live by buying and selling, ought never to encourage beggars. The goods which we export are indeed the product of the lands, but much the greatest part of their value is the labour of the people; but how much of these people’s labour shall we export whilst we hire them to sit still? The very alms they receive from us, are the wages of idleness. I have often thought that no man should be permitted to take relief from the parish, or to ask it in the street, till he has first purchased as much as possible of his own livelihood by the labour of his own hands; and then the public ought only to be taxed to make good the deficiency. If this rule was strictly observed, we should see every where such a multitude of new labourers, as would, in all probability, reduce the prices of all our manufactures. It is the very life of merchandise to buy cheap and sell dear. The merchant ought to make his out-set as cheap as possible, that he may find the greater profit upon his returns; and nothing will enable him to do this like the reduction of the price of labour upon all our manufactures.’ This too would be the ready way to increase the number of our foreign markets. The abatement of the price of the manufacture would pay for the carriage of it to more distant countries; and this consequence would be equally beneficial both to the landed and trading interests. As so great an addition of labouring hands would produce this happy consequence both to the merchant and the gentleman, our liberality to common beggars, and every other obstruction to the increase of labourers, must be equally pernicious to both.’

Sir Andrew then went on to affirm, that the reduction of the prices of our manufactures, by the addition of so many new hands, would be no inconvenience to any man; but observing I was something startled at the assertion, he made a short pause, and then resumed the discourse. ‘It may seem,’ says he, ‘a paradox, that the price of labour should be reduced without an abatement of wages, or that wages can be abated without any inconvenience to the labourer, and yet nothing is more certain than that both these things may happen. The wages of the labourers make the greatest part of the price of every thing that is useful; and if in proportion with the wages the prices of all other things should be abated, every labourer with less wages would still be able to purchase as many necessities of life; where then would be the inconvenience? But the price of labour may be reduced by the addition of more hands to a manufacture, and yet the wages of persons remain as high as ever. The admirable Sir William Petty has given examples of this in some of his writings; one of them, as I remember, is that of a watch, which I shall endeavour to explain so as shall suit my present purpose. It is certain, that a single watch could not be made so cheap in proportion by one only man, as a hundred watches by a hundred; for as there is vast variety in the work, no one person could equally suit himself to all the parts of it; the manufacture would be tedious, and at last but clumsily performed. But if a hundred watches were to be made by a hundred men, the cases may be assigned to one, the dials to another, the wheels to another, the springs to another, and every other part to a proper artist. As there would be no need of perplexing any one person with too much

variety, every one would be able to perform his single part with greater skill and expedition; and the hundred watches would be finished in one-fourth part of the time of the first one, and every one of them at one-fourth part of the cost, though the wages of every man were equal. The reduction of the price of the manufacture would increase the demand of it, all the same hands would be still employed, and as well paid. The same rule will hold in the clothing, the shipping, and all other trades whatsoever. And thus an addition of hands to our manufactures will only reduce the price of them; the labourer will still have as much wages, and will consequently be enabled to purchase more conveniences of life; so that every interest in the nation would receive a benefit from the increase of our working people.

‘Besides, I see no occasion for this charity to common beggars, since every beggar is an inhabitant of a parish, and every parish is taxed to the maintenance of their own poor. For my own part, I cannot be mightily pleased with the laws which have done this, which have provided better to feed than employ the poor. We have a tradition from our forefathers, that after the first of those laws was made, they were insulted with that famous song:

“Hang sorrow, and cast away care,  
The parish is bound to find us,” &c.

And if we will be so good-natured as to maintain them without work, they can do no less in return than sing us ‘The Merry Beggars.’

‘What then? Am I against all acts of charity? God forbid! I know of no virtue in the gospel that is in more pathetic expressions recommended to our practice. “I was hungry and ye gave me no meat, thirsty and ye gave me no drink, naked and ye clothed me not, a stranger and ye took me not in, sick and in prison and ye visited me not.” Our blessed Saviour treats the exercise and neglect of charity towards a poor man, as the performance or breach of this duty towards himself. I shall endeavour to obey the will of my lord and master: and therefore, if an industrious man shall submit to the hardest labour and coarsest fare, rather than endure the shame of taking relief from the parish, or asking it in the street, this is the hungry, the thirsty, the naked; and I ought to believe, if any man is come hither for shelter against persecution or oppression, this is the stranger, and I ought to take him in. If any countryman of our own is fallen into the hands of infidels, and lives in a state of miserable captivity, this is the man in prison, and I should contribute to his ransom. I ought to give to an hospital of invalids, to recover as many useful subjects as I can; but I shall bestow none of my bounties upon an alms-house of idle people; and for the same reason I shall not think it a reproach to me if I had withheld my charity from those common beggars. But we prescribe better rules than we are able to practise; we are ashamed not to give into the mistaken manners of our country: but at the same time, I cannot but think it a reproach worse than that of common swearing, that the idle and the abandoned are suffered, in the name of heaven and all that is sacred, to extort from Christian and tender minds a supply to a profligate way of life, that is always to be supported, but never relieved.’

MARTYN.

Z.

No 233. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1711.

— *Triumpsum hinc cum nostri undique ferunt.*  
*Aut Deum ille deus hauriunt interpres dicunt.*  
 VIRG. *Ecl. x. ver. 60.*

As if by these, my sufferings I could ease;  
 Or by my pains the God of Love appease.  
 DRYDEN.

I SHALL, in this paper, discharge myself of the promise I have made to the public\*, by obliging them with a translation of the little Greek manuscript, which is said to have been a piece of those records that were preserved in the temple of Apollo, upon the promontory of Leucate. It is a short history of the Lover's Leap, and is described, An account of persons, male and female, who offered up their vows in the temple of the Pythian Apollo, in the forty-sixth Olympiad, and leaped from the promontory of Leucate into the Ionian Sea, in order to cure themselves of the passion of love.

This account is very dry in many parts, as only mentioning the name of the lover who leaped, the person he leaped for, and relating, in short, that he was either cured, or killed, or maimed by the fall. It indeed gives the names of so many who died by it, that it would have looked like a bill of mortality, had I translated it at full length; I have therefore made an abridgment of it, and only extracted such particular passages as have something extraordinary, either in the cure, or the cure, or in the fate of the person who is mentioned in it. After this short preface, take the account as follows:

Battus, the son of Menalcas the Sicilian, leaped for Bombyca the musician; got rid of his passion with the loss of his right leg and arm, which were broken in the fall.

Melina, in love with Daphnis, very much bruised, but escaped with life.

Cynara, the wife of Alcibiades, being in love with Myrus; and Alcibiades her husband being in love with Lavilla; (which had made this married couple very uneasy in one another for several years) both the husband and the wife took the leap by consent; they both of them escaped, and have lived very happily together ever since.

Larissa, a virgin of Thracia, deserted by Plexippus, after a courtship of three years; she stood upon the brow of the promontory for some time, and after having thrown down a ring, a bracelet, and a little picture, with other presents which she had received from Plexippus, she threw herself into the sea, and was taken up alive.

N. B. Larissa, before she leaped, made an offering of a silver Cupid in the temple of Apollo.

Almeris, in love with Daphnis, the Myndian, perished in the fall.

Chiron, the brother of Sappho, in love with Rhodope the courtesan, having spent his whole estate upon her, was advised by his mother to leap in the beginning of his amours; but would not bearken to her till he was reduced to his last estate; being forsaken by Rhodope, at length resolved to take the leap. Perished in it.

Arctura, a beautiful youth of Ephesus, in love with Phaedra, the wife of Theophrastus, escaped without damage, saving only that two of his fore-teeth were struck out, and his nose a little lacerated.

Cleora, a widow of Ephesus, being inconsolable for the death of her husband, was resolved to take this leap in order to get rid of her passion for his memory; but being arrived at the promontory, she there met with Diarmachus the Milesian, and, after a short conversation with him, laid aside the thoughts of her leap, and married him in the temple of Apollo.

N. B. Her widow's weeds are still seen hanging up in the western corner of the temple.

Olphis, the fisherman, having received a box on the ear from Thestylis the day before, and being determined to have no more to do with her, leaped, and escaped with life.

Atalanta, an old maid, whose cruelty had several years before driven two or three despairing lovers to this leap; being now in the fifty-fifth year of her age, and in love with an officer of Sparta, broke her neck in the fall.

Hipparchus, being passionately fond of his own wife, who was enamoured of Ithyllus, leaped, and died of his fall; upon which his wife married her gailant.

Tetlyx, the dancing-master, in love with Olympea, an Athenian matron, threw himself from the rock with great agility, but was crippled in the fall.

Diagoras, the runner, in love with his cook-maid; he perished several times over the precipice, but his heart mending him, he went back, and married her that evening.

Clorinda, after having entered his own name in the Pythian records, being asked the name of the person whom he leaped for, and being ashamed to discover it, he was set aside, and not suffered to leap.

Lanica, a maid of Paphos, aged sixteen, in love with Eurybates. Mort in the fall, but recovered.

N. B. This was the second time of her leaping. Hyperas, a young man of Tarentum, in love with his master's daughter. Drowned, the boat not coming in soon enough to his relief.

Sappho, the Lesbian, in love with Phaon; arrived at the temple of Apollo, habited like a bride, in garments as white as snow. She wore a garland of myrtle on her head, and carried in her hand the little musical instrument of her own invention. After having sung an hymn to Apollo, she hung up her garland on one side of his altar, and her harp on the other. She then tucked up her vestments like a Spartan virgin, and called thousands of spectators, who were anxious for her safety, and offered up vows for her deliverance, marched directly forwards to the utmost recess of the promontory, where, after having repeated a stanza of her own verses, which we could not hear, she threw herself off the rock with such an impetuosity as was never before observed in any who had attempted that dangerous leap. Many who were present said, that they saw her fall into the sea, from whence she never rose again; though there were others who affirmed that she never came to the bottom of her leap, but that she was changed into a swan as she fell, and that they saw her hovering in the air under that shape. Not whether or on the whiteness and fluttering of her garments might not deceive those who looked upon her, or whether she might not really be transformed into that comical and unwhimsical bird, is still a doubt among the Lesbians.

Alceus, the famous lyric poet, who had for some time been passionately in love with Sappho, arrived at the promontory of Leucate that very even-

ing, in order to take the leap upon her account; but hearing that Supple had been there before him, and that her body could be in no other place, he very generously refrained from falling, and is said to have written his hundred and twenty-fifth ode upon that occasion.

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ADDRESS.

NOV. 22. WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1771.

TO THE SPECTATOR.

NOV. 25. 1771.

TO THE SPECTATOR.

NOV. 25.

You very often hear people, after a story has been told with some entertaining circumstances, tell it over again with particulars that destroy the jest, but give light to the truth of the narration. This sort of veracity, though it is in a great measure, a thing agreeable in itself, because it proceeds from the love of truth, even in favours of a story. If a honest and sincere do not give an agreeable companion, they do not create friendship for which reason we should allow them as much of our time, if we fall in to their company, as to tell to us the matter that is likely to be a matter of interest, whether the facts be one way or the other. Lies which are told out of arrogance and a temptation, a man should detect in his own defence, because he should not be triumphed over. Lies which are told out of malice he should expose, both for his own sake and that of the rest of mankind, because every man should be able to detect a common enemy; but the officious part, which have argued, is to be excused, because it does some good, and no harm. The man who made more than ordinary speed from a fight in which the Athenians were beaten, and told them they had obtained a complete victory, and put the whole city into the utmost joy and exultation, was checked by the magistrates for his falsehood, but excused himself by saying, 'O Athenians! am I your enemy because I gave you two happy days?' This fellow did to a whole people what an acquaintance of mine does every day he lives, in some eminent degree, to particular persons. He is ever lying people into good humour, and, as Plato said, it was allowable in physicians to lie to their patients to keep up their spirits, I am half doubtful whether my friend's behaviour is not as excusable. His manner is, to express himself surprised at the cheerful countenance of a man whom he observes dissident of himself; and generally by that means makes his lie a truth. He will, as if he did not know any thing of the circumstance, ask one whom he knows at variance with another, what is the meaning that Mr. Such-a-one, naming his adversary, does not applaud him with that heartiness which formerly he has heard him? 'He said, indeed,' continues he, 'I would rather have that man for my friend than any man in England; but for an enemy'—This melts the person he talks to, who expected nothing but downright railery from that side. Accord-

ing as he sees his practice succeed, he goes to the opposite party, and tells him, he cannot imagine how it happens that some people know one another so little. 'You spoke with so much coldness of a gentleman who said more good of you, than let me tell you, any man living deserves.' The success of one of these incidents was, that the next time that one of the party met the other, he met him after him in the public street, and they must crack a bottle at the next tavern, that used to turn out of the other's way to avoid one another's eyes. 'What.' He will tell one he is to be commended by another, say, he will say he gave the woman he speaks to the preference in a particular for which she herself is admired. The pleasantest confusion imaginable is made through the whole town by my friend's indirect offices. You shall have a visit returned after half a year's absence, as I must be railing at each other every day of that time. They meet with a thousand lamentations for a long separation, each party blaming himself for the greatest delinquency, if the other can possibly be so good as to forgive her, which she has no reason in the world, but from the knowledge of her goodness, to hope for. Very often a whole train of rulers of each side tire their horses in settling matters right which they have said during the war between the parties and a whole circle of acquaintances are put into a profound playing party and contentments, instead of the party of anger, envy, detraction, and malice.

The worst evil I ever observed this man's falsehood occasion, has been, that he turned detraction intoattery. He is well skilled in the manners of the world, and by overlooking what men really are, he grounds his attacks upon what they have a mind to be. Upon this foundation, if two distant friends are brought together, and the cement seems to be weak, he never rests till he finds new appearances to take off all remains of ill-will, and that by new misunderstandings they are thoroughly reconciled.

TO THE SPECTATOR.

TO THE SPECTATOR.

Oxford, Nov. 14, 1771.

Tutor arrived in this neighbourhood two days ago one of your gay gentlemen of the town, who being attended at his entry with a servant of his own, besides a countryman he had taken up for a guide, excited the curiosity of the village to learn whence and what he might be. The countryman (to whom they applied as most easy of access) knew little more than that the gentleman came from London to travel and see fashions, and was, as he heard say, a free-thinker. What religion that might be, he could not tell; and for his own part, if they had not told him the man was a free-thinker, he should have guessed, by his way of talking, he was little better than a heathen; excepting only that he had been a good gentleman to him, and made him drunk twice in one day, over and above what they had bargained for.

I do not look upon the simplicity of this, and several odd inquiries with which I shall not trouble you, to be wondered at, much less can I think that our youths of fine wit, and enlarged understandings, have any reason to laugh. There is no necessity that every squire in Great Britain should know what the word Free-thinker stands for; but it were much to be wished, that they who value themselves upon that conceited title, were a little better instructed in what it is to stand for;

\* Meaning, we suppose, railing.

\* It has been

and that they would not persuade themselves a man is really and truly a free-thinker, in any tolerable sense, merely by virtue of his being an atheist, or an infidel of any other distinction. It may be doubted with good reason, whether there ever was in nature a more selfish, slavish, and bigotted generation, than the tribe of beaux esprits at present so prevailing in this island. Their pretension to be free-thinkers, is no other than rakes have to be free-livers, and savages to be free-men; that is, they can think whatever they have a mind to, and give themselves up to whatever conceits the extravagancy of their inclination, or their fancy, shall suggest; they can think as wildly as they talk and act, and will not endure that their wit should be controlled by such formal things as decency and common sense. Deduction, coherence, consistency, and all the rules of reason they accordingly disdain, as too precise and mechanical for men of a liberal education.

'This, as far as I could ever learn from their writings, or my own observation, is a true account of the British free-thinker. Our valiant here, who gave occasion to this paper, has brought with him a new system of common sense, the particulars of which I am not yet acquainted with, but will lose no opportunity of informing myself whether it contains any thing worth Mr. Spectator's notice. In the mean time, sir, I cannot but think it would be for the good of mankind, if you would take this subject into your considerations, and convince the hopeful youth of our nation, that licentiousness is not freedom; or, if such a paradox will not be understood, that a prejudice towards atheism is not impartiality. I am, sir,

Your most humble servant,  
'PHILOKOLA.'

STABLE.

T.

Nº 235. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1711.

Populæus  
*Vincetorum strapius* — FOR. Art. Poet. var. 81  
Aves the tumultuous notes of the pit.  
ROSCOMOLION

TAMER is nothing which lies more within the province of a Spectator than public shows and diversions; and as among these there are some which can pretend to vie with those elegant entertainments that are exhibited to our theatres, I think it particularly incumbent on me to take notice of every thing that is remarkable in such numerous and refined assemblies.

It is observed, that of late years there has been a certain person in the upper-gallery of the play-house, who when he is pleased with any thing that is acted upon the stage, expresses his approbation by a loud knock upon the benches or the wainscot, which may be heard over the whole theatre. The person is commonly known by the name of the 'Trunk-maker in the Upper-gallery.' Whether it be that the blow he gives on these occasions resembles that which is often heard in the shops of such artificers, or that he was supposed to have been a real trunk-maker, who after the finishing of his day's work used to tubenest his mind at these public diversions with his hammer in his hand, I cannot certainly tell. There are some, I know, who have been foolish enough to imagine it is a spirit which haunts the upper-gallery, and from time to time makes these strange noises; and the rather,

because he is observed to be louder than ordinary every time the ghost of Hamlet appears. Others have reported, that it is a dumb man, who has chosen this way of uttering himself when he is transported with any thing he sees or hears. Others will have it to be the playhouse thunderer, that exerts himself after this manner in the upper-gallery, when he has nothing to do upon the roof.

But having made it my business to get the best information I could in a matter of this moment, I find that the trunk-maker, as he is commonly called, is a large black man, whom nobody knows. He generally leans forward on a huge oak plant with great attention to every thing that passes upon the stage. He is never seen to smile; but upon hearing any thing that pleases him, he takes up his staff with both hands, and lays it upon the next piece of timber that stands in his way with exceeding vehemence; after which, he composes himself in his former posture, till such time as something new sets him again at work.

It has been observed, his blow is so well timed, that the most judicious critic could never except against it. As soon as any shining thought is expressed in the poet, or any uncommon grace appears in the actor, he smites the bench or wainscot. If the audience does not concur with him, he smites a second time, and if the audience is not yet awakened, looks round him with great wrath, and repeats the blow a third time, which never fails to produce the clap. He sometimes lets the audience begin the clap of themselves, and at the conclusion of their applause rattles it with a single thwack.

He is of so great use to the playhouse, that it is said a former director of it, upon his not being able to pay his attendance by reason of sickness, kept one in pay to officiate for him until such time as he recovered; but the person so employed, though he laid about him with incredible violence, did it in such wrong places, that the audience soon found out that it was not their old friend the trunk-maker.

It has been remarked, that he has not yet exerted himself with vigour this season. He sometimes piles at the opera; and upon Nicolini's first appearance, was said to have demolished three benches in the fury of his applause. He has broken half a dozen oaken panels upon Dogget\*, and seldom goes away from a tragedy of Shakspeare without leaving the wainscot extremely shattered.

The players do not only condescend at his ostentatious approbation, but very cheerfully repair at their own cost whatever damages he makes. They had once a thought of erecting a kind of wooden anvil for his use, that should be made of a very sound plank, in order to render his strokes more deep and mellow; but as this might not have been distinguished from the music of a kettle-drum, the project was laid aside.

In the meanwhile, I cannot but take notice of the great use it is to an audience, that a person should thus preside over their heads like the director of a concert, in order to awaken their attention, and beat time to their applauses; or to raise my shille, I have sometimes fancied the trunk-maker in the upper-gallery to be like Virgil's ruler of the winds, seated upon the top of a mountain, who when he struck his sceptre upon the

\* An admirable comic actor, many years joint-manager of the play-house with Wilkes and Cibber; and known in the present day, by the elegant contrived badge, which he presented as a prize to be served for by young watermen of the river Thames, on the first of August.

side of it, rowed an hurricane, and set the whole cavern on a fire.\*

It is certain, the trunk-maker has saved many a good play, and brought many a graceful actor into reputation, who would not otherwise have been taken notice of. It is very visible, as the politeness is not a little abused, if they had their claps bestowed into a clasp, when their feet in the upper gallery does not come into it; or the actors do not value themselves upon the claps, but regard it as a mere form of a fashion, or empty name, when it has not the sound of the spoken play in it. I know it has been given out by those who are enemies to the trunk-maker, that he is a creature first taught to be in the interest of a bad poet, or a vicious player; but this is a narrative which has no foundation: the strokes are always just, and his administration reasonable; he does not deal about his blows at random, but always hits the right end upon the head. The inexpressible force wherewith he lays them on, is directly to the end, and the effect of his conviction. The zeal for a good author is indeed outrageous, and breaks down every fence and partition, every board and plank, that stands within the expression of his applause.

As I do not rate for yet desisting my thoughts in barren speculations, or in reports of pure matter of fact, without drawing something from them for the advantage of my countrymen, I shall take the liberty to make an humble proposal, that when ever the trunk-maker shall desert this life, or whenever he shall have lost the spring of his arm by sickness, old age, infirmity, or the like, our ablest and critic should be advanced to this post, and have a competent salary settled on him for life, to be furnished with business for operas, tragedies, comedies, and spoken plays for tragedy, at the public expense. And to the end that this place should be always disposed of according to merit, I would have none preferred to it, who has not given convincing proofs both of a sound judgment, and a strong arm, and who could not, upon occasion, either knock down an ox, or write a comment upon Horace's Art of Poetry. In short, I would have him a due composition of Hercules and Apollo, and so rightly qualified for this important office, that the Trunk-maker may not be misused by our posterity.

ADDISON.

C.

Nº 256. FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1711.

*Dare fura maritus.*

HOEL. AN. POET. VER. 5. L.

With laws conunblat tyrants to restrain.

\* MR. SPECTATOR.

You have not spoken in so direct a manner upon the subject of marriage, as that important case deserves. It would not be improper to observe upon the peculiarity in the youth of Great Britain, of railing and laughing at that institution; and when they fall into it, from a profligate habit of mind, being insensible of the satisfaction in that way of life, and treating their wives with the most barbarous disrespect.

Particular circumstances, and cast of temper, must teach a man the probability of mighty uneasinesses in that state (for unquestionably some there are whose very dispositions are strangely averse to

conjugal friendship); but no one, I believe, is by his own natural complexion prompted to tense and torment another for no reason but being nearly allied to him. And can there be any thing more base, or more to sink a man so much below his own dignifying characteristic (I mean reason), than returning evil for good in so open a manner, as that of treating an helpless creature with unkindness, who has laid in good an opinion of him as to believe what he said relating to one of the greatest concerns of life, by delivering her happiness in this world to his care and protection? Must not that man be abandoned even to all manner of inhumanity, who can deceive a woman with appearances of affection and kindness, for no other end but to torment her with more ease and authority? Is any thing more unlike a gentleman, than when his honour is engaged for the performing his promise, become nothing but that can oblige him to it, to become afterwards false to his word, and he alone the occasion of misery to one whose happiness he but lately pretended was dearer to him than his own? Or is such a one to be trusted in his common affairs? or treated but as one whose honesty consisted only in his incapacity of being otherwise?

There is one cause of this usage no less absurd than common, which takes place among the more unthinking men; and that is, the desire to appear to their friends free and at liberty, and without those trammels they have in such ridiculed. To avoid this they fly into the other extreme, and grow so rant that they may seem masters. Because an uncontrollable command of their own actions is a certain sign of entire dominion, they won't so much as recede from the government even in one mode of their faces. A kind look they believe would be fawning, and a civil answer yielding the superiority. To this rant we attribute an austerity they betray in every action. What but this can put a man out of himself in his wife's company, though he is so distinguishingly pleasant every where else? The bitterness of his replies, and the severity of his frowns, to the tenderest of wives, clearly demonstrate, that an ill-grounded fear of being thought too submissive, is at the bottom of this, as I am willing to call it, affected moroseness; but if it be such, only put on to convince his acquaintance of his entire dominion, let him take care of the consequence, which will be certain, and worse than the present evil; his seeming indulgence will by degrees grow into real contempt, and if it doth not wholly alienate the affections of his wife for ever from him, make both him and her more miserable than if it really did so.

However inconsistent it may appear, to be thought a well-bred person has no small share in this clownish behaviour. A discourse therefore relating to good-breeding towards a loving and a tender wife, would be of great use to this sort of gentlemen. Could you but once convince them, that to be civil at least is not beneath the character of a gentleman, nor even tender affection towards one who would make it reciprocal, betrays any softness or effeminacy that the most masculine disposition need be ashamed of; could you satisfy them of the generosity of voluntary civility, and the greatness of soul that is conspicuous in benevolence without immoderate obligations; could you recommend to people's practice the saying of the gentleman quoted in one of your speculations, "That he thought it incumbent upon him to make the inclinations of a woman of merit go along with her duty?" could you, I say, persuade these men

of the beauty and reasonableness of this sort of behaviour, I have so much charity, for some of them at least, to believe you would convince them of a thing they are only ashamed to allow. Besides, you would recommend that state in its truest, and consequently its most agreeable colours; and the gentlemen, who have for any time been such professed enemies to it, when occasion should serve, would return you their thanks for assisting their interest in prevailing over their prejudices. Marriage in general would by this means be a more easy and comfortable condition; the husband would be so where so well satisfied as in his own parlour, nor the wife so pleasant as in the company of her husband. A desire of being agreeable in the lover would be increased in the husband, and the mistress be more amiable by becoming the wife. Besides all which, I am apt to believe we should find the race of men grow wiser as their progenitors grow kinder, and the affection of their parents would be conspicuous in the wisdom of their children; in short, men would in general be much better humoured than they are, did not they so frequently exercise the worst tempers of their temper where they ought to exert the best.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I AM a woman who left the admiration of this whole town to throw myself (for love of wealth) into the arms of a fool. When I married him, I could have had any one of several men of sense who languished for me; but my case is just. I believed my superior understanding would form him into a tractable creature. But, alas! my spouse has cunning and suspicion, the incomparable companions of little minds; and every attempt I make to divert, by putting on an agreeable air, a sudden cheerfulness, or kind behaviour, he looks upon as the first act towards an insurrection against his undeserved dominion over me. Let every one who is still to choose, and hopes to govern a fool, remember

TRISTRA.

MR. SPECTATOR,

St. Martin's Nov. 25.

THIS is to complain of an evil practice which I think very well deserves a redress, though you have not as yet taken any notice of it; if you mention it to your paper, it may perhaps have a very good effect. What I mean is, the disturbance some people give to others at church, by their repetition of the prayers after the minister; and that not only in the prayers, but also the absolution; and the commandments fare no better, which are in a particular manner the priest's office; this I have known done in so audible a manner, that sometimes their voices have been as loud as his. As little as you would think it, this is frequently done by people seemingly devout. This irreligious in-advertency is a thing extremely offensive; but I do not recommend it as a thing I give you liberty to ridicule, but hope it may be amended by the bare mention.

SIR,

Your very humble servant,

T. A.

T.

STILL.

Nº 237. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1711.

*Plus ca change, plus vite l'est.*

SENECA is dead.

Truth is a great treasure concealed from the blind.

It is very reasonable to believe, that part of the pleasure which happy minds shall enjoy in a future state, will arise from an enlarged contemplation of the divine wisdom in the government of the world, and a discovery of the secret and amazing steps of Providence, from the beginning to the end of time. Nothing seems to be an entertainment more adapted to the nature of man, if we consider that curiosity is one of the strongest and most lasting appetites implanted in us, and that adoration is one of our most pleasing passions; and what a perpetual succession of enjoyments will be afforded to both these, in a scene so large and various as shall then be laid open to our view in the society of superior spirits, who perhaps will join with us in so delightful a prospect!

It is not impossible, on the contrary, that part of the punishment of such as are excluded from bliss, may consist not only in their being denied this privilege, but in having their appetites at the same time vastly increased without any satisfaction afforded to them. In these, the vain pursuit of knowledge shall, perhaps, add to their infelicity, and bewilder them into labyrinths of error, darkness, distraction, and uncertainty of every thing but their own evil state. Milton has thus represented the fallen angels reasoning together in a kind of rapture from their torments, and creating to themselves a new disquiet amidst their very amusements; he could not properly have described the sports of condemned spirits, without that cast of horror and melancholy he has so judiciously mingled with them:

Others apart sat on a hill retired,  
In thoughts more deep, and reason'd high  
Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,  
Fate better, forewill, foreknowledge absolute,  
And lood no end in wandering mazes lost.\*

In our present condition, which is a middle state, our souls are, as it were, chequered with truth and falsehood; and as our faculties are narrow, and our views imperfect, it is impossible but our curiosity must meet with many repulses. The business of mankind in this life being rather to act than to know, their portion of knowledge is dealt to them accordingly.

From hence it is, that the reason of the lapidative has so long been exercised with difficulties, in accounting for the promiscuous distribution of good and evil to the virtuous and the wicked in this world. From hence come all those pathetic complaints of so many tragical events, which happen to the wise and the good; and of such surprising prosperity, which is often the reward of the guilty and the foolish; that reason is sometimes puzzled, and at a loss what to pronounce upon so mysterious a dispensation.

Plato expresses his abhorrence of some fables of the poets, which seem to reflect on the gods as the authors of injustice; and lays it down as a principle, that whatever is permitted to befall a just man, whether poverty, sickness, or any of these things which seem to be evil, shall either in life or

death conduce to his good. My reader will observe how agreeable this maxim is to what we find delivered by a greater authority. Seneca has written a discourse purposely on this subject; in which he takes pains, after the doctrine of the Stoics, to show that adversity is not in itself an evil; and mentions a noble saying of Demetrius, that 'nothing would be more unhappy than a man who had never known affliction.' He compares prosperity to the indulgence of a fond mother to a child, which often proves his ruin; but the affection of the Divine Being to that of a wise father, who would have his son exercised with labour, disappointment, and pain, that he may gather strength and improve his faculties. On one occasion, the philosopher was taken that celebrated sentiment, that there is not on earth a spectacle more worthy the regard of a Creator intent on his works, than a brave man superior to his sufferings; to which he adds, that it is to be a pleasure to Jupiter himself to look down from heaven, and see Cato withstand the arms of his country preserving his integrity.

It is thought will appear yet more reasonable, if we consider human life as a state of probation, and adversity as the part of labour in it, assigned often to the best and most select spirits.

But what I would chiefly print on here, is, that we are not at present in a proper situation to judge of the councils by which Providence acts; sure but little arrives at our knowledge, and even that little we discern imperfectly; or according to the elegant figure in holy writ, 'We see but in part, and as in a glass darkly.' It is to be considered, that Providence in its economy regards the whole system of time and things together, so that we cannot discover the beautiful connection between incidents which lie widely separate in time; and by losing so many links of the chain, our reasoning becomes broken and imperfect. Thus those parts of the moral world which have not an absolute, may yet have a relative beauty, in respect of some other parts concealed from us, but open to His eye before whom 'past,' 'present,' and 'to come,' are set together in one point of view: and thus even, the permission of which seems now to accuse his goodness, may in the consummation of things both magnify his goodness, and exalt his wisdom. And this is enough to check our presumption, since it is in vain to apply our measure of regularity to matters of which we know neither the antecedents nor the consequences, the beginning nor the end.

I shall relieve my readers from this abstracted thought, by relating here a Jewish tradition concerning Moses, which seems to be a kind of parable, illustrating what I have last mentioned. That great prophet, it is said, was called up by a voice from heaven to the top of a mountain; where, in a conference with the Supreme Being, he was permitted to propose to him some questions concerning his administration of the universe. In the midst of this divine colloquy he was commanded to look down on the plain below. At the foot of the mountain there issued out a clear spring of water, at which a soldier nighed from his horse to drink. He was no sooner gone than a little boy came to the same place, and finding a purse of gold which the soldier had dropped, took it up and went away with it. Immediately after this came an infirm old man, weary with age and travelling, and, having quenched his thirst, sat down to rest himself by the side of the spring. The soldier missing his purse returns to search for it, and demands it of the old

man, who affirms he had not seen it, and appeals to heaven in witness of his innocence. The soldier, not believing his protestations, kills him. Moses call on his face with horror and amazement, when the divine voice thus prevented his expostulation: 'He not surprised, Moses, nor ask why the Judge of the whole earth has suffered this thing to come to pass. The child in the occasion that the blood of the old man is spilt; but know, that the old man whom thou sawest was the murderer of that child's father.'

FINIS.

Nº 298. MONDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1711.

*Neque enim propterea ut deservimus mereri;*  
*Imperio quod non est.*

PERSIUS, Sat. iv. ver. 30.

*Plus on a l'orgueil le flatter s'efforce de te voir,*  
*Plus il s'efforce de te plaire, plus il s'efforce de te voir.*  
*Plus il s'efforce de te plaire, plus il s'efforce de te voir.*

PRYDEN.

Among all the diseases of the mind, there is not one more epistomical or more pernicious than the love of flattery. For as where the juices of the body are prepared to receive a malignant influence, there the disease takes with most violence; so in the distemper of the mind, where there is ever a propensity and inclination to suck in the poison, it cannot be but that the whole order of reasonable action must be overturned; for, like made, it

*Non enim sibi sed solummodo laudem, et gratiam optat, et non rationis rationem.*

First we flatter ourselves, and then the flattery of others is sure of success. It awakens our self-love within, a party which is ever ready to revolt from our better judgment, and join the enemy without. Hence it is, that the profusion of favours we so often see poured upon the parasite, are represented to us by our self-love, as justly done to the man who so agreeably reconciles us to ourselves. When we are overcome by such soft insinuations and insinuating compliances, we gladly recompence the artificers that are made use of to blind our reason, and which triumph over the weakness of our temper and inclinations.

But were every man persuaded from how mean and low a principle this passion is derived, there can be no doubt but the person who should attempt to gratify it, would then be as contemptible as he is now successful. It is the desire of some quality we are not possessed of, or inclination to be something we are not, which are the causes of our giving ourselves up to that man, who bestows upon us the characters and qualities of others; which perhaps suit us as ill, and were as little designed for our wearing, as their clothes. Instead of going out of our own complexional nature into that of others, it were a better and more laudable industry to improve our own, and instead of a miserable copy become a good original; for there is no temper, no disposition so rude and untractable, but may in its own peculiar cast and turn be brought to some agreeable use in conversation, or in the affairs of life. A person of a rougher deportment, and less tied up to the usual ceremonies of behaviour, will, like Manly in the play\*, please by the grace which nature gives to every action wherein

\* 1 Cor. xiii. 12.

\* The

, W



she is complied with; the brisk and lively will not want their admirers, and even a more reserved and melancholy temper may at some times be agreeable.

When there is not vanity enough awake in a man to make him, the flatterer stir up that dormant weakness, and inspires him with merit enough to be a corcomb. But if flattery be the most sordid act that can be complied with, the art of prying justly is as commendable; for it is laudable to praise well; as poets at one and the same time give immortality, and receive it themselves for a reward. Both are pleased; the one whilst he receives the recompence of merit, the other whilst he shows he knows how to discern it; but above all, that man is happy in this art, who, like a skillful painter, retains the features and complexion, but still softens the picture into the most agreeable likeness.

There can hardly, I believe, be imagined a more desirable pleasure, than that of praise sweetened with any possibility of flattery. Such was that which Germanicus enjoyed, when, the night before a battle, desirous of some sincere mark of the esteem of his legions for him, he is described by Tacitus listening in a disguise to the discourse of a soldier, and wrapt up in the fruition of his glory, whilst with an undesigned sincerity they praised his noble and majestic mien, his affability, his valour, conduct, and success in war. How much a man have his heart full-blown with joy in such an article of glory as this! What a spur and encouragement still to proceed in those steps which had already brought him to so pure a taste of the greatest of mortal enjoyments!

It sometimes happens, that even caecules and caecious persons bestow the sincerest marks of esteem when they least design it. Such afford a greater pleasure, as extorted by merit, and freed from all suspicion of favour or flattery. Thus it is with Malvolio; he has wit, learning, and discretion, but tempered with an alloy of envy, self-love, and retraction. Malvolio turns pale at the mirth and good-humour of the company, if it center art in his person; he grows jealous and displeased when he ceases to be the only person admired, and looks upon the commendations paid to another as a deduction from his merit, and an attempt to lessen the superiority he affects; but by this very method, he bestows such praise as can never be suspected of flattery. His uneasiness and debates are so many zero and certain signs of another's title to that glory he desires, and has the mortification to find himself not possessed of.

A good nose is still compared to a precious ointment; and when we are pruned with skill and decency, it is indeed the most agreeable perfume; but if too strongly admitted into a brain of a less vigorous and happy texture, it will, like too strong an odour, overcome the senses, and prove pernicious to those nerves it was intended to refresh. A generous mind is at all others the most sensible of praise and dispraise; and a noble spirit is as much invigorated with its due proportion of honour and applause, as it is depressed by neglect and contempt. But it is only persons far above the common level who are thus affected with either of these extremes; as in a thermometer, it is only the purest and most sublimated spirit that is either contracted or dilated by the benignity or lacrimosity of the season.

\* MR. SPECTATOR,

THE translations which you have lately given us from the Greek, in some of your last papers, have been the occasion of my looking into some of those authors; among whom I chanced on a collection of letters which pass under the name of Aristænetes. Of all the remains of antiquity, I believe there can be nothing produced of an air so gallant and polite; each letter contains a little novel or adventure, which is told with all the beauties of language, and heightened with a luxuriance of wit. There are several of them translated; but with such wide deviations from the original, and in a style so far differing from the author's, that the translator seems rather to have taken hints for the expressing his own sense and thoughts, than to have endeavoured to render those of Aristænetes. In the following translation, I have kept as near the meaning of the Greek as I could, and have only added a few words to make the sentences in English sit together a little better than they would otherwise have done. The story seems to be taken from that of Pygmalion and the statue in Ovid; some of the thoughts are of the same turn, and the whole is written in a kind of poetical prose.

#### PHILOPITAX TO CIRONATION.

"NEVER was man more overcome with so fantastical a passion as mine. I have painted a beautiful woman, and am despairing, dying for the picture. My own skill has undone me; it is not the dart of Venus, but my own pencil has thus wounded me. Ah, me! with what anxiety am I accustomed to adore my own ideal! How pleasurable am I, whilst every one meets as much pity the painter as he praises the picture, and avows my talent more than equal to my art. But why do I thus complain? Have there not been more unhappy and unnatural passions than mine? Yes, I have seen the representations of Phædra, Narcissus, and Pausanias. Phædra was unhappy in her love; that of Pausanias was monstrous; and whilst the other caught at his beloved likeness, he destroyed the watery image, which ever closed his embraces. The fountain represented Narcissus to himself, and the picture both that and him, thirsting after his adored image. But I am yet less unhappy, I enjoy her presence continually, and if I touch her, I destroy not the beautiful form, but she looks pained, and a sweet smile sits in the charming space which divides her lips. One would swear that voice and speech were hanging out, and that each ear felt the melodious sound. How often have I, deceived by a lover's credulity, besetmired if she had not something to whisper me! and when frustrated of my hopes, how often have I taken my revenge in kisses from her cheeks and eyes, and softly wooed her to my embrace, whilst she (as to me it seemed) only withheld her tongue the more to seduce me. But, madman that I am, shall I be thus taken with the representation only of a beautiful face, and flowing hair, and thus waste myself and melt to tears for a shadow! Ah, rare it is something more. It is a reality! for see her beauties shine and with new lustre, and she seems to upbraid me with unkind reproaches. Oh may I have a living mistress of this form, that when I shall compare the work of nature with that of art, I may be still at a loss which to choose, and be long perplexed with the pleasing uncertainty."

N° 230. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1711.

— *Deo, &c. &c. &c.*  
*Ad. A. &c. &c.*  
 — *Wm. &c. &c. &c.*  
 — *Ad. A. &c. &c.*

I HAVE sometimes thought of you. If with consideration the several methods of reasoning in debate which have obtained in the world.

The first race of mankind used to dispute, as our ordinary people do now a days, in a kind of wild logic excited by the heat of wit.

Socrates introduced a method of disputing. He would ask his adversary question upon question, until he had so twisted him out of his own sense, that his opinions were wrong. This way of disputing drives an enemy up into a corner, unless all the power of sophistry which he can make use of, escape, and forces him to surrender at discretion.

Aristotle changed this method of attack, and invented a great variety of little weapons, called syllogisms. As in the Socratic way of dispute you agree to every thing which an opponent advances, in the Aristotelian, you are still denying and contradicting some part or other of what he says. Socrates conquers you by strategy, Aristotle by force. The one takes the town by surprise, the other word in hand.

The universities of Europe, for many years, carried on their debates by syllogisms, in such that we are the knowledge of several centuries laid out into objections and answers, and all the good sense of the age cut and mangled to almost an insupportable of duncery.

When our universities found that there was no end of wrangling this way, they invented a little but argument, which is not reducible to any sort of figure in Aristotle. It was called the Argumentum Brillorum, others write it Brachmum or Brachmum, which is pretty well expressed in our English word Clubbism. When they were not able to confute their antagonist, they knocked him down. It was their method in these polemical debates, first to discharge their syllogisms, and afterwards to beat themselves to their clubs, till such time as they had one way or other confounded their gainers. There is in Oxford a narrow defile (to make use of a military term), where the parties used to encounter; for which reason it still retains the name of Logic-lane. I have heard an old gentleman, a physician, make his boast, that when he was a young fellow, he marched several times at the head of a troop of Scotsmen\*, and cudgelled a body of Smiglesians†, half the length of High street, till they had dispersed themselves for shelter into their respective garrisons.

This humour, I find, went very far in Erasmus's time. For that author tells us, that upon the revival of Greek letters, most of the universities in Europe were divided into Greeks and Trojans. The latter were those who bore a mortal enmity to the language of the Grecians, inasmuch that if they met with any who understood it, they did not fail to strike him as a foe. Erasmus himself had, it seems, the misfortune to fall into the hands of a party of Trojans, who laid him on with so many blows and buffets that he never forgot their hostilities to his dying day.

\* The followers of Duns Scotus.

† The followers of Martin Smiglesius.

There is a way of managing an argument not much unlike the former, which is made use of by states and communities, when they draw up an hundred thousand disputants on each side, and converse one another by dint of sword. A certain grand monarch\* was so sensible of his strength in the way of reasoning, that he writ upon his great gun — *Deus est in armis*. The logic of kings; but, lest he should be thought to be too pretty well buffed at his own weapon. When one is to do with a philosopher of this kind, one should remember the old gentle man's saying, who had been engaged in an argument with one of the Roman emperors. Upon his friend's telling him, that he wondered he would give up the question, when he had visibly the better of the dispute; 'I am never ashamed,' says he, 'to be confuted by one who is master of fifty legions.'

I shall but just mention another kind of reasoning, which may be called arguing by poll; and another which is of equal force, in which wagers are made out of my arguments, according to the celebrated law in Hudibras‡.

But there is a notable way of managing a controversy, by that which we may call arguing by torture. This is a method of reasoning which has been made use of with the poor refugees, and which was so fashionable in our country during the reign of Queen Mary, that a passage of an author§ quoted by Mr. Herbert Boyle, it is said the price of work was raised in England, by reason of the executions that were made in Smithfield. These disputants convince their adversaries with a vortex, commonly called a pile of faggots. The rack is also a kind of syllogism which has been used with good effect, and has made multitudes of converts. Men were so easily disputed out of their doubts, reconciled to truth by force of reason, and won over to opinions by the random, sense, and ingenuity of those who had the right on their side; but this method of conviction operated too slowly. Pain was found to be much more enlightening than reason. Every temple was looked upon as obstinacy, and not to be removed but by several engines invented for that purpose. In a word, the application of whips, racks, gibbets, gallies, dungeons, fire and faggot, in a dispute, may be looked upon as popish refinements upon the old heathen logic.

There is another way of reasoning which seldom fails, though it be of a quite different nature to that I have last mentioned. I mean, convincing a man by ready money, or, as it is ordinarily called, bribing a man to an opinion. This method has often proved successful, when all the others have been made use of to no purpose. A man who is quashed with arguments from the mint, will converse his antagonist much sooner than one who draws them from reason and philosophy. Gold is a wonderful clearer of the understanding; it dispates every doubt and scruple in an instant; accommodates itself to the meanest capacities; silences the loud and clamorous, and brings over the most obstinate and inflexible. Philip of Macedon was a man of most invincible reason this way. He refuted by it all the wisdom of Athens, confounded their statesmen, struck their orators dumb, and at length argued them out of all their liberties.

\* Louis XIV.

† Adrian.

‡ Quoth she, I've heard old cunning stagers say, Fools for arguments use wagers.

§ And. Ammonius.

¶ An Argument in Favour of which one opinion or argument is accumulated.

Having here touched upon the several methods of disputing, as they have prevailed in different ages of the world, I shall very suddenly give my reader an account of the whole art of cavilling; which shall be a full and satisfactory answer to all such papers and pamphlets as have yet appeared against the Spectator;

ADMON.

C.

N<sup>o</sup> 240. WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1711.

— After night, come, I beseech

MART Ep. xvii. l. l.

Of such materials, sir, are books composed.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I AM of one of the most genteel trades in the city, and understand thus much of liberal education, as to have an ardent ambition of being useful to mankind, and to think that the chief end of being, as to this life. I had these good impressions given me from the handsome behaviour of a learned, generous and wealthy man towards me, when I first began the world. Some dissatisfaction between me and my parents made me enter into it with less relish of business than I ought; and to turn off this uneasiness I gave myself to criminal pleasures, some excesses, and a general loose conduct. I know not what the excellent man above mentioned saw in me, but he descended from the superiority of his wisdom and merit, to throw himself frequently into my company. This made me soon hope that I had something in me worth cultivating, and his conversation made me capable of satisfactions in a regular way, which I had never before imagined. When he was grown familiar with me, he opened himself like a good angel, and told me, he had long laboured to ripen me into a preparation to receive his friendship and advice, both which I should daily command, and the use of any part of his fortune, to apply the measures he should propose to me, for the improvement of my own. I assure you, I cannot recollect the goodness and confusion of the good man when he spoke to this purpose to me, without melting into tears; but in a word, sir, I must hasten to tell you, that my heart burns with gratitude towards him, and he is so happy a man, that it can never be in my power to return him his favours in kind, but I am sure I have made him the most agreeable satisfaction I could possibly, in being ready to serve others to my utmost ability, as far as is consistent with the prudence he prescribes to me. Dear Mr. Spectator, I do not owe to him only the good-will and esteem of my own relations (who are people of distinction), the present ease and plenty of my circumstances, but also the government of my passions, and regulation of my desires. I doubt not, sir, but in your imagination such virtues as these of my worthy friend, bear as great a figure as actions which are more glittering in the common estimation. What I would ask of you, is to give us a whole Spectator upon heroic virtue in common life, which may inspire men to the same generous inclinations, as have by this admirable person been shown to, and raised in,

MR.

Your most humble servant.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I AM a country gentleman, of a good plentiful estate, and live as the rest of my neighbours with

great hospitality. I have been ever reckoned among the ladies the best company in the world, and have access as a sort of favourite. I never came in public but I saluted them, though in great assemblies, all around; where it was seen how graciously I avoided hampering my spurs in their petticoats, whilst I moved amongst them; and on the other side how prettily they curtsied and received me, standing in proper rows, and advancing as fast as they saw their elders, or their betters, dispatched by me. But so it is, Mr. Spectator, that all our good-breeding is of late lost by the unhappy arrival of a courtier, or town gentleman, who came lately among us. This person whenever he came into a room made a profound bow, and fell back, then recovered with a soft air, and made a bow to the next, and so to one or two more, and then took the gross of the room, by passing by them in a conditioned bow till he arrived at the person he thought proper particularly to entertain. This he did with so good a grace and assurance, that it is taken for the present fashion; and there is no young gentleman within several miles of this place has been kissed ever since his first appearance among us. We country gentlemen cannot begin again and learn these fine and reserved airs; and our conversation is at a stand, till we have your judgment for or against kissing by way of civility or salutation; which is impatiently expected by your friends of both sexes, but by none so much as

Your humble servant,

ADAM APPOINTLY.

MR. SPECTATOR,

December 5, 1711.

I WAS the other night at Philaster, where I expected to hear your famous trunk-maker\*, but was unhappily disappointed of his company, and saw another person who had the like ambition to distinguish himself in a noisy manner, partly by vociferation or talking loud, and partly by his bodily agility. This was a very lousy fellow, but withal a sort of hero, who getting into one of the side-boxes on the stage before the curtains drew, was disposed to show the whole audience his activity by leaping over the spikes; he passed from thence to one of the entering doors, where he took snuff with a tolerable good grace, displayed his fine clothes, made two or three feint passes at the curtains with his cane, then faced about and appeared at t'other door. Here he affected to survey the whole house, bowed and smiled at random, and then showed his teeth, which were some of them indeed very white. After this he retired behind the curtains, and obliged us with several views of his person from every opening.

During the time of acting he appeared frequently in the prince's apartment, made use at the bounding-match, and was very forward in the rebellion. If there were no instructions to the contrary, yet this practice must be confessed to diminish the pleasure of the audience, and for that reason presumptuous and unwarrantable; but since her majesty's late command has made it criminal, you have authority to take notice of it.

MR.

Your humble servant,

CHARLES EAST.

T.

STEELE.

\* See N<sup>o</sup> 235.

† About this time there was this dance in the play-hill: "By her Majesty's command, no person to be admitted her-  
hind the scenes."

N<sup>o</sup> 241. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1711.

— — — — —  
*And yet, my dear, I am not  
 for ever*

— — — — —  
 AND IN DECEMBER 4

— — — — —  
 To wonder in the deep the night was only  
 Gaudium in the dark

— — — — —  
 DEVIDEN

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘THOUGH you have considered virtuous love in most of its distresses, I do not remember that you have given any dissertation upon the absence of lovers, or laid down any method how they should support themselves under this long separation, which they are sometimes forced to undergo. I am at present in this unhappy circumstance, having parted with the best of husbands, who is abroad in the service of his country, and may not possibly return for some years. His wits and generous affection while we were together, with the tenderness which he expressed to me at parting, make his absence almost insupportable. I think of him every five or six of the day, and meet him every night in my dreams. I envy that I see pictures in mind of him. I apply myself with more than ordinary diligence to the care of his family and his estate; but this, instead of relieving me, gives me but so many occasions of wishing for his return. I frequent the rooms where I used to converse with him, and not meeting him there, sit down in his chair and fall a weeper. I love to read the books he delighted in, and to converse with the persons whom he esteemed. I visit his picture a hundred times a day, and place myself over against it whole hours together. I pass a great part of my time in the walks where I used to lean upon his arm, and recollect in my mind the discourses which have there passed between us; I look over the several prospects and points of view which we used to survey together, fix my eye upon the objects which he has made me take notice of, and call to mind a thousand agreeable remarks which he has made on those occasions. I write to him by every conveyance, and, contrary to other people, am always in good-humour when an east wind blows, because it seldom fails of bringing me a letter from him. Let me entreat you, sir, to give me your advice upon this occasion, and to let me know how I may relieve myself in this my widowhood.

‘I am, sir,

‘Your very humble servant,

‘ASTERIA.’

Absence is what the poets call death in love, and has given occasion to abundance of beautiful complaints in those authors who have treated of this passion in verse. Ovid’s *Epistles* are full of them. Otway’s *Monimia* talks very tenderly upon this subject:

‘——— It was not kind  
 To leave me like a turtle, here alone,  
 To droop and mourn the absence of my mate.  
 When thou art from me, every place is desert;  
 And I, methinks, am savage and forlorn.  
 Thy presence only ’tis can make me blest,  
 Heal my inquiet mind, and tune my soul.’

The consolations of lovers on these occasions are very extraordinary. Besides those mentioned by Asteria, there are many other natives of comfort which are made use of by absent lovers.

I remember in one of Sendery’s romances, a couple of honourable lovers agreed at their parting to set aside one half hour in the day to think of each other during a tedious absence. The romance tells us, that they both of them punctually observed the time thus agreed upon; and that whatever company or business they were engaged in, they left it abruptly as soon as the clock warned them to retire. The romance further adds, that the lovers expected the return of this stated hour with as much impatience, as if it had been a real resignation, and enjoyed an imaginary happiness, that was almost as pleasing to them as what they would have found from a real meeting. It was an inexpressible satisfaction to these divided lovers, to be assured that each was at the same time employed in the same kind of contemplation, and making equal returns of tenderness and affection.

If I may be allowed to mention a more serious expedient for the alleviating of absence, I shall take notice of one which I have known two persons practise, who joined religion to that elegance of sentiment with which the passion of love generally inspires its votaries. This was, at the return of such an hour, to offer up a certain prayer for each other, which they had agreed upon before their parting. The husband, who is a man that makes a figure in the polite world, as well as in his own family, has often told me, that he could not have supported an absence of three years without this expedient.

Strada, in one of his *Prologues*\*, gives an account of a chimerical correspondence between two friends, by the help of a certain dialstone, which by such virtue in it, that if it touched two several needles, when one of the needles so touched began to move, the other, though at never so great a distance, moved at the same time, and in the same manner. He tells us, that the two friends being each of them possessed of one of these needles, made a kind of a dial-plate, inscribing it with the four and twenty letters, in the same manner as the hours of the day are marked upon the ordinary dial-plate. They then fixed one of the needles on each of these plates in such a manner, that it could move round without impediment, so as to touch any of the four and twenty letters. Upon their separating from one another into distant countries, they agreed to withdraw themselves punctually into their closets at a certain hour of the day, and to converse with one another by means of this their invention. Accordingly, when they were some hundred miles asunder, each of them shut himself up in his closet at the time appointed, and immediately cast his eye upon his dial-plate. If he had a mind to write any thing to his friend, he directed his needle to every letter that formed the words which he had occasion for, making a little pause at the end of every word or sentence, to avoid confusion. The friend, in the mean while, saw his own sympathetic needle moving of itself to every letter which that of his correspondent pointed at. By this means they talked together across a whole continent, and conveyed their thoughts to one another in an instant over cities or mountains, seas or deserts.

If Monsieur Sendery, or any other writer of romance, had introduced a necromancer, who is generally in the train of a knight-errant, making a present to two lovers of a couple of those above-mentioned needles, the reader would not have been a little pleased to have seen them corresponding

\* Book II. prol. 6.

with one another when they were guarded by spikes and watches, or separated by castles and adventures.

In the mean while, if ever this invention should be revived or put in practice, I would propose, that upon the lover's dial-plate there should be written not only the four and twenty letters, but several entire words which have always a place in passionate epistles, as flames, darts, &c. language, absence, Cupid, heart, eyes, hang down, and the like. This would very much abridge the lover's pains in this way of writing a letter, as it would enable him to express the most useful and significant words with a single touch of the needle.

ADDRESS

C.

Nº 212. FRIDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1711

*Creditor ex medio quæ res ardeat, habere*

*Debitum solvitur.*

HOR. Ep. l. 1. 2. ver. 108.

To write on vulgar themes, is thought an easy task.

MR. SPECTATOR,

YOUR speculations do not so generally prevail over men's manners as I could wish. A former paper of your's \* concerning the misbehaviour of people, who are necessarily in each other's company in travelling, ought to have been a lasting admonition against transgressions of that kind. But I had the fate of your quaker, in meeting with a rude fellow in a stage-coach, who entertained two or three women of us (for there was no man besides himself) with language as indecent as ever was heard upon the water. The impertinent observations which the coxcomb made upon our shame and confusion were such, that it is an unspeakable grief to reflect upon them. As much as you have declaimed against dwelling, I hope you will do us the justice to declare, that if the brute has courage enough to send to the place where he saw us all slight together to get rid of him, there is not one of us but has a lover who shall avenge the insult. It would certainly be worth your consideration, to look into the frequent misfortunes of this kind, to which the modest and innocent are exposed, by the licentious behaviour of such as are as much strangers to good breeding as to virtue. Could we avoid hearing what we do not approve, as easily as we can see what is disagreeable, there were some consolation; but since in a box at a play, in an assembly of ladies, or even in a pew at church, it is in the power of a gross coxcomb to utter what a woman cannot avoid hearing, how miserable is her condition who comes within the power of such impertinents! and how necessary is it to repeat invectives against such a behaviour! If the licentious had not utterly forgot what it is to be modest, they would know that offended modesty labours under one of the greatest sufferings to which human life can be exposed. If one of these brutes could reflect thus much, though they want shame they would be moved by their pity, to abhor an impudent behaviour in the presence of the chaste and innocent. If you will oblige us with a Spectator on this subject, and procure it to be pasted against every stage-coach in Great Britain as the law of the journey, you will highly oblige the whole sex, for which you have professed so great

\* Nº 152.

an esteem; and, in particular, the two ladies my late fellow-sufferers, and,

MR,  
Your most humble servant,  
REBECCA RIDGWOOD.

MR. SPECTATOR,

THE matter which I am now going to send you, is an unhappy story in low life, and will recommend itself, so that you must excuse the manner of expressing it. A poor idle drunken weaver in Spitalfields has a faithful laborious wife, who by her frugality and industry had laid by her as much money as purchased her a ticket in the present lottery. She had hid this very privately in the bottom of a trunk, and had given her mother to a friend and confidant, who had promised to keep the secret, and bring her news of the success. The poor adventurer was one day gone abroad, when her careless husband, suspecting she had saved some money, searches every corner, till at length he finds this same ticket; which he immediately carries abroad, sells, and squanders away the money without the wife's suspecting any thing of the matter. A day or two after this, this friend, who was a woman, comes and brings the wife word, that she had a benefit of five hundred pounds. The poor creature, overjoyed, flies up stairs to her husband, who was then at work, and desires him to leave his loom for that evening, and come and drink with a friend of his and her's below. The man received this cheerful invitation as bad humours sometimes do, and, after a cross word or two, told her he would not come. His wife with tenderness renewed her importunity, and at length said to him, "My love! I have within these few months, unknown to you, scraped together as much money as has bought me a ticket in the lottery, and now here is Mrs. Quick come to tell me, that it is come up this morning a five hundred pound prize." The husband replies immediately, "I will, you say, you have no ticket, for I have sold it." The poor woman upon this falls away in a fit, recovers, and is now run distracted. As she had no design to defraud her husband, but was willing only to participate in his good fortune, every one pities her, but thinks her husband's punishment but just. This, sir, is matter of fact, and would, if the persons and circumstances were greater, in a well-wrought play be called *Beautiful Distress*. I have only sketched it out with chalk, and know a good hand can make a moving picture with some materials.

MR, &c.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I AM what the world calls a warm fellow, and by good success in trade I have raised myself to a capacity of making some figure in the world; but so matter for that. I have now under my guardianship a couple of nieces, who will certainly make me run mad; which you will not wonder at, when I tell you they are female virtuosos, and during the three years and a half that I have had them under my care, they never in the least lessened their thoughts towards any one single part of the character of a notable woman. Whilst they should have been considering the proper ingredients for a sack-powder, you should hear a dispute concerning the magnetic virtue of the loadstone, or perhaps the pressure of the atmosphere. Their language is peculiar to themselves, and they seem to express themselves on the meanest trifles with words that

are not of a Latin derivation. But this were supportable still, would they suffer me to enjoy an uninterrupted ignorance; but unless I fall in with their abstracted ideas of things (as they call them) I must not expect to smoke one pipe in quiet. In a late fit of the gout I complained of the pain of that distemper, when my niece Kitty begged leave to assure me, that, whatever I might think, several great philosophers, both ancient and modern, were of opinion, that both pleasure and pain were imaginary distinctions, and that there was no such thing as either in *rerum natura*. I have often heard them affirm, that the fire was not hot; and one day when I, with the authority of an old fellow, desired one of them to put my blue cloke on my knees, she answered, "Sir, I will reach the cloke; but take notice, I do not do it as allowing your description; for it might as well be called yellow as blue; for colour is nothing but the various infractions of the rays of the sun." Miss Molly told me one day, that to say snow was white, is allowing a vulgar error; for as it contains a great quantity of nitrous particles, it might more reasonably be supposed to be black. In short, the young hussies would persuade me, that to believe one's eyes is a sure way to be deceived; and have often advised me, by no means to trust any thing so fallible as my senses. What I have to beg of you now is, to turn one speculation to the due regulation of female literature, so far at least, as to make it consistent with the quiet of such whose fate it is to be liable to its insults; and to tell us the difference between a gentleman that should make chesscakes and raise paste, and a lady that reads Locke, and understands the mathematics. In which you will extremely oblige

Your hearty friend,  
'and humble servant,  
'ABRAHAM THIRIFTY.'

STEELE.

T.

Nº 243. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1711.

*Formam quidem ipsam, Marce filii, et tanquam faciem honesti vides: quæ si oculis cerneretur, mirabiles amores (ut ait Plato) excitaret sapientia.*

TULL. Offic.

You see, my son Marcus, the very shape and countenance, as it were, of virtue; which, if it could be made the object of sight, would (as Plato says) excite in us a wonderful love of wisdom.

I do not remember to have read any discourse written expressly upon the beauty and loveliness of virtue, without considering it as a duty, and as the means of making us happy both now and hereafter. I design therefore this speculation as an essay upon that subject, in which I shall consider virtue no further than as it is in itself of an amiable nature, after having premised, that I understand by the word virtue such a general notion as is affixed to it by the writers of morality, and which by devout men generally goes under the name of Religion, and by men of the world under the name of Honour.

Hypocrisy itself does great honour, or rather justice to religion, and tacitly acknowledges it to be an ornament to human nature. The hypocrite would not be at so much pains to put on the appearance of virtue, if he did not know it was the most proper and effectual means to gain the love and esteem of mankind.

We learn from Hierocles, it was a common say-

ing among the heathens, that the wise man hates nobody, but only loves the virtuous.

Tully has a very beautiful gradation of thoughts to show how amiable virtue is. 'We love a virtuous man,' says he, 'who lives in the remotest parts of the earth, though we are altogether out of the reach of his virtue, and can receive from it no manner of benefit.' Nay, one who died several ages ago, raises a secret fondness and benevolence for him in our minds, when we read his story. Nay, what is still more, one who has been the enemy of our country, provided his wars were regulated by justice and humanity, as in the instance of Pyrrhus, whom Tully mentions on this occasion in opposition to Hannibal. Such is the natural beauty and loveliness of virtue.

Stoicism, which was the pedantry of virtue, ascribes all good qualifications of what kind soever to the virtuous man. Accordingly Cato, in the character Tully has left of him, carried matters so far, that he would not allow any one but a virtuous man to be handsome. This indeed looks more like a philosophical rant than the real opinion of a wise man; yet this was what Cato very seriously maintained. In short, the Stoics thought they could not sufficiently represent the excellence of virtue, if they did not comprehend in the notion of it all possible perfections; and therefore did not only suppose, that it was transcendently beautiful in itself, but that it made the very body amiable, and banished every kind of deformity from the person in whom it resided.

It is a common observation, that the most abandoned to all sense of goodness, are apt to wish those who are related to them of a different character: and it is very observable, that none are more struck with the charms of virtue in the fair sex, than those who by their very admiration of it are carried to a desire of ruining it.

A virtuous mind in a fair body is indeed a fine picture in a good light, and therefore it is no wonder that it makes the beautiful sex all over charms.

As virtue in general is of an amiable and lovely nature, there are some particular kinds of it which are more so than others, and these are such as dispose us to do good to mankind. Temperance and abstinence, faith and devotion, are in themselves perhaps as laudable as any other virtues; but those which make a man popular and beloved, are justice, charity, munificence, in short, all the good qualities that render us beneficial to each other. For which reason even an extravagant man, who has nothing else to recommend him but a false generosity, is often more beloved and esteemed than a person of a much more finished character, who is defective in this particular.

The two great ornaments of virtue, which show her in the most advantageous views, and make her altogether lovely, are cheerfulness and good-nature. These generally go together, as a man cannot be agreeable to others who is not easy within himself. They are both very requisite in a virtuous mind, to keep out melancholy from the many serious thoughts it is engaged in, and to hinder its natural hatred of vice from souring into severity and censoriousness.

If virtue is of this amiable nature, what can we think of those who can look upon it with an eye of hatred and ill-will, or can suffer their aversion for a party to blot out all the merit of the person who is engaged in it? A man must be excessively stupid, as well as that there is no virtue that

there are not men as honest as himself who may differ from him in political principles. Men may oppose one another in some particulars, but ought not to carry their hatred to those qualities which are of so amiable a nature in themselves, and have nothing to do with the points in dispute. Men of virtue, though of different interests, ought to consider themselves as more nearly united with one another, than with the vicious part of mankind, who embark with them in the same civil concerns. We should bear the same love towards a man of honour who is a living antagonist, which Tully tells us, in the forementioned passage, every one naturally does to an enemy that is dead. In short, we should esteem virtue though in a foe, and abhor vice though in a friend.

I speak this with an eye to those cruel treatments which men of all sides are apt to give the characters of those who do not agree with them. How many persons of undoubted probity and exemplary virtue, on either side, are blackened and defamed? How many men of honour exposed to public obloquy and reproach? Those therefore who are either the instruments or abettors in such infernal dealings, ought to be looked upon as persons who make use of religion in promoting their cause, not of their cause to promote religion.

ADDITION.

C.

N° 244. MONDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1711.

— *Judex et cæcitas audis.*

ROM. SET. VI. L. 2. VER. 101.

A Judge of painting you, and man of skill  
CREECH.

MR. SPECTATOR, Covent Garden, Dec. 7.

I CANNOT, without a double injustice, forbear expressing to you the satisfaction which a whole clan of virtuous have received from those hints which you have lately given the town on the cartoons of the infatigable Raphael \*. It should be, methinks, the business of a Spectator to improve the pleasures of sight; and there cannot be a more laudable way to it than recommending the study and observation of excellent drawings and pictures. When I first went to view those of Raphael which you have celebrated, I must confess I was but barely pleased; the next time I liked them better; but at last as I grew better acquainted with them, I fell deeply in love with them; like wise speeches, they sunk deep into my heart: for, you know, Mr. Spectator, that a man of wit may extremely affect one for the present, but if he has not discretion, his merit soon vanishes away: while a wise man that has not so great a stock of wit, shall nevertheless give you a far greater and more lasting satisfaction. Just so it is in a picture that is neatly touched, but not well studied; one may call it a witty picture; though the painter in the mean time may be in danger of being called a fool. On the other hand, a picture that is thoroughly understood in the whole, and well performed in the particulars, that is begun on the foundation of geometry, carried on by the rules of perspective, architecture, and anatomy, and perfected by a good harmony, a just and natural coloring, and such problems and expressions of the mind as are almost peculiar to Raphael; this is what you may justly style a wise picture, and which seldom fails to strike us dumb, till we can assemble all our facul-

ties to make but a tolerable judgment upon it. Other pictures are made for the eyes only, as rattles are made for children's ears; and certainly that picture that only pleases the eye, without representing some well-chosen part of nature or other, does but show what fine colours are to be sold at the colour-shop, and mocks the works of the Creator. If the best imitator of nature is not to be esteemed the best painter, but he that makes the greatest show and glare of colours; it will necessarily follow, that he who can array himself in the most gaudy draperies is best dressed, and he that can speak loudest the best orator. Every man when he looks on a picture should examine it according to that share of reason he is master of, or he will be in danger of making a wrong judgment. If men when they walk abroad would make more frequent observations on those beauties of nature which every moment present themselves to their view, they would be better judges when they saw her well imitated at home. This would help to correct those errors which most pretenders fall into, who are over hasty in their judgments, and will not stay to let reason come in for a share to the decision. It is for want of this that men mistake in this case, and in common life, a wild extravagant pencil for one that is truly bold and great, an impatient fellow for a man of true courage and bravery, hasty and unreasonable actions for enterprises of spirit and resolution, gaudy coloring for that which is truly beautiful, a false and insinuating discourse for simple truth elegantly recommended. The parallel will hold through all the parts of life and painting too; and the virtuous above-mentioned will be glad to see you draw it with your terms of art. As the shadows in a picture represent the serious or melancholy, so the lights do the bright and lively thoughts. As there should be but one forcible light in a picture which should catch the eye and fall on the hero, so there should be but one object of our love, even the Author of nature. These and the like reflections, well improved, might very much contribute to open the beauty of that art, and prevent young people from being possessed by the ill gusto of an extravagant workman that should be imposed upon us.

I AM, SIR,

Your most humble servant.

MR. SPECTATOR,

THOUGH I AM A WOMAN, yet I am one of those who confess themselves highly pleased with a speculation you obliged the world with some time ago \*, from an old Greek poet you call *Simulidae*, in relation to the several natures and distinctions of our own sex. I could not but admire how justly the characters of women in this age fall in with the times of *Simulidae*, there being no one of those sorts I have not at some time or other of my life met with a sample of. But, sir, the subject of this present address are a set of women comprehended, I think, in the sixth species of that speculation, called the *Apris*; the description of which I find to be, "That they are such as are both ugly and ill-natured, who have nothing beautiful themselves, and endeavour to detract from, or ridicule every thing that appears so in others." Now, sir, this sort, as I have been told, is very frequent in the great town where you live; but as my circumstance of life obliges me to reside altogether in the country, though not many miles from Lon-

don, I cannot have met with a great number of them, nor indeed is it a desirable acquaintance, as I have lately found by experience. You must know, sir, that at the beginning of this summer a family of these Apes came and settled for the season not far from the place where I live. As they were strangers in the country, they were visited by the ladies about them, of whom I was one, with an humanity usual in those that pass most of their time in solitude. The Apes lived with us very agreeably our own way till towards the end of the summer, when they began to bethink themselves of returning to town; then it was, Mr. Spectator, that they began to set themselves about the proper and distinguishing business of their character; and as it is said of evil spirits, that they are apt to carry away a piece of the house they are about to leave, the Apes, without regard to common mercy, civility, or gratitude, thought fit to mimic and fall foul on the faces, dress, and behaviour of their innocent neighbours, bestowing abominable censures, and disgraceful appellations, commonly called nick-names, on all of them; and, in short, like true fine ladies, made their honest plainness and sincerity matter of ridicule. I could not but acquaint you with these grievances, as well at the desire of all the parties injured, as from my own inclination. I hope, sir, if you cannot propose entirely to reform this evil, you will take such notice of it in some of your future speculations, as may put the deserving part of our sex on their guard against these creatures; and at the same time the Apes may be sensible, that this sort of mirth is so far from an innocent diversion, that it is in the highest degree that vice which is said to comprehend all others\*.

‘ I am, sir,  
‘ Your humble servant,  
‘ CONSTANTIA FIELD.’

STEELE.

T.

Nº 245. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1711.

*Ficta voluptatis causa sint proxima veris.*

HOR. Ars Poet. v. 338.

Fictions, to please, should wear the face of truth.

THERE is nothing which one regards so much with an eye of mirth and pity as innocence, when it has in it a dash of folly. At the same time that one esteems the virtue, one is tempted to laugh at the simplicity which accompanies it. When a man is made up wholly of the dove, without the least grain of the serpent in his composition, he becomes ridiculous in many circumstances of life, and very often discredits his best actions. The Cordeliers tell a story of their founder St. Francis, that as he passed the streets in the dusk of the evening, he discovered a young fellow with a maid in a corner; upon which the good man, say they, lifted up his hands to heaven with a secret thanksgiving, that there was still so much Christian charity in the world. The innocence of the saint made him mistake the kiss of the lover for a salute of charity. I am heartily concerned when I see a virtuous man without a competent knowledge of the world; and if there be any use in these my papers, it is this, that without representing vice under any false alluring notions, they give my reader an insight into

the ways of men, and represent human nature in all its changeable colours. The man who has not been engaged in any of the follies of the world, or, as Shakspeare expresses it, ‘hackney’d in the ways of men,’ may here find a picture of his follies and extravagancies. The virtuous and the innocent may know in speculation what they could never arrive at by practice, and by this means avoid the snares of the crafty, the corruptions of the vicious, and the reasonings of the prejudiced. Their minds may be opened without being vitiated.

It is with an eye to my following correspondent, Mr. Timothy Doodle, who seems a very well-meaning man, that I have written this short preface, to which I shall subjoin a letter from the said Mr. Doodle.

‘ SIR,  
‘ I could heartily wish that you would let us know your opinion upon several innocent diversions which are in use among us, and which are very proper to pass away a winter night for those who do not care to throw away their time at an opera, or at the playhouse. I would gladly know, in particular, what notion you have of hot-cockles\*; as also, whether you think that questions and commands, mottoes, similes, and cross purposes, have not more mirth and wit in them than those public diversions which are grown so very fashionable among us. If you would recommend to our wives and daughters, who read your papers with a great deal of pleasure, some of those sports and pastimes that may be practised within doors, and by the fire-side, we who are masters of families should be hugely obliged to you. I need not tell you that I would have these sports and pastimes not only merry but innocent; for which reason I have not mentioned either whisk or lanterloo, nor indeed so much as one-and-thirty. After having communicated to you my request upon this subject, I will be so free as to tell you how my wife and I pass away these tedious winter evenings with a great deal of pleasure. Though she be young and handsome, and good-humoured to a miracle, she does not care for gadding abroad like others of her sex: There is a very friendly man, a colonel in the army, whom I am mightily obliged to for his civilities, that comes to see me almost every night; for he is not one of those giddy young fellows that cannot live out of a playhouse. When we are together, we very often make a party at Blind-man’s Bull, which is a sport that I like the better, because there is a good deal of exercise in it. The colonel and I are blinded by turns, and you would laugh your heart out to see what pains my dear takes to hoodwink us, so that it is impossible for us to see the least glimpse of light. The poor colonel sometimes hits his nose against a post, and makes us die with laughing. I have generally the good luck not to hurt myself, but am very often above half an hour before I can catch either of them; for, you must know, we hide ourselves up and down in corners, that we may have the more sport. I only give you this hint as a sample of such innocent diversions as I would have you recommend; and am,

‘ Most esteemed sir,  
‘ Your ever loving friend,  
‘ TIMOTHY DOODLE.’

\* Of this diversion Dr. Ash gives the following definition: —“A play in which one covers his eyes, lays his hand on his back, and guesses who strikes him.” It is derived from the French *haut (high) coquilles (shells)*.

\* Ingratitude.

† So called from their wearing a cord, by way of girdle.



The following letter was occasioned by my last Thursday's paper\* upon the absence of lovers, and the methods therein mentioned of making such absence supportable.

SIR,  
Among the several ways of consolation which absent lovers make use of while their souls are in that state of departure, which you say is death in love, there are some very material ones that have escaped your notice. Among these, the first and most received is a crooked shilling, which has administered great comfort to our forefathers, and is still made use of on this occasion with very good effect in most parts of her majesty's dominions. There are some, I know, who think a crown piece cut into two equal parts, and preserved by the distant lovers, is of more sovereign virtue than the former. But since opinions are divided in this particular, why may not the same persons make use of both? The figure of a heart, whether cut in stone or cast in metal, whether bleeding upon an altar, stuck with darts, or held in the hand of a Cupid, has always been looked upon as talismanic in distresses of this nature. I am acquainted with many a brave fellow, who carries his mistress in the lid of his snuff-box, and by that expedient has supported himself under the absence of a whole campaign. For my own part, I have tried all these remedies, but never found so much benefit from any as from a ring, in which my mistress's hair is platted together very artificially in a kind of *translover's-knot*. As I have received great benefit from this secret, I think myself obliged to communicate it to the public for the good of my fellow-subjects. I desire you will add this letter as an appendix to your consolation upon absence, and so,

Your very humble servant,

T. N.

I shall conclude this paper with a letter from a university gentleman, occasioned by my last Tuesday's paper†, wherein I gave some account of the great feuds which happened formerly in those learned bodies, between the modern Greeks and Trojans.

SIR,  
This will give you to understand, that there is at present in the society whereof I am a member, a very considerable body of Trojans, who, upon a proper occasion, would not fail to declare ourselves. In the meanwhile we do all we can to annoy our enemies by stratagems, and are resolved by the first opportunity to attack Mr. Joshua Barnes‡, whom we look upon as the Achilles of the opposite party. As for myself, I have had the reputation ever since I came from school, of being a trusty Trojan, and am resolved never to give quarter to the smallest particle of Greek, wherever I chance to meet it. It is for this reason I take it very ill of you, that you sometimes hang out Greek colours at the head of your paper, and sometimes give a word of the enemy even to the body of it. When I meet with any thing of this nature, I throw down your speculations upon the table, with that form of words which we make use of when we declare war upon an author,

Grievous cut, even point kept.

\* N° 241.

† N° 239.

‡ Then Greek-professor at Cambridge.

I give you this hint, that you may for the future abstain from any such hostilities at your peril.

TROJAN.

ADDISON.

C.

N° 246. WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1711.

— One day as ye walk by riverside  
O'er the river, where, yonder, is a mill  
Hear ye a voice, that is a voice,  
FROM THAT MILL.

No more was here ever given thee birth,  
Nor ever tender goddess brought thee forth  
Some rugged rock's hard entrails gave thee form,  
And rugged was produced thee in a storm.  
A soul well suited thy tempestuous kind,  
So rough thy manners, so wat'ry thy mind.

POPE.

MR SPECTATOR,

As your paper is part of the equipage of the tea-table, I conjure you to print what I now write to you; for I have no other way to communicate what I have in my to the fair sex on the most important circumstance of life, even "the care of children." I do not understand that you profess your paper is always to consist of matters which are only to entertain the learned and polite, but that it may agree with your design to publish some which may tend to the information of mankind in general; and when it does so, you do more than writing wit and humour. Give me leave then to tell you, that all the abuses that ever you have as yet endeavoured to reform, certainly yet one wanted so much your assistance as the abuse in nursing of children. It is unmerciful to see, that a woman endowed with all the perfections and blessings of nature, can, as soon as she is delivered, turn off her innocent, tender, and helpless infant, and give it up to a woman that is (ten thousand to one) neither in health nor good condition, neither sound in mind nor body, that has neither honour nor reputation, neither love nor pity for the poor babe, but more regard for the money than for the whole child, and never will take further care of it than what by all the encouragement of money and presents she is forced to; like Aep's earth, which would not nurse the plant of another ground, although never so much improved, by reason that plant was not of its own production. And since another's child is no more natural to a nurse, than a plant to a strange and different ground, how can it be supposed that the child should thrive; and if it thrives, and it not imbibes the gross humours and qualities of the nurse, like a plant in a different ground, or like a graft upon a different stock? Do not we observe, that a lamb sucking a goat changes very much its nature, nay even its skin and wool into the goat kind? The power of a nurse over a child, by infusing into it with her milk her qualities and disposition, is sufficiently and daily observed. Hence came that old saying concerning an ill-nursed and malleable fellow, that "he had imbibed his malice with his nurse's milk, or that some brute or other had been his nurse." Hence Remond and Remond were said to have been nursed by a wolf; Telephus the son of Hercules by a hind; Pelias the son of Neptune by a mare; and Achilles by a goat; not that they had actually sucked such creatures, as some superstitious have imagined, but that their nurses had been of such a nature and temper, and infused such into them.

Many instances may be produced from good authorities and daily experience, that children so-



by the name of the censorious. The imagination and elocution of this set of rhetoricians is wonderful. With what a fluency of invention, and copiousness of expression, will they enlarge upon every little slip in the behaviour of another? With how many different circumstances, and with what variety of phrases will they tell over the same story? I have known an old lady make an unhappy marriage the subject of a month's conversation. She blamed the bride in one place; pitied her in another; laughed at her in a third; wondered at her in a fourth; was angry with her in a fifth; and, in short, wore out a pair of coach-horses in expressing her concern for her. At length, after having quite exhausted the subject on this side, she made a visit to the new-married pair, praised the wife for the prudent choice she had made, told her the unreasonable reflections which some malicious people had cast upon her, and desired that they might be better acquainted. The censure and approbation of this kind of women are therefore only to be considered as helps to discourse.

A third kind of female orators may be comprehended under the word gossip. Mrs. Fiddie-fiddle is perfectly accomplished in this sort of eloquence; she launches out into descriptions of christenings, runs divisions upon an head-dress, knows every dish of meat that is served up in her neighbourhood, and entertains her company a whole afternoon together with the wit of her little boy, before he is able to speak.

The coquette may be looked upon as a fourth kind of female orator. To give herself the larger field for discourse, she hates and loves in the same breath, talks to her lap-dog or parrot, is merry in all kinds of weather, and in every part of the room. She has false quarrels and feigned obligations to all the men of her acquaintance; sighs when she is not sad, and laughs when she is not merry. The coquette is in particular a great mistress of that part of oratory which is called action, and indeed seems to speak for no other purpose, but as it gives her an opportunity of stirring a look, or varying a feature, of glancing her eyes, or playing with her fan.

As for news-mongers, politicians, mimics, story-tellers, with other characters of that nature which give birth to loquacity, they are so commonly found among the men and the women; for which reason I shall pass them over in silence.

I have often been puzzled to assign a cause why women should have this talent of ready utterance in so much greater perfection than men. I have sometimes fancied that they have not a retentive power, or the faculty of suppressing their thoughts, as men have, but that they are necessitated to speak every thing they think; and if so, it would perhaps furnish a very strong argument to the Cartesians for the supporting of their doctrine that the soul always thinks. But as several are of opinion that the fair sex are not altogether strangers to the art of dissembling and concealing their thoughts, I have been forced to relinquish that opinion, and have therefore endeavoured to seek after some better reason. To order to it, a friend of mine, who is an excellent anatomist, has promised me by the first opportunity to dissect a woman's tongue, and to examine whether there may not be in it certain fibres which render it so wonderfully volatile or supple, or whether the fibres of it may not be made up of a finer or more pliant thread; or whether there are not in it some particular muscles which dart it up and down by such sudden glances and vibrations; or whether, in the last

place, there may not be certain undiscovered channels running from the head and the heart to this little instrument of loquacity, and conveying into it a perpetual affluency of animal spirits. Nor would I omit the reason which Hicliobas has given\*, why those who can talk on trifles speak with the greatest fluency; namely, that the tongue is like a race-horse, which runs the faster the lower weight it carries.

Which of these reasons soever may be looked upon as the most probable, I think the Irishman's thought was very natural, who after some hours conversation with a female orator told her, that he believed her tongue was very glad when she was asleep, for that it had not a moment's rest all the while she was awake.

That excellent old ballad of The Wanton Wife of Bath, has the following remarkable lines:

‘I think, good Thomas, women’s tongues  
Of open leaves are made.’

And Ovid, though in the description of a very barbarous circumstance, tells us, that when the tongue of a beautiful female was cut out, and thrown upon the ground, it could not forbear mattering even to that posture:

Comprohenso forcipis lingua  
Abscisa exa ferro, ruit; aridæ stridit lingue  
Iam tunc, terræq; tremens insuperat ætæ;  
Opea subita solâ oscillat cœca cadens  
Palliat.

MEY lib. vi. ver. 36.

— The blade had cut  
Her tongue above off, close to the trembling root;  
The mangled part still quiver'd on the ground,  
Murmuring with a faint imperfect sound;  
And as a serpent writhes he wounded trails,  
Useless, panting, and powerless with pain.

CRICCAL.

If a tongue would be talking without a mouth, what could it have done when it had all its organs of speech, and accomplices of sound about it? I might here mention the story of the Pippin Woman, had I not some reason to look upon it as fabulous.

I must confess I am so wonderfully charmed with the music of this little instrument, that I would by no means discourage it. All that I aim at by the dissertation is, to cure it of several disagreeable notes, and in particular of those little jarrings and dissonances which arise from anger, nervousness, gossiping, and coquetry. In short, I would always have it tuned by good-nature, truth, discretion, and sincerity.

ADDISON

\* Part II. quæst. 2. ver. 413.

— Still his tongue ran on the less  
Of weight it bore, with greater ease.

† Reliques of Ancient English Poetry, vol. iii.

‡ This story of Dill, an apple-woman, who, when the Thames was frozen over, was said to have had her head cut off by the ice, is humorously told in Gay's Trivia.

‘The crackling crystal yields; she snicks, she dries;  
Her head, chapt off, from her last shoulders flies;  
Pippins she cry’d, but death her voice contradicts,  
And ppp-ppp along the ice resounds.’

Book II. ver. 395, &c.



N° 249. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1711.

*Laurel, and the Apollo; better manner.*

Fig. Vet. Poet.

Mirth out of season is a grievous ill.

WHEN I make choice of a subject that has not been treated on by others, I throw together my reflections on it without any order or method, so that they may appear rather in the looseness and freedom of an essay, than in the regularity of a set discourse. It is after this manner that I shall consider laughter and ridicule in my present paper.

Man is the merriest species of the creation; all above and below him are serious. He sees things in a different light from other beings, and finds his mirth arising from objects that perhaps raise something like pity or displeasure in higher natures. Laughter is indeed a very good counterpoise to the spleen; and it seems but reasonable that we should be capable of receiving joy from what is so real good to us, since we can receive grief from what is so real evil.

I have in my forty-seventh paper raised a speculation on the notion of a modern philosopher\*, who describes the first motive of laughter to be a secret comparison which we make between ourselves and the persons we laugh at; or, in other words, that satisfaction which we receive from the opinion of some pre-eminence in ourselves, when we see the absurdities of another, or when we reflect on any past absurdities of our own. This seems to hold in most cases, and we may observe that the vainest part of mankind are the most addicted to this passion.

I have read a sermon of a conventual in the church of Rome, on those words of the wise man, 'I said of laughter, it is mad; and of mirth, what does it?' Upon which he laid it down as a point of doctrine, that laughter was the effect of original sin, and that Adam could not laugh before the fall.

Laughter, while it lasts, slackens and unbraces the mind, weakens the faculties, and causes a kind of remissness and dissolution in all the powers of the soul; and thus far it may be looked upon as a weakness in the composition of human nature. But if we consider the frequent relief we receive from it, and how often it breaks the gloom which is apt to depress the mind and damp our spirits, with transient unexpected gleams of joy, we would take care not to grow too wise for so great a pleasure of life.

The talent of turning men into ridicule, and exposing to laughter those our conveniences with, is the qualification of little ungenerous tempers. A young man with this cast of mind cuts himself off from all manner of improvement. Every one has his flaws and weaknesses; nay, the greatest blemishes are often found in the most shining characters; but what an absurd thing is it to pass over all the valuable parts of a man, and fix our attention on his infirmities! to observe his imperfections more than his virtues! and to make use of him for the sport of others, rather than for our own improvement?

We therefore very often find, that persons the most accomplished in ridicule are those who are very shrewd at hitting a blot, without exerting any thing modestly in themselves. As there are many eminent critics who never write a good line, there

are many admirable buffoons that stand erect upon every single defect in another, without ever discovering the least beauty of their own. By this means, these unlucky little wits often gain reputation in the esteem of vulgar minds, and raise themselves above persons of much more laudable characters.

If the talent of ridicule were employed to laugh men out of vice and folly, it might be of some use to the world; but instead of this, we find that it is generally made use of to laugh men out of virtue and good sense, by attacking every thing that is solemn and serious, decent and praise-worthy, in human life.

We may observe, that in the first ages of the world, when the great souls and master-pieces of human nature were produced, men shined by a noble simplicity of behaviour, and were strangers to those little embellishments which are so fashionable in our present conversation. And it is very remarkable, that notwithstanding we fall short at present of the ancients in poetry, painting, oratory, history, architecture, and all the noble arts and sciences which depend more upon genius than experience, we exceed them as much in doggrel, burlesque, and all the trivial arts of ridicule. We meet with more raillery among the moderns, but more good sense among the ancients.

The two great branches of ridicule in writing are comedy and burlesque. The first ridicules persons by drawing them in their proper characters, the other by drawing them quite unlike themselves. Burlesque is therefore of two kinds; the first represents mean persons in the accomplishments of heroes; the other describes great persons acting and speaking like the basest among the people. Don Quixote is an instance of the first, and Lucian's gods of the second. It is a dispute among the critics, whether burlesque poetry runs best in heroic verse, like that of the *Dispenary*; or in doggrel, like that of *Hediburn*. I think, where the low character is to be raised, the heroic is the proper measure; but when an hero is to be pulled down and degraded, it is done best in doggrel.

If *Hediburn* had been set out with as much wit and humour in heroic verse as he is in doggrel, he would have made a much more agreeable figure than he does; though the generality of his readers are so wonderfully pleased with the double rhyme, that I do not expect many will be of my opinion in this particular.

I shall conclude this essay upon laughter with observing, that the metaphor of laughing, applied to fields and meadows when they are in flower, or to trees when they are in blossom, runs through all languages; which I have not observed of any other metaphor, excepting that of fire and burning when they are applied to love. This shows that we naturally regard laughter, as what is in itself both amiable and beautiful. For this reason likewise *Venus* has gained the title of *psalms*, 'the laughter-loving dame,' as *Walker* has translated it, and is represented by *Horace* as the goddess who delights in laughter. *Milton*, in a joyous assembly of imaginary persons, has given us a very perfect figure of laughter. His whole band of mirth is so finely described, that I shall set down the passage at length:

\* But come these goddess fair and free,  
In heart's yeild's Exultation,  
And by mine, heart-sung Mirth,  
To wake lovely Vexes at a birth  
With two sister Graces more,  
To try crown'd Bacchus here



tices. But this irregularity in vision, together with such enormities as tipping the wink, the circum-spective roll, the side-peep through a thin hood or fan, must be put in the class of heteroptics, as all wrong notions of religion are ranked under the general name of heterodox. All the pernicious applications of sight are more immediately under the direction of a Spectator; and I hope you will arm your readers against the mischiefs which are daily done by killing eyes, in which you will highly oblige your wounded unknown friend.

"T. R."

"MR. SPECTATOR,

You professed in several papers your particular endeavours in the province of Spectator, to correct the offences committed by Sturrs, who disturb whole assemblies without any regard to time, place, or modesty. You complained also, that a Sturser is not usually a person to be convinced by the reason of the thing, nor so easily rebuked as to amend by admonitions. I thought, therefore, fit to acquaint you with a convenient mechanical way, which may easily prevent or correct staring, by an optical contrivance of new perspective-glasses, short and commodious like opera-glasses, fit for short-sighted people as well as others, these glasses making the objects appear either as they are seen by the naked eye, or more distinct, though somewhat less than life, or bigger and nearer. A person may, by the help of this invention, take a view of another without the impertinence of staring; as the same thus, it shall not be possible to know whom or what he is looking at. One may look towards his right or left hand, when he is supposed to look forwards. This is set forth at large in the printed proposals for the sale of these glasses, to be had at Mr. Dillan's in Long-acre, next door to the White-Hart. Now, Sir, as your Spectator has occasioned the publishing of this invention for the benefit of modest spectators, the inventor desires your admonitions concerning the decent use of it; and hopes, by your recommendation, that for the future beauty may be beheld without the torture and confusion which it suffers from the insolence of Sturrs. By this means you will relieve the innocent from an insult which there is no law to punish, though it is a greater offence than many which are within the cognizance of justice.

I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

ABRAHAM STY.

N<sup>o</sup> 251. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1711.

— Linguae confusæ sunt, utriusque confusæ.  
TITUS L.

VIRG. ÆN. VI. VER. 625.

— A hundred mouths, a hundred tongues,  
And thousands of brass trumpet with less tongue.  
DRYDEN

THERE is nothing which more astonishes a foreigner, and frights a country squire, than the Cries of London. My good friend Sir Roger often declares, that he cannot get them out of his head, or go to sleep for them, the first week that he is in town. On the contrary, Will Honeycomb calls them the *rumage de la ville*, and prefers them to

the sounds of larks and nightingales, with all the music of the fields and woods. I have lately received a letter from some very odd fellow upon this subject, which I shall leave with my reader, without saying any thing farther of it.

"SIR,

I AM a man out of all business, and would willingly turn my head to any thing for an honest livelihood. I have invented several projects for raising many millions of money without burdening the subject, but I cannot get the parliament to listen to me, who look upon me, forsooth, as a crack, and a projector; so that despairing to enrich either myself or my country by this public-spiritedness, I would make some proposals to you relating to a design which I have very much at heart, and which may procure me a handsome subsistence, if you will be pleased to recommend it to the cities of London and Westminster.

The post I would aim at, is to be comptroller-general of the London Cries, which are at present under no manner of rules or discipline. I think I am pretty well qualified for this place, as being a man of very strong lungs, of great insight into all the branches of our British trades and manufactures, and of a competent skill in music.

The Cries of London may be divided into vocal and instrumental. As for the latter, they are at present under a very great disorder. A freeman of London has the privilege of disturbing a whole street for an hour together, with the twanking of a brass kettle or a frying-pan. The watchman's trumpet at midnight startles us to our beds, as much as the breaking in of a thief. The newgelder's horn has indeed something musical in it, but this is seldom heard within the liberties. I would therefore propose, that no instrument of this nature should be made use of, which I have not touched and licensed, after having carefully examined in what manner it may affect the ears of her majesty's subjects.

Vocal cries are of a much larger extent, and indeed so full of incongruities and barbarisms, that we appear a distracted city to foreigners, who do not comprehend the meaning of such enormous outcries. Milk is generally sold in a note above E-flat, and in sounds so exceeding shrill, that it often sets our teeth on edge. The chimney-sweeper is confined to no certain pitch; he sometimes utters himself in the deepest base, and sometimes in the sharpest treble; sometimes in the highest, and sometimes in the lowest note of the gamut. The same observation might be made on the retailers of small-coal, not to mention broken glasses, or brick-dust. In these, therefore, and the like cases, it should be my care to sweeten and mellow the voices of these itinerant tradesmen, before they make their appearance in our streets, so also to accommodate their cries to their respective wares; and to take care in particular, that those may not make the most noise who have the least to sell, which is very observable in the vendors of card-matches, to whom I cannot but apply that old proverb of "Much cry, but little wool."

Some of these last-mentioned musicians are very head in the sale of these trifling manufactures, that a honest splenetic gentleman of my acquaintance bargained with one of them never to come into the street where he lived. But what was the effect of this contract? Why, the whole tribe of card-match-makers which frequent that quarter, passed by his door the very next day, in hopes of being bought off after the same manner.

'It is another great imperfection in our London Cries, that there is no just time nor measure observed in them. Our news should indeed be published in a very quick time, because it is a commodity that will not keep cold. It should not, however, be cried with the same precipitation as fire. Yet this is generally the case. A bloody battle alarms the town from one end to another in an instant. Every motion of the French is published in so great a hurry, that one would think the enemy were at our gates: This likewise I would take upon me to regulate in such a manner, that there should be some distinction made between the spreading of a victory, a march, or an encampment, a Dutch, a Portugal, or a Spanish mail. Nor must I omit under this head those excessive alarms with which several boisterous rustics infest our streets in turnip-season; and which are more inexcusable, because these are wares which are in no danger of cooling upon their hands.

'There are others who affect a very slow time, and are in my opinion much more tuneable than the former. The cooper in particular swells his last note in an hollow voice, that is not without its harmony; nor can I forbear being inspired with a most agreeable melancholy, when I hear that sad and solemn air with which the public are very often asked, if they have any chairs to mend? Your own memory may suggest to you many other lamentable ditties of the same nature, in which the music is wonderfully languishing and melodious.

'I am always pleased with that particular time of the year which is proper for the pickling of dill and cucumbers; but, alas! this cry, like the song of the nightingale, is not heard above two months. It would therefore be worth while to consider, whether the same air might not in some cases be adapted to other words.

'It might likewise deserve our most serious consideration, how far, in a well regulated city, those humorists are to be tolerated, who, not contented with the traditional cries of their forefathers, have invented particular songs and tunes of their own: such as was, not many years since, the pastry-man,

commonly known by the name of the Colly-Molly-Puff\*; and such as is at this day the venter of powder and wash-halls, who, if I am rightly informed, goes under the name of Powder-Watt.

'I must not here omit one particular absurdity which runs through this whole vociferous generation, and which renders their cries very often not only incommodious, but altogether useless to the public. I mean, that idle accomplishment which they all of them aim at, of crying so as not to be understood. Whether or no they have learned this from several of our affected singers, I will not take upon me to say; but most certain it is, that people know the wares they deal in rather by their tones than by their words; inso much that I have sometimes seen a country boy run out to buy apples of a bellows-mender, and ginger-bread from a grinder of knives and scissars. Nay, so strangely infatuated are some very eminent artists of this particular grace in a cry, that none but their acquaintance are able to guess at their profession; for who else can know, that "work if I had it," should be the signification of a corn-cutter?

'Forasmuch, therefore, as persons of this rank are seldom men of genius or capacity, I think it would be very proper that some man of good sense and sound judgment should preside over these public cries, who should permit none to lift up their voices in our streets, that have not tunable throats, and are not only able to overcome the noise of the crowd, and the rattling of coaches, but also to vent their respective merchandises in apt phrases, and in the most distinct and agreeable sounds. I do therefore humbly recommend myself as a person rightly qualified for this post; and if I meet with fitting encouragement, shall communicate some other projects which I have by me, that may no less conduce to the emolument of the public.

'I am, sir, &c.

'RALPH CROTCHET.'

C.

ADDISON.

\* There is a print of this man in the Set of London Cries, M. Lauron, del. P. Tempest, etc. as we learn from Grainger's Biographical History of England:



# THE SPECTATOR.

VOL. IV.

## TO THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

MY LORD,

As it is natural to have a fondness for what has cost so much time and attention to produce, I hope your Grace will forgive my endeavour to

\* John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, and Prince of the Holy Roman Empire, one of the ablest statesmen, and most polite courtiers, as well as one of the greatest generals, and most illustrious heroes of his age, was the son of Sir Winston Churchill, of Weston Bassett, in Wiltshire, and born at Ashe, in Devonshire, June 24, 1650. He was at first page of honour to James Duke of York; but being strongly inclined to a military life, he obtained, at the age of sixteen, an ensigncy in the guards, and to that quality served against the Moors at Tangier. In the war with the Dutch in 1672, he served under the Duke of Monmouth in the French army, where he distinguished himself so much by his gallantry and conduct, that he received the thanks of the French monarch at the head of the army. The Duke of Monmouth too, at his return to England, declared to King Charles the Second, that 'he owed his life at the siege of Maastricht to the bravery of Captain Churchill.' This opened the way for his further advancement; and he was accordingly appointed lieutenant-colonel of Littleton's regiment, and gentleman of the bed-chamber, and master of the robes to James Duke of York. This post he afterwards attended to the Low Countries, and to Scotland; and it was by the interest of his royal highness, that, in 1682, he was made Baron of Lynskey, and colonel of the third troop of guards. Upon the accession of King James to the throne, he was created Baron Churchill, of Bredridge, in the county of Bedford, and made brigadier-general of his majesty's army; and in this last capacity he had a considerable share in suppressing the Duke of Monmouth's rebellion. Great, however, as were the obligations which he lay under to his sovereign, those which he owed to his country were, in his opinion, much greater; for when the new King James taking sides to and destroying the religion and liberties of his country, he immediately deserted him, and went over to the Prince of Orange. In the subsequent reign he enjoyed the same influence which he had possessed in the preceding. He was sworn of the privy-council, made one of the gentlemen of the queen's bed-chamber, and created Earl of Marlborough. He afterwards served with great reputation, both in Flanders and in Ireland; but, in 1692, he was dismissed from all his employments, and even driven into the tower on a suspicion of high treason. The suspicion, however, appearing, upon examination, to be altogether groundless, he was restored to freedom, and appointed governor to the Duke of Gloucester, whom King William delivered into his hands with this remarkable expression, 'My lord, make him but what you err, and my nephew will be all that I wish to see him.' Upon the accession of Queen Anne to the throne, he was made a knight of the garter, and captain-general of her majesty's forces, and sent over to Holland with the character of ambassador extraordinary, and plenipotentiary. The states too, in recompense to the queen, and as a proof of their being sensible of the earl's own merit, constituted him captain-general of their forces, and assigned him a pen-

preserve this work from oblivion, by affixing to it your memorable name.

I shall not here presume to mention the illustrious passages of your life, which are celebrated by the whole age, and have been the subject of the most sublime pens; but if I could convey you to posterity in your private character, and de-

sion of one hundred thousand sesterling per annum. To relate all the achievements he performed during the ten years that ensued, i. e. from 1702 to 1712, would be almost to give a history of Queen Anne's reign. It may be sufficient here to observe, that he defeated the French armies, though headed by their ablest generals, and always superior to him in point of number, in several pitched battles, at Blenheim, at Ramillies, at Oudenarde, at Malplaquet, &c.; that he reduced almost every place of importance in the French and Spanish Netherlands; saved the empire; secured the United Provinces; ruled the glory and consequence of Great Britain; and humbled the pride of the French monarch to such a degree, that that ambitious prince, who, but a few years before, had retired, in imagination, the dominions of all his neighbours, now began, in earnest, to tremble for his own. In a word, it may be said of this general, what can hardly be said of any other, that he never fought a battle which he did not gain, nor ever besieged a town which he did not take. Even in the earlier part of his life, he gave evident signs of what he afterwards proved. Prince Vaudemont, it is said, delivered himself to King William in the following terms: 'There is somewhat in the Earl of Marlborough, that I want words to express; he has all the fierceness of Kirin, all the judgment of Lancelot, all the conduct of Mackay, and all the sobriety of Colchester; and either my skill is soon deceived, or, which yet is uncertain, or he will make a greater figure as a general, than any subject your majesty has.' The king smiled, and replied, 'Marlborough is obliged to you; but I really believe you will lose no credit by your prediction.' His great merit met with a suitable reward. He was associated, six different times, with the thanks of the house of commons, was created a duke, had a pension of five thousand pounds a year settled upon him out of the post-office revenue, and was promoted with the honour of Woodstock and the hundred of Watton, where the queen caused to be erected for him a noble edifice, called Strathmore-house, in memory of the victory which he had gained at that place. He was likewise created a prince of the empire, by the title of Prince of Milchemtein, in the province of Saxe. His prudence and moderation were equal to his other great qualities. For when, upon the change of the ministry in 1714, he found his interest at court considerably diminished, or rather totally annihilated, he still continued to serve his country in his military capacity; and when stripped of his command about two years after, and even unjustly and unjustly persecuted, instead of embarking the administration by his personal disputes, he retired into a foreign country, where he remained till the decease of Queen Anne; and returning to England at the accession of King George the First, he was by that prince re-instated in all his former employments. He died June 16, 1722, in the seventy-third year of his age, and was interred with great funeral pomp in Westminster Abbey.

scribe the stature, the behaviour, and aspect of the Duke of Marlborough, I question not but it would fill the reader with more agreeable images, and give him a more delightful entertainment, than what can be found in the following, or any other book.

One cannot, indeed, without offence to yourself, observe, that you excel the rest of mankind in the least, as well as the greatest endowments. Nor were it a circumstance to be mentioned, if the graces and attractions of your person were not the only pre-eminence you have above others, which is left, almost unobserved, by greater writers.

Yet how pleasing would it be to those who shall read the surprising revolutions in your story, to be made acquainted with your ordinary life and deportment! How pleasing would it be to hear, that the same man who carried fire and sword into the countries of all that had opposed the cause of liberty, and struck a terror into the armies of France, had, in the midst of his high station, a behaviour as gentle as is usual in the first steps towards greatness! And if it were possible to express that easy grandeur, which did at once persuade and command, it would appear as clearly to those to come, as it does to his contemporaries, that all the great events which were brought to pass under the conduct of so well-governed a spirit, were the blessings of Heaven upon wisdom and valour; and all which seem adverse fell out by divine permission, which we are not to search into.

You have passed that year of life wherein the most able and fortunate captain, before your time, declared he had lived enough both to nature and to glory; and your Grace may make that reflection with much more justice. He spoke it after he had arrived at empire by an usurpation upon those whom he had enslaved; but the Prince of Mindelheim may rejoice in a sovereignty which was the gift of him whose dominions he had preserved.

Glory established upon the uninterrupted success of honourable designs and actions, is not subject to diminution; nor can any attempts prevail against it, but in the proportion which the narrow circuit of rumour bears to the unlimited extent of fame.

We may congratulate your Grace not only upon your high achievements, but likewise upon the happy expiration of your command, by which your glory is put out of the power of fortune: and when your person shall be so too, that the Author and Disposer of all things may place you in that higher mansion of bliss and immortality which is prepared for good princes, law-givers, and heroes, when he in his due time removes them from the envy of mankind, is the hearty prayer of,

MY LORD,

Your Grace's most obedient,

Most devoted humble servant,

THE SPECTATOR.

Nº 252. WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1711.

*Erranti, passimque oculos per cuncta ferenti.*

VIRG. *Æn.* li. ver. 570.

Exploring every place with curious eyes.

TO THE SPECTATOR,

I AM very sorry to find by your discourse upon the eye\*, that you have not thoroughly studied the nature and force of that part of a beautiful face. Had you ever been in love, you would have said ten thousand things, which it seems did not occur to you. Do but reflect upon the nonsense it makes men talk, the flames which it is said to kindle, the transport it raises, the dejection it causes in the bravest men; and if you do believe those things are expressed to an extravagance, yet you will own, that the influence of it is very great, which moves men to that extravagance. Certain it is, that the whole strength of the mind is sometimes seated there; that a kind look imparts all that a year's discourse could give you, in one moment. What matters it what she says to you? "See how she looks," is the language of all who know what love is. When the mind is thus summed up and expressed in a glance, did you never observe a sudden joy arise in the countenance of a lover? Did you never see the attendance of years paid, overpaid in an instant? You a Spectator, and not know that the intelligence of affection is carried on by the eye only; that good-breeding has made the tongue falsify the heart, and not a part of continual constraint, while nature has preserved the eyes to herself, that she may not be disguised, or misrepresented. The poor bride can give her hand, and say, "I do," with a languishing air, to the man she is obliged by cruel parents to take for mercenary reasons, but at the same time she cannot look as if she loved; her eye is full of sorrow, and reluctance sits in a tear, while the offering of a sacrifice is performed in what we call the marriage ceremony. Do you never go to plays? Cannot you distinguish between the eyes of those who go to see, from those who come to be seen? I am a woman turned of thirty, and am on the observation a little; therefore if you, or your correspondent, had consulted me in your discourse on the eye, I could have told you that the eye of Leonora is slyly watchful while it looks negligent; she looks round her without the help of the glasses you speak of\*, and yet seems to be employed on objects directly before her. This eye is what affects chance-medley, and on a sudden, as if it attended to another thing, turns all its charms against an ogler. The eye of Lusitania is an instrument of premeditated murder; but the design being visible, destroys the execution of it; and with much more beauty than that of Leonora, it is not half so mischievous. There is a brave soldier's daughter in town, that by her eye has been the death of more than ever her father made fly before him. A beautiful eye makes silence eloquent, a kind eye makes contradiction an assent, an enraged eye makes beauty deformed. This little member gives life to every other part about us, and I believe the story of Argus implies no more, than that the eye is in every part; that is to say, every other part would be mutilated, were not its force represented more by the eye, than even by itself. But this is heathen Greek to those who have not conversed by glances. This,

air, is a language in which there can be no deceit, nor can a skilful observer be imposed upon by looks, even among politicians and courtiers. If you do me the honour to print this among your speculations, I shall in my next make you a present of secret history, by translating all the looks of the next assembly of ladies and gentlemen into words, to adorn some future paper.

'I am, sir,

'Your faithful friend,

'MARY REANTREE.'

'DEAR MR. SPECTATOR,

'I HAVE a son of a husband that lives a very scandalous life, and wastes away his body and fortune in debaucheries; and is immovable to all the arguments I can urge to him. I would gladly know whether in some cases a caged may not be allowed as a good figure of speech, and whether it may not be lawfully used by a female orator.

'Your humble servant,

'HARRIET CRANTEE.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'THOUGH I am a practitioner in the law of some standing, and have heard many eloquent pleaders in my time, as well as other eloquent speakers of both universities, yet I agree with you, that women are better qualified to succeed in oratory than the men, and believe this to be resolved into natural causes. You have mentioned only the volubility of their tongue; but what do you think of the silent flattery of their pretty faces, and the persuasion which even an impudic discourse carries with it when flowing from beautiful lips, to which it would be cruel to deny any thing? It is certain too, that they are possessed of some springs of rhetoric which men want, such as tears, faltering-ness, and the like, which I have seen employed upon occasion, with good success. You must know I am a plain man, and love my money; yet I have a spouse who is so great an orator in this way, that she draws from me what sums she pleases. Every room in my house is furnished with trophies of her eloquence, rich cabinets, piles of china, Japan screens, and costly jars; and if you were to come into my great parlour, you would fancy yourself in an India warehouse. Besides this she keeps a squirrel, and I am doubly taxed to pay for the china he breaks. She is seized with periodical fits about the time of the subscriptions to a new opera, and is drowned in tears after having seen any woman there in finer clothes than herself. These are arts of persuasion purely feminine, and which a tender heart cannot resist. What I would therefore desire of you, is, to prevail with your friend who has promised to direct a female tongue, that he would at the same time give us the anatomy of a female eye, and explain the springs and strokes which feed it with such ready supplies of moisture; and likewise show by what means, if possible, they may be stopped at a reasonable expense. Or, indeed, since there is something so moving in the very image of weeping beauty, it would be worthy his art to provide, that these eloquent drops may no more be lavished on trifles, or employed as servants to their wayward wills; but reserved for serious occasions in life, to adorn generous pity, true penitence, or real sorrow.

'I am, &c.'

STILL.—This letter by MURDER.

N° 233. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1711.

*Indignor exequium reprehendi, non quia cruce*

*Compositum, sed quia postea, et gravi vixit*

ROB. EP. L. I. 4. v. 15.

I lose my patience, and I own it too,

When works are censur'd, not as bad, but new

POPE.

There is nothing which more denotes a great mind than the abhorrence of envy and detraction. This passion reigns more among bad poets than among any other set of men.

As there are none more ambitious of fame, than those who are conversant in poetry, it is very natural for such as have not succeeded in it to depreciate the works of those who have. For since they cannot raise themselves to the reputation of their fellow-writers, they must endeavour to sink it to their own pitch, if they would still keep themselves upon a level with them.

The greatest wits that ever were produced to our age, lived together in so good an understanding, and celebrated one another with so much generosity, that each of them receives an additional lustre from his contemporaries, and is more famous for having lived with men of so extraordinary a genius, than if he had himself been the sole wonder of the age. I need not tell my reader, that I here point at the reign of Augustus; and I believe he will be of my opinion, that neither Virgil nor Horace would have gained so great a reputation in the world, had they not been the friends and admirers of each other. Indeed all the great writers of that age, far whom singly we have so great an esteem, stand up together as vouchers for one another's reputation. But at the same time that Virgil was celebrated by Gallus, Propertius, Horace, Varus, Tucca, and Ovid, we know that Bavius and Blaebius were his declared foes and calumniators.

In our own country a man seldom sets up for a poet, without attacking the reputation of all his brothers in the art. The ignorance of the moderns, the scribbles of the age, the decay of poetry, are the topics of detraction with which he makes his entrance into the world; but how much more noble is the fame that is built on candour and ingenuity, according to those beautiful lines of Sir John Denham, in his poem on Fletcher's works!

'Not whether can I stray? I need not raise

Trochies to thee from other man's discipline!

Nor is thy frame on lower rates built;

Nor needs thy justice title the foul guilt.

Of eastern kings, wise, to secure their reign,

Must have their brothers, sons, and kindred slain.'

I am sorry to find that an author\*, who is very justly esteem'd among the best judges, has admitted some strokes of this nature into a very fine poem; I mean The Art of Criticism, which was published some months since, and is a masterpiece in its kind. The observations follow one another like those in Horace's Art of Poetry, without that methodical regularity which would have been requisite in a prose author. They are some of them uncommon, but such as the reader must admit to, when he sees them explained with that elegance and perspicuity in which they are delivered. As for those which are the most known, and the soonest received, they are placed in so beautiful a light,



scenes so softly, is a little extravagant; one would think you lived the lives of sylvan deities, or roved among the walks of Paradise, like the first happy pair. But prythee leave these whimsies, and come to town in order to live, and talk like other mortals. However, as I am extremely interested in your reputation, I would willingly give you a little good advice at your first appearance under the character of a married woman. It is a little insolent in me, perhaps, to advise a matron; but I am so afraid you will make so silly a figure as a fond wife, that I cannot help warning you not to appear in any public places with your husband, and never to counter about St. James's-park together: If you presume to enter the ring at Hyde-park together, you are ruined for ever; nor must you take the least notice of one another at the playhouse, or opera, unless you would be laughed at for a very loving couple, most happily paired in the yoke of wedlock. I would recommend the example of an acquaintance of ours to your imitation; she is the most negligent and fashionable wife in the world; she is hardly ever seen in the same place with her husband, and if they happen to meet, you would think them perfect strangers; she never was heard to name him in his absence, and takes care he shall never be the subject of any discourse that she has a share in. I hope you will propose this lady as a pattern, though I am very much afraid you will be so silly to think Portia, &c. Sabine and Roman wives, much brighter examples. I wish it may never come into your head to imitate those antiquated creatures so far as to come into public in the habit, as well as air, of a Roman matron. You make already the entertainment at Mrs. Modish's tea-table; she says, she always thought you a discreet person, and qualified to manage a family with admirable prudence; she dies to see what delicate and serious airs wedlock has given you; but she says, she shall never forgive your choice of so gallant a man as Bellamour to transform him to a mere sober husband; it was unpardonable. You see, my dear, we all envy your happiness, and no person more than

‘Your humble servant,

‘LYDIA.’

Be not in pain, good madam, for my appearance in town; I shall frequent no public places, or make any visits where the character of a married wife is ridiculous. As for your wild rallery and matrimony, it is all hypocrisy; you and all the handsome young women of your acquaintance show yourselves to no other purpose, than to gain a conquest over some man of worth, in order to bestow your charms and fortune on him. There is no indecency in the confession, the design is modest, and honourable, and all your affectation cannot disguise it.

I am married, and have no other concern but to please the man I love; he is the end of every care I have; if I dress, it is for him; if I read a poem, or a play, it is to qualify myself for a conversation agreeable to his taste; he is almost the end of my devotion; half my prayers are for his happiness—I love to talk of him, and never hear him named but with pleasure and eagerness. I am your friend, and wish you happiness; but am sorry to see by the air of your letter, that there are a set of women who are got into the common-place rallery of every thing that is sober, decent, and proper; matrimony and the clergy are the topics of people of little wit, and no understanding. I own to you, I have learned of the

vicar's wife all you tax me with. She is a discreet, ingenious, pleasant, pious woman; I wish she had the handling of you, and Mrs. Modish; you would find, if you were too free with her, she would soon make you as charming as ever you were; she would make you blush as much as if you never had been fine ladies. The vicar, madam, is so kind as to visit my husband, and his agreeable conversation has brought him to enjoy many sober happy hours when even I am abed out, and my dear master is entertained only with his own thoughts. These things, dear madam, will be lasting satisfactions, when the fine ladies, and the coxcombs, by whom they form themselves, are irreparably ridiculous, ridiculous in old age.

‘I AM, MADAM,

‘Your most humble servant,

‘MARY HOKER.’

‘DEAR MR. SPECTATOR,

‘You have no goodness in the world, and are not so earnest in any thing you say that is serious, if you do not send me a plain answer to this. I hoped some days past to be at the play, where, during the time of performance, I could not keep my eyes off from a beautiful young creature who sat just before me, and who I have been since informed has no fortune. It would utterly ruin my reputation for discretion to marry such a one, and by what I can learn she has a character of great modesty, so that there is nothing to be thought of on any other way. My mind has ever since been so wholly bent on her, that I am much in danger of doing something very extravagant, without your speedy advice to,

‘MR,

‘Your most humble servant.’

I am sorry I cannot answer this impatient gentleman, but by another question.

‘DEAR CORRESPONDENT,

‘Would you marry to please other people, or yourself?’

STELLA.

T

Nº 255. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1711

*Imadis amens tunc tunc certa placula, quæ is  
Ter pueri lecto patrisque retraxit libello.*

MON. EP. L. L. I. VER. 30.

IMITATED.

Know there are rhymes, which (fresh and fresh apply'd)  
Will cure the artful puppy of his pride.

POPE.

The soul, considered abstractedly from its passions, is of a truce and sedentary nature, slow in its resolves, and languishing in its exertions. The use therefore of the passions is to stir it up, and to put it upon action, to awaken the understanding, to enforce the will, and to make the whole man more vigorous and attentive in the prosecution of his designs. As this is the end of the passions in general, so it is particularly of ambition, which pushes the soul to such actions as are apt to procure honour and reputation to the actor. But if we carry our reflections higher, we may discover further ends of Providence in implanting this passion in mankind.

It was necessary for the world, that arts should be invented and improved, books written and transmitted to posterity, nations conquered and civilized. Now since the proper and genuine motives



adulation often stirs up the envy of such as were once his superiors, who think it a detraction from their merit to see another get ground upon them, and overtake them in the pursuits of glory; and will therefore endeavour to sink his reputation, that they may the better preserve their own. Those who were once his equals envy and defame him, because they now see him their superior; and those who were once his superiors, because they look upon him as their equal.

But farther, a man whose extraordinary reputation thus lifts him up to the notice and observation of mankind, draws a multitude of eyes upon him, that will narrowly inspect every part of him, consider him nicely in all views, and not be a little pained, when they have taken him in the worst and most disadvantageous light. There are many who find a pleasure in contradicting the common reports of fame, and in spreading abroad the weaknesses of an exalted character. They publish their ill-natured discoveries with a secret pride, and applaud themselves for the regularity of their judgment, which has searched deeper than others, detected what the rest of the world have overlooked, and found a flaw in what the generality of mankind admire. Others there are who proclaim the errors and infirmities of a great man with an inward satisfaction and complacency, if they discover none of the like errors and infirmities in themselves; for while they are exposing another's weaknesses, they are tacitly aiming at their own commendations, who are not subject to the like infirmities, and are apt to be transported with a secret kind of vanity, to see themselves superior in some respects to one of a sublime and celebrated reputation. Nay, it very often happens, that none are more industrious in publishing the blemishes of an extraordinary reputation, than such as lie open to the same censure in their own characters, as either hoping to excuse their own defects by the authority of so high an example, or raise an imaginary applause to themselves, for resembling a person of an exalted reputation, though in the blamable parts of his character. If all these secret springs of detraction fall, yet very often a vain ostentation of wit sets a man on attacking an established name, and sacrificing it to the mirth and laughter of those about him. A satire or a libel on one of the common stamp, never meets with that reception and approbation among its readers, as what is aimed at a person whose merit places him upon an eminence, and gives him a more conspicuous figure among men. Whether it be that we think it shows greater art to expose and turn to ridicule a man whose character seems so improper a subject for it, or that we are pleased by some implicit kind of revenge to see him taken down and humbled in his reputation, and in some measure reduced to our own rank, who had so far raised himself above us in the reports and opinions of mankind.

Thus we see how many dark and intricate motives there are to detraction and defamation, and how many malicious spirits are searching into the actions of a great man, who is not, always, the best prepared for so narrow an inspection. For we may generally observe, that our admiration of a famous man turns upon our nearer acquaintance with him; and that we seldom hear the description of a celebrated person, without a catalogue of some notorious weaknesses and infirmities. The reason may be, because any little slip is more conspicuous and observable in his conduct than in another's, as it is not of a piece with the rest of his

character; or because it is impossible for a man at the same time to be attentive to the more important part of his life, and to keep a watchful eye over all the inconsiderable circumstances of his behaviour and conversation; or because, as we have before observed, the same temper of mind which inclines us to a desire of fame, naturally betrays us into such slips and awkwardnesses, as are not incident to men of a contrary disposition.

After all it must be confessed, that a noble and triumphant merit often breaks through and dissipates these little spots and sullies in its reputation; but if by a mistaken pursuit after fame, or through human frailty, any false step be made to the more momentous concerns of life, the whole scheme of ambitious designs is broken and disappointed. The smaller stains and blemishes may die away and disappear; amidst the brightness that surrounds them; but a blot of a deeper nature casts a shade on all the other beauties, and darkens the whole character. How difficult therefore is it to preserve a great name, when he that has acquired it is so obnoxious to such little weaknesses and infirmities as are so small diminution to it when discovered; especially when they are so industriously proclaimed, and aggravated by such as were once his superiors, or equals; by such as would set to show their judgment, or their wit, and by such as are guilty, or innocent, of the same slips or misconducts in their own behaviour!

But were there none of these dispositions in others to ensnare a famous man, nor any such mis-carriage in himself, yet would he meet with no small trouble in keeping up his reputation, to all its height and splendour. There must be always a noble train of actions to preserve his fame in life and motion. For when it is once at a stand, it naturally flags and languishes. Admiration is a very short-lived passion, that immediately decays upon growing familiar with its object, unless it be supplied with fresh discoveries, and kept alive by a new perpetual succession of miracles rising up to its view. And even the greatest actions of a celebrated person labour under this disadvantage, that, however surprising and extraordinary they may be, they are no more than what are expected from him; but, on the contrary, if they fall any thing below the opinion that is conceived of him, though they might raise the reputation of another, they are a diminution to his.

One would think there should be something wonderfully pleasing in the possession of fame, that, notwithstanding all these mortifying considerations, can engage a man in so desperate a pursuit; and yet, if we consider the little happiness that attends a great character, and the multitude of disadvantages to which the desire of it subjects an ambitious mind, one would be still the more surprised to see so many restless candidates for glory.

Ambition raises a secret tumult in the soul, it inflames the mind, and puts it into a violent hurry of thought. It is still reaching after an empty imaginary good, that has not in it the power to satisfy or satisfy it. Most other things we long for, can allay the cravings of their proper sense, and for a while set the appetite at rest; but fame is a good so wholly foreign to our nature, that we have no faculty in the soul adapted to it, nor any organ in the body to relish it; an object of desire, placed out of the possibility of fruition. It may indeed fill the mind for a while with a giddy kind of pleasure, but it is such a pleasure as makes a man restless and uneasy under it, and which does not so much satisfy the present thirst, as it excites

fresh desires, and sets the soul on new enterprises. For how few ambitious men are there, who have got as much fame as they desired, and whose thirst after it has not been as eager in the very height of their reputation, as it was before they became known and eminent among men? There is not any circumstance in Cæsar's character which gives me a greater idea of him, than a saying which Cicero tells us he frequently made use of in private conversation, 'That he was satisfied with his share of life and fame.' '*Se satis vel ad naturam vel ad gloriam virasse.*' Many indeed have given over their pursuits after fame, but that has proceeded either from the disappointments they have met in it, or from their experience of the little pleasure which attends it, or from the better informations or natural coldness of old age; but seldom from a full satisfaction and acquiescence in their present enjoyments of it.

Nor is fame only unsatisfying in itself, but the desire of it lays us open to many accidental troubles, which those are free from who have no such a tender regard for it. How often is the ambitious man cast down and disappointed, if he receives no praise where he expected it? Nay, how often is he mortified with the very praises he receives, if they do not rise so high as he thinks they ought; which they seldom do, unless increased by flattery, since few men have so good an opinion of us as we have of ourselves? But if the ambitious man can be so much grieved even with praise itself, how will he be able to bear up under scandal and defamation? for the same temper of mind which makes him desire fame, makes him hate reproach. If he can be transported with the extraordinary praises of men, he will be as much dejected by their censures. How little therefore is the happiness of an ambitious man, who gives every one a dominion over it, who thus subjects himself to the good or ill speeches of others, and puts it in the power of every malicious tongue to throw him into a fit of melancholy, and destroy his natural rest and repose of mind? especially when we consider that the world is more apt to censure than applaud, and himself fuller of imperfections than virtues.

We may further observe, that such a man will be more grieved for the loss of fame, than he could have been pleased with the enjoyment of it. For though the presence of this imaginary good cannot make us happy, the absence of it may make us miserable: because in the enjoyment of an object we only find that share of pleasure which it is capable of giving us; but in the loss of it we do not proportion our grief to the real value it bears, but to the value our fancies and imaginations set upon it.

So inconsiderable is the satisfaction that fame brings along with it, and so great the disquietudes to which it makes us liable. The desire of it stirs up very uneasy motions in the mind, and is rather inflamed than satisfied by the presence of the thing desired. The enjoyment of it brings but very little pleasure, though the loss or want of it be very sensible and afflicting; and even this little happiness is so very precarious, that it wholly depends upon the will of others. We are not only tortured by the reproaches which are offered us, but are disappointed by the silence of men when it is unexpected, and humbled even by their praises.

ADDISON.

C.

Nº 257. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1711.

Οὐχ' ἰδοὺ Διὸς  
Ὀφθαλμοῖς ἰδὺς δ' ἔτι καὶ παρὰ πτερὰ.

Incert. ex. STOB.

No slumber seals the eye of Providence,  
Present to every action we commence.

THAT I might not lose myself upon a subject of so great extent as that of fame, I have treated it in a particular order and method. I have first of all considered the reasons why Providence may have implanted in our minds such a principle of action\*. I have in the next place shown from many considerations, first, that fame is a thing difficult to be obtained, and easily lost; secondly, that it brings the ambitious man very little happiness, but subjects him to much uneasiness and dissatisfaction †. I shall in the last place show, that it hinders us from obtaining an end which we have abilities to acquire, and which is accompanied with fullness of satisfaction. I need not tell my reader, that I mean by this end, that happiness which is reserved for us in another world, which every one has abilities to procure, and which will bring along with it, 'fulness of joy and pleasures for evermore.'

How the pursuit after fame may hinder us in the attainment of this great end, I shall leave the reader to collect from the three following considerations:

First, Because the strong desire of fame breeds several vicious habits in the mind.

Secondly, Because many of those actions, which are apt to procure fame, are not in their nature conducive to this our ultimate happiness.

Thirdly, Because if we should allow the same actions to be the proper instruments, both of acquiring fame, and of procuring this happiness, they would nevertheless fail in the attainment of this last end, if they proceeded from a desire of the first.

These three propositions are self-evident to those who are versed in speculations of morality. For which reason I shall not enlarge upon them, but proceed to a point of the same nature, which may open to us a more uncommon field of speculation.

From what has been already observed, I think we may have a natural conclusion, that it is the greatest folly to seek the praise or approbation of any being, besides the Supreme; and that for these two reasons; because no other being can make a right judgment of us, and esteem us according to our merits; and because we can procure no considerable benefit or advantage from the esteem and approbation of any other being.

In the first place, no other being can make a right judgment of us, and esteem us according to our merits. Created beings see nothing but our outside, and can therefore only frame a judgment of us from our exterior actions and behaviour; but how unfit these are to give us a right notion of each other's perfections, may appear from several considerations. There are many virtues, which in their own nature are incapable of any outward representation; many silent perfections in the soul of a good man, which are great ornaments to human nature, but not able to discover themselves to the knowledge of others; they are transacted in private without noise or show, and are only visible to the great Searcher of hearts. What actions can



express the entire purity of thought which refines and sanctifies a virtuous man? That secret rest and contentedness of mind, which gives him a perfect enjoyment of his present condition? That inward pleasure and complacency which he feels in doing good? That delight and satisfaction which he takes in the prosperity and happiness of another? These and the like virtues are the hidden beauties of a soul, the secret graces which cannot be discovered by a mortal eye, but make the soul lovely and precious in His sight, from whom no secrets are concealed. Again, there are many virtues which want an opportunity of exerting and showing themselves in actions. Every virtue requires time and place, a proper object and a fit conjuncture of circumstances, for the due exercise of it. A state of poverty obscures all the virtues of liberality and magnificence. The patience and fortitude of a martyr or confessor lie concealed in the flourishing times of Christianity. Some virtues are only seen in affliction, and some in prosperity; some in a private, and others in a public capacity. But the great Sovereign of the world beholds every perfection in its obscurity, and not only sees what we do, but what we would do. He views our behaviour in every concurrence of affairs, and sees us engaged in all the possibilities of action. He discovers the martyr and confessor without the trial of flames and tortures, and will hereafter entitle many to the reward of actions, which they had never the opportunity of performing. Another reason why men cannot form a right judgment of us is, because the same actions may be aimed at different ends, and arise from quite contrary principles. Actions are of so mixed a nature, and so full of circumstances, that as men pry into them more or less, or observe some parts more than others, they take different hints, and put contrary interpretations on them; so that the same actions may represent a man as hypocritical and deluging to one, which make him appear a saint or hero to another. He therefore who looks upon the soul through its outward actions, often sees it through a deceitful medium, which is apt to discolour and pervert the object; so that on this account also, He is the only proper Judge of our perfections, who does not guess at the sincerity of our intentions from the goodness of our actions, but weighs the goodness of our actions by the sincerity of our intentions.

But farther, it is impossible for outward actions to represent the perfections of the soul, because they can never show the strength of those principles from whence they proceed. They are not adequate expressions of our virtues, and can only show us what habits are in the soul, without discovering the degree and perfection of such habits. They are at best but weak resemblances of our intentions, faint and imperfect copies, that may acquaint us with the general design, but can never express the beauty and life of the original. But the great Judge of all the earth knows every different state and degree of human improvement, from those weak stirrings and tendencies of the will which have not yet formed themselves into regular purposes and designs, to the last entire polishing and consummation of a good habit. He beholds the first imperfect rudiments of a virtue in the soul, and keeps a watchful eye over it in all its progress, till it has received every grace it is capable of, and appears in its full beauty and perfection. Thus we see, that none but the Supreme Being can esteem us according to our proper merits, since all others must judge of us from our out-

ward actions; which can never give them a just estimate of us, since there are many perfections of a man which are not capable of appearing in actions; many which, allowing no natural incapacity of showing themselves, want an opportunity of doing it; or should they all meet with an opportunity of appearing by actions, yet those actions may be misinterpreted, and applied to wrong principles; or though they plainly discovered the principles from whence they proceeded, they could never show the degree, strength, and perfection of those principles.

And as the Supreme Being is the only proper Judge of our perfections, so is he the only fit rewarder of them. This is a consideration that comes home to our interest, as the other adapts itself to our ambition. And what could the most aspiring, or the most selfish man desire more, were he to form the notion of a Being to whom he would recommend himself, than such a knowledge as can discover the least appearance of perfection in him, and such a goodness as will proportion a reward to it?

Let the ambitious man therefore turn all his desire of fame this way; and that he may propose to himself a fame worthy of his ambition, let him consider, that if he employs his abilities to the best advantage, the time will come when the Supreme Governor of the world, the great Judge of mankind, who sees every degree of perfection in others, and possesses all possible perfection in himself, shall proclaim his worth before men and angels, and pronounce to him in the presence of the whole creation that best and most significant of applause, 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into thy Master's joy.'

ADDISON.

G.

N° 258. WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1711.

*Divide et Impera.*

*Divide and rule.*

PLEASURE and recreation of one kind or other are absolutely necessary to relieve our minds and bodies from too constant attention and labour; where therefore public diversions are tolerated, it behoves persons of distinction, with their power and example, to preside over them in such a manner, as to check any thing that tends to the corruption of manners, or which is too mean or trivial for the entertainment of reasonable creatures. As to the diversions of this kind in this town, we owe them to the arts of poetry and music. My own private opinion, with relation to such recreations, I have heretofore given with all the frankness imaginable; what concerns these arts at present the reader shall have from my correspondents. The first of the letters with which I acquit myself for this day, is written by one who proposes to improve our entertainments of dramatic poetry, and the other comes from three persons, who as soon as named, will be thought capable of advancing the present state of modish.

\* MR. SPECTATOR,

I AM considerably obliged to you for your speedy publication of my last in years of the 18th instant, and am in no small hope of being settled in the post of Comptroller of the Exchequer. Of all the objections I have hearkened after in public collections, there is but one that seems to carry any

weight with it, viz. that such a post would come too near the nature of a monopoly. Now, sir, because I would have all sorts of people made easy, and being willing to have more strings than one to my bow; in case that of comptroller should fail me, I have since formed another project, which being grounded on the dividing a present monopoly, I hope will give the public an equivalent to their full content. You know, sir, it is allowed, that the business of the stage is, as the Latin has it, *jucunda et idonea dicere vita*. Now there being but one dramatic theatre licensed for the delight and profit of this extensive metropolis, I do humbly propose, for the convenience of such of its inhabitants as are too distant from Covent-garden, that another theatre of ease may be erected in some spacious part of the city; and that the direction thereof may be made a franchise in fee to me and my heirs for ever. And that the town may have no jealousy of my ever coming into an union with the set of actors now in being, I do further propose to constitute for my deputy my near kinsman and adventurer, Kit Crotchet\*, whose long experience and improvements in those affairs need no recommendation. It was obvious to every Spectator, what a quite different foot the stage was upon during his government; and had he not been bolted out of his trap-doors, his garrison might have held out for ever; he having by long pains and perseverance arrived at the art of making his army fight without pay or provisions. I must confess it, with a melancholy amazement I see so wonderful a genius laid aside, and the late slaves of the stage now become its masters, dunces that will be sure to suppress all theatrical entertainments and activities that they are not able themselves to shine in!

Every man that goes to a play is not obliged to have either wit or understanding; and I insist upon it, that all who go there should see something which may improve them in a way of which they are capable. In short, sir, I would have something done, as well as said, on the stage. A man may have an active body, though he has not a quick conception; for the imitation therefore of such as are, as I may so speak, corporeal wits, or nimble fellows, I would fain ask any of the present mismanagers, why should not rope-dancers, vaulters, tumblers, ladder-walkers, and posture-masters appear again on our stage? After such a representation, a five-bar gate would be leaped with a better grace next time any of the audience went a hunting. Sir, these things cry aloud for reformation, and fall properly under the province of Spectator-General; but how indeed should it be otherwise, while fellows (that for twenty years together were never paid but as their master was in the humour) now presume to pay others more than ever they had in their lives; and, in contempt of the practice of persons of condition, have the insolence to owe no tradesman a farthing at the end of the week. Sir, all I propose is the public good; for no one can imagine I shall ever get a private shilling by it: therefore I hope you will recommend this matter in one of your this week's papers, and desire when my house opens you will accept the liberty of it for the trouble you have received from,

P. S. I have assurances that the trunk-maker† will declare for us.

SIR,  
Your humble servant,  
RALPH CROTCHET.

\* This was Christopher Rich.

† See No 235.

MR. SPECTATOR,

WE, whose names are subscribed, think you the properest person to signify what we have to offer the town in behalf of ourselves, and the art which we profess, music. We conceive hopes of your favour from the speculations on the mistakes which the town run into with regard to their pleasure of this kind; and believing your method of judging is, that you consider music only valuable, as it is agreeable to, and heightens the purpose of poetry, we consent that it is not only the true way of relishing that pleasure, but also that without it a composition of music is the same thing as a poem, where all the rules of poetical numbers are observed, though the words have no sense or meaning; to say it shorter, mere musical sounds in our art are no other than nonsense verses are in poetry. Music therefore is to aggravate what is intended by poetry; it must always have some passion or sentiment to express, or else violins, voices, or any other organs of sound, afford an entertainment very little above the rattles of children. It was from this opinion of the matter, that when Mr. Clayton had finished his studies in Italy, and brought over the opera of Arsinoe, that Mr. Haym and Mr. Dieupart, who had the honour to be well known and received among the nobility and gentry, were zealously inclined to assist by their solicitations, in introducing so elegant an entertainment as the Italian music grafted upon English poetry. For this end Mr. Dienpart and Mr. Haym, according to their several opportunities, promoted the introduction of Arsinoe, and did it to the best advantage so great a novelty would allow. It is not proper to trouble you with particulars of the just complaints we all of us have to make; but so it is, that without regard to our obliging pains, we are all equally set aside in the present opera. Our application therefore to you is only to insert this letter in your paper, that the town may know we have all three joined together to make entertainments of music for the future at Mr. Clayton's house in York-buildings. What we promise ourselves is, to make a subscription of two guineas, for eight times; and that the entertainment, with the names of the authors of the poetry, may be printed, to be sold in the house, with an account of the several authors of the vocal as well as the instrumental music for each night; the money to be paid at the receipt of the tickets, at Mr. Charles Lillie's. It will, we hope, sir, be easily allowed, that we are capable of undertaking to exhibit, by our joint force and different qualifications, all that can be done in music; but lest you should think so-dry a thing as an account of our proposal should be a matter unworthy of your paper, which generally contains something of public use, give us leave to say, that favouring our design is no less than reviving an art, which runs to ruin by the utmost barbarism under an affectation of knowledge. We aim at establishing some settled notion of what is music, at recovering from neglect and want very many families who depend upon it, at making all foreigners who pretend to succeed in England to learn the language of it as we ourselves have done, and not be so insolent as to expect a whole nation, a refined and learned nation, should submit to learn theirs. In a word, Mr. Spectator, with all deference and humility, we hope to behave ourselves in this undertaking in such a manner, that all Englishmen who have any skill in music may be furthered in it for their profit or diversion by what new things we shall produce; never pretending to

surpass others, or asserting that any thing which is a science is not attainable by all men of all nations who have proper genius for it. We say, sir, what we hope for, it is not expected will arrive to us by censuring others, but through the utmost diligence recommending ourselves.

‘We are, SIR,  
 ‘Your most humble servants,  
 ‘THOMAS CLAYTON.  
 ‘WICOLING WAYNE.  
 ‘CHARLES DREHARY.’

STEELE.

T

N<sup>o</sup> 250. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1711.

*Quod decet honestum est, et quod honestum est decet.*  
 TULL.

What is becoming is honestable, and what is honestable is becoming.

THERE are some things which cannot come under certain rules, but which one would think could not need them. Of this kind are outward civilities and salutations. These one would imagine might be regulated by every man's common sense, without the help of an instructor; but that which we call common sense suffers under that word; for it sometimes implies no more than that facility which is common to all men, but sometimes signifies right reason, and what all men should consent to. In this latter acceptance of the phrase, it is no great wonder people err so much against it, since it is not every one who is possessed of it, and there are fewer who, against common rules and fashions, dare obey its dictates. As to salutations, which I was about to talk of, I observe, as I stroll about towns, there are great civilities committed with regard to this particular. You shall sometimes see a man begin the offer of a salutation, and observe a forbidding air, or casting eye, in the person he is going to salute, and snap about in the palm of his neck. This in the person who believed he could do it with a good grace, and was refused the opportunity, is justly rewarded with a coldness the whole ensuing season. Your great beauties, people in much favour, or by any means or for any purpose overflattered, are apt to practise this, which one may call the preventing aspect, and throw their attention another way, lest they should confer a bow or a courtesy upon a person who might not appear to deserve that dignity. Others you shall find so obsequious, and so very courteous, as there is no escaping their favours of this kind. Of this sort may be a man who is in the fifth or sixth degree of favour with a milster. This good creature is resolved to show the world, that great honours cannot at all change his manners; he is the same civil person he ever was; he will venture his neck to bow out of a coach in full speed, at once to show he is full of business, and yet is not so taken up as to forget his old friend. With a man who is not so well formed for courtship and elegant behaviour, such a gentleman as this seldom finds his account in the return of his compliments; but he will still go on, for he is in his own way, and must not quit; let the neglect fall on your side, or where it will, his business is still to be well-bred to the end. I think I have read, in one of our English comedies, a description of a fellow

\* The success of the opera of Rosinda, which Handel is said to have composed in a night, established his character, and there was in some measure injurious to the three musicians here mentioned, who had been employed before in Italian operas, by collections from various Italian masters.

that affected knowing every body, and, for want of judgment in time and place, would bow and smile in the face of a judge sitting in the court, would sit in an opposite gallery and smile in the milster's face as he came up into the pulpit, and nod as if he alluded to some familiarities between them in another place. But now I happen to speak of salutation at church, I must take notice that several of my correspondents have importuned me to consider that subject, and settle the point of decorum in that particular.

I do not pretend to be the best courtier in the world, but I have often on public occasions thought it a very great absurdity in the company (during the royal presence) to exchange salutations from all parts of the room, when certainly common sense should suggest, that all regards at that time should be engaged, and cannot be diverted to any other object, without disrespect to the sovereign. But as to the complaint of my correspondents, it is not to be imagined what offence some of them take at the custom of saluting in places of worship. I have a very angry letter from a lady, who tells me of one of her acquaintance, who, out of mere pride and a pretence to be rude, takes upon her to return no civilities done to her in time of divine service, and is the most religious woman, for no other reason but to appear a woman of the best quality in the church. This absurd custom had better be abolished than retained; if it were but to prevent evils of no higher a nature than this is; but I am informed of objections much more considerable. A disclaimer of rank and distinction was lately prevailed upon, by a friend of his, to come to one of the greatest congregations of the church of England about town. After the service was over, he declared he was very well satisfied with the little ceremony which was used towards God Almighty; but, at the same time, he feared he should not be able to go through those required towards one another; as to this point he was in a state of despair, and feared he was not well-bred enough to be a convert. There have been many scandals of this kind given to our protestant dissenters, from the outward pomp and respect we take to ourselves in our religious assemblies. A quaker who came one day into a church, fixed his eye upon an old lady with a carpet larger than that from the pulpit before her, expecting when she would hold forth. An anabaptist, who designs to come over himself, and all his family, within a few months, is sensible they want breeding enough for our congregations, and has sent his two eldest daughters to learn to dance, that they may not misbehave themselves at church. It is worth considering whether, in regard to awkward people with scrupulous consciences, a good Christian with the best air in the world ought not rather to deny herself the opportunity of showing so many graces, than keep a bashful proselyte without the pale of the church.

STEELE.

T.

N<sup>o</sup> 250. FRIDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1711.

*Singula de modis etiam præstantiora cunctis.*

HOR. Ep. L. l. v. vers. 33.

Years following years steal something every day,  
 At last they steal us from ourselves away.

POPE.

\* MR. SPECTATOR,

I AM now in the sixty-fifth year of my age, and having been the greater part of my days a man of



years engaged, partly by his advice, and partly by my own inclinations, in the courtship of a person who had a great deal of beauty, and did not at my first approaches seem to have any aversion to me; but as my natural taciturnity hindered me from showing myself to the best advantage, she by degrees began to look upon me as a very silly fellow, and being resolved to regard merit more than any thing else in the persons who made their applications to her, she married a captain of dragoons who happened to be beating up for recruits in those parts.

This unlucky accident has given me an aversion to pretty fellows ever since, and discouraged me from trying my fortune with the fair sex. The observations which I have made in this conjuncture, and the repeated advices which I received at that time from the good old man above-mentioned, have produced the following essay upon love and marriage.

The pleasantest part of a man's life is generally that which passes in courtship, provided his passion be sincere, and the party beloved kind with discretion. Love, desire, hope, all the pleasing motions of the soul, rise in the pursuit.

It is easier for an artful man who is not in love, to persuade his mistress he has a passion for her, and to succeed in his pursuits, than for one who loves with the greatest violence. True love has ten thousand griefs, impatiences, and resentments, that render a man unamiable in the eyes of the person whose affection he solicits; besides that it slacks his figure, gives him fears, apprehensions, and poorness of spirit, and often makes him appear ridiculous where he has a mind to recommend himself.

Those marriages generally abound most with love and constancy, that are preceded by a long courtship. The passion should strike root, and gather strength, before marriage be grafted on it. A long course of hopes and expectations fixes the idea in our minds, and habituates us to a fondness of the person beloved.

There is nothing of so great importance to us, as the good qualities of one to whom we join ourselves for life; they do not only make our present state agreeable, but often determine our happiness to all eternity. Where the choice is left to friends, the chief point under consideration is an estate; where the parties choose for themselves, their thoughts turn most upon the person. They have both their reasons. The first would procure many conveniences and pleasures of life to the party whose interests they expose; and at the same time may hope that the wealth of their friends will turn to their own credit and advantage. The others are preparing for themselves a perpetual fount. A good person does not only raise but continue love, and breeds a secret pleasure and complacency in the beholder, when the first heats of desire are extinguished. It puts the wife or husband in countenance both among friends and strangers, and generally fills the family with a healthy and beautiful race of children.

I should prefer a woman that is agreeable in my own eye, and not deformed in that of the world, to a celebrated beauty. If you marry one remarkably beautiful, you must have a violent passion for her, or you have not the proper taste of her charms; and if you have such a passion for her, it is odds but it would be embittered with fears and jealousies.

Good-nature and evenness of temper will give you an easy companion for life; virtue and good

sense, an agreeable friend; love and constancy, a good wife or husband. Where we meet one person with all these accomplishments, we find an hundred without any one of them. The world, notwithstanding, is more intent on trains and equipages, and all the showy parts of life; we love rather to dazzle the multitude, than consult our proper interests; and, as I have elsewhere observed, it is one of the most unaccountable passions of human nature, that we are at greater pains to appear easy and happy to others, than really to make ourselves so. Of all disparities, that in humour makes the most unhappy marriages, yet scarce enters into our thoughts at the contracting of them. Several that are in this respect unequally yoked, and uneasy for life with a person of a particular character, might have been pleased and happy with a person of a contrary one, notwithstanding they are both perhaps equally virtuous and laudable in their kind.

Before marriage we cannot be too inquisitive and discerning in the faults of the person beloved, nor after it too dim-sighted and superficial. However perfect and accomplished the person appears to you at a distance, you will find many blemishes and imperfections in her humour, upon a more intimate acquaintance, which you never discovered or perhaps expected. Here, therefore, discretion and good-nature are to show their strength; the first will hinder your thoughts from dwelling on what is disagreeable, the other will raise in you all the tenderness of compassion and humanity, and by degrees soften those very imperfections into beauties.

Marriage enlarges the scene of our happiness and miseries. A marriage of love is pleasant; a marriage of interest easy; and a marriage where both merit, happy. A happy marriage has in it all the pleasures of friendship, all the enjoyments of sense and reason, and indeed all the sweets of life. Nothing is a greater mark of a degenerate and vicious age, than the common ridicule which passes on this state of life. It is, indeed, only happy in those who can look down with scorn or neglect on the insipidities of the times, and tread the path of life together in a constant uniform course of virtue.

ABOMOR.

C.

Nº 202. MONDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1711.

*Nolle veneno si fieri unde facit est.*

OVID. Trist. L. 2. ver. 306.

Satirical reflections I avoid.

I thank myself highly obliged to the public for their kind acceptance of a paper which yields them every morning, and has in it none of those reasonings that recommend so many of the writings which are in vogue among us.

As on the one side, my paper has not in it a single word of news, a reflection in politics, nor a stroke of party; so on the other, there are no fashionable touches of infidelity, no obscene ideas, no satires upon priesthood, marriage, and the like popular topics of ridicule, no private scandal, nor any thing that may tend to the defamation of particular persons, families, or societies.

There is not one of these above-mentioned subjects that would not sell a very indifferent paper, could I think of gratifying the public by such means and base methods. Notwithstanding I have rejected every thing that savours of party, every thing that is loose and immoral, and every

thing that might create uneasiness in the minds of particular persons, I find that the demand for my papers has increased every month since their first appearance in the world. This does not perhaps reflect so much honour upon myself, as on my readers, who give a much greater attention to discourses of virtue and morality than ever I expected, or indeed could hope.

When I broke loose from that great body of writers who have employed their wit and parts in propagating vice and irreligion, I did not question but I should be treated as an odd kind of fellow, that had a mind to appear singular in my way of writing; but the general reception I have found, convinces me that the world is not so corrupt as we are apt to imagine; and that if those men of parts who have been employed in vitiating the age, had endeavoured to rectify and amend it, they needed not to have sacrificed their good sense and virtue, to their fame and reputation. No man is so sunk in vice and ignorance, but there are still some hidden seeds of goodness and knowledge in him; which give him a relish of such reflections and speculations as have an aptness to improve the mind, and make the heart better.

I have shown, in a former paper, with how much care I have avoided all such thoughts as are loose, obscene, or immoral; and I believe my reader would still think the better of me, if he knew the pains I am at in qualifying what I write after such a manner, that nothing may be interpreted as aimed at private persons. For this reason, when I draw any faulty character, I consider all those persons in whom the malice of the world may possibly apply it, and take care to dash it with such particular circumstances as may prevent all such ill-natured applications. If I write any thing in a black man, I run over in my mind all the eminent persons in the nation who are of that complexion; when I place an imaginary name at the head of a character, I examine every syllable and letter of it, that it may not bear any resemblance to one that is real. I know very well the value which every man sets upon his reputation, and how painful it is to be exposed to the mirth and derision of the public, and should therefore scorn to divert my reader at the expense of any private man.

As I have been thus tender of every particular person's reputation, so I have taken more than ordinary care not to give offence to those who appear in the higher figures of life. I would not make myself merry even with a piece of pasteboard that is invested with a public character; for which reason, I have never glanced upon the late designed procession of his Holiness and his attendants\*, notwithstanding it might have afforded matter to many ludicrous speculations. Among those advantages which the public may reap from this paper, it is not the least, that it draws men's minds off from the bitterness of party, and furnishes them with subjects of discourse that may be treated without warmth or passion. This is said to have been the first design of those gentlemen who set on foot the Royal Society; and had then a very good effect, as it turned many of the greatest geniuses of that age to the disquisitions of natural knowledge, who, if they had engaged in politics with the same parts and application, might have set their country in a flame. The air-pump, the barometer, the quadrant, and the like inventions, were thrown out to those busy spirits, as tubs and barrels are to a whale, that he may let the ship

sail on without disturbance, while he diverts himself with those innocent amusements.

I have been so very scrupulous in this particular of not hurting any man's reputation, that I have forbore mentioning even such authors as I could not name without honour. This I must confess to have been a piece of very great self-denial: for as the public relishes nothing better than the ridicule which turns upon a writer of any eminence, so there is nothing which a man that has but a very ordinary talent in ridicule may execute with greater ease. One might raise laughter for a quarter of a year together upon the works of a person who has published but a very few volumes. For which reason I am astonished, that those who have appeared against this paper have made so very little of it. The criticisms which I have hitherto published, have been made with an intention rather to discover beauties and excellencies in the writers of my own time, than to publish any of their faults and imperfections. In the meanwhile, I should take it for a very great favour from some of my underhand detractors, if they would break all measures with me so far, as to give me a pretence for examining their performances with an impartial eye: nor shall I look upon it as any breach of charity to criticise the author, so long as I keep clear of the person.

In the meanwhile, till I am provoked to such hostilities, I shall from time to time endeavour to do justice to those who have distinguished themselves in the politer parts of learning, and to point out such beauties in their works as may have escaped the observation of others.

As the first place among our English poets is due to Milton, and as I have drawn more quotations out of him than from any other, I shall enter into a regular criticism upon his *Paradise Lost*, which I shall publish every Saturday till I have given my thoughts upon that poem. I shall not, however, presume to impose upon others my own particular judgment on this author, but only deliver it as my private opinion. Criticism is of a very large extent, and every particular master in this art has his favourite passages in an author, which do not equally strike the best judges. It will be sufficient for me, if I discover many beauties or imperfections which others have not attended to; and I should be very glad to see any of our eminent writers publish their discoveries on the same subject. In short, I would always be understood to write my papers of criticism in the spirit which Horace has expressed in those two famous lines:

*Si quid novisti rectius istis,  
Candidus imperte; si non, his utere mecum.*

Ep. vi. l. 1. ver. ult.

'If you have made any better remarks of your own, communicate them with candour; if not, make use of these I present you with.'

ADDISON.

C.

Nº 263. TUESDAY, JANUARY 1, 1711-12.

*Gratulor quod cum quæri necesse erat, deliverere, quælibet  
cunque esset, tolerare habemus ut libenter quæque diligeamus.*

TERENTIUS, apud TULL.

I rejoice, that the person whom it was my duty to have, good or bad, is such an one, that I can live him with a willing mind.

'MR. SPECTATOR,  
'I AM the happy f  
in whom I do o

as v  
hardly con  
also m

\* See Swift's works, vol. xv. p. 189, &c. edit. 1831.

manner of life, renewed. It would be extremely beneficial to society, if you would frequently resume subjects which serve to bind these sort of relations faster, and endear the ties of blood with those of good-will, protection, abstinence, indulgence, and veneration. I would, methinks, have this done after an uncommon method, and do not think any one, who is not capable of writing a good play, fit to undertake a work wherein there will necessarily occur so many secret instincts, and blazes of human nature which would pass unobserved by common eyes. I thank Heaven I have no outrageous offence against my own excellent parents to answer for; but when I am now and then alone, and look back upon my past life, from my earliest infancy to this time, there are many faults which I committed that did not appear to me, even till I myself became a father. I had not till then a notion of the yearnings of heart which a man has when he sees his child do a laudable thing, or the sudden damp which seizes him when he fears he will act something unworthy. It is not to be imagined, what a remorse touched me for a long train of childish negligences of my mother, when I saw my wife the other day look out of the window, and turn as pale as ashes upon seeing my younger boy sliding upon the ice. These slight intimations will give you to understand, that there are numberless little crimes which children take no notice of while they are doing, which, upon reflection, when they shall themselves become fathers, they will look upon with the utmost sorrow and contrition, that they did not regard, before those whom they offended were to be no more seen. How many thousand things do I remember which would have highly pleased my father, and I omitted for no other reason, but that I thought what he proposed the effect of humor and old age, which I am now convinced had reason and good sense in it. I cannot now go into the parlour to him, and make his heart glad with an account of a matter which was of no consequence, but that I told it, and acted in it. The good man and woman are long since in their graves, who used to sit and plot the welfare of our children, while, perhaps, we were sometimes laughing at the old folks at another end of the house. The truth of it, were we merely to follow nature in these great duties of life, though we have a strong instinct towards the performing of them, we should be on both sides very deficient. Age is so well come to the generality of mankind, and growth towards manhood so desirable to all, that resignation to decay is too difficult a task to the fathers and deference, amidst the impulse of gay desires, appears untransmittable to the son. There are so few who can grow old with a good grace, and yet fewer who can come slow enough into the world, that a father, were he to be actuated by his desires, and a son, were he to consult himself only, could neither of them behave himself as he ought to the other. But when reason interposes against instinct, where it would carry either out of the interests of the other, there arises that happy interference of good offices between these distant relations of human life. The father, according to the opportunities which are offered to him, is throwing down blessings on the son, and the son endeavouring to appear the worthy offspring of such a father. It is after this manner that Camille and his first-born dwell together. Camille enjoys a pleasing and indolent old age, in which passion is subdued, and reason exalted. He waits the day of his dissolution with a resignation mixed with delight, and the

son fears the accession of his father's fortune with diffidence, lest he should not enjoy or become it as well as his predecessor. Add to this, that the father knows he leaves a friend to the children of his friends, an easy landlord to his tenants, and an agreeable companion to his acquaintance. He believes his son's behaviour will make him frequently remembered, but never wanted. This commerce is so well cemented, that without the pomp of sky-lark, "Son, be a friend to such a one when I am gone!" Camille knows, being in his favour is direction enough to the grateful youth who is to succeed him, without the admission of his mentioning it. These gentlemen are honored in all their neighbourhoods; and the same effect which the court has on the manners of a kingdom, their characters have on all who live within the influence of them.

"My son and I are not of fortune to commendate our good actions or intentions to so many as these gentlemen do; but I will be bold to say, my son has, by the applause and approbation which his behaviour towards me has gained him, occasioned that many an old man besides myself has rejoiced. Other men's children follow the example of mine; and I have the inexpressible happiness of overhearing our neighbours, as we ride by, point to their children, and say, with a voice of joy, "There they go."

"You cannot, Mr. Spectator, pass over these better than in insinuating the delights which these relations well regarded bestow upon each other. Ordinary passages are no longer such, but mutual forgiveness an importance to the most indifferent things, and a merit to actions the most insignificant. When we look round the world, and observe the many misunderstandings which are created by the malice and insinuation of the meanest servants between people thus related, how necessary will it appear that it were incalculable, that men would be upon their guard to support a constancy of affection, and that grounded upon the principles of reason, not the impulses of instinct.

"It is from the common prejudices which men receive from their parents, that hatreds are kept alive from one generation to another; and when men act by instinct, hatreds will descend when good offices are forgotten. For the degeneracy of human life is such, that our anger is soon easily transferred to our children than our love. Love always gives something to the object it delights in, and anger spurs the person against whom it is moved of something laudable in him; from this degeneracy, therefore, and a sort of self-love, we are more prone to take up the ill-will of our parents, than to follow them in their friendships.

"One would think there should need no more to make men keep up this sort of relation with the utmost candor, than to examine their own hearts. If every father remembered his own thoughts and inclinations when he was a son, and every son remembered what he expected from his father, when he himself was in a state of dependence, this one reflection would preserve men from being dissolute or rigid in these several capacities. The power and subjection between them, when broken, make them more emphatically tyrants and rebels against each other, with greater cruelty of heart, than the disruption of states and empires can possibly produce. I shall end this application to you with a letter which passed between a mother and son very lately, and are as follows:

"DEAR BARK,

By the pleasure, which I have the grief to bear

you pursue in town, do not take up all your time, do not deny your mother so much of it, as to read seriously this letter. You said before Mr. Letacere, that an old woman might live very well in the country upon half my jointure, and that your father was a fond fool to give me a rent-charge of eight hundred a-year to the prejudice of his son. What Letacere said to you upon that occasion, you ought to have borne with more decency, as he was your father's well-beloved servant, than to have called him country-put. In the first place, Frank, I must tell you I will have my rent duly paid, for I will make up to your sisters for the partiality I was guilty of, in making your father do so much as he has done for you. I may, it seems, live upon half my jointure! I lived upon much less, Frank, when I carried you from place to place in these arms, and could neither eat, dress, or mind any thing for feeding and tending you, a weakly child, and shedding tears when the convulsions you were then troubled with returned upon you. By my care you outgrew them, to throw away the vigour of your youth in the arms of harlots, and deny your mother what is not yours to detain. Both your sisters are crying to see the passion which I smother; but if you please to go on thus like a gentleman of the town, and forget all regards to yourself and family, I shall immediately enter upon your estate for the arrears due to me, and, without one tenner more, contain you for forgetting the fondness of your mother, as much as you have the example of your father. O Frank, do I live to omit writing myself

Your affectionate mother,

A. T.

STADAN,

I will come down to-morrow and pay the money on my knees. Pray write so no more. I will take care you never shall; for I will be for ever hereafter

Your most dutiful son,

F. T.

I will bring down new heads \* for my sisters. Pray let all be forgotten.

STUDER.

T.

N<sup>o</sup> 261. WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 2, 1711-12.

— *Secretum uter et fallentis semita vitæ.*

HOE. Ep. xviii. l. i. ver. 103

— Close retirement, and a life by stealth.

CRILLI.

It has been from age to age an affection to love the pleasure of solitude, among those who cannot possibly be supposed qualified for passing life in that manner. This people have taken up from reading the many agreeable things which have been written on that subject, for which we are beholden to excellent persons who delighted in being retired, and abstracted from the pleasures that enchant the generality of the world. This way of life is recommended indeed with great beauty, and in such a manner as disposes the reader for the time to a pleasing forgetfulness, or negligence of the particular hurry of life in which he is engaged, together with a longing for that state which he is

\* Head-Stones.

charmed with in description. But when we consider the world itself, and how few there are capable of a religious, learned, or philosophic solitude, we shall be apt to change a regard to that sort of solitude, for being a little singular in enjoying time after the way a man himself likes best in the world, without going so far as wholly to withdraw from it. I have often observed, there is not a man breathing who does not differ from all other men, as much in the sentiments of his mind, as the features of his face. The felicity is, when any one is so happy as to find out and follow what is the proper bent of his genius, and turn all his endeavours to exert himself according as that prompts him. Instead of this, which is an innocent method of enjoying a man's self, and turning out of the general tracks wherein you have crowds of rivals, there are those who pursue their own way out of a sourness and spirit of contradiction. These men do every thing which they are able to support, not if guilt and impunity could not go together. They choose a thing only because another dislikes it; and affect forsooth an inviolable constancy in matters of no manner of moment. Thus sometimes an old fellow shall wear this or that sort of cut in his clothes with great integrity, while all the rest of the world are degenerated into buttons, pockets, and loops, unknown to their ancestors. As insignificant as even this is, if it were searched to the bottom, you perhaps would find it not sincere, but that he is in the fashion in his heart, and holds out from mere obstinacy. But I am running from my intended purpose, which was to celebrate a certain particular manner of passing away life, and is a contradiction in no man, but a resolution to contract none of the exorbitant desires by which others are enslaved. The best way of separating a man's self from the world, is to give up the desire of being known to it. After a man has preserved his innocence, and performed all duties incumbent upon him, his time spent his own way is what makes his life differ from that of a slave. If they who affect show and pomp knew how many of their spectators derided their trivial taste, they would be very much less elated, and have an inclination to examine the merit of all they have to do with: they would soon find out that there are many who make a figure below what their fortune or merit entitles them to, out of mere choice, and an elegant desire of ease and disincumbrance. It would look like romance to tell you, in this age, of an old man who is contented to pass for an humorist, and one who does not understand the figure he ought to make in the world, while he lives in a lodging of ten shillings a week with only one servant; while he dresses himself according to the season in cloth or in stuff, and has no one necessary attention to any thing but the bell which calls to prayers twice a-day: I say, it would look like a fable to report that this gentleman gives away all which is the overplus of a great fortune, by secret methods, to other men. If he has not the pomp of a numerous train, and of professors of service to him, he has every day he lives the conscience that the widow, the fatherless, the mourner, and the stranger, bless his unseen hand in their prayers. This humorist gives up all the compliments which people of his own condition could make to him, for the pleasure of helping the afflicted, supplying the need, and befriending the neglected. This humorist keeps to himself much more than he wants, and gives a vast refuse of his superfluities to purchase heaven, and by freeing others



from the temptations of worldly want, to carry a retinue with him thither.

Of all men who affect living in a particular way, next to this admirable character, I am the most enamoured of Iras, whose condition will not admit of such largeness, and who perhaps would not be capable of seeking them if it were. Iras, though he is now turned of fifty, has not appeared in the world in his real character since five and twenty, at which age he ran out a small patrimony, and spent some time after with rakes who had lived upon him. A course of ten years thus, passed in all the little alleys, by-paths, and sometimes open taverns and streets of this town, gave Iras a perfect skill in judging of the inclinations of mankind, and acting accordingly. He seriously considered he was poor, and the general horror which most men have of all who are in that condition. Iras judged very rightly, that while he could keep his poverty a secret, he should not feel the weight of it; he improved this thought into an affectation of closeness and covetousness. Upon this one principle he resolved to govern his future life; and in the thirty-sixth year of his age, he repaired to Long-lane, and looked upon several dresses which bring there deserted by their first masters, and exposed to the purchase of the best bidder. At this place he exchanged his gay shabbiness of clothes for a much younger man, to warm ones that would be decent for a much older one. Iras came out thoroughly equipped from head to foot, with a little oaken case, in the form of a substantial man that did not mind his dress, turned of fifty. He had at this time fifty pounds in ready money; and in this habit, with this fortune, he took his present lodging in St. John's-street, at the mansion-house of a tailor's widow, who washes, and can clear-starch his bands. From that time to this he has kept the main stock, without alteration under or over to the value of five pounds. He left off all his old acquaintance to a man, and all his arts of life, except the play of back-gammon, upon which he has more than bore his charges. Iras has, ever since he came into this neighbourhood, given all the invitations he skilfully could of being a close trunk worth money; nobody comes to visit him, he receives no letters, and tells his money morning and evening. He has from the public papers a knowledge of what generally passes, shuns all discourses of money, but shrugs his shoulder when you talk of securities; he denies his being rich with the air, which all do who are vain of being so. He is the oracle of a neighbouring justice of the peace, who meets him at the coffee-house; the hopes that what he has must come to somebody, and that he has no heirs, have that effect wherever he is known, that he every day has three or four invitations to dine at different places, which he generally takes care to choose in such a manner as not to seem inclined to the richer man. All the young men respect him, and say he is just the same man he was when they were boys. He uses no artifice in the world, but makes use of men's desires upon him to get a maintenance out of them. This he carries on by a certain prevarication (which he acts very well) that no one would believe could possibly enter into the head of a poor fellow. His name, his dress, his carriage, and his language, are such, that you would be at a loss to guess whether in the active part of his life he had been a terrible citizen, or scholar that knew the world. There are the great circumstances in the life of Iras, and thus does he pass away his days a stranger to mankind; and at

his death, the worst that will be said of him will be, that he got by every man who had expectations from him, more than he had to leave him.

I have an inclination to print the following letters; for that I have heard the author of them has somewhere or other seen me, and by an excellent faculty in mimicry, my correspondents tell me he can assume my air, and give my taciturnity a disguise which directs more than any thing I could say if I were present. Thus I am glad my silence is stood for to the good company in town. He has carried his skill in imitation so far, as to have forged a letter from my friend Sir Roger in such a manner, that any one but I, who am thoroughly acquainted with him, would have taken it for genuine.

MR. SPECTATOR,

HAVING observed in Lilly's grammar how sweetly Bacchus and Apollo ran in a verse: I have (to preserve the amity between them) called in Bacchus to the aid of my profession of the theatre. So that while some people of quality are bespeaking plays of me to be acted on such a day, and others, hogsheads for their houses against such a time; I am wholly employed in the agreeable service of wit and wine. Sir, I have sent you Sir Roger de Coverley's letter to me, which pray comply with in favour of the Bumper tavern. Be kind, for you know a player's utmost pride is the approbation of the Spectator.

I am your admirer, though unknown,  
RICHARD ESTCOURT.

TO MR. ESTCOURT,

At his House in Covent-Garden.

Coverley, December the 17th, 1711.

OLD COMICAL ONE,

TAZ bogheads of neat port cannot safe, and have gotten thee good reputation in these parts; and I am glad to hear, that a fellow who has been laying out his money ever since he was born, for the mere pleasure of wine, has bethought himself of joining profit and pleasure together. Our sexton (poor man) having received strength from thy wine since his fit of the gout, is hugely taken with it; he says it is given by nature for the use of families, and that no steward's table can be without it; and it strengthens digestion, excludes surfeits, fevers, and phlegm; which green wines of any kind can't do. Pray get a pare sang room, and I hope next term to help fill your Bumper with our people of the club; but you must have no bells stirring when the Spectator comes; I forbore ringing to dinner while he was down with me in the country. Thank you for the little hams and Portugal onions; pray keep some always by you. You know my supper is only good Cheshire cheese, best mustard, a golden pippin, attended with a pipe of John Bly's best. Sir Harry has stolen all your songs, and tells the story of the 8th of November to perfection.

Yours to serve you,  
ROGER DE COVERLEY.

We have lost old John since you were here.

STEELE.

Y.

This subject is resumed in N° 300.

N<sup>o</sup> 265. THURSDAY, JANUARY 3, 1711-12.

*Dixerit e multis aliquis, quid virus in angustis  
Adjicis? et rabida tradis orbe lupi?*

OVID. de Art. Am. lib. iii. v. 7.

But some exclaim—What frenzy rules your mind?  
Would you increase the craft of womankind;  
Teach them new wiles and arts? As well you may  
Instruct a snake to bite, or wolf to prey.

CONGRÈVE.

ONE of the fathers, if I am rightly informed, has defined a woman to be *ζωον φιλοκοσμον*, an animal that delights in finery. I have already treated of the sex in two or three papers, conformably to this definition; and have in particular observed, that in all ages they have been more careful than the men to adorn that part of the head which we generally call the outside.

This observation is so very notorious, that when in ordinary discourse we say a man has a fine head, a long head, or a good head, we express ourselves metaphorically, and speak in relation to his understanding; whereas when we say of a woman, she has a fine, a long, or a good head, we speak only in relation to her comode \*.

It is observed among birds, that nature has lavished all her ornaments upon the male, who very often appears in a most beautiful head-dress; whether it be a crest, a comb, a tuft of feathers, or a natural little plume, erected like a kind of pinnacle on the very top of the head. As nature on the contrary has poured out her charms in the greatest abundance upon the female part of our species, so they are very assiduous in bestowing upon themselves the finest garnitures of art. The peacock, in all his pride, does not display half the colours that appear in the garments of a British lady, when she is dressed either for a ball or a birth-day.

But to return to our female heads. The ladies have been for some time in a kind of moulting season with regard to that part of their dress, having cast great quantities of ribbon, lace, and cambrick, and in some measure reduced that part of the human figure to the beautiful globular form which is natural to it. We have for a great while expected what kind of ornament would be substituted in the place of those antiquated comodes. But our female projectors were all the last summer so taken up with the improvement of their petticoats, that they had not time to attend to any thing else; but having at length sufficiently adorned their lower parts, they now begin to turn their thoughts upon the other extremity, as well remembering the old kitchen proverb, 'that if you light your fire at both ends, the middle will shift for itself.'

I am engaged in this speculation by a sight which I lately met with at the opera. As I was standing in the hinder part of a box, I took notice of a little cluster of women sitting together in the prettiest-coloured hoods that I ever saw. One of them was blue, another yellow, and another phloxinot; the fourth was of a pink colour, and the fifth of a pale green. I looked with as much pleasure upon this little party-coloured assembly, as upon a bed of tulips, and did not know at first whether it might not be an embassy of Indian queens; but upon my going about into the pit, and taking them in front, I was immediately undeceived, and saw so much beauty in every face, that I found them all to be English. Such eyes and lips, cheeks and foreheads, could be the growth of no other country. The complexion of their faces blinded me from observing any further the colour

of their hoods, though I could easily perceive by that unspeakable satisfaction which appeared in their looks, that their own thoughts were wholly taken up on those pretty ornaments they wore upon their heads.

I am informed that this fashion spreads daily, inasmuch that the Whig and Tory ladies begin already to hang out different colours, and to show their principles in their head-dress. Nay, if I may believe my friend Will Honeycomb, there is a certain old coquette of his acquaintance, who intends to appear very suddenly in a rainbow hood, like the Iris in Dryden's Virgil, not questioning but that among such a variety of colours she shall have a charm for every heart.

My friend Will, who very much values himself upon his great insight into gallantry, tells me, that he can already guess at the humour a lady is in by her hood, as the courtiers of Morocco know the disposition of their present emperor by the colour of the dress which he puts on. When Melesinda wraps her head in flame colour, her heart is set upon execution. When she covers it with purple, I would not, says he, advise her lover to approach her; but if she appears in white, it is peace, and he may hand her out of her box with safety.

Will informs me likewise, that these hoods may be used as signals. Why else, says he, does Cornelia always put on a black hood when her husband is gone into the country?

Such are my friend Honeycomb's dreams of gallantry. For my own part, I impute this diversity of colours in the hoods to the diversity of complexion in the faces of my pretty country-women. Ovid, in his Art of Love, has given some precepts as to this particular, though I find they are different from those which prevail among the moderns. He recommends a red striped silk to the pale complexion; white to the brown, and dark to the fair. On the contrary, my friend Will, who pretends to be a greater master in this art than Ovid, tells me, that the palest features look the most agreeable in white sarsenet; that a face which is overflushed appears to advantage in the deepest scarlet; and that the darkest complexion is not a little alleviated by a black hood. In short, he is for losing the colour of the face in that of the hood, as a fire burns dimly, and a candle goes half out, in the light of the sun. 'This,' says he, 'your Ovid himself has hinted, where he treats of these matters, when he tells us that the blue water-nymphs are dressed in sky-coloured garments; and that Aurora, who always appears in the light of the rising sun, is robed in saffron.'

Whether these his observations are justly grounded I cannot tell; but I have often known him, as we have stood together behind the ladies, praise or dispraise the complexion of a face which he never saw, from observing the colour of her hood, and has been very seldom out in these his guesses.

As I have nothing more at heart than the honour and improvement of the fair-sex, I cannot conclude this paper without an exhortation to the British ladies, that they would excel the women of all other nations as much in virtue and good sense, as they do in beauty; which they may certainly do, if they will be as industrious to cultivate their minds, as they are to adorn their bodies. In the meanwhile I shall recommend to their most serious consideration the saying of an old Greek poet:

*Ἡ δὲ καλὴ καὶ σοφὴ γυνὴ ὡς ἡλίου φῶς*

ADDITION.

\* See N<sup>o</sup> 265. Note.



ironical commendation of the industry and charity of these antiquated ladies, these directors of sin, after they can no longer commit it, makes up the beauty of the inimitable dedication to the "Plain Dealer," and is a masterpiece of raillery on this vice. But to understand all the purlieus of this game the better, and to illustrate this subject in future discourses, I must venture myself, with my friend Will, into the haunts of beauty and gallantry: from pampered vice in the habitations of the wealthy, to distressed indigent wickedness expelled the harbours of the brothel &c.

STEEL.

T.

N<sup>o</sup> 267. SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1711-12.

*Cedite Romani scriptores, cedite Graui.*  
Propert. El. xxiv. l. 2. ver. 65.

Give place, ye Roman and ye Grecian wits.

THAT there is nothing in nature so irksome as general discourses, especially when they turn chiefly upon words. For this reason I shall wave the discussion of that point which was started some years since, whether Milton's *Paradise Lost* may be called an heroic poem? Those who will not give it that title, may call it (if they please) a divine poem. It will be sufficient to its perfection, if it has in it all the beauties of the highest kind of poetry; and as for those who allege it is not an heroic poem, they advance no more to the diminution of it, than if they should say Adam is not *Aeneas*, nor *Eve* Helen.

I shall therefore examine it by the rules of epic poetry, and see whether it falls short of the *Iliad* or *Aeneid*, in the beauties which are essential to that kind of writing. The first thing to be considered in an epic poem, is the fable, which is perfect or imperfect, according as the action which it relates is more or less so. This action should have three qualifications in it. First, It should be but one action. Secondly, It should be an entire action; and Thirdly, It should be a great action. To consider the action of the *Iliad*, *Aeneid*, and *Paradise Lost*, in these three several lights. Homer, to preserve the unity of his action, hastens into the midst of things, as Horace has observed. Had he gone up to Leda's egg, or begun much later, even at the rape of Helen, or the investing of Troy, it is manifest that the story of the poem would have been a series of several actions. He therefore opens his poem with the discord of his princes, and artfully interweaves, in the several succeeding parts of it, an account of every thing material which relates to them, and had passed before that fatal dis-sention. After the same manner *Aeneas* makes his first appearance in the Tyrrhene seas, and within sight of Italy, because the action proposed to be celebrated was that of his settling himself in Latium. But because it was necessary for the reader to know what had happened to him in the taking of Troy, and in the preceding parts of his voyage, Virgil makes his hero relate it by way of episode in the second and third books of the *Aeneid*: the contents of both which books come before those of the first book in the thread of the story, though for preserving of this unity of action they follow them in the disposition of the poem. Milton, in imitation of these two great poets, opens his *Paradise Lost* with an infernal counsel plotting the fall of man, which is

the action he proposed to celebrate; and as for those great actions, which preceded in point of time the battle of the angels, and the erration of the world (which would have entirely destroyed the unity of his principal action, had he related them in the same order that they happened), he cast them into the fifth, sixth, and seventh books, by way of episode to this noble poem.

Aristotle himself allows, that Homer has nothing to boast of as to the unity of his fable, though at the same time that great critic and philosopher endeavours to palliate this imperfection in the Greek poet, by imputing it in some measure to the very nature of an epic poem. Some have been of opinion, that the *Aeneid* also labours in this particular, and has episodes which may be looked upon as excrescences rather than as parts of the action. On the contrary, the poem which we have now under our consideration, hath no other episodes than such as naturally arise from the subject, and yet is filled with such a multitude of astonishing incidents, that it gives us at the same time a pleasure of the greatest variety, and of the greatest simplicity; uniform in its nature, though diversified in the execution.

I must observe also, that as Virgil, in the poem which was designed to celebrate the original of the Roman empire, has described the birth of its great rival, the Carthaginian commonwealth. Milton, with the like art in his poem on the fall of man, has related the fall of those angels who are his professed enemies. Besides the many other beauties in such an episode, its running parallel with the great action of the poem hinders it from breaking the unity so much as another episode would have done, that had not so great an affinity with the principal subject. In short, this is the same kind of beauty which the critics admire in the Spanish Friar, or The Double Discovery\*, where the two different plots look like counter-parts and copies of one another.

The second qualification required in the action of an epic poem is, that it should be an entire action. An action is entire when it is complete in all its parts: or, as Aristotle describes it, when it consists of a beginning, a middle, and an end. Nothing should go before it, be intermixed with it, or follow after it, that is not related to it. As, on the contrary, no single step should be omitted in that just and regular process which it must be supposed to take from its original to its consummation. Thus we see the anger of Achilles in its birth, its continuance, and effects; and *Aeneas's* settlement in Italy, carried on through all the oppositions in his way to it both by sea and land. The action in Milton excels (I think) both the former in this particular: we see it contrived in hell, executed upon earth, and punished by Heaven. The parts of it are told in the most distinct manner, and grow out of one another in the most natural method.

The third qualification of an epic poem is its greatness. The anger of Achilles was of such consequence, that it embroiled the kings of Greece, destroyed the heroes of Troy, and engaged all the gods in factions. *Aeneas's* settlement in Italy produced the Caesar, and gave birth to the Roman empire. Milton's subject was still greater than either of the former; it does not determine the fate of single persons or nations; but of a whole species. The united powers of hell are joined together for the destruction of mankind, which they effected in part, and would have completed, had

not Omnipotence itself interposed. The principal actors are, man in his greatest perfection, and woman in her highest beauty. Their enemies are the fallen angels; the Messiah their friend, and the Almighty their protector. In short, every thing that is great in the whole circle of being, whether within the verge of nature, or out of it, has a proper part assigned it in this noble poem.

To poetry, as in architecture, not only the whole, but the principal members, and every part of them, should be great. I will not presume to say, that the books of games to the *Aeneid*, or that in the *Iliad*, are not of this nature; nor to reprehend Virgil's simile of the top, and many other of the same kind in the *Iliad*, as liable to any censure in this particular; but I think we may say, without derogating from those wonderful performances, that there is an unquestionable magnificence in every part of *Paradise Lost*, and indeed a much greater than could have been formed upon any Pagan system.

But Aristotle, by the greatness of the action, does not only mean that it should be great in its nature, but also in its duration, or in other words, that it should have a due length in it, as well as what we properly call greatness. The just measure of this kind of magnitude, he explains by the following similitude. An animal no bigger than a mite, cannot appear perfect to the eye, because the sight takes it in at once, and has only a confused idea of the whole, and not a distinct idea of all its parts; if, on the contrary, you should suppose an animal of ten thousand furlongs in length, the eye would be so filled with a single part of it, that it could not give the mind an idea of the whole. What these animals are to the eye, a very short or very long act on would be to the memory. The first would be, as it were, lost and swallowed up by it, and the other difficult to be contained in it. Homer and Virgil have shown their principal art in this particular; the action of the *Iliad*, and that of the *Aeneid*, were to themselves exceeding short, but are so beautifully extended and diversified by the invention of episodes, and the machinery of gods, with the like poetical ornaments, that they make up an agreeable story, sufficient to engage the memory without overcharging it. Milton's action is enriched with such a variety of circumstances, that I have taken as much pleasure in reading the contents of his books, as in the best invented story I ever met with. It is possible, that the traditions, on which the *Iliad* and *Aeneid* were built, had more circumstances in them than the history of the Fall of Man, as it is related in scripture. Besides it was easier for Homer and Virgil to dash the truth with fiction, as they were in no danger of offending the religion of their country by it. But as for Milton, he had not only a very few circumstances upon which to raise his poem, but was also obliged to proceed with the greatest caution in every thing that he added out of his own invention. And indeed, notwithstanding all the restraint he was under he has filled his story with so many surprising incidents, which bear so close an analogy with what is delivered in holy writ, that it is capable of pleasing the most delicate reader, without giving offence to the most scrupulous.

The modern critics have collected from several hints in the *Iliad* and *Aeneid* the space of time which is taken up by the action of each of those poems; but as a great part of Milton's story was transacted in regions that lie out of the reach of the sun and the sphere of the day, it is impossible

to gratify the reader with such a calculation, which indeed would be more curious than instructive; none of the critics, either ancient or modern, having laid down rules to circumscribe the action of an epic poem with any determined number of years, days, or hours.

This piece of criticism on Milton's *Paradise Lost* shall be carried on in the following Saturday's paper.

ADDISON

L

N° 258. MONDAY, JANUARY 7, 1711 12.

— *Movers optant mores* —

*Narbures huiusmodi hominibus.*

FOR SAT. 14. 1. 1. per 20

He cannot bear the ruffery of the age.

CREECH

It is not that I think I have been more witty than I ought of late, that at present I wholly forbear any attempt towards it; I am of opinion that I ought sometimes to lay before the world the plain letters of my correspondents in like artless dress in which they hastily send them, that the reader may see I am not accuser and judge myself, but that the indictment is properly and fairly laid, before I proceed against the criminal.

\* MR. SPECTATOR,

\* As you are Spectator-General, I apply myself to you in the following case, viz. I do not wear a sword, but I often divert myself at the theatre, where I frequently see a set of fellows pull plain people, by way of humour and frolic, by the nose upon serious or no occasions. A friend of mine, the other night, applauding what a graceful exit Mr. Wilks made, one of these nose wringers, over bearing him, plucked him by the nose. I was in the pit the other night (when it was very much crowded): a gentleman leaning upon me, and very heavily, I very civilly requested him to remove his hands; for which he pulled me by the nose. I would not resent it in so public a place, because I was unwilling to create a disturbance; but have since reflected upon it as a thing that is commonly and dishonourably renders the nose-puller odious, and makes the person pulled by the nose look little and contemptible. This grievance I humbly request you will endeavour to redress.

\* I am your admirer, &c

\* JAMES EASY \*

\* MR. SPECTATOR,

\* Your discourse of the 20th of December, on love and marriage, is of so useful a kind, that I cannot forbear adding my thoughts to yours on that subject. Methinks it is a misfortune, that the marriage-state, which in its own nature is adapted to give us the completest happiness this life is capable of, should be so uncomfortable a one to so many as it daily proves. But the mischief gradually proceeds from the unwife choice people make for themselves, and an expectation of happiness from that yet not rapable of giving it. Nothing but the good qualities of the person beloved can be a

\* See Nos. 273, 279, 285, 291, 297, 303, 309, 313, 321, 327, 333, 339, 345, 353, 357, 363, and 369.

\* This letter was written by a Mr. James Heywood, who was many years a wholesale book-seller on Pall-mall. He died in Dublin-street, July 17th, aged 80.

\* N° 252.

foundation for a love of judgment and discretion; and whoever expects happiness from any thing but virtue, wisdom, goodness, and a similitude of manners, will find themselves widely mistaken. But how few are there who seek after these things, and do not rather make riches their chief, if not their only aim? How rare is it for a man, when he engages himself in the thoughts of marriage, to place his hope of having in such a woman a constant agreeable companion? One who will divide his cares, and double his joys? who will manage that share of his estate he entrusts to her care with prudence and frugality, govern his home with economy and discretion, and be an ornament to himself and family? Where shall we find the man who looks not for one who places her chief happiness in the practice of virtue, and makes her duty her continual pleasure? Not men rather seek for money as the complement of all their desires; and, regardless of what kind of wives they take, they think riches will be a minister to all kind of pleasures, and enable them to keep mistresses, horses, hounds, to drink, feast, and game with their companions, pay their debts contracted by former extravagancies, or some such vile and unworthy ends; and indulge them selves in pleasures which are a shame and scandal to human nature. Now as for the women; how few of them are there, who place the happiness of their marriage in the having a wise and virtuous friend? one who will be faithful and just to all, and constant and loving to them? who with care and diligence will look after and improve the estate, and without grudging allow whatever is prudent and convenient? Rather how few are there, who do not place their happiness in outshining others in pomp and show? and that do not think within themselves when they have married such a rich person, that none of their acquaintance shall appear so fine in their equipage, so adorned in their persons, or so magnificent in their furniture as themselves? Thus their heads are filled with vain ideas; and I heartily wish I could say that equipage and show were not the chief good of so many women as I fear it is.

After this manner do both sexes deceive themselves, and bring reflections and disgrace upon the most happy and most honourable state of life; whereas, if they would but correct their depraved taste, moderate their ambition, and place their happiness upon proper objects, we should not find felicity in the marriage-state such a wonder in the world as it now is.

Sir, if you think these thoughts worth inserting among your own, be pleased to give them a better dress; and let them pass abroad; and you will oblige

‘Your admirer,  
A. B.’

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

As I was this day walking in the street, there happened to pass by on the other side of the way a beauty, whose charms were so attracting, that it drew my eyes wholly on that side, insomuch that I neglected my own way, and chanced to run my nose directly against a post; which the lady no sooner perceived, but she fell into a fit of laughter, though at the same time she was sensible that she herself was the cause of my misfortune, which in my opinion was the greater aggravation of her crime. I being busy wiping off the blood which trickled down my face, had not time to acquaint her with her barbarity, as also with my

resolution, viz. never to look out of my way for one of her sex more; therefore, that your humble servant may be revenged, he desires you to insert this in one of your next papers, which he hopes will be a warning to all the rest of the women-caters, as well as to poor

‘ANTHONY GAGE.’

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

I mistook to know in your next, if the merry game of “The parson has lost his cloak,” is not mightily in vogue amongst the fine ladies this Christmas, because I see they wear hoods of all colours, which I suppose is for that purpose. If it is, and you think it proper, I will carry some of those hoods with me to our ladies in Yorkshire; because they enjoined me to bring them something from London that was very new. If you can tell any thing in which I can obey their commands more agreeably, be pleased to inform me, and you will extremely oblige

‘Your humble servant.’

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘Oxford, Dec. 29.

SINCE you appear inclined to be a friend to the distressed, I beg you would assist me in an affair under which I have suffered very much. The reigning toast of this place is Patetia; I have pursued her with the utmost diligence this twelvemonth, and find nothing stands in my way but one who flatters her more than I can. Pride is her favourite passion; therefore if you would be so far my friend as to make a favourable mention of me in one of your papers, I believe I should not fail in my addresser. The scholars stand in rows, as they did to be sure in your time, at her pew-door; and she has all the devotion paid to her by a crowd of youths who are unacquainted with the sex, and have inexperience added to their passion. However, if it succeeds according to my vows, you will make me the happiest man in the world, and the most obliged amongst all

‘Your humble servants.’

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

I CAME to my mistress's toilet this morning, for I am admitted when her face is stark naked: she frowned and cried pish, when I said a thing that I stole; and I will be judged by you whether it was not very pretty. “Madam,” said I, “you shall forbear that part of your dress; it may be well in others, but you cannot place a patch where it does not hide a beauty.”

STEELE.

T.

Nº 269. TUESDAY, JANUARY 8, 1711-12.

— *Res rarissima nostro*  
*Simplitas* —

OID. AIS Am. l. t. ver. 251.

And brings our old simplicity again.  
DRYDEN.

I was this morning surprised with a great knocking at the door, when my landlady's daughter came up to me and told me that there was a man below desired to speak with me. Upon my asking her who it was, she told me it was a very grave elderly person, but that she did not know his name. I immediately went down to him, and found him to be the coachman of my worthy friend Sir Roger de Coverley. He told me that his master came to town

last night, and would be glad to take a turn with me in Gray's Inn walks. As I was wondering with myself what he had brought Sir Roger to town, not having lately received any letter from him, he told me that his master was come up to get a sight of Prince Eugene\*, and that he desired I would immediately meet him.

I was not a little pleased with the curiosity of the old knight, though I did not much wonder at it, having heard him say more than once in private discourse, that he looked upon Prince Eugene (for so the knight always calls him) to be a greater man than Alexander.

I was no sooner come into Gray's Inn walks, but I heard my friend upon the terrace breathing twice or thrice to himself with great vigour, for he loves to clear his pipes in good air (to make use of his own phrase), and is not a little pleased with any one who takes notice of the strength which he still exerts in his morning hours.

I was touched with a secret joy at the sight of the good old man, who before he saw me was engaged to conversation with a beggar-woman that had asked an alms of him. I could hear my friend chide him for not finding out some work; but at the same time saw him put his hand in his pocket and give him sixpence.

Our salutations were very hearty on both sides, consisting of many kind shakes of the hand, and several affectionate looks which we cast upon one another. After which the knight told me my good friend his chaplain was very well, and much at my service, and that the Sunday before he had made a most incomparable sermon out of Dr Barrow, 'I have left,' says he, 'all my affairs in his hands; and, being willing to lay an obligation upon him, have deposited with him thirty marks, to be distributed among his poor parishioners.'

He then proceeded to acquaint me with the welfare of Will Wimble†. Upon which he put his hand into his feb and presented me in his name with a tobacco-dopper, telling me that Will had been busy all the beginning of the winter in turning great quantities of them; and that he made a present of one to every gentleman in the country who has good principles, and smokes. He added, that poor Will was at present under great tribulation, for that Tom Tomsby had taken the law of him for cutting some hazel sticks out of one of his hedges.

Among other pieces of news which the knight brought from his country-seat, he informed me that Moll White was dead, and that about a month after her death the wind was so very high, that it blew down the end of one of his barns. 'But for my own part,' says Sir Roger, 'I do not think that the old woman had any hand in it.'

He afterwards fell into an account of the diversions which had passed in his house during the holidays; for Sir Roger, after the handsome custom of his ancestors, always keeps open house at Christmas. I learned from him, that he had killed eight fat hogs for this season; that he had dealt about his chimneys very liberally amongst his neighbours; and that in particular he had sent a string of bag-puddings with a pack of cards to every poor family in the parish. 'I have often thought,' said Sir Roger, 'it happens very well that Christmas should fall out to the middle of winter. It is the most dead uncomfortable time of the year,

when the poor people would suffer very much from their poverty and cold, if they had not good cheer, warm fires, and Christmas gambols to support them. I love to rejoice their poor hearts at this season, and to see the whole village merry in my great hall. I allow a double quantity of malt to my small beer, and set it a running for twelve days to every one that calls for it. I have always a piece of cold beef and a mince-pie upon the table, and am wonderfully pleased to see my tenants pass away a whole evening in playing their innocent tricks, and snuffing one another. Our friend Will Wimble is as merry as any of them, and shows a thousand roguish tricks upon these occasions.'

I was very much delighted with the recollection of my old friend, which carried so much goodness in it. He then launched out into the praise of the late act of parliament for securing the church of England‡, and told me with great satisfaction, that he believed it already began to take effect; for that a rigid dissentor who chanced to dine at his home on Christmas-day, had been observed to eat very plentifully of his plain-porridge.

After having dispatched all our country matters, Sir Roger made several inquiries concerning the club, and particularly of his old antagonist Sir Andrew Freeport. He asked me with a kind of smile, whether Sir Andrew had not taken advantage of his absence, to vent among them some of his republican doctrines; but soon after gathering up his countenance into a more than ordinary seriousness, 'Tell me truly,' says he, 'don't you think Sir Andrew had a hand in the pope's proclamation?'—But without giving me time to answer him, 'Well, well,' says he, 'I know you are a wary man, and do not care to talk of public matters.'

The knight then asked me, if I had seen Prince Eugene, and made me promise to get him a stand in some convenient place where he might have a full sight of that extraordinary man, whose presence did so much honour to the British nation. He dwelt very long on the praises of this great general; and I found that, since I was with him in the country, he had drawn many observations together out of his reading in Baker's Chronicle, and other authors, who always lie in his hall window, which very much redound to the honour of this prince.

Having passed away the greatest part of the morning in hearing the knight's reflections, which were partly private and partly political, he asked me if I would smoke a pipe with him over a dish of coffee at Squire's? As I love the old man, I take delight in complying with ever thing that is agreeable to him, and accordingly waited on him to the coffee-house, where his venerable figure drew upon the eyes of the whole room. He had no sooner seated himself at the upper end of the high table, but he called for a clean pipe, a paper of tobacco, a dish of coffee, a wax candle, and the Kipperment‡, with such an air of cheerfulness and good-humour, that all the boys in the coffee-room (who seemed to take pleasure in serving him) were at once employed on his several errands, inasmuch that nobody else could come at a dish of tea, until the knight had got all his conveniences about him.

ADDENDUM.

L.

\* Real 10 April, chap. 2. Against sacerdotalism, &c. &c.

† See No 772.

‡ A periodical paper of that time.

\* The prince was at that time in London, and much honoured by the queen and her courtiers.

† See Nos. 120, 121, 125, and 131.

N<sup>o</sup> 270. WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 9, 1711-12.

*Disce enim citius, neminiq; libentius illud,  
Quod quis deridet, quam quod probat.*

HOR. Ep. l. i. l. 2. ver. 262.

For what's derided by the censuring crowd,  
Is thought on more than what is just and good.

CREECH.

I do not know that I have been in greater delight for these many years, than in beholding the boxes at the play the last time 'The Scornful Lady' \* was acted. So great an assembly of ladies placed in gradual rows in all the ornaments of jewels, silks, and colours, gave so lively and gay an impression to the heart, that methought the season of the year was vanished; and I did not think it an ill expression of a young fellow who stood near me, that called the boxes those 'beds of tulips.' It was a pretty variation of the prospect, when any one of those fine ladies rose up and did honour to herself and friend at a distance, by curtsying; and gave opportunity to that friend to show her charms to the same advantage in returning the salutation. Here that action is as proper and graceful, as it is at church unbecoming and impertinent. By the way, I must take the liberty to observe, that I did not see any one who is usually so full of civilities at church, offer at any such indecorum daring any part of the action of the play. Such beautiful prospects gladden our minds, and, when considered in general, give innocent and pleasing ideas. He that dwells upon any one object of beauty, may fix his imagination to his disquiet; but the contemplation of a whole assembly together, is a defence against the inroad of desire: at least to me, who have taken pains to look at beauty abstracted from the consideration of its being the object of desire; at power, only as it sits upon another, without any hopes of partaking any share of it; at wisdom and capacity, without any pretensions to rival or envy its acquisitions. I say to me, who am really free from forming any hopes of beholding the persons of beautiful women, or warming myself into ambition from the successes of other men, this world is not only a mere scene, but a very pleasant one. Did mankind but know the freedom which there is in keeping thus aloof from the world, I should have more imitators, than the powerfulest man in the nation has followers. To be no man's rival in love, or competitor in business, is a character which, if it does not recommend you as it ought to benevolence among those whom you live with, yet has it certainly this effect, that you do not stand so much in need of their approbation, as you would if you aimed at more, in setting your heart on the same things which the generality doat on. By this means, and with this easy philosophy, I am never less at a play than when I am at the theatre; but indeed I am seldom so well pleased with action as in that place; for most men follow nature no longer than while they are in their night-gown, and all the busy part of the day are in characters which they neither become, nor act in with pleasure to themselves or their beholders. But to return to my ladies: I was very well pleased to see so great a crowd of them assembled at a play, wherein the heroine, as the phrase is, is

so just a picture of the vanity of the sex in tormenting their admirers. The lady who pines for the man whom she treats with so much impertinence and inconstancy, is drawn with much art and humour. Her resolutions to be extremely civil, but her vanity arising just at the instant she resolved to express herself kindly, are described as by one who had studied the sex. But when my admiration is fixed upon this excellent character, and two or three others in the play, I must confess I was moved with the utmost indignation, at the trivial, senseless, and unnatural representation of the chaplain. It is possible there may be a pedant in holy orders, and we have seen one or two of them in the world; but such a driveller as Sir Roger, so heretofore of all manner of pride, which is the characteristic of a pedant, is what one would not believe would come into the head of the same man who drew the rest of the play. The meeting between Welford and him shows a wretch without any notion of the dignity of his function; and it is out of all common sense that he should give an account of himself 'as one sent four or five miles in a morning, on foot, for eggs.' It is not to be denied, but this part, and that of the maid, whom he makes love to, are excellently well performed; but a thing which is blameable in itself, grows still more so by the success in the execution of it. It is so mean a thing to gratify a loose age with a scandalous representation of what is reputable among men, not to say what is sacred, that no beauty, no excellence in an author ought to atone for it; nay, such excellence is an aggravation of his guilt, and an argument that he errs against the conviction of his own understanding and conscience. Wit should be tried by this rule, and an audience should rise against such a scene as throws down the reputation of any thing which the consideration of religion or decency should preserve from contempt. But all this evil arises from this one corruption of mind, that makes men resent offences against their virtue, less than those against their understanding. An author shall write as if he thought there was not one man of honour or woman of chastity in the house, and come off with applause; for an insult upon all the ten commandments with the little critics is not so bad as the breach of an unity of time and place. Half wits do not apprehend the miseries that must necessarily flow from a degeneracy of manners; nor do they know that order is the support of society. Sir Roger and his mistress are monsters of the poet's own forming; the sentiments in both of them are such as do not arise in fools of their education. We all know that a silly scholar, instead of being below every one he meets with, is apt to be exalted above the rank of such as are really his superiors: his arrogance is always founded upon particular notions of distinction in his own head, accompanied with a pedantic scorn of all fortune and pre-eminence, when compared with his knowledge and learning. This very one character of Sir Roger, as silly as it really is, has done more towards the disparagement of holy orders, and consequently of virtue itself, than all the wit of that author, or any other, could make up for in the conduct of the longest life after it. I do not pretend, in saying this, to give myself airs of more virtue than my neighbours, but assert it from the principles by which mankind must always be governed. Sallies of imagination are to be overlooked, when they are committed out of warmth in the recommendation of what is praiseworthy; but a deliberate advancing of vice, with

\* By Beaumont and Fletcher.



all the wit in the world, is as if an action as any that comes before the magistrate, and ought to be received as such by the people.

STEELE.

T.

N<sup>o</sup> 271. THURSDAY, JANUARY 10, 1711-12.

*Artis trahens varias adstruxit arte colorem.*

VIRG. *Æn.* IV. ver. 783

Drawing a thousand colours from the light.

DRYDEN.

I receive a double advantage from the letters of my correspondents; first, as they show me which of my papers are most acceptable to them; and in the next place, as they furnish me with materials for new speculations. Sometimes indeed I do not make use of the letter itself, but form the hints of it into plans of my own invention; sometimes I take the liberty to change the language or thought into my own way of speaking and thinking, and always (if it can be done without prejudice to the sense) omit the many compliments and apologies which are usually bestowed upon me.

Besides the two advantages above-mentioned which I receive from the letters that are sent me, they give me an opportunity of lengthening out my paper by the skilful management of the subscribing part at the end of them, which perhaps does not a little conduce to the ease both of myself and reader.

Some will have it, that I often write to myself, and am the only practical correspondent I have. This objection would indeed be material, were the letters I communicate to the public stuffed with my own commendations; and if, instead of endeavouring to divert and instruct my readers, I admired in them the beauty of my own performances. But I shall leave these who conjecture to their own imaginations, and produce the three following letters for the entertainment of the day.

As last Thursday in an assembly of ladies, where there were thirteen different coloured hoods, *our Spectator of that day* lying upon the table, they ordered me to read it to them, which I did with a very clear voice, until I came to the Greek verse at the end of it. I must confess I was a little startled at its pepping upon me so unexpectedly. However, I covered my confusion as well as I could, and after having muttered two or three hard words to myself, laughed heartily, and cried, "a very good jest, faith." The ladies desired me to explain it to them; but I begged their pardon for that, and told them, that if it had been proper for them to hear, they might be sure the author would not have wrapped it up in Greek. I then let drop several expressions, as if there was something in it that was not fit to be spoken before a company of ladies. Upon which the mistress of the assembly, who was dressed in a cherry-coloured hood, commended the discretion of the writer for having thrown his silly thoughts into Greek, which was likely to corrupt but few of his readers. At the same time she declared herself very well pleased that he had not given a decisive opinion upon the new-fashioned hoods; "for to tell you truly," says she, "I was afraid he would have made us ashamed to show our heads." Now, sir, you must know, since this unlucky accident hap-

pened to me in a company of ladies, among whom I passed for a most ingenious man, I have consulted one who is well versed in the Greek language, and he assures me upon his word, that your late quotation means no more than that "manners, not dress, are the ornaments of a woman." If this comes to the knowledge of my female admirers, I shall be very hard put to it to bring myself off handsomely. In the meanwhile, I give you this account, that you may take care hereafter not to bring any of your well-wishers into the like inconveniences. It is in the number of these that I beg leave to subscribe myself,

"TOX TRIPITI."

"MR. SPECTATOR,

Your readers are so well pleased with your character of Sir Roger de Coverley, that there appeared a sensible joy in every coffee-house, upon hearing the old knight was come to town. I am now with a knot of his admirers, who make it their joint request to you, that you would give us public notice of the window or balcony where the knight intends to make his appearance. He has already given great satisfaction to several who have seen him at Squirt's coffee-house. If you think fit to place your short face at Sir Roger's left elbow, we shall take the hint, and gratefully acknowledge so great a favour.

"I am, SIR,

"Your most devoted humble servant,

"C. D."

"AIR,

Knows that you are very inquisitive after every thing that is curious in nature, I will wait on you, if you please, in the den of the evening, with my show upon my back, which I carry about with me in a box, as only consisting of a man, a woman, and a horse &c. The two first are married, in which state the little cavalier has so well acquitted himself, that his lady is with child. The big-bellied woman and her husband, with their little whimsical palfrey, are so very light, that when they are put together into a scale, an ordinary man may weigh down the whole family. The little man is a bully in his nature; but when he grows cholerick, I coach him to his box with his wrath in order, by which means I have liberto prevented him from doing mischief. His horse is likewise very vicious, for which reason I am forced to tie him close to his manger with a packthread. The woman is a coquette. She struts as much as it is possible for a lady of two foot high, and would ruin me in silks, were not the quantity that goes to a large pleasured sufficient to make her a gown and petticoat. She told me the other day, that she heard the ladies wore coloured hoods, and ordered me to get her one of the same blue. I am forced to comply with her demands whilst she is in her present condition, being very willing to have more of the same breed. I do not know what she may produce me, but provided it be a show I shall be very well satisfied. Such novelties should not, I think, be concealed from the British Spectator; for which reason I hope you will excuse this presumption in

"Your most dutiful, most obedient,

"and most humble servant,

"A. V."

ADDENDUM.

"We N<sup>o</sup> 272

Three dwarf, a very little man, a woman equally diminutive, and a horse proportionably so, were exhibited in London about this time.

"N<sup>o</sup> 273.

N<sup>o</sup> 272. FRIDAY, JANUARY 11, 1711-12.*Longa est injuria, longa  
Ambages*

VIRG. Æn. l. ver. 345.

Great is the injury, and long the tale.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘THE occasion of this letter is of so great importance, and the circumstances of it such, that I know you will but think it just to insert it, in preference of all other matters that can present themselves to your consideration. I need not, after I have said this, tell you that I am in love. The circumstances of my passion I shall let you understand as well as a disordered mind will admit. “That cursed pickthank, Mrs. Jane!” Alas, I am railing at one to you by her name, as familiarly as if you were acquainted with her as well as myself: but I will tell you all, as fast as the alternate interruptions of love and anger will give me leave. There is the most agreeable young woman in the world, whom I am passionately in love with, and from whom I have for some space of time received as great marks of favour as were fit for her to give, or me to desire. The successful progress of the affair, of all others the most essential towards a man’s happiness, gave a new life and spirit not only to my behaviour and discourse, but also a certain grace to all my actions in the commerce of life, in all things however remote from love. You know the predominant passion spreads itself through all a man’s transactions, and exalts or depresses him according to the nature of such passion. But, alas! I have not yet begun my story, and what is making sentences and observations when a man is pleading for his life? To begin then. This lady has corresponded with me under the names of love, she my Belinda, I her Cleanthes. Though I am thus well got into the account of my affair, I cannot keep in the thread of it so much as to give you the character of Mrs. Jane, whom I will not hide under a borrowed name; but let you know, that this creature has been, since I knew her, very handsome, (though I will not allow her even “she has been” for the future) and during the time of her bloom and beauty was so great a tyrant to her lovers, so over-valued herself and underrated all her pretenders, that they have deserted her to a man; and she knows no comfort but that common one to all in her condition, the pleasure of interrupting the amours of others. It is impossible but you must have seen several of these volunteers in malice, who pass their whole time in the most laborious way of life in getting intelligence, running from place to place with new whispers, without reaping any other benefit but the hopes of making others as unhappy as themselves. Mrs. Jane happened to be at a place where I, with many others well acquainted with my passion for Belinda, passed a Christmas evening. There was among the rest a young lady, so free in mirth, so amiable in a just reserve that accompanied it; I wrong her to call it a reserve, but there appeared in her a mirth or cheerfulness which was not a forbearance of more immoderate joy, but the natural appearance of all which could flow from a mind possessed of an habit of innocence and purity. I must have utterly forgot Belinda, to have taken no notice of one who was growing up to the same womanly virtues which shine to perfection in her, had I not distinguished one who seemed to promise to

the world the same life and conduct with my faithful and lovely Belinda. When the company broke up, the fine young thing permitted me to take care of her home. Mrs. Jane saw my particular regard to her, and was informed of my attending her to her father’s house. She came early to Belinda the next morning, and asked her, “If Mrs. Such-a-one had been with her?” “No.”—“If Mr. Such-a-one’s lady?” “No.”—“Nor your cousin Such-a-one?” “No.”—“Lord,” says Mrs. Jane, “what is the friendship of women! Nny, they may well laugh at it. And did no one tell you any thing of the behaviour of your lover, Mr. Whint-d’ye-call, last night? But perhaps it is nothing to you that he is to be married to young Mrs. — on Tuesday next?” Belinda was here ready to die with rage and jealousy. Then Mrs. Jane goes on: “I have a young kinsman who is clerk to a great conveyancer, who shall show you the rough draught of the marriage settlement. The world says her father gives him two thousand pounds more than he could have with you.” I went innocently to wait on Belinda as usual, but was not admitted; I writ to her, and my letter was sent back unopened. Poor Betty, her maid, who is on my side, has been here just now blubbering, and told me the whole matter. She says she did not think I could be so base; and that she is now so odious to her mistress, for having so often spoke well of me, that she dare not mention me more. All our hopes are placed in having these circumstances fairly represented in the Spectator, which Betty says she dare not but bring up as soon as it is brought in; and has promised, when you have broke the ice, to own this was laid between us, and when I can come to an hearing, the young lady will support what we say by her testimony, that I never saw her but that once in my whole life. Dear sir, do not omit this true relation, nor think it too particular; for there are crowds of forlorn coquettes who intermingle themselves with other ladies, and contract familiarities out of malice, and with no other design but to blast the hopes of lovers, the expectation of parents, and the benevolence of kindred. I doubt not but I shall be,

‘SIR,

‘Your most obliged humble servant,  
‘CLEANTHES.’

‘SIR,

‘Will’s coffee-house, Jan. 10.

‘THE other day, entering a room adorned with the fair sex, I offered, after the usual manner, to each of them a kiss; but one, more scornful than the rest, turned her cheek. I did not think it proper to take any notice of it until I had asked your advice.

‘Your humble servant,  
‘E. S.’

The correspondent is desired to say which cheek the offender turned to him.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

From the Parish Vestry, January 9.

*All ladies who come to church in the new-fashioned hoods, are desired to be there before divine service begins, lest they divert the attention of the congregation.*

RALPH.

STEELE.

T.

all the wit in the world, is as ill an action as any that comes before the magistrate, and ought to be received as such by the people.

STEEL.

T.

N° 271. THURSDAY, JANUARY 10, 1771-72.

*Abilis trilinea variis adscriso sole coloribus.*

VIRGO Mæ. iv. vœ. 701

*Drawing a thousand colours from the Eight DRYDEN.*

I ARCHIVE a double advantage from the letters of my correspondents; first, as they show me which of my papers are most acceptable to them; and in the next place, as they furnish me with materials for new speculations. Sometimes indeed I do not make use of the letter itself, but form the hints of it into plans of my own invention; sometimes I take the liberty to change the language or thought into my own way of speaking and thinking, and always (if it can be done without prejudice to the sense) omit the many compliments and apologies which are usually bestowed upon me.

Besides the two advantages above-mentioned which I receive from the letters that are sent me, they give me an opportunity of lengthening out my paper by the skilful management of the subscribing part at the end of them, which perhaps does not a little conduce to the ease both of myself and reader.

Some will have it, that I often write to myself, and am the only practical correspondent I have. This objection would indeed be material, were the letters I communicate to the public stuffed with my own commendations; and if, instead of endeavouring to divert and instruct my readers, I admired in them the beauty of my own performances. But I shall leave these wise conjectures to their own imaginations, and produce the three following letters for the entertainment of the day.

STR,

WAS last Thursday in an assembly of ladies, where there were thirteen different coloured hoods. Your Spectator of that day \* lying upon the table, they ordered me to read it to them, which I did with a very clear voice, until I came to the Greek verse at the end of it. I must confess I was a little startled at its pepping upon me so unexpectedly. However, I covered my confusion as well as I could, and after having muttered two or three hard words to myself, laughed heartily, and cried, "a very good jest, faith." The ladies desired me to explain it to them; but I begged their pardon for that, and told them, that if it had been proper for them to hear, they might be sure the author would not have wrapped it up in Greek. I then let drop several expressions, as if there was something in it that was not fit to be spoken before a company of ladies. Upon which the matron of the assembly, who was dressed in a cherry-coloured hood, commended the discretion of the writer for having thrown his flimsy thoughts into Greek, which was likely to corrupt but few of his readers. At the same time she declared herself very well pleased that he had not given a decisive opinion upon the new-fashioned hoods; "for to tell you truly," says she, "I was afraid he would have made us ashamed to show our heads." Now, sir, you must know, since this unlucky accident hap-

pened to me in a company of ladies, among whom I passed for a most ingenious man, I have consulted one who is well versed in the Greek language, and he assures me upon his word, that your late quotation means no more than that "manners, not dress, are the ornaments of a woman." If this comes to the knowledge of my female admirers, I shall be very hard put to it to bring myself off handsomely. In the meanwhile, I give you this account, that you may take care hereafter not to betray any of your well-wishers into the like inconveniences. It is in the number of these that beg leave to subscribe myself,

'TOM TRIPPIE.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

Your readers are so well pleased with your character of Sir Roger de Coverley, that there appeared a sensible joy in every coffee-house, and bearing the old knight was come to town. I am now with a knot of his admirers, who make it the joint request to you, that you would give us public notice of the window or balcony where the lady intends to make his appearance. He has already given great satisfaction to several who have seen him at Esquire's coffee-house. If you think fit place your short face at Sir Roger's left all we shall take the hint, and gratefully acknowledge great a favour.

'I am, SIR,

'Your most devoted humble servant'

'C

'SIR,

Knows that you are very inquisitive after things that are curious in nature, I will wait if you please, to the end of the evening, show upon my back, which I carry about in a box, as only consisting of a man, a and a horse. The two first are married, state the little cavalier has so well acquired, that his lady is with child. The woman and her husband, with their little poultry, are so very light, that when put together into a scale, an ordinary weigh down the whole family. The lady is a beauty in his nature; but when he gets I console him to his box until he is by which means I have hitherto prevented mischief. His horse is likewise for which reason I am forced to tie his manager with a packthread. The enquette. She struts as much as it is lady of two foot high, and would it were not the quantity that goes (a cushion sufficient to make her a coal. She told me the other day the ladies were coloured hoods, or get her one of the first blue, comply with her demands whilst sent condition, being very willful of the same breed. I do not produce me, but provided it be very well satisfied. Such novel think, be concealed from the for which reason I hope you's description in

'Your most dutiful, most

'and most h

ADDISON.

\* See N° 670

A Taver's death, a very little in writing, and a horse propounded. London's Short this week.

\* N° 271.

the authors having chosen for their heroes, persons who were so nearly related to the people for whom they wrote. Achilles was a Greek, and Æneus the remote founder of Rome. By this means their countrymen (whom they principally propose to themselves for their readers) were particularly attentive to all the parts of their story, and sympathized with their heroes in all their adventures. A Roman could not but rejoice in the escapes, successes, and victories of Æneus, and be grieved at any defeats, misfortunes, or disappointments that befel him; as a Greek must have had the same regard for Achilles. And it is plain, that each of those poems have lost this great advantage, among those readers to whom their heroes are as strangers, or indifferent persons.

Milton's poem is admirable in this respect, since it is impossible for any of its readers, whatever nation, country, or people he may belong to, not to be related to the persons who are the principal actors in it; but what is still infinitely more to its advantage, the principal actors in this poem are not only our progenitors, but our representatives. We have an actual interest in every thing they do, and no less than our utmost happiness is concerned, and lies at stake in all their behaviour.

I shall subjoin, as a corollary to the foregoing remark, an admirable observation out of Aristotle, which has been very much misrepresented in the quotations of some modern critics: 'If a man of perfect and consummate virtue falls into a misfortune, it raises our pity, but not our terror, because we do not fear that it may be our own case, who do not resemble the suffering person.' But, as that great philosopher adds, 'if we see a man of virtue mixed with infirmities, fall into any misfortune, it does not only raise our pity but our terror; because we are afraid that the like misfortunes may happen to ourselves, who resemble the character of the suffering person.'

I shall take another opportunity to observe, that a person of an absolute and consummate virtue should never be introduced in tragedy, and shall only remark in this place, that the foregoing observation of Aristotle, though it may be true in other occasions, does not hold in this; because, in the present case, though the persons who fall into misfortune are of the most perfect and consummate virtue, it is not to be considered as what may possibly be, but what actually is our own case; since we are embarked with them on the same bottom, and must be partakers of their happiness or misery.

In this, and some other very few instances, Aristotle's rules for epic poetry (which he had drawn from his reflections upon Homer) cannot be supposed to quadrate exactly with the heroic poems which have been made since his time; since it is plain his rules would still have been more perfect, could he have perused the Æneid, which was made some hundred years after his death.

In my next, I shall go through other parts of Milton's poem; and hope that what I shall there advance, as well as what I have already written, will not only serve as a comment upon Milton, but upon Aristotle.

ADDISON.

L.

Nº 274. MONDAY, JANUARY 14, 1711-12.

*Audire est operæ pretium, procedere recte  
Qui machis non cultis*

HOR. Sat. li. l. 1. ver. 37.

All you, who think the city ne'er can thrive,  
Till every cuckold-maker's slay'd alive,  
Attend.

POPE.

I HAVE upon several occasions (that have occurred since I first took into my thoughts the present state of fornication) weighed with myself, in behalf of guilty females, the impulses of flesh and blood, together with the arts and gallantries of crafty men; and reflect, with some scorn, that most part of what we in our youth think gay and polite, is nothing else but an habit of indulging a pruriency that way. It will cost some labour to bring people to so lively a sense of this, as to recover the manly modesty in the behaviour of my men readers, and the bashful grace in the faces of my women; but in all cases which come into debate, there are certain things previously to be done before we can have a true light into the subject matter; therefore it will, in the first place, be necessary to consider the impotent wenchers and industrious hags, who are supplied with, and are constantly supplying, new sacrifices to the devil of lust. You are to know then, if you are so happy as not to know it already, that the great havoc which is made in the habitations of beauty and innocence, is committed by such as can only lay waste and not enjoy the soil. When you observe the present state of vice and virtue, the offenders are such as one would think should have no impulse to what they are pursuing; as in business, you see sometimes fools pretend to be knaves, so in pleasure, you will find old men set up for wenchers. This latter sort of men are the great basis and fund of iniquity in the kind we are speaking of: you shall have an old rich man often receive serawls from the several quarters of the town, with descriptions of the new wares in their hands, if he will please to send word when he will be waited on. This interview is contrived, and the innocent is brought to such indecencies as from time to time banish shame and raise desire. With these preparatives the hags break their wards by little and little, till they are brought to lose all apprehensions of what shall befall them in the possession of younger men. It is a common postscript of an hag to a young fellow whom she invites to a new woman, 'She has, I assure you, seen none but old Mr. Such-a-one.' It pleases the old fellow that the nymph is brought to him unadorned, and from his bounty she is accommodated with enough to dress her for other lovers. This is the most ordinary method of bringing beauty and poverty into the possession of the town: but the particular cases of kind keepers, skilful pimps, and all others who drive a separate trade, and are not in the general society or commerce of sin, will require distinct consideration. At the same time that we are thus severe on the abandoned, we are to represent the case of others with that mitigation as the circumstances demand. Calling names does no good; to speak worse of any thing than it deserves, does only take off from the credit of the accuser, and has implicitly the force of an apology in the behalf of the person accused. We shall therefore, according as the circumstances differ, vary our appellations of these criminals: those who offend only

N° 273. SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1711-12.

*Natandi mox tibi moeror*

HOM. Ars Poet. ver. 126

Note well the manners.

HAVING examined the action of *Paradise Lost*, let us, in the next place, consider the actors. This is Aristotle's method of considering, first the fable, and secondly, the manners; or, as we generally call them in English, the fable and the characters.

Homer has excelled all the heroic poets that ever wrote in the multitude and variety of his characters. Every god that is admitted into his poem, acts a part which would have been suitable to no other deity. His princes are as much distinguished by their manners, as by their dominions; and even those among them, whose characters seem wholly made up of courage, differ from one another as to the particular kinds of courage in which they excel. In short, there is scarce a speech or action in the *Iliad*, which the reader may not ascribe to the person who speaks or acts, without seeing his name at the head of it.

Homer does not only outline all other poets in the variety, but also in the novelty of his characters. He has introduced among his Grecian princes a person who had lived thrice the age of man and conversed with *Thebes*, *Hercules*, *Polyphemus*, and the first race of heroes. His principal actor is the son of a goddess, not to mention the offspring of other deities, who have likewise a place in his poem; and the venerable Trojan prince, who was the father of so many kings and heroes. There is in these several characters of Homer, a certain dignity as well as novelty, which adapts them to a more peculiar manner to the nature of an heroic poem. Though at the same time, to give them the greater variety, he has described a *Vulcan*, (that is a buffoon among his gods, and a *Thersites* among his mortals).

Virgil falls infinitely short of Homer in the characters of his poem, both as to their variety and novelty. *Aeneas* is indeed a perfect character, but as for *Achilles*, though he is styled the hero's friend, he does nothing in the whole poem which may deserve that title. *Gyus*, *Menechmus*, *Sergestus*, and *Claonthus*, are all of them men of the same stamp and character:

*Portentus Gyus, portentus Clonthus, omnes.*

There are indeed several natural incidents in the part of *Ancantes*; and that of *Dido* cannot be sufficiently admired. I do not see any thing new or particular in *Ternus*. *Pallas* and *Ivander* are remote copies of *I Hector* and *Phryas*, as *Lauus* and *Mercutius* are almost parallels to *Pallas* and *Ivander*. The characters of *Nilus* and *Euryalus* are beautiful, but common. We must not forget the parts of *Blonon*, *Camilla*, and some few others, which are fine improvements on the Greek poet. In short, there is neither that variety nor novelty in the persons of the *Aeneid*, which we meet with in those of the *Iliad*.

If we look into the characters of *Milton*, we shall find that he has introduced all the variety his fable was capable of receiving. The whole species of mankind was in two persons at the time to which the subject of his poem is confined. We have, however, four distinct characters in these two persons. We see *sons* and *mothers* in the

highest innocence and perfection, and in the most abject state of guilt and infirmity. The two last characters are, indeed, very common and obvious; but the two first are not only more magnificent, but more new than any characters either in *Virgil* or *Homer*, or indeed in the whole circle of nature.

*Milton* was so sensible of this defect in the subject of his poem, and of the few characters it would afford him, that he has brought into it two actors of a shadowy and fictitious nature, in the persons of *Sin* and *Death*, by which means he has wrought into the body of his fable a very beautiful and well-invented allegory. But notwithstanding the fineness of this allegory may atone for it in some measure, I cannot think that persons of such a chimerical existence are proper actors in an epic poem; because there is not that measure of probability annexed to them, which is requisite in writings of this kind, as I shall show more at large hereafter.

*Virgil* has, indeed, admitted *Fama* as an actress in the *Aeneid*, but the part she acts is very short, and none of the most admired circumstances in that divine work. We find in mock-heroic poems, particularly in the *Dispenary*, and the *Latinus*, several allegorical persons of this nature, which are very beautiful in those compositions, and may perhaps be used as an argument, that the authors of them were of opinion such characters might have a place in an epic work. For my own part, I should be glad the reader would think so, for the sake of the poem I am now examining; and must further add, that if such empty unsubstantial beings may be ever made use of on this occasion, never are any more nicely imagined, and employed in more proper actions, than those of which I am now speaking.

Another principal actor in this poem is the great enemy of mankind. The part of *Ulysses* in *Homer's Odyssey* is very much admired by Aristotle, as perplexing that fable with very agreeable plots and incidents, not only by the many adventures in his voyage, and the subtilty of his behaviour, but by the various concealments and discoveries of his person in several parts of that poem. But the crafty being I have now mentioned, makes a much longer voyage than *Ulysses*, puts in practice many more wiles and stratagems, and hides himself under a greater variety of shapes and appearances, all of which are severally detected, to the great delight and surprise of the reader.

We may likewise observe, with how much art the poet has varied several characters of the persons that speak in his infernal assembly. On the contrary, how has he represented the whole Godhead exerting itself towards man in its full benevolence, under the threefold distinction of a *Creator*, a *Redeemer*, and a *Comforter*!

Nor must we omit the person of *Raphael*, who, amidst his tenderness and friendship for man, shows such a dignity and comeliness in all his speech and behaviour, as are suitable to a superior nature. The angels are indeed as much diversified in *Milton*, and distinguished by their proper parts, as the gods are in *Homer* or *Virgil*. The reader will find nothing ascribed to *Uriel*, *Gabriel*, *Michael*, or *Raphael*, which is not in a particular manner suitable to their respective characters.

There is another circumstance in the principal actors of the *Iliad* and *Aeneid*, which gives a peculiar beauty to these two poems, and was therefore contrived with very great judgment. I mean

There was a large cavity on each side the head, which I must not omit. That on the right side was filled with fictions, flatteries, and falsehoods, vows, promises, and protestations; that on the left with onths and imprecations. There issued out a duct from each of these cells, which ran into the root of the tongue, where both joined together, and passed forward in one common duct to the tip of it. We discovered several little roads or canals running from the ear into the brain, and took particular care to trace them out through their several passages. One of them extended itself to a bundle of sonnets and little musical instruments. Others ended in several bladders, which were filled either with wind or froth. But the large canal entered into a great cavity of the skull, from whence there went another canal into the tongue. This great cavity was filled with a kind of spongy substance, which the French anatomists call *Jalimatins*, and the English nonsense.

The skins of the forehead were extremely tough and thick, and, what very much surprised us, had not in them any single blood-vessel that we were able to discover, either with or without our glasses; from whence we concluded, that the party when alive must have been entirely deprived of the faculty of blushing.

The os cribriforme was exceedingly stuffed, and in some places damaged with snuff. We could not but take notice in particular of that small muscle which is not often discovered in dissections, and draws the nose upwards, when it expresses the contempt which the owner of it has, upon seeing any thing he does not like, or hearing any thing he does not understand. I need not tell my learned reader, this is that muscle which performs the motion so often mentioned by the Latin poets, when they talk of a man's cocking his nose, or playing the rhinoceros.

We did not find any thing very remarkable in the eye, saving only, that the muscoli amatori, or, as we may translate it into English, the ogling muscles, were very much worn and decayed with use; whereas, on the contrary, the elevator, or the muscle which turns the eye towards heaven, did not appear to have been used at all.

I have only mentioned in this dissection such new discoveries as we were able to make, and have not taken any notice of those parts which are to be met with in common heads. As for the skull, the face, and indeed the whole outward shape and figure of the head, we could not discover any difference from what we observe in the heads of other men. We were informed, that the person to whom this head belonged, had passed for a man above five and thirty years; during which time he eat and drank like other people, dressed well, talked loud, laughed frequently, and on particular occasions had acquitted himself tolerably at a ball or an assembly; to which one of the company added, that a certain knot of ladies took him for a wit. He was cut off in the flower of his age by the blow of a paring-shovel, having been surprised by an eminent citizen, as he was tendering some civilities to his wife.

When we had thoroughly examined this head with all its apartments, and its several kinds of furniture, we put up the brain, such as it was, into its proper place, and laid it aside under a broad piece of scarlet cloth, in order to be prepared, and kept in a great repository of dissections: our operator telling us that the preparation would not be so difficult as that of another brain, for that he had observed several of the little pipes and tubes,

which ran through the brain, were already filled with a kind of mercurial substance, which he looked upon to be true quicksilver.

He applied himself, in the next place, to the coquette's heart, which he likewise laid open with great dexterity. There occurred to us many particularities in this dissection; but being unwilling to burthen my reader's memory too much, shall reserve this subject for the speculation of another day\*.

ADDISON.

L.

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Nº 276. WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 16, 1711-12.

*Errori nomē virtus posuisset honestum.*

HOR. Sat. lib. 1. 1. ver. 42.

Misconduct screen'd behind a specious name.

\* MR. SPECTATOR,

I hope you have philosophy enough to be capable of hearing the mention of your faults. Your papers which regard the fallen part of the fair-sex, are, I think, written with an delicacy which makes them unworthy to be inserted in the writings of a moralist who knows the world†. I cannot allow that you are at liberty to observe upon the actions of mankind with the freedom which you seem to resolve upon; at least if you do so, you should take along with you the distinction of manners of the world, according to the quality and way of life of the persons concerned. A man of breeding speaks of even misfortune among ladies, without giving it the most terrible aspect it can bear: and this tenderness towards them, is much more to be preserved when you speak of vices. All mankind are so far related, that care is to be taken, in things to which all are liable, you do not mention what concerns one in terms which shall disgust another. Thus to tell a rich man of the indigence of a kinsman of his, or abruptly to inform a virtuous woman of the lapse of one who until then was in the same degree of esteem with herself, is a kind of involving each of them in some participation of those disadvantages. It is therefore expected from every writer, to treat his argument in such a manner, as is most proper to entertain the sort of readers to whom his discourse is directed. It is not necessary, when you write to the tea-table, that you should draw vices which carry all the horror of shame and contempt; if you paint an impertinent self-love, an artful glance, an assumed complexion, you say all which you ought to suppose they can be possibly guilty of. When you talk with this limitation, you behave yourself so as that you may expect others in conversation may second your raillery; but when you do it in a style which every body else forbears in respect to their quality, they have an easy remedy in forbearing to read you, and hearing no more of their faults. A man that is now and then guilty of an intemperance is not to be called a drunkard; but the rule of polite raillery, is to speak of a man's faults as if you loved him. Of this nature is what was said by Cæsar: when one was railing with an uncourteous vehemence, and broke out with, "What must we call him who was taken in an intrigue with another man's wife?" Cæsar answered very gravely, "A careless fellow." This was at once a reprimand for speaking of a crime which in those days had not the abhorrence attending it as it

\* See Nº 281.

† See Nos. 266 and 274.

against themselves, and are not scandals to society, but out of deference to the sober part of the world, have so much good left in them as to be ashamed, must not be muddled in the common word due to the worst of women; but regard is to be had to their circumstances when they fell, to the uneasy perplexity under which they lived under senseless and severe parents, to the importunity of poverty, to the violence of a passion to its beginning well grounded, and all other alleviations which make unhappy women resign the characteristic of their sex, modesty. To do otherwise than thus, would be to act like a pedantic Stoic, who thinks all crimes alike, and not like an impartial Spectator, who looks upon them with all the circumstances that diminish or enhance the guilt. I am in hopes, if this subject be well pursued, women will hereafter, from their infancy be treated with an eye to their future state in the world; and not have their tempers made too intractable from an improper softness or pride, or too complying from familiarity or forwardness contracted at their own homes. After these hints on this subject, I shall end this paper with the following genuine letter; and desire all who think they may be concerned in future speculations on this subject, to send in what they have to say for themselves for some incidents in their lives, in order to have proper allowances made for their conduct.

'MR. SPECTATOR, 'JAN. 5, 1711 12.  
'THE subject of your yesterday's paper\*, is of so great importance, and the thorough handling of it may be so very useful to the preservation of many an innocent young creature, that I think every one is obliged to furnish you with what lights he can, to expose the pernicious arts and practices of those unnatural women called hawds. In order to this, the enclosed is sent you, which is verbatim the copy of a letter written by a hawd of figure in this town to a noble lord. I have concealed the names of both, my intention being not to expose the persons but the thing.

'I am, sir,  
'Your humble servant.'

MY LORD,  
I HAVE a great esteem for your honour, and a better opinion of you than of any of the quality, makes me acquaint you of an affair that I hope will oblige you to know. I have a niece that came to town about a fortnight ago. Her parents being lately dead she came to me, expecting to a found me to so good a condition as to a set her up in a milliner's shop. Her father gave surety for her for five years; her time is out, and she is now sixteen; as pretty a black gentlewoman as ever you saw; a little woman, which I know your lordship likes; well shaped, and as fine a complexion for red and white as ever I saw; I doubt not but your lordship will be of the same opinion. She designs to go down about a month hence, except I can provide for her, which I cannot at present. Her father was one with whom all he had, died with him, so there is four children left destitute: so if your lordship thinks proper to make an appointment where I shall wait on you with my niece, by a line or two, I stay for your answer; for I have no place fitted up since I left my house, fit to entertain your honour. I told her she should go with me to see a gentleman, a very good friend of mine: so I desire you to

take no notice of my letter, by reason she is ignorant of the ways of the town. My lord, I desire if you meet us to come alone; for, upon my word and honour, you are the first that I ever mentioned her to. So I remain

'Your lordship's  
'Most humble servant to command.

'I beg of you to burn it when you've read it.'

STEEL.

T.

Nº 275. TUESDAY, JANUARY 15, 1711 12.

— tribus Anglicis caput benevolens —  
HOR. Ars Poet. var. 303.

A head, no Hicbore can cure.

I WAS yesterday engaged in an assembly of virtuosi, where one of them produced many curious observations which he had lately made in an anatomy of a human body. Another of the company communicated to us several wonderful discoveries, which he had also made on the same subject, by the help of very fine glasses. This gave birth to a great variety of uncommon remarks, and furnished discourse for the remaining part of the day.

The different opinions which were started on this occasion, presented to my imagination so many new ideas, that, by mixing with these were already there, they employed my fancy all the last night, and composed a very wild extravagant dream.

I was invited, methought, to the dissection of a brain's head, and a coquette's heart, which were both of them laid on a table before me. An anatomical operator opened the first with a great deal of nicety, which, upon a cursory and superficial view, appeared like the brain of another man; but upon applying our glasses to it, we made a very odd discovery, namely, that what we looked upon as brains, were not such in reality, but as heap of strange materials wound up to that shape and texture, and packed together with wonderful art in the several cavities of the skull. For, as Homer tells us that the blood of the gods is not real blood, but only something like it; so we found that the brain of a brain is not a real brain, but only something like it.

The pineal gland, which many of our modern philosophers suppose to be the seat of the soul, was very strong of evidence and strange-slowly water, and was encompassed with a kind of bony substance, cut into a thousand little faces or mirrors, which were imperceptible to the naked eye, inasmuch that the soul, if there had been any here, must have been always taken up in contemplating her own beauties.

We observed a large antrum or cavity in the discept, that was filled with ribbons, lace, and embroidery, wrought together in a most curious piece of net-work, the parts of which were likewise imperceptible to the naked eye. Another of these antrums or cavities was stuffed with invisible billiards, love-letters, pricked dancers, and other trumpery of the same nature. In another we found a kind of powder, which set the whole company a sneezing, and by the scent discovered itself to be right Spanish. The several other cells were stored with commodities of the same kind, of which it would be tedious to give the reader an exact inventory.

There was a large cavity on each side the head, which I must not omit. That on the right side was filled with fictions, flatteries, and falsehoods, vows, promises, and protestations; that on the left with oaths and imprecations. There issued out a duct from each of these cells, which ran into the root of the tongue, where both joined together, and passed forward in one common duct to the tip of it. We discovered several little roads or canals running from the ear into the brain, and took particular care to trace them out through their several passages. One of them extended itself to a bundle of sonnets and little musical instruments. Others ended in several bladders, which were filled either with wind or froth. But the large canal entered into a great cavity of the skull, from whence there went another canal into the tongue. This great cavity was filled with a kind of spongy substance, which the French anatomists call *Jalimatas*, and the English nonsense.

The skins of the forehead were extremely tough and thick, and, what very much surprised us, had not in them any single blood-vessel that we were able to discover, either with or without our glasses; from whence we concluded, that the party when alive must have been entirely deprived of the faculty of blushing.

The os cribriforme was exceedingly stuffed, and in some places damaged with snuff. We could not but take notice in particular of that small muscle which is not often discovered in dissections, and draws the nose upwards, when it expresses the contempt which the owner of it has, upon seeing any thing he does not like, or hearing any thing he does not understand. I need not tell my learned reader, this is that muscle which performs the motion so often mentioned by the Latin poets, when they talk of a man's cocking his nose, or playing the rhinoceros.

We did not find any thing very remarkable in the eye, saving only, that the *musculi amtorii*, or, as we may translate it into English, the ogling muscles, were very much worn and decayed with use; whereas, on the contrary, the elevator, or the muscle which turns the eye towards heaven, did not appear to have been used at all.

I have only mentioned in this dissection such new discoveries as we were able to make, and have not taken any notice of those parts which are to be met with in common heads. As for the skull, the face, and indeed the whole outward shape and figure of the head, we could not discover any difference from what we observe in the heads of other men. We were informed, that the person to whom this head belonged, had passed for a man above five and thirty years; during which time he eat and drank like other people, dressed well, talked loud, laughed frequently, and on particular occasions had acquitted himself tolerably at a ball or an assembly; to which one of the company added, that a certain knot of ladies took him for a wit. He was cut off in the flower of his age by the blow of a paring-shovel, having been surprised by an eminent citizen, as he was tendering some civilities to his wife.

When we had thoroughly examined this head with all its apartments, and its several kinds of furniture, we put up the brain, such as it was, into its proper place, and laid it aside under a broad piece of scarlet cloth, in order to be prepared, and kept in a great repository of dissections: our operator telling us that the preparation would not be so difficult as that of another brain, for that he had observed several of the little pipes and tubes,

which ran through the brain, were already filled with a kind of mercurial substance, which he looked upon to be true quicksilver.

He applied himself, in the next place, to the coquette's heart, which he likewise laid open with great dexterity. There occurred to us many particularities in this dissection; but being unwilling to burthen my reader's memory too much, shall reserve this subject for the speculation of another day\*.

ADDISON.

L.

Nº 276. WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 16, 1711-12.

*Errori nomē virtus posuisset honestum.*

HOR. Sat. III. l. 1. ver. 42.

Misconduct screen'd behind a specious name.

\* MR. SPECTATOR,

I hope you have philosophy enough to be capable of hearing the mention of your faults. Your papers which regard the fallen part of the fair-sex, are, I think, written with an indelicacy which makes them unworthy to be inserted in the writings of a moralist who knows the world†. I cannot allow that you are at liberty to observe upon the actions of mankind with the freedom which you seem to resolve upon; at least if you do so, you should take along with you the distinction of manners of the world, according to the quality and way of life of the persons concerned. A man of breeding speaks of even misfortune among ladies, without giving it the most terrible aspect it can bear: and this tenderness towards them, is much more to be preserved when you speak of vices. All mankind are so far related, that care is to be taken, in things to which all are liable, you do not mention what concerns one in terms which shall disgust another. Thus to tell a rich man of the indigence of a kinsman of his, or abruptly to inform a virtuous woman of the lapse of one who until then was in the same degree of esteem with herself, is a kind of involving each of them in some participation of those disadvantages. It is therefore expected from every writer, to treat his argument in such a manner, as is most proper to entertain the sort of readers to whom his discourse is directed. It is not necessary, when you write to the tea-table, that you should draw vices which carry all the horror of shame and contempt; if you print an impertinent self-love, an artful glauce, an assumed complexion, you say all which you ought to suppose they can be possibly guilty of. When you talk with this limitation, you behave yourself so as that you may expect others in conversation may second your raillery; but when you do it in a style which every body else forbears in respect to their quality, they have an easy remedy in forbearing to read you, and hearing no more of their faults. A man that is now and then guilty of an intemperance is not to be called a drunkard; but the rule of polite raillery, is to speak of a man's faults as if you loved him. Of this nature is what was said by Cæsar: when one was railing with an uncourtly vehemence, and broke out with, "What must we call him who was taken in an intrigue with another man's wife?" Cæsar answered very gravely, "A careless fellow." This was at once a reprimand for speaking of a crime which in those days had not the abhorrence attending it as it

\* See Nº 281.

† See Nos. 266 and 274.



ought, as well as an intimation that all intemperate behaviour before spectators loses its aim, by according to a method unfit for the audience. A word to the wise. All I mean here to say to you is, that the most free person of quality can go no further than being a kind woman; and you should never say of a man of figure worse than that he knows the world.

I am, sir,

Your most humble servant,  
FRANCIS COURTY.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I AM a woman of an unspotted reputation, and know nothing I have ever done which should encourage such insolence; but here was one the other day, and he was dressed like a gentleman too, who took the liberty to name the words "lovely fellow" in my presence. I doubt not but you will resent it in behalf of,

SIR,

Your humble servant,  
CELIA.

MR. SPECTATOR,

You lately put out a dreadful paper, wherein you promise a full account of the state of criminal love; and call all the fair who have transgressed in that kind by one very rude name which I do not care to repeat; but I desire to know of you whether I am or am not one of those? My case is as follows: I am kept by an old bachelor, who took me so young that I know not how he came by me. He is a benchman of one of the turn of court, a very gay healthy old man, which is a very lucky thing for him; who has been, he tells me, a scoundrel, a scoundrel, a breaker of windows, an invader of constables, in the days of yore, when all domestic end'd with the day, and males and females met better-shelter, and the scoundrels drove before them all who pretended to keep up order or rule to the interruption of love and honour. This is his way of talk, for he is very gay when he visits me; but as his former knowledge of the town has alarmed him into an insupportable jealousy, he keeps me in a pair of slippers, neat bodice, warm petticoats, and my own hair wove in ringlets, after a manner, he says, he remembers. I am not mistress of one farthing of money, but have all necessaries provided for me, under the guard of one who procured for him while he had any desires to gratify. I know nothing of a wretch's life, but the reputation of it: I have a natural voice, and a pretty enough step in dancing. His manner is, to bring in old fellow, who has been his servant from his youth, and is grey-headed. This man makes on the fellow a certain flourish to which I dower, and when that is over, I sing to him some loose air that was more wanton than made to it. You must have seen a strange-widowed house near Hyde-park, which is so built that no one can look out of any of the apartments; my rooms are after this manner, and I never see man, woman, or child, not in company with the two persons above mentioned. He sends me in all the books, pamphlets, plays, operas, and songs that come out; and his greatest delight in me as a woman is, to talk over his old memoirs in my presence, to play with my neck, say "the time was," give me a kiss, and bid me be sure to follow the directions of my gardener (the above-mentioned lady), and I shall never want. The truth at my case is, I suppose, that I was educated for a purpose he did not know to what end he sought for when I came to years. Now,

— as you say, let it

sir, what I ask of you as a cavalier, to tell me how far to these circumstances I am innocent, though subservient; he guilty, though impotent!

I am, sir,

Your constant reader,  
PUCELLA.

TO THE MAN CALLED THE SPECTATOR.

FRIEND,

FORASMUCH as at the birth of thy labour, thou didst promise upon thy word, that, letting alone the vanities that do abound, thou wouldst only endeavour to straighten the crooked moral of this our Babylon, I gave credit to thy fair speeches, and admitted one of thy papers every day, save Sunday, into my house, for the edification of my daughter Tabitha, and to the end that some time the wife of my bosom might profit thereby. But alas! my friend, I find that thou art a liar, and that the truth is not in thee; else why didst thou, in a paper which thou didst lately put forth, make mention of those vain coverings for the heads of our females, which thou lovest to liken into tails, and which are lately sprung up among us? Nay, why didst thou make mention of them in such a seeming, as if thou didst approve the invention, inasmuch that my daughter Tabitha beginneth to wax wanton, and to lust after those foolish vanities? Surely thou dost see with the eyes of the flesh. Verily, therefore, unless thou dost speedily amend and leave off following those own imaginations, I will leave off thee.

Thy friend as hereafter thou dost demean thyself.

REVEREND BROADBRIK.

STYLL.

T.

Nº 277. THURSDAY, JANUARY 17, 1711-12.

— for all at hand's doors  
OVID. Met. l. iv. v. 32.

Receive instruction from an enemy

I PRAY you I need not inform the polite part of my readers, that before our correspondence with France was unhappily interrupted by the war, our ladies had all their fashions from thence; which the milliners took care to furnish them with by means of a jolied baby, that came regularly over once a month, habited after the manner of the most elegant toasts in Paris.

I am credibly informed, that even in the hottest time of the war, the sex made several efforts, and raised large contributions towards the importation of this wooden mademoiselle.

Whether the vessel they set out was lost or taken, or whether its cargo was seized on by the officers of the custom-house as a piece of contraband goods, I have not yet been able to learn; it is however certain, that their first attempts were without success, to the no small disappointment of our whole female world; but as their constancy and application, in a matter of so great importance, can never be sufficiently commended, so I am glad to find, that in spite of all opposition they have at length carried their point, of which I received advice by the two following letters:

MR. SPECTATOR,

I AM so great a lover of whatever is French, that I lately discarded an humble adviser, because he neither spoke that tongue, nor drank claret.

have long bewailed in secret the calamities of my sex during the war, in all which time we have laboured under the insupportable inventions of English tire-women, who, though they sometimes copy indifferently well, can never compose with that *gôût* they do in France.

'I was almost in despair of ever more seeing a model from that dear country, when last Sunday I overheard a lady in the next pew to me whisper another, that at the Seven Stars in King-street, Covent-garden, there was a mademoiselle completely dressed just come from Paris.

'I was in the utmost impatience during the remaining part of the service, and as soon as ever it was over, having learnt the milliner's *adresse*, I went directly to her house in King-street, but was told that the French lady was at a person of quality's in Pall-mall, and would not be back again till very late that night. I was therefore obliged to renew my visit very early this morning, and had then a full view of the dear moppet from head to foot.

'You cannot imagine, worthy sir, how ridiculously I find we have all been trussed up during the war, and how infinitely the French dress excels ours.

'The mantua has no leads in the sleeves, and I hope we are not lighter than the French ladies, so as to want that kind of ballast; the petticoat has no whalebone, but sits with an air altogether gallant and *degagé*: the corsage is inexpressibly pretty, and in short the whole dress has a thousand beauties in it, which I would not have as yet made too public.

'I thought fit, however, to give you this notice, that you may not be surprised at my appearing à la mode de Paris on the next birth-night.

'I am, sir,

'Your humble servant,

'TERAMINTA.'

Within an hour after I had read this letter, I received another from the owner of the puppet.

'SIR,

'On Saturday last, being the 12th instant, there arrived at my house in King-street, Covent-garden, a French baby for the year 1712. I have taken the utmost care to have her dressed by the most celebrated tire-women and mantua-makers in Paris, and do not find that I have any reason to be sorry for the expense I have been at in her clothes and importation: however, as I know no person who is so good a judge of dress as yourself, if you please to call at my house in your way to the city, and take a view of her, I promise to amend whatever you shall disapprove in your next paper, before I exhibit her as a pattern to the public.

'I am, sir,

'Your most humble admirer,

'and most obedient servant,

'BETTY CROSS-STICH.'

As I am willing to do any thing in reason for the service of my countrywomen, and had much rather prevent faults than find them, I went last night to the house of the above-mentioned Mrs. Cross-stich. As soon as I entered, the maid of the shop, who, I suppose, was prepared for my coming, without asking me any questions, introduced me to the little damsel, and ran away to call her mistress.

The puppet was dressed in a cherry-coloured gown and petticoat, with a short working apron

over it, which discovered her shape to the most advantage. Her hair was cut and divided very prettily, with several ribbons stuck up and down in it. The milliner assured me, that her complexion was such as was worn by all the ladies of the best fashion in Paris. Her head was extremely high, on which subject having long since declared my sentiments, I shall say nothing more to it at present. I was also offended at a small patch she wore on her breast, which I cannot suppose is placed there with any good design.

Her necklace was of an immoderate length, being tied before in such a manner, that the two ends hung down to her girdle; but whether these supply the place of kissing-strings in our enemy's country, and whether our British ladies have any occasion for them, I shall leave to their serious consideration.

After having observed the particulars of her dress, as I was taking a view of it all together, the shop-maid, who is a pert wench, told me that mademoiselle had something very curious in the tying of her garters; but as I pay a due respect even to a pair of sticks when they are under petticoats, I did not examine into that particular. Upon the whole I was well enough pleased with the appearance of this gay lady; and the more so, because she was not talkative, a quality very rarely to be met with in the rest of her countrywomen.

As I was taking my leave, the milliner farther informed me, that with the assistance of a watch-maker, who was her neighbour, and the ingenious Mr. Powell\*, she had also contrived another puppet, which by the help of several little springs to be wound up within it, could move all its limbs, and that she had sent it over to her correspondent in Paris to be taught the various leanings and bendings of the head, the risings of the bosom, the curtsy and recovery, the genteel trip, and the agreeable jet, as they are all now practised at the court of France.

She added, that she hoped she might depend upon having my encouragement as soon as it arrived; but as this was a petition of too great importance to be answered extempore, I left her without a reply, and made the best of my way to Will Honeycomb's lodgings, without whose advice I never communicate any thing to the public of this nature.

BUDGEELL.

A.

Nº 278. FRIDAY, JANUARY 18, 1711-12.

—Sermone ego mallem  
Repentes per humum—

HOR. Ep. l. 1. 2. ver. 250.

I rather choose a low and creeping style.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'SIR,

'Your having done considerable services in this great city, by rectifying the disorders of families, and several wives having preferred your advice and directions to those of their husbands, emboldens me to apply to you at this time. I am a shop-keeper, and though but a young man, I find by experience that nothing but the utmost diligence both of husband and wife (among trading people) can keep affairs in any tolerable order. My wife at the beginning of our establishment showed herself very assisting to me in my business as much as

\* A deformed cripple, who grew rich by exhibiting a puppet-show.

could lie in her way, and I have reason to believe it was with her inclination; but of late she has got acquainted with a schoolman, who values himself for his great knowledge in the Greek tongue. He entertains her frequently in the shop with discourses of the beauties and excellencies of that language; and repeats to her several passages out of the Greek poets, wherein he tells her there is *unpeakable harmony and agreeable sounds* that all other languages are wholly unacquainted with. He has so intoxicated her with this jargon, that instead of using her former diligence in the shop, she now neglects the affairs of the house, and is wholly taken up with her tutor to learning by heart scraps of Greek, which she vents upon all occasions. She told me some days ago, that whereas I use some Latin inscriptions in my shop, she advised me with a great deal of concern to have them changed into Greek; it being a language less understood, would be more conformable to the mystery of my profession; that our good friend would be smiling to us in this work; and that a certain faculty of gentlemen would find themselves so much obliged to me, that they would infallibly make my fortune. In short, her frequent importunities upon this, and other importunities of the like nature, make me very uneasy; and if your remonstrances have no more effect upon her than mine, I am afraid I shall be obliged to ruin myself to procure her a settlement at Oxford with her tutor, for she is already too mad for Bedlam. Now, sir, you see the danger my family is exposed to, and the likelihood of my wife's becoming both troublesome and wicked, unless her reading herself in your paper may make her reflect. She is so very learned that I cannot pretend by word of mouth to argue with her. She laughed out at your coding & paper in Greek, and said it was a hint to women of literature, and very civil not to translate it to expose them to the vulgar. You see how it is with,

‘*sir,*

‘Your humble servant,’

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

If you have that humanity and compassion in your nature that you take such pains to make one think you have, you will not deny your advice to a distressed damsel, who intends to be determined by your judgment to be a matter of great importance to her. You must know then, there is an agreeable young fellow, to whose person, wit, and humour, no body makes any objection, that pretends to have been long in love with me. To this I must add (whether it proceeds from the vanity of my nature, or the seeming sincerity of my lover, I will not pretend to say) that I verily believe he has a real value for me; which, if true, you will allow may justly augment his merit with his mistress. In short, I am so sensible of his good qualities, and what I owe to his passion, that I think I could sooner resolve to give up my liberty to him than any body else, were there not an objection to be made to his fortunes, in regard they do not answer the almost mine may expect, and are not sufficient to secure me from undergoing the reproachful phrase, so commonly used, that “she has played the fool.” Now, though I am one of those few who heartily despise equipage, diamonds, and a coach, yet since such opposite notions from mine prevail to the world, even amongst the best, and such as are esteemed the most prudent people, I cannot find in my heart to resolve upon incurring the censure of those who talk, which I am conscious I shall do, if when I enter into a

married state, I discover a thought beyond that of equalling, if not advancing my fortune. Under this difficulty I now labour, not being the least determined whether I shall be governed by the vain world, and the frequent examples I meet with, or hearken to the voice of my lover, and the notions I find in my heart in favour of him. Sir, your opinion and advice in this affair, is the only thing I know can turn the balance, and which I earnestly intreat I may receive soon; for until I have your thoughts upon it, I am engaged not to give my affairs a final discharge.

‘Besides the particular obligation you will lay on me, by giving this subject room to one of your papers, it is possible it may be of use to some others of my sex, who will be as grateful for the favour as,

‘*sir,*

‘Your humble servant,

‘FLORINDA.

‘P.S. To tell you the truth, I am married to him already, but pray say something to justify me.’

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘You will forgive us professors of music if we make a second application to you, in order to prosecute our design of exhibiting entertainments of music in York-buildings. It is industriously insinuated that our intention is to destroy operas in general, but we beg of you to insert this plain explanation of ourselves in your paper. Our purpose is only to improve our circumstances, by improving the art which we profess. We are it utterly destroyed at present, and as we were the persons who introduced operas, we think it a groundless imputation that we should set up against the opera itself. What we pretend to assert is, that the songs of different authors injudiciously put together, and a foreign tone and manner which are expected in every thing now performed amongst us, has put music itself to a stand; inasmuch that the ears of the people cannot now be entertained with any thing but what has an impertinent gallery, without any just spirit, or a languishment of notes, without any passion, or common sense. We hope these persons of sense and quality who have done us the honour to subscribe, will not be ashamed of their patronage towards us, and not receive imputation that patronising us is being for or against the opera, but truly promoting their own diversion is a more just and elegant manner than has been hitherto performed.

‘We are, *sir,*

‘Your most humble servants,

‘THOMAS CLAYTON,

‘STOOLING MAYN.

‘CHARLES DISPERP.’

‘There will be no performances in York-buildings until after that of the subscription.’

STEELE.

Nº 279. SATURDAY, JANUARY 10, 1711-12.

‘*Adversus personam non committitur caligo.*  
FROM Arts Part. vol. 216.  
He knows what best befits each character

We have already taken a general survey of the fable and characters in Milton's *Paradise Lost*. The parts which remain to be considered, accord-

ing to Aristotle's method, are the sentiments and the language. Before I enter upon the first of these, I must advertise my reader, that it is my design, as soon as I have finished my general reflections on these four several heads, to give particular instances out of the poem which is now before us, of beauties and imperfections which may be observed under each of them, as also of such other particulars as may not properly fall under any of them. This I thought fit to premise, that the reader may not judge too hastily of this piece of criticism, or look upon it as imperfect, before he has seen the whole extent of it.

The sentiments in an epic poem are the thoughts and behaviour which the author ascribes to the persons whom he introduces, and are just when they are conformable to the characters of the several persons. The sentiments have likewise a relation to things as well as persons, and are then perfect when they are such as are adapted to the subject. If in either of these cases the poet endeavours to argue or explain, to magnify or diminish, to raise love or hatred, pity or terror, or any other passion, we ought to consider whether the sentiments he makes use of are proper for those ends. Homer is censured by the critics for his defect as to this particular in several parts of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, though at the same time those who have treated this great poet with candour, have attributed this defect to the times in which he lived. It was the fault of the age, and not of Homer, if there wants that delicacy in some of his sentiments, which now appears in the works of men of a much inferior genius. Besides, if there are blemishes in any particular thoughts, there is an infinite beauty in the greatest part of them. In short, if there are many poets who would not have fallen into the meanness of some of his sentiments, there are none who could have risen up to the greatness of others. Virgil has excelled all others in the propriety of his sentiments. Milton shines likewise very much in this particular: nor must we omit one consideration which adds to his honour and reputation. Homer and Virgil introduced persons whose characters are commonly known among men, and such as are to be met with either in history, or in ordinary conversation. Milton's characters, most of them, lie out of nature, and were to be formed purely out of his own invention. It shows a greater genius in Shakespeare to have drawn his Caliban, than his Hotspur, or Julius Cæsar: the one was to be supplied out of his own imagination, whereas the other might have been formed upon tradition, history, and observation. It was much easier therefore for Homer to find proper sentiments for an assembly of Grecian generals, than for Milton to diversify his infernal council with proper characters, and inspire them with a variety of sentiments. The loves of Dido and Æneas are only copies of what has passed between other persons. Adam and Eve, before the fall, are a different species from that of mankind, who are descended from them; and as for a poet of the most unbounded invention, and the most exquisite judgment, could have filled their conversation and behaviour with so many apt circumstances during their state of innocence.

Nor is it sufficient for an epic poem to be filled with such thoughts as are natural, unless it abound also with such as are sublime. Virgil in this particular falls short of Homer. He has not indeed so many thoughts that are low and vulgar; but at the same time has not so many thoughts that are sublime and noble. The truth of it is, Virgil seldom

rises into very astonishing sentiments, where he is not fired by the *Iliad*. He every where charms and pleases us by the force of his own genius; but seldom elevates and transports us where he does not fetch his hints from Homer.

Milton's chief talent, and indeed his distinguishing excellence, lies in the sublimity of his thoughts. There are others of the moderns who rival him in every other part of poetry; but in the greatness of his sentiments he triumphs over all the poets both modern and ancient, Homer only excepted. It is impossible for the imagination of man to distend itself with greater ideas, than those which he has laid together in his first, second, and sixth books. The seventh, which describes the creation of the world, is likewise wonderfully sublime, though not so apt to stir up emotion in the mind of the reader, nor consequently so perfect in the epic way of writing, because it is filled with less action. Let the judicious reader compare what Longinus has observed on several passages in Homer, and he will find parallels for most of them in the *Paradise Lost*.

From what has been said, we may infer, that as there are two kinds of sentiments, the natural and the sublime, which are always to be pursued in an heroic poem, there are also two kinds of thoughts which are carefully to be avoided. The first are, such as are affected and unnatural; the second, such as are mean and vulgar. As for the first kind of thoughts, we meet with little or nothing that is like them in Virgil. He has none of those trifling points and puerilities that are so often to be met with in Ovid, none of the epigrammatic turns of Lucan, none of those swelling sentiments which are so frequent in Statius and Claudian, none of those mixed embellishments of Tasso. Every thing is just and natural. His sentiments show that he had a perfect insight into human nature, and that he knew every thing which was the most proper to affect it.

Mr. Dryden has in some places, which I may hereafter take notice of, misrepresented Virgil's way of thinking as to this particular, in the translation he has given us of the *Æneid*. I do not remember that Homer any where falls into the faults above mentioned, which were indeed the false refinements of later ages. Milton, it must be confessed, has sometimes erred in this respect, as I shall show more at large in another paper: though considering how all the poets of the age in which he writ were infected with this wrong way of thinking, he is rather to be admired that he did not give more into it, than that he did sometimes comply with the vicious taste which still prevails so much among modern writers.

But since several thoughts may be natural which are low and grovelling, an epic poet should not only avoid such sentiments as are unnatural or affected, but also such as are mean and vulgar. Homer has opened a great field of railery to men of more delicacy than greatness of genius, by the homeliness of some of his sentiments. But as I have before said, these are rather to be imputed to the simplicity of the age in which he lived, to which I may also add, of that which he described, than to any imperfection in that divine poet. Zoilus among the ancients, and Monsieur Perrault among the moderns, pushed their ridicule very far upon him, on account of some such sentiments. There is no blemish to be observed in Virgil under this head, and but a very few in Milton.

I shall give but one of these. . . of thought in

pare it with an instance of the same nature, both in Virgil and Milton. Sentiments which raise laughter, can very seldom be admitted with any decency into an heroic poem, whose business it is to excite passions of a much nobler nature. Homer, however, in his characters of Valerius and Thersites, in his story of Mars and Venus, in his behaviour of Irus, and in other passages, has been observed to have lapsed into the burlesque character, and to have departed from that serious air which seems essential to the magnificence of an epic poem. I remember but one laugh in the whole *Aeneid*, which rises in the fifth book, upon Menestes, where he is represented as thrown overboard, and drying himself upon a rock. But this piece of mirth is so well-timed, that the severest critic can have nothing to say against it; for it is in the book of games and diversions, where the reader's mind may be supposed sufficiently relaxed for such an entertainment. The only piece of pleasantry in *Paradise Lost*, is where the evil spirits are described as rallying the angels upon the success of their new-invented artillery. This passage I look upon to be the most exceptionable in the whole poem, as being nothing else but a string of puns, and those too very indifferent ones:

"—— Satans believeth their plight,  
And to his words them in derision calld;  
"O friends, why come not on those victors proud?  
For which they betwixt are coming; and when we,  
To entertain them fair with ornament,  
And banish (what could we more?) prepossession terms  
Of composition, straight they cleave'd their sides,  
Flew off, and tore strange vapours fell  
As they would dance; yet for a dance they seem'd  
Somewhat extravagant, and wild; perhaps  
For joy of offered peace; but I suppose  
If our proposals once again were heard,  
We should compass there to a quick result."  
"To whom thus Belial in his gaseous mood;  
"Leader, the terms we set are terms of weight,  
Of hard contests, and full of force and blame;  
Such as we might perceive some of them all,  
And stumbled many; who receive their right  
That need from head to foot well understand;  
Not understood, this gift they have besides,  
They show us where our lies walk not upright."  
"Thus they among themselves in pleasant vein  
Flood scolding——"

DODGSON.

L.

N° 260. MONDAY, JANUARY 21, 1711-12.

*Principibus placuisse viros non ullius laus est.*  
HOR. Ep. viii. l. 1 ver. 33.  
To please the great is not the greatest praise  
CRITICAL.

THE desire of pleasing makes a man agreeable or disagreeable to those with whom he converses, according to the motive from which that inclination appears to flow. If your concern for pleasing others arises from an insatiable benevolence, it never fails of success; if from a vanity to excel, its disappointment is no less certain. What we call an agreeable man, is he who is endowed with the natural bent to do agreeable things from a delight he takes in them merely as such; and the ascription of that character is what constitutes a *foxy*. Under these leaders one may draw up all those who make any manner of figure, except in dumb show. A rational and select conversation is composed of persons who have the talent of pleasing with delicacy of sentiments flowing from habitual chaucy of thought; but mixed company is frequently made up of pretenders to mirth, and is usually pestered with constrained, obscene, and

painful witlings. Now and then you may meet with a man so exactly formed for pleasing, that it is no matter what he is doing or saying; that is to say, that there need be no manner of importance in it, to make him gain upon every body who hears or beholds him. This felicity is not the gift of nature only, but must be attended with happy circumstances, which add a dignity to the familiar behaviour which distinguishes him whom we call an agreeable man. It is from this that every body loves and esteems Polycarpus. He is in the vigour of his age and the gaiety of life, but has passed through very conspicuous scenes in it; though no soldier, he has shared the danger, and acted with great gallantry and generosity on a decisive day of battle. To have those qualities which only make other men conspicuous in the world as it were superfluous to him, is a circumstance which gives weight to his most indifferent actions; for as a known credit is ready cash to a trader, so is acknowledged merit immediate distinction, and serves to the place of equipage to a gentleman. This renders Polycarpus graceful in mirth, important in business, and regarded with love in every ordinary occurrence. But not to dwell upon characters which have such particular recommendations to our hearts, let us turn our thoughts rather to the methods of pleasing which must carry men through the world who cannot pretend to such advantages. Falling in with the particular humour or manner of one above you, abstracted from the general rules of good behaviour, is the life of a slave. A parasite differs in nothing from the meanest servant, but that the footman hires himself for bodily labour, subjected to go and come at the will of his master, but the other gives up his very soul; he is prohibited to speak, and prostrates to think after the mode of him whom he courts. This servitude to a person, in an honest nature, would be more grievous than that of wearing his livery; therefore we will speak of these things only which are worthy and laudable.

The happy talent of pleasing either those above you or below you, seems to be wholly owing to the opinion they have of your sincerity. This quality is to attend the agreeable man to all the actions of his life; and I think there need no more be said in honour of it, than that it is what forces the approbation even of your opponents. The glib man has an honour for the judge who with juster pronounces against him the sentence of death itself. The author of the sentence at the head of this paper was an excellent judge of human life, and passed his own to company the most agreeable that ever was in the world. Augustus lived amongst his friends as if he had his fortune to make in his own court. Candour and affability, accompanied with as much power as ever mortal was vested with, were what made him in the utmost manner agreeable among a set of admirable men, who had thoughts too high for ambition, and views too large to be gratified by what he could give them in the disposal of an empire, without the pleasures of their mutual conversation. A certain unanimity of taste and judgment, which is natural to all of the same order in the species, was the bond of this society; and the emperor assumed no figure in it, but what he thought was his due from his private talents and good qualities, as they contributed to advance the pleasures and settlements of the company.

Cunning people, hypocrites, all who are but half virtuous, or half wise, or incapable of tasting the refined pleasure of such an equal company as

could wholly exclude the regard of fortune in their conversations. Horace, in the discourse from whence I take the hint of the present speculation, lays down excellent rules for conduct in conversation with men of power; but he speaks with an air of one who had no need of such an application for any thing which related to himself. It shows he understood what it was to be a skilful courtier, by just admonitions against importunity, and showing how forcible it was to speak modestly of your own wants. There is indeed something so shameless in taking all opportunities to speak of your own affairs, that he who is guilty of it towards him on whom he depends, fares like the haggard who exposes his sores, which, instead of moving compassion, makes the man he begs of turn away from the object.

I cannot tell what is become of him, but I remember about sixteen years ago an honest fellow, who so justly understood how disagreeable the mention or appearance of his want would make him, that I have often reflected upon him as a counterpart of Irus, whom I have formerly mentioned \*. This man, whom I have missed for some years in my walks, and have heard was some way employed about the army, made it a maxim, that good wigs, delicate linen, and a cheerful air, were, to a poor dependant, the same that working tools are to a poor artificer. It was no small entertainment to me, who knew his circumstances, to see him, who had fasted two days, attribute the thinness they told him of, to the violence of some gallintries he had lately been guilty of. The skilful dissembler carried on this with the utmost address; and if any suspected his affairs were narrow, it was attributed to indulging himself in some fashionable vice rather than an irreproachable poverty, which saved his credit with those on whom he depended.

The main art is to be as little troublesome as you can, and make all you hope for come rather as a favour from your patron than claim from you. But I am here prating of what is the method of pleasing so as to succeed in the world, when there are crowds who have, in city, town, court, and country, arrived to considerable acquisitions, and yet seem incapable of netting in any constant tenor of life, but have gone on from one successful error to another: therefore I think I may shorten this inquiry after the method of pleasing; and as the old beau said to his son, once for all, 'Pray, Jack, be a fine gentleman;' so may I, to my reader, abridge my instructions, and finish the art of pleasing in a word, 'Be rich.'

STEELE.

T.

Nº 281. TUESDAY, JANUARY 22, 1711-12.

*Pectoribus inhians spirantia consulit exta.*  
VIRG. Æn. iv. ver. 64.

Anxious the reeking entrails he consults.

HAVING already given an account of the dissection of a beau's head, with the several discoveries made on that occasion †; I shall here, according to my promise, enter upon the dissection of a coquette's heart, and communicate to the public such particularities as we observed in that curious piece of anatomy.

I should perhaps have waved this undertaking, had not I been put in mind of my promise by several of my unknown correspondents, who are very

importunate with me to make an example of the coquette, as I have already done of the beau. It is therefore in compliance with the request of friends, that I have looked over the minutes of my former dream, in order to give the public an exact relation of it, which I shall enter upon without further preface.

Our operator, before he engaged in this visionary dissection, told us, that there was nothing in his art more difficult than to lay open the heart of a coquette, by reason of the many labyrinths and recesses which are to be found in it, and which do not appear in the heart of any other animal.

He desired us first of all to observe the pericardium, or outward case of the heart, which we did very attentively; and by the help of our glasses discerned in it millions of little scars, which seemed to have been occasioned by the points of innumerable darts and arrows, that from time to time had glanced upon the outward coat; though we could not discover the smallest orifice, by which any of them had entered and pierced the inward substance.

Every snatterer in anatomy knows that this pericardium, or case of the heart, contains in it a thin reddish liquor, supposed to be bred from the vapours which exhale out of the heart, and, being stopped here, are condensed into this watery substance. Upon examining this liquor, we found that it had in it all the qualities of that spirit which is made use of in the thermometer, to show the change of weather.

Nor must I here omit an experiment one of the company assured us he himself had made with this liquor, which he found in great quantity about the heart of a coquette whom he had formerly dissected. He affirmed to us, that he had actually inclosed it in a small tube made after the manner of a weather-glass; but that instead of acquainting him with the variations of the atmosphere, it showed him the qualities of those persons who entered the room where it stood. He affirmed also, that it rose at the approach of a plume of feathers, an embroidered coat, or a pair of fringed gloves; and that it fell as soon as an ill-shaped periwig, a clumsy pair of shoes, or an unfashionable coat came into his house. Nay, he proceeded so far as to assure us, that upon his laughing aloud when he stood by it, the liquor mounted very sensibly, and immediately sunk again upon his looking serious. In short, he told us, that he knew very well by this invention, whenever he had a man of sense or a coxcomb in his room.

Having cleared away the pericardium, or the case, and liquor above-mentioned, we came to the heart itself. The outward surface of it was extremely slippery, and the micro, or point, so very cold withal, that upon endeavouring to take hold of it, it glided through the fingers like a smooth piece of ice.

The fibres were turned and twisted in a more intricate and perplexed manner than they are usually found in other hearts; inasmuch that the whole heart was wound up together in a Gordian knot, and must have had very irregular and unequal motions, while it was employed in its vital function.

One thing we thought very observable, namely, that upon examining all the vessels which came into it, or issued out of it, we could not discover any communication that it had with the tongue.

We could not but take notice, likewise, that several of those little nerves in the heart which are affected by the sentiments of love, hatred, and other passions, did not descend to this before us

\* Nº 264. See also Nº 360.

+ See Nº 275.

from the brain, but from the muscles which lie about the eye.

Upon weighing the heart in my hand, I found it to be extremely light, and consequently very hollow, which I did not wonder at, when, upon looking into the inside of it, I saw multitudes of cells and cavities running one within another, as our historians describe the apartments of Rosamond's bower. Several of these little hollows were stuffed with innumerable sorts of trifles, which I shall forbear giving any particular account of, and shall therefore only take notice of what lay first and uppermost, which upon our unfolding it, and applying our microscopes to it, appeared to be a flame-coloured blood.

We were informed that the lady of this heart when living, received the addresses of several who made love to her, and did not only give each of them encouragement, but made every one so conversant with believe that she regarded him with an eye of kindness; for which reason we expected to have seen the impression of multitudes of faces among the several plants and foldings of the heart; but to our great surprise not a single print of this nature discovered itself until we came into the very core and centre of it. We there observed a little figure, which, upon our applying our glasses to it, appeared dressed in a very fantastic manner. The more I looked upon it, the more I thought I had seen the face before, but could not possibly recollect either the place or time; when, at length, one of the company, who had examined this figure more nicely than the rest, showed us plainly by the make of its face, and the several turns of its features, that the little idol which was thus lodged in the very middle of the heart was the deceased bean, whose head I gave some account of in my last Tuesday's paper.

As soon as we had finished our dissection, we resolved to make an experiment of the heart, not being able to determine among ourselves the nature of its substance, which differed in so many particulars from that of the heart in other females. Accordingly we laid it in a pan of burning coals, when we observed in it a crystalline malandrine quality, that made it capable of living in the midst of fire and flame, without being consumed, or so much as singed.

As we were admiring this strange phenomenon, and standing round the heart in a circle, it gave a most prodigious sigh, or rather crack, and dispersed all at once in smoke and vapour. This imaginary noise, which methought was louder than the burst of a cannon, produced such a violent shake in my brain, that it dissipated the fumes of sleep, and left me in an instant broad awake.

ANDRON.

L.

N°282. WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 23, 1711-12.

— Spec. Lucræ futuræ.

VIRG. Æn. vi. 520.

Hopes and fears in equal balance laid.

DEYDEN

It is a lamentable thing that every man is full of complaints, and constantly uttering sentences against the fickleness of fortune, when people generally bring upon themselves all the calamities they fall into, and are constantly heaping up mat-

ter for their own sorrow and disappointment. That which produces the greatest part of the delusions of mankind, is a false hope which people indulge with so sanguine a flattery to themselves, that their hearts are bent upon fantastical advantages which they have no reason to believe should ever have arrived to them. By this unjust measure of calculating their happiness, they often mourn with real affliction for imaginary losses. When I am talking of this unhappy way of accounting for ourselves, I cannot but reflect upon a particular set of people, who, in their own favour, resolve every thing that is possible into what is probable, and then reckon on that probability as on what most certainly happens. Will Honeycomb, upon my observing his looking on a lady with some particular attention, gave me an account of the great distresses which had laid waste that her very fine face, and had given an air of melancholy to a very agreeable person. "That lady, and a couple of sisters of hers, were," said Will, "fourteen years ago, the greatest fortunes about town; but without having any loss, by bad tenants, by bad securities, or any damage by sea or land, are reduced to very narrow circumstances. They were at that time the most inaccessible haughty beauties in town; and their pretensions to take upon them at that sumptuous rate, were raised upon the following scheme, according to which all their lovers were answered.

"Our father is a youngish man, but (then our mother is somewhat older, and not likely to have any children: his estate brings 800*l*. per annum, at twenty years purchase, is worth 16,000*l*. Our uncle, who is above fifty, has 400*l*. per annum, which, at the aforesaid rate, is 8,000*l*. There is a widow aunt, who has 10,000*l*. at her own disposal, left by her husband, and an old maiden aunt, who has 6,000*l*. Then our father's mother has 900*l*. per annum, which is worth 18,000*l*. and 1,000*l*. each of us has of our own, which cannot be taken from us. These summed up together, stand thus:

Father's	800	16,000
Uncle's	400	8,000
Aunt's	10,000	10,000
Grandmother's	500	10,000
Ours	1,000 each	5,000
Total		51,000

This equally divided between us three amounts to 20,000*l*. each: an allowance being given for enlargement upon common funds, we may lawfully pass for 20,000*l*. persons."

In prospect of this, and the knowledge of their own personal merit, every one was contemptible in their eyes, and they refused those offers which had been frequently made them. But mark the end. The mother dies, the father is married again and has a son; on him was entailed the father's, uncle's, and grandmother's estate. This cut off 42,000*l*. The maiden aunt married a tall Irishman, and with her went the 6,000*l*. The widow died, and left but enough to pay her debts and bury her; so that there remained for these three girls but their own 1,000*l*. They had by this time passed their prime, and got on the wrong side of thirty; and must pass the remainder of their days, upbraiding mankind that they mind nothing but money, and bewailing that virtue, sense, and modesty, are had at present in no manner of estimation.

I mention this case of ladies before any other, because it is the most irreparable; for though youth is the time least capable of reflection, it is in that sex the only season in which they can advance their fortunes. But if we turn our thoughts to the men, we see such crowds of unhappy, from so

other reason, but an ill-grounded hope, that it is hard to say which they rather deserve, our pity, or contempt. It is not unpleasant to see a fellow, after growing old in attendance, and after having passed half a life in servitude, call himself the unhappiest of all men, and pretend to be disappointed, because a courtier broke his word. He that promises himself any thing but what may naturally arise from his own property or labour, and goes beyond the desire of possessing above two parts in three even of that, lays up for himself an increasing heap of afflictions and disappointments. There are but two means in the world of gaining by other men, and these are by being either agreeable or considerable. The generality of mankind do all things for their own sakes; and when you hope any thing from persons above you, if you cannot say, 'I can be thus agreeable, or thus serviceable,' it is ridiculous to pretend to the dignity of being unfortunate when they leave you; you were injudicious in hoping for any other than to be neglected for such as can come within these descriptions of being capable to please, or serve your patron, when his humour or interests call for their capacity either way.

It would not, methinks, be a useless comparison between the condition of a man who shuns all the pleasures of life, and of one who makes it his business to pursue them. Hope in the recluse makes his austerities comfortable, while the luxurious man gains nothing but uneasiness from his enjoyments. What is the difference in the happiness of him who is macerated by abstinence, and his who is surfeited with excess? He who resigns the world has no temptation to envy, hatred, malice, anger, but is in constant possession of a serene mind: he who follows the pleasures of it, which are in their very nature disappointing, is in constant search of care, solicitude, remorse, and confusion.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

Jan. the 14, 1712.

'I AM a young woman and have my fortune to make, for which reason I come constantly to church to hear divine service, and make conquests: but one great hindrance in this my design is, that our clerk, who was once a gardener, has this Christmas so over-decked the church with greens, that he has quite-spoilt my prospect; insomuch that I have scarce seen the young baronet I dress at these three weeks, though we have both been very constant at our devotions, and do not sit above three pews off. The church, as it is now equipped, looks more like a green-house than a place of worship. The middle aisle is a very pretty shady walk, and the pews look like so many arbours on each side of it. The pulpit itself has such clusters of ivy, holly, and rosemary about it, that a slight fellow in our pew took occasion to say, that the congregation heard the word out of a bush, like Moses. Sir Anthony Love's pew in particular is so well hedged, that all my batteries have no effect. I am obliged to shoot at random among the boughs, without taking any manner of aim. Mr. Spectator, unless you will give orders for removing these greens; I shall grow a very awkward creature at church, and soon have little else to do there but to say my prayers. I am in haste,

'Dear sir,

'Your most obedient servant,

'JENNY SIMPER.'

T.

STEELE.

Nº 283. THURSDAY, JANUARY 24, 1711-12.

*Magister artis, ingenique largitor*  
*Venter*

PERS. Prolog. ver. 10.

Necessity is the mother of invention.

ENGLISH PROVERBS.

LUCIAN rallies the philosophers in his time, who could not agree whether they should admit riches into the number of real goods; the professors of the severer sects threw them quite out, while others as resolutely inserted them.

I am apt to believe, that as the world grew more polite, the rigid doctrines of the first were wholly discarded; and I do not find any one so hardy at present as to deny that there are very great advantages in the enjoyment of a plentiful fortune. Indeed the best and wisest of men, though they may possibly despise a good part of those things which the world calls pleasure, can, I think, hardly be insensible of that weight and dignity which a moderate share of wealth adds to their characters, counsels, and actions.

We find it is a general complaint in professions and trades, that the richest members of them are chiefly encouraged, and this is falsely imputed to the ill-nature of mankind, who are ever bestowing their favours on such as least want them. Whereas if we fairly consider their proceedings in this case, we shall find them founded on undoubted reason: since supposing both equal in their natural integrity, I ought, in common prudence, to fear foul play from an indigent person, rather than from one whose circumstances seem to have placed him above the bare temptation of money.

This reason also makes the commonwealth regard her richest subjects, as those who are most concerned for her quiet and interest, and consequently fittest to be intrusted with her highest employments. On the contrary, Catiline's saying to those men of desperate fortunes, who applied themselves to him, and of whom he afterwards composed his army, that they had nothing to hope for but from a civil war, was too true not to make the impressions he desired.

I believe I need not fear but that what I have said in praise of money, will be more than sufficient with most of my readers to excuse the subject of my present paper, which I intend as an essay on the ways to raise a man's fortune, or the art of growing rich.

The first and most infallible method towards the attaining of this end is thrift. All men are not equally qualified for getting money, but it is in the power of every one alike to practise this virtue, and I believe there are very few persons, who if they please to reflect on their past lives, will not find that had they saved all those little sums which they have spent unnecessarily, they might at present have been masters of a competent fortune. Diligence justly claims the next place to thrift: I find both these excellently well recommended to common use in the three following Italian proverbs:

Never do that by proxy which you can do yourself.  
Never defer that till to-morrow which you can do to-day.  
Never neglect small matters and expenses.

A third instrument of growing rich is method in business, which, as well as the two former, is also attainable by persons of the meanest capacities.



The famous De Witt, one of the greatest statesmen of the age in which he lived, being asked by a friend, how he was able to dispatch that multitude of affairs in which he was engaged? replied, that his whole art consisted in doing one thing at once. 'If,' says he, 'I have any necessary dispatches to make, I think of nothing else until those are finished; if any domestic affairs require my attention, I give myself up wholly to them until they are set in order.'

In short, we often see men of dull and phlegmatic tempers arriving to great estates, by making a regular and orderly disposition of their business, and that without it the greatest parts had most lively imaginations rather puzzle their affairs, than bring them to an happy issue.

From what has been said, I think I may lay it down as a maxim, that every man of good common sense may, if he pleases, in his particular station of life, most certainly be rich. The reason why we sometimes see that men of the greatest capacities are not so, is either because they despise wealth in comparison of something else; or at least are not content to be getting an estate, unless they may do it in their own way, and at the same time enjoy all the pleasures and gratifications of life.

But besides these ordinary forms of growing rich, it must be allowed that there is room for genius as well in this, as in all other circumstances of life.

Though the ways of getting money were long since very numerous, and though so many new ones have been found out of late years, there is certainly still remaining so large a field for invention, that a man of an indifferent head might easily sit down and draw up such a plan for the conduct and support of his life, as was never yet once thought of.

We daily see methods put in practice by hungry and ingenious men, which demonstrate the power of invention in this particular.

It is reported of Scaramouch, the first famous Italian comedian, that being at Paris and in great want, he betought himself of constantly plying near the door of a noted perfumer in that city, and when any one came out who had been buying scents, never failed to desire a taste of them; when he had by this means got together a quantity made up of several different sorts he sold it again at a lower rate to the same perfumer, who finding out the trick, called it '*Tabac de mille fleurs*,' or 'Snuff of a thousand flowers.' The story further tells us, that by this means he got a very comfortable subsistence, until making too much haste to grow rich, he one day took such an unreasonable pleach out of the box of a Swiss officer, as engaged him in a quarrel, and obliged him to quit this ingenious way of life.

Nor can I in this place omit doing justice to a youth of my own country, who, though he is scarce yet twelve years old, has with great industry and application attained to the art of beating the grenadiers march on his chela. I am credibly informed that by this means he does not only maintain himself and his mother, but that he is laying up money every day, with a design, if the war continues, to purchase a drum at least, if not a pair of colours.

I shall conclude these instances with the device of the famous Rabelais, when he was at a great distance from Paris, and without money to bear his expenses thither. This ingenious author being then sharp set, got together a convenient quantity

of brick-dust, and having disposed of it into several papers, writ upon one, '*Poison for monsieur*;' upon a second, '*Poison for the dauphin*;' and on a third, '*Poison for the king*.' Having made this provision for the royal family of France, he laid his papers so that his landlord, who was an inquisitive man, and a good subject, might get a sight of them.

The plot succeeded as he desired. The host gave immediate intelligence to the secretary of state. The secretary presently sent down a special messenger, who brought up the traitor to court, and provided him, at the king's expense, with proper accommodations on the road. As soon as he appeared, he was known to be the celebrated Rabelais, and his powder upon examination being found very innocent, the jest was only laughed at; for which a less eminent droll would have been sent to the gallies.

Trade and commerce might doubtless be still varied a thousand ways, out of which would arise such branches as have not yet been touched. The famous Dolly is still fresh in every one's memory, who raised a fortune by finding out materials for such stuffs as might at once be cheap and genteel. I have heard it affirmed, that had not be discovered this frugal method of gratifying our pride, we should hardly have been able to carry on the last war.

I regard trade not only as highly advantageous to the commonwealth in general, but as the most natural and likely method of making a man's fortune; having observed, since my being a Spectator in the world, greater estates got about 'Change, than at Whitehall or St. James's. I believe I may also add, that the first acquisitions are generally attended with more satisfaction, and as good a conscience.

I must not, however, close this essay, without observing, that what has been said is only intended for persons to the common ways of thriving, and is not designed for those men who from low beginnings push themselves up to the top of states, and the most considerable figures in life. My maxim of saving is not designed for such as these, since nothing is more usual than for thrift to disappoint the ends of ambition; it being almost impossible that the mind should be intent upon trifles, while it is at the same time forming some great design.

I may therefore compare these men to a great poet, who, as Longinus says, while he is full of the most magnificent ideas, is not always at leisure to select the little beauties and niceties of his art.

I would, however, have all my readers take great care how they mistake themselves for uncommon geniuses, and men above rule, since it is very easy for them to be deceived in this particular.

SUPPLEMENT.

Nº 281. FRIDAY, JANUARY 25, 1711-12.

*For what I am now writing see the  
V. 10. Ed. 1. p. 11*

Their wish to share, I hid my business well.

An unaffected behaviour is without question a very great charm; but under the notion of being unconstrained and disengaged, people take upon them to be unconcerned in any duty of life. A general negligence is what they assume upon all occasions, and set up for an evasion to all manner of business and attention. I am the careless creature

in the world, I have certainly the worst memory of any man living,' are frequent expressions in the mouth of a pretender of this sort. It is a professed maxim with these people never to think; there is something so solemn in reflection, they, forsooth, can never give themselves time for such a way of employing themselves. It happens often that this sort of man is heavy enough in his nature to be a good proficient in such matters as are attainable by industry; but, alas! he has such an ardent desire to be what he is not, to be too volatile, to have the faults of a person of spirit, that he professes himself the most unfit man living for any manner of application. When this humour enters into the head of a female, she generally professes sickness upon all occasions, and acts all things with an indisposed air. She is offended, but her mind is too lazy to raise her to anger, therefore she lives only as actuated by a violent spleen, and gentle scorn. She has hardly curiosity to listen to scandal of her acquaintance, and has never attention enough to hear them commended. This affection in both sexes makes them vain of being useless, and take a certain pride in their insignificance.

Opposite to this folly is another no less unreasonable, and that is, the 'impertinence of being always in a hurry.' There are those who visit ladies, and beg pardon, before they are well seated in their chairs, that they just called in, but are obliged to attend business of importance elsewhere the very next moment. Thus they run from place to place, professing that they are obliged to be still in another company than that which they are in. These persons who are just a going somewhere else should never be detained; let all the world allow that business is to be minded, and their affairs will be at an end. Their vanity is to be importuned, and compliance with their multiplicity of affairs would effectually dispatch them. The travelling ladies, who have half the town to see in an afternoon, may be pardoned for being in constant hurry; but it is inexcusable in men to come where they have no business, to profess they absent themselves where they have. It has been remarked by some nice observers and critics, that there is nothing discovers the true temper of a person so much as his letters. I have by me two epistles, which are written by two people of the different humours above-mentioned. It is wonderful that a man cannot observe upon himself when he sits down to write, but that he will gravely commit himself to paper the same man that he is in the freedom of conversation. I have hardly seen a line from any of these gentlemen, but spoke them as absent from what they were doing, as they profess they are when they come into company. For the folly is, that they have persuaded themselves they really are busy. Thus their whole time is spent in suspense of the present moment to the next, and then from the next to the succeeding, which, to the end of life, is to pass away with pretence to many things, and execution of nothing.

'SIR,

'THE post is just going out, and I have many other letters of very great importance to write this evening, but I could not omit making my compliments to you for your civilities to me when I was last in town. It is my misfortune to be so full of business, that I cannot tell you a thousand things which I have to say to you. I must desire you to com-

municate the contents of this to no one living; but believe me to be, with the greatest fidelity,

'SIR,

'Your most obedient

'humble servant,

'STEPHEN COURIER.'

'MADAM,

'I HATE writing, of all things in the world; however, though I have drank the waters, and am told I ought not to use my eyes so much, I cannot forbear writing to you, to tell you I have been to the last degree hipped since I saw you. How could you entertain such a thought, as that I should hear of that silly fellow with patience? Take my word for it, there is nothing in it; and you may believe it when so lazy a creature as I am undergo the pains to assure you of it, by taking pen, ink, and paper in my hand. Forgive this; you know I shall not often offend in this kind. I am very much

'Your servant,

'BRIDGET EITHERDOWN.

'The fellow is of your country; pr'ythee send me word, however, whether he has so great an estate.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'Jan. 24, 1712.

'I AM clerk of the parish from whence Mrs. Simper sends her complaint, in your Spectator of Wednesday last\*. I must beg of you to publish this as a public admonition to the aforesaid Mrs. Simper, otherwise all my honest care in the disposition of the greens in the church will have no effect: I shall therefore, with your leave, lay before you the whole matter. I was formerly, as she charges me, for several years a gardener in the county of Kent: but I must absolutely deny that it is out of any affection I retain for my old employment that I have placed my greens so liberally about the church, but out of a particular spleen I conceived against Mrs. Simper (and others of the same sisterhood) some time ago. As to herself, I had one day set the hundredth Psalm, and was singing the first line, in order to put the congregation into the tune; she was all the while curtsying to Sir Anthony, in so affected and indecent a manner, that the indignation I conceived at it made me forget myself so far, as from the tune of that psalm to wander into Southwell tone, and from thence into Windsor tone, still unable to recover myself, until I had with the utmost confusion set a new one. Nay, I have often seen her rise up and smile, and cortsy to one at the lower end of the church in the midst of a Gloria Patri; and when I have spoken the assent to a prayer with a long Amen, uttered with decent gravity, she has been rolling her eyes around about in such a manner, as plainly showed, however she was moved, it was not towards an heavenly object. In fine, she extended her conquests so far over the males, and raised such envy in the females, that what between love of those, and the jealousy of these, I was almost the only person that looked in a prayer-book all church-time. I had several projects in my head to put a stop to this growing mischief; but as I have long lived in Kent, and there often heard how the Keotish men evaded the Coqueror, by carrying green boughs over their heads, it put me in mind of practising this device against Mrs. Simper. I find I have preserved many a young man from her eye-shot by this

\* See the last letter in N<sup>o</sup> 282.

means; therefore humbly pray the boughs may be fixed, until she shall give security for her peaceable intentions.

'Your humble servant,  
FRANCIS STEAKHOLD.'

STEELE.

T.

—————

N<sup>o</sup> 285. SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1711-12.

*Ne, quicquamque Deus, quicquamque adhibebit Aeneas,  
Reguli spectantes in sacro regeris of ore,  
Miseret in obsequia laurum arcumque laboribus;  
Aut, dum vitalis humani, nubes in lacrima caplet.*  
HOE. An. Poet. ver. 277.

But then they did not wrong themselves so much,  
To make a god, a hero, or a king,  
(Strip of his golden crown, and purple robe)  
Descent to a steechastic student;  
Nor (to avoid such meanisms) soaring high,  
With empty sound, and dry notions, fly  
ROSCOMMON.

HAVING already treated of the fable, the characters, and sentiments in the *Paradise Lost*\*, we are, in the last place, to consider the language; and as the learned world is very much divided upon Milton as to this point, I hope they will excuse me if I appear particular in any of my opinions, and decline to those who judge the most advantageously of the author.

It is requisite that the language of an heroic poem should be both perspicuous and sublime. In proportion as either of these two qualities are wanting, the language is imperfect. Perspicuity is the first and most necessary qualification; inasmuch that a good-natured reader sometimes overlooks a little slip even in the grammar or syntax, where it is impossible for him to mistake the poet's sense. Of this kind is that passage in Milton, wherein he speaks of Satan;

— God and his Son except,  
Created thing might well be not shamed;

and that in which he describes Adam and Eve;

Adam the pleasant seat of once shorn hair  
His sons, the forest of her daughters Eve.

It is plain, that in the former of these passages, according to the natural syntax, the divine persons mentioned in the first line are represented as created beings; and that, in the other, Adam and Eve are confounded with their sons and daughters. Such little blemishes as these, when the thought is great and natural, we should, with Horace, impute to a pardonable inadvertency, or to the weakness of human nature, which cannot attend in each minute particular, and give the last finishing to every circumstance in so long a work. The ancient critics, therefore, who were acted by a spirit of candour, rather than that of curdling, invented certain figures of speech, on purpose to palliate little errors of this nature in the writings of those authors who had so many greater beauties to atone for them.

If clearness and perspicuity were only to be consulted, the poet would have nothing else to do but to clothe his thoughts in the most plain and natural expression. But since it often happens that the most obvious phrase, and those which

are used in ordinary conversation, become too familiar to the ear, and contract a kind of meanness by passing through the mouths of the vulgar; a poet should take particular care to guard himself against idiomatic ways of speaking. Ovid and Lucretius have many postures of expression upon this account, as taking up with the first phrases that offered, without putting themselves to the trouble of looking after such as would not only have been natural, but also elevated and sublime. Milton has but few failings in this kind, of which, however, you may meet with some instances, as in the following passages:

Embrion and Milet, eremites and frays,  
Faint, bleak, and gray, with all their company,  
Here phytia runs:  
— A while discourse they hold.  
No fear lest dinner cool; when thus began  
Our author:  
Who of all ages to succeed, but fitting  
The evil on him brought by me, will cause  
My head, I'll have our ancestor inspire,  
For this we may thank Adam.

The great masters in composition knew very well that many an elegant phrase becomes improper for a poet or an orator, when it has been debased by common use. For this reason the works of ancient authors, which are written in dead languages, have a great advantage over those which are written in languages that are now spoken. Were there any mean phrases or idioms in Virgil and Homer, they would not shock the ear of the most delicate modern reader, so much as they would have done that of an old Greek or Roman, because we never hear them pronounced in our streets, or in ordinary conversation.

It is not therefore sufficient, that the language of an epic poem be perspicuous, unless it be also sublime. To this end it ought to deviate from the common forms and ordinary phrases of speech. The judgment of a poet very much discovers itself in dressing the common roads of expression, without falling into such ways of speech as may seem stiff and unnatural; he must not swell into a false sublimity, by endeavouring to avoid the other extreme. Among the Greeks, *Alcibiades*, and sometimes *Sophocles*, were guilty of this fault; among the Latins, *Claudian* and *Statius*; and among our own countrymen, *Shakespeare* and *Lee*. In these authors the affectation of greatness often hurts the perspicuity of the style, as in many others the endeavour after perspicuity prejudices its greatness.

Aristotle has observed, that the idiomatic style may be avoided, and the sublime formed, by the following methods. First, by the use of metaphors; such are those of Milton;

Imprudent in one another's arms.  
— And in his hand a reed  
Stood waiting tilt with fire.  
The gray clouds now cold  
Squeezed with eyes.

In these, and innumerable other instances, the metaphors are very bold but just; I must however observe, that the metaphors are not as thick sown in Milton, which always answers too much of wit; that they never clash with one another, which, as Aristotle observes, turns a sentence into a kind of an *enigma* or *riddle*; and that he seldom has recourse to them where the proper and natural words will do as well.

Another way of raising the language, and giving it a poetical turn, is to make use of the idioms of other tongues. Virgil is full of the Greek forms of

\* Nov. 27, 1711, 27.

+ i. e. Attended.—This word is frequently so used in the Spectator; as by Mr. Locke and Dr. Smith.

speech, which the critics call Hellenisms, as Horace in his odes abounds with them much more than Virgil. I need not mention the several dialects which Homer has made use of for this end. Milton, in conformity with the practice of the ancient poets, and with Aristotle's rule, has infused a great many Latinisms, as well as Grecisms, and sometimes Hebrewisms, into the language of his poem; as towards the beginning of it:

Nor did they not perceive the evil plight  
In which they were, or the fierce pain on foot.  
Yet to their general's voice they soon obey'd.  
—— Whose shall tempt with wandering feet  
The dark unbottom'd infinite abyss,  
And through the palpable obscure find out  
His uncouth way, or spread his airy flight  
Upborn with invisible wings  
Over the vast abyss?  
—— So both ascend  
In the presence of God.

BOOK II.

Under this head may be reckoned the placing the adjective after the substantive, the transposition of words, the turning the adjective into a substantive, with several other foreign modes of speech which this poet has naturalized, to give his verse the greater sound, and throw it out of prose.

The third method mentioned by Aristotle, is what agrees with the genius of the Greek language more than with that of any other tongue, and is therefore more used by Homer than by any other poet. I mean the lengthening of a phrase by the addition of words, which may either be inserted or omitted, as also by the extending or contracting of particular words by the insertion or omission of certain syllables. Milton has put in practice this method of raising his language, as far as the nature of our tongue will permit, as in the passage above-mentioned, *erectile*, for what is hermit in common discourse. If you observe the measure of his verse, he has with great judgment suppressed a syllable in several words, and shortened those of two syllables into one; by which method, besides the above-mentioned advantage, he has given a greater variety to his numbers. But this practice is more particularly remarkable in the names of persons and of countries, as *Beitzebub*, *Hessbon*, and in many other particulars, wherein he has either changed the name, or made use of that which is not the most commonly known, that he might the better depart from the language of the vulgar.

The same reason recommended to him several old words, which also makes his poem appear the more venerable, and gives it a greater air of antiquity.

I must likewise take notice, that there are in Milton several words of his own coining, as *cerberian*, *miscreated*, *hell-doomed*, *embryon*, atoms, and many others. If the reader is offended at this liberty in our English poet, I would recommend him to a discourse in Plutarch, which shows us how frequently Homer has made use of the same liberty.

Milton, by the above-mentioned helps, and by the choice of the noblest words and phrases which our tongue would afford him, has carried our language to a greater height than any of the English poets have ever done before or after him, and made the sublimity of his style equal to that of his sentiments.

I have been the more particular in these observations on Milton's style, because it is that part of him in which he appears the most singular. The remarks I have here made upon the practice of other poets, with my observations out of Aristotle,

will perhaps alleviate the prejudice which some have taken to his poem upon this account; though, after all, I must confess that I think his style, though admirable in general, is in some places too much stiffened and obscured by the frequent use of those methods which Aristotle has prescribed for the raising of it.

This redundancy of those several ways of speech which Aristotle calls 'foreign language,' and with which Milton has so very much enriched, and in some places darkened the language of his poem, was the more proper for his use, because his poem is written in blank verse. Rhyme, without any other assistance, throws the language off from prose, and very often makes an indifferently phrase pass unregarded; but where the verse is not built upon rhymes, there pomp of sound and energy of expression are indispensably necessary to support the style, and keep it from falling into the flatness of prose.

Those who have not a taste for this elevation of style, and are apt to ridicule a poet when he departs from the common forms of expression, would do well to see how Aristotle has treated an ancient author called Euclid, for his insipid mirth upon this occasion. Mr. Dryden used to call these sort of men his prose-critics.

I should, under this head of the language, consider Milton's numbers, in which he has made use of several elisions, which are not customary among other English poets, as may be particularly observed in his cutting off the letter Y, when it precedes a vowel. This, and some other innovations in the measure of his verse, has varied his numbers in such a manner, as makes them incapable of satiating the ear, and cloying the reader, which the same uniform measure would certainly have done, and which the perpetual returns of rhyme never fail to do in long narrative poems. I shall close these reflections upon the language of *Paradise Lost* with observing, that Milton has copied after Homer rather than Virgil in the length of his periods, the copiousness of his phrases, and the running of his verses into one another.

ADDISON.

L.

N° 286. MONDAY, JANUARY 28, 1711-12.

*Nomina honesta pratenduntur vitiis.*

TACIT. Ann. l. xiv. c. 21.

Specious names are lent to cover vices.

MR. SPECTATOR, York, Jan. 18, 1711-12.

I PRETEND not to inform a gentleman of so much taste, whenever he pleases to use it; but it may not be amiss to inform your readers, that there is a false delicacy as well as a true one. True delicacy, as I take it, consists in exactness of judgment and dignity of sentiment, or, if you will, purity of affection, as this is opposed to corruption and grossness. There are pedants in breeding, as well as in learning. The eye that cannot bear the light is not delicate, but sore. A good constitution appears in the soundness and vigour of the parts, not in the squeamishness of the stomach; and a false delicacy is affectation, not politeness. What then can be the standard of delicacy, but truth and virtue? Virtue, which, as the satirist long since observed, is real honour; whereas the other distinctions among mankind are merely titular. Judging by that rule, in my opinion, and in that of many of your virtuous female readers, so f

from deserving Mr. Courtly's accusation \*, that you seem too gentle, and to allow too many excuses for an enormous crime, which is the reproach of the age, and is in all its branches and degrees expressly forbidden by that religion we pretend to profess; and whose laws, in a nation that calls itself Christian, one would think should take place of those rules which men of corrupt minds, and those of weak understandings, follow. I know not any thing more pernicious to good manners, than the giving fair names to foul actions: for this confounds vice and virtue, and takes off that natural horror we have to evil. An innocent creature, who would start at the name of strumpet, may think it pretty to be called a mistress, especially if her seducer has taken care to inform her, that an union of hearts is the principal matter in the sight of Heaven, and that the business at church is a mere idle ceremony. Who knows not that the difference between obscene and modest words expressing the same action, consists only in the accessory idea, for there is nothing immodest in letters and syllables. Fornication and adultery are modest words because they express no evil action as criminal, and so as to excite horror and aversion; whereas words representing the pleasure rather than the sin, are, for this reason, indecent and dishonest. Your papers would be chargeable with something worse than indecency, they would be immoral, did you treat the detestable sin of uncleanness in the same manner as you rally an impertinent self-love, and an artful glance; as those laws would be very unjust that should chastise murder and petty larceny with the same punishment. Even decency requires that the pity shown to distressed indigent wickedness, first betrayed into, and then expelled the harbours of the brothel, should be changed to detestation, when we consider pampered vice in the habitations of the wealthy. The most free person of quality, in Mr. Courtly's phrase, that is, to speak properly, a woman of figure who has forgot her birth and breeding, dishonoured her relations and herself, abandoned her virtue and reputation, together with the natural modesty of her sex, and risked her very soul, is so far from deservings to be treated with no worse character than that of a kind woman, which is, doubtless, Mr. Courtly's meaning (if he has any), that one can scarce be too severe on her, inasmuch as she eludes against greater restraints, is less exposed, and liable to fewer temptations, than beauty in poverty and distress. It is hoped therefore, sir, that you will not lay aside your generous design of exposing that monstrous wickedness of the town, whereby a multitude of innocents are sacrificed in a more barbarous manner than those who were offered to Moloch. The unchaste are provoked to see their vice exposed, and the chaste cannot take into such dish without danger of defilement, but a mere spectator may look into the bottom, and come off without partaking in the guilt. The doing so will convince as you pursue public good, and not merely your own advantage; but if your real stickers, how can one help thinking that Mr. Courtly's letter is but a stratagem to get off from a subject, in which either your own, or the private and base ends of others to whom you are partial, or those of whom you are afraid, would not endure reformation?

\* I am, sir,

Your humble servant and admirer, so long as you tread in the paths of truth, virtue, and honour.

\* The first letter in N° 576. See also N° 574.

\* Trial. Coll. Cantab. Jan. 12, 1711-12.

\* MR. SPECTATOR,

It is my fortune to have a chamber-fellow, with whom, though I agree very well in many sentiments, yet there is one in which we are as contrary as light and darkness. We are both in love. His mistress is a lovely fair, and mine a lovely brown. Now as the praise of our mistresses' beauty employs much of our time, we have frequent quarrels in entering upon that subject, while each says all he can to defend his choice. For my own part, I have racked my fancy to the utmost; and sometimes with the greatest warmth of imagination have told him, that night was made before day, and many more fine things, though without any effect; nay, last night I could not forbear saying with more heat than judgment, that the devil ought to be painted white. Now my desire is, sir, that you would be pleased to give us in black and white your opinion on the matter of dispute between us; which will either furnish me with fresh and prevailing arguments to maintain my own taste, or make me with less repining allow that of my chamber-fellow. I know very well that I have Jack Cleveland \* and Boad's Horace on my side; but then he has such a band of rhymers and romance-writers, with which he opposes me, and is so continually chiding to the tune of golden tresses, yellow locks, milk, marble, ivory, silver, swans, snow, daisies, doves, and the lord knows what; which he is always sounding with so much vehemence in my ears, that he often puts me into a brown study how to answer him; and I find that I am in a fair way to be quite confounded; without your timely assistance afforded to,

Yours,

Your humble servant,

PHILOSCOPUS.

[The Author unknown.]

X

N° 287. TUESDAY, JANUARY 29, 1711-12.

Ω γαλήνη γὰρ ποταμὸς καὶ ἑσπέρου ὁ ποταμὸς  
Τὰς νύκτας ἄλκιμος.

MEXAND.

Dear native land, how do the good and wise  
Thy happy clime and courteous blessings prize!

I look upon it as a peculiar happiness, that were I to choose of what religion I would be, and under what government I would live, I should most certainly give the preference to that form of religion and government which is established in my own country. In this point I think I am determined by reason and conviction; but if I shall be told that I am acted by prejudice, I am sure it is as honest prejudice; it is a prejudice that arises from the love of my country, and therefore such an one as I will always indulge. I have in several papers endeavoured to express my duty and esteem for the church of England, and design this as an essay upon the civil part of our constitution, having often entertained myself with reflections on this subject, which I have not met with in other writers.

That form of government appears to me the most reasonable, which is most conformable to the equality that we find in human nature, provided it be consistent with public peace and tranquillity. This is what may properly be called liberty, which

\* See the words of Mr. John Cleveland, *Sonnet*. "The Sinner's Festival," p. 4.

exempts one man from subjection to another, so far as the order and economy of government will permit.

Liberty should reach every individual of a people, as they all share one common nature; if it only spreads among particular branches, there had better be none at all, since such a liberty only aggravates the misfortune of those who are deprived of it, by setting before them a disagreeable subject of comparison.

This liberty is best preserved, where the legislative power is lodged in several persons, especially if those persons are of different ranks and interests; for where they are of the same rank, and consequently have an interest to manage peculiar to that rank, it differs but little from a despotical government in a single person. But the greatest security a people can have for their liberty, is when the legislative power is in the hands of persons so happily distinguished, that by providing for the particular interests of their several ranks, they are providing for the whole body of the people; or, in other words, when there is no part of the people that has not a common interest with at least one part of the legislators.

If there be but one body of legislators, it is no better than a tyranny; if there are only two, there will want a casting voice, and one of them must at length be swallowed up by disputes and contentions that will necessarily arise between them. Four would have the same inconvenience as two, and a greater number would cause too much confusion. I could never read a passage in Polybius, and another in Cicero to this purpose, without a secret pleasure in applying it to the English constitution, which it suits much better than the Roman. Both these great authors give the pre-eminence to a mixed government, consisting of three branches, the regal, the noble, and the popular. They had doubtless in their thoughts the constitution of the Roman commonwealth, in which the consul represented the king, the senate, the nobles, and the tribunes the people. This division of the three powers in the Roman constitution was by no means so distinct and natural, as it is in the English form of government. Among several objections that might be made to it, I think the chief are those that affect the consular power, which had only the ornaments without the force of the regal authority. Their number had not a casting voice in it; for which reason, if one did not chance to be employed abroad, while the other sat at home, the public business was sometimes at a stand, while the consuls pulled two different ways in it. Besides, I do not find that the consuls had ever a negative voice in the passing of a law, or decree of the senate; so that indeed they were rather the chief body of the nobility, or the first ministers of state, than a distinct branch of the sovereignty, in which none can be looked upon as a part, who are not a part of the legislature. Had the consuls been invested with the regal authority to as great a degree as our monarchs, there would never have been any occasions for a dictatorship, which had in it the power of all the three orders, and ended in the subversion of the whole constitution.

Such an history as that of Suetonius, which gives us a succession of absolute princes, is to me an unanswerable argument against despotic power. Where the prince is a man of wisdom and virtue, it is indeed happy for his people that he is absolute; but since in the common run of mankind, for one that is wise and good you find ten of a con-

trary character, it is very dangerous for a nation to stand to its chance, or to have its public happiness or misery depend on the virtue or vices of a single person. Look into the history I have mentioned, or into any series of absolute princes, how many tyrants must you read through, before you come to an emperor that is supportable. But this is not all; an honest private man often grows cruel and abandoned, when converted into an absolute prince. Give a man power of doing what he pleases with impunity, you extinguish his fear, and consequently overturn in him one of the great pillars of morality. This too we find confirmed by matter of fact. How many hopeful heirs apparent to grand empires, when in the possession of them, have become such monsters of lust and cruelty as are a reproach to human nature!

Some tell us we ought to make our governments on earth like that in heaven, which, say they, is altogether monarchical and unlimited. Was man like his Creator in goodness and justice, I should be for allowing this great model; but where goodness and justice are not essential to the ruler, I would by no means put myself into his hands to be disposed of according to his particular will and pleasure.

It is odd to consider the connection between despotic government and barbarity, and how the making of one person more than man, makes the rest less. Above nine parts of the world in ten are in the lowest state of slavery, and consequently sunk in the most gross and brutal ignorance. European slavery is indeed a state of liberty, if compared with that which prevails in the other three divisions of the world; and therefore it is no wonder that those who grovel under it, have many tracks of light among them, of which the others are wholly destitute.

Riches and plenty are the natural fruits of liberty, and where these abound, learning and all the liberal arts will immediately lift up their heads and flourish. As a man must have no slavish fears and apprehensions hanging upon his mind, who will indulge the flights of fancy or speculation, and push his researches into all the abstruse corners of truth, so it is necessary for him to have about him a competency of all the conveniences of life.

The first thing every one looks after, is to provide himself with necessities. This point will engross our thoughts until it be satisfied. If this is taken care of to our hands, we look out for pleasures and amusements; and among a great number of idle people, there will be many whose pleasures will lie in reading and contemplation. These are the two great sources of knowledge, and as men grow wise they naturally love to communicate their discoveries; and others seeing the happiness of such a learned life, and improving by their conversation, emulate, imitate, and surpass one another, until a nation is filled with races of wise understanding persons. Ease and plenty are therefore the great cherishers of knowledge: and as most of the despotic governments of the world have neither of them, they are naturally overrun with ignorance and barbarity. In Europe, indeed, notwithstanding several of its princes are absolute, there are men famous for knowledge and learning; but the reason is, because the subjects are many of them rich and wealthy, the prince not thinking fit to exert himself in his full tyranny like the princes of the eastern nations, lest his subjects should be invited to new-mould their constitution, having so many prospects liberty will be their

view. But in all despotical governments, though a particular prince may favour arts and letters, there is a natural degeneracy of mankind, as you may observe from Augustus's reign, how the Romans lost themselves by degrees until they fell to an equality with the most barbarous nations that surrounded them. Look upon Greece under its free states, and you would think its inhabitants lived in different climates, and under different heavens, from those at present, so different are the genius which are formed under Turkish slavery, and Grecian liberty.

Besides poverty and want, there are other reasons that debase the minds of men who live under slavery, though I look on this as the principal. This natural tendency of despotical power to ignorance and barbarity, though not limited upon by others, is, I think, an unanswerable argument against that form of government, as it shows how repugnant it is to the good of mankind, and the perfection of human nature, which ought to be the great ends of all civil institutions.

ADDISON. L.  
N° 288. WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 30, 1711-12.

—*Pacer cui utriusque mulierum.*  
HOR. Ep. vi. l. 1. ver. 10.  
Both fair alike.

MR. SPECTATOR,  
“ WHEN you spoke of the jilts and coquettes, you then promised to be very impartial, and not to spare even your own sex, should any of their secret or open faults come under your cognizance; which has given me encouragement to describe a certain species of mankind under the denomination of male jilts. They are gentlemen who do not design to marry, yet that they may appear to have some sense of gallantry, think they must pay their devoirs to one particular fair; in order to which they single out from amongst the herd of females her to whom they design to make their fruitless addresses. This done, they first take every opportunity of being in her company, and they never fail upon all occasions to be particular to her, laying themselves at her feet, protesting the reality of their passion with a thousand oaths, soliciting a return, and saying as many fine things as their stock of wit will allow; and if they are not deficient that way, generally speak so as to admit of a double interpretation; which the credulous fair is too apt to turn to her own advantage, since it frequently happens to be a rare, innocent young creature, who thinks all the world as sincere as herself, and so her easy heart becomes an easy prey to those deceitful monsters, who no sooner perceive it, but immediately they grow cool, and shun her whom they before seemed so much to admire, and proceed to act the same common-place villainy towards another. A casuist flushed with many of these infamous victories shall say he is sorry for the poor fools, protest and vow he never thought of matrimony, and wonder talking civilly can be so strangely misinterpreted. Now, Mr. Spectator, you that are a professed friend to love, will, I hope, observe upon those who abuse that noble passion, and raise it in innocent minds by a deceitful affectation of it, after which they desert the enamoured. Pray bestow a little of your reason on those fond believing females who already have, or are in danger of having broken

hearts; in which you will oblige a great part of this town, but in a particular manner,  
“*SIR,*  
“Your (yet heart-whole) admirer,  
“and devoted humble servant,  
“MELANCTH.”

Melanch's complaint is occasioned by so general a fall, that it is wonderful one could so long ever-look it. But this false gallantry proceeds from an impotence of mind, which makes those who are guilty of it incapable of pursuing what they themselves approve. Many a man wishes a woman his wife whom he dare not take for such. Though one has power over his inclinations or fortune, he is a slave to common fame. For this reason, I think Melanch gives them too soft a name in that of male coquettes. I know not why irresolution of mind should not be more contemptible than impotence of body; and these frivolous admirers would be but tenderly used, in being only included in the same term with the insufficient another way. They whom my correspondent calls male coquettes, should hereafter be called fribblers. A fribbler is one who professes raptures and admiration for the woman to whom he addresses, and dreads nothing so much as her consent. His heart can flutter by the force of imagination, but cannot fix from the force of judgment. It is not uncommon for the parents of young women of moderate fortune to wink at the addresses of fribblers, and expose their children to the ambiguous behaviour which Melanch complains of, until by the fondness to one they are to lose, they become incapable of love towards others, and, by consequence, in their future marriages lead a joyless or a miserable life. As therefore I shall in the speculations which regard love, be as severe as I ought on jilts and libertine women, so will I be as little merciful to insignificant and unachievable men. In order to this, all visitants who frequent families wherein there are young females, are forthwith required to declare themselves, or absent from places where their presence bubbles such as would pass their time more to the advantage of those whom they visit. It is a matter of too great moment to be dallied with; and I shall expect from all my young people a satisfactory account of appearances. Surephon has from the publication herof seven days to explain the riddle he presented to Lodiandis; and Chlois an hour after this comes to her hand, to declare whether she will have Philotas, whom a woman of no less merit than herself, and of superior fortune, languishes to call her own.

“*TO THE SPECTATOR.*  
“*SIR,*  
“SEVEN so many dealers turn authors, and write quaint advertisements to praise of their wares, one who from an author turned dealer may be allowed for the advancement of trade to turn author again. I will not, however set up like some of them, for selling cheaper than the most able honest tradesman can; nor do I send this to be better known for choice and cheapness of China and Japan wares, tea, fans, snuff, pictures, attack, and other Indian goods. Placed as I am in Leadenhall-street, near the India company, and the centre of that trade, thanks to my fair customers, my warehouse is graced as well as the benefit days of my plays and operas; and the foreign goods I sell seem so

\* See the second letter in N° 302.

less acceptable than the foreign books I translated, Rabelais and Don Quixote. Thus the critics allow me, and while they like my wares they may dispraise my writings. But as it is not so well known yet, that I frequently cross the seas of lute, and speak in Dutch and French, besides other languages, I have the convenience of buying and importing rich brocades, Dutch attlasses, with gold and silver, or without, and other foreign silks of the newest modes and best fabrics, fine Flanders lace, linens, and pictures, at the best hand; this my new way of trade I have fallen into, I cannot better publish than by an application to you. My wares are fit only for such as your readers; and I would beg of you to print this address in your paper, that those whose minds you adorn may take the ornaments for their persons and houses from me. This, sir, if I may presume to beg it, will be the greater favour, as I have lately received rich silks and fine lace to a considerable value, which will be sold cheap for a quick return, and as I have also a large stock of other goods. Indian silks were formerly a great branch of our trade; and since we must not sell them, we must seek amends by dealing in others. This I hope will plead for one who would lessen the number of the tensors of the Muses, and who, suiting his spirit to his circumstances, humbles the poet to exalt the citizen. Like a true tradesman, I hardly ever look into any books, but those of accounts. To say the truth, I cannot, I think, give you a better idea of my being a downright man of traffic, than by acknowledging I oftener read the advertisements, than the matter of even your paper. I am under a great temptation to take this opportunity of admonishing other writers to follow my example, and trouble the town no more; but as it is my present business to increase the number of buyers rather than sellers, I hasten to tell you that I am,

‘ Sir,  
‘ Your most humble, and  
‘ most obedient servant,  
‘ PETER MOTTEUX\*.’

STEELE.

T.

Nº 260. THURSDAY, JANUARY 31, 1711-12.

*Vita summa brevis spatiū nos retat inchoare longam.*  
HOR. Od. iv. l. i. ver. 15.

Life's span forbids us to extend our cares,  
And stretch our hopes beyond our years.  
CREECH.

UPON taking my seat in a coffee-house I often draw the eyes of the whole room upon me, when in the hottest seasons of news, and at a time perhaps that the Dutch mail is just come in, they hear me ask the coffee-man for his last week's bill of mortality. I find that I have been sometimes taken on this occasion for a parish sexton, sometimes for an undertaker, and sometimes for a doctor of physic. In this, however, I am guided by the spirit of a philosopher, as I take occasion from thence to reflect upon the regular increase and diminution of mankind, and consider the several various ways through which we pass from life to eternity. I am very well pleased with these weekly admonitions, that bring into my mind such thoughts as

\* This writer was a French refugee, (born in Normandy, 1660,) who settled in England, where he produced some dramatic pieces, and altered others, and gave pretty good translations of Rabelais and Don Quixote. He died a violent death, either by his own hand or that of another, at a house of ill-fame near Temple Bar, February 1718.

ought to be the dully entertainment of every reasonable creature; and can consider with pleasure to myself, by which of those deliverances, or as we commonly call them, distempers, I may possibly make my escape out of this world of sorrows, into that condition of existence, wherein I hope to be happier than it is possible for me at present to conceive.

But this is not all the use I make of the above-mentioned weekly paper. A bill of mortality is, in my opinion, an unanswerable argument for a Providence. How can we, without supposing ourselves under the constant care of a Supreme Being, give any possible account for that nice proportion, which we find in every great city, between the deaths and births of its inhabitants, and between the number of males and that of females brought into the world? What else could adjust in so exact a manner the recruits of every nation to its losses, and divide these new supplies of people into such equal bodies of both sexes? Chance could never hold the balance with so steady a hand. Were we not counted out by an intelligent superior, we should sometimes be overcharged with multitudes, and at others waste away into a desert: we should be sometimes a *populus vicorum*, as Florus elegantly expresses it, a generation of males, and at others a species of women. We may extend this consideration to every species of living creatures, and consider the whole animal world as an huge army made up of innumerable corps, if I may use that term, whose quotas have been kept entire near five thousand years, in so wonderful a manner, that there is not probably a single species lost during this long tract of time. Could we have general bills of mortality of every kind of animals, or particular ones of every species in each continent and island, I could almost say in every wood, marsh, or mountain, what astonishing instances would they be of that Providence which watches over all his works.

I have heard of a great man in the Romish church, who, upon reading those words in the fifth chapter of Genesis, ‘And all the days that Adam lived were nine hundred and thirty years, and he died; and all the days of Seth were nine hundred and twelve years, and he died; and all the days of Methuselah were nine hundred and sixty-nine years, and he died;’ immediately shut himself up in a convent, and retired from the world, as not thinking any thing in this life worth pursuing, which had not regard to another.

The truth of it is, there is nothing in history which is so improving to the reader as those accounts which we meet with of the deaths of eminent persons, and of their behaviour in that dreadful season. I may also add, that there are no parts in history which affect and please the reader in so sensible a manner. The reason I take to be this, because there is no other single circumstance in the story of any person, which can possibly be the case of every one who reads it. A battle or a triumph are conjunctures in which not one man in a million is likely to be engaged; but when we see a person at the point of death, we cannot forbear being attentive to every thing he says or does, because we are sure that some time or other we shall ourselves be in the same melancholy circumstances. The general, the statesman, or the philosopher, are perhaps characters which we may never act in, but the dying man is one whom, sooner or later, we shall certainly resemble.

It is, perhaps, for the same kind of reason, that few books written in . . . have been so much



perused as Dr. Sherlock's Discourse upon Death; though at the same time I must own, that he who has not perused this excellent piece, has not perhaps read one of the strongest persuaders to a religious life that ever was written in any language.

The consideration with which I shall close this essay upon death, is one of the most ancient and most beaten morals that has been recommended to mankind. But its being so very common, and so universally received, though it takes away from it the grace of novelty, adds very much to the weight of it, as it shows that it falls in with the general sense of mankind. In short, I would have every one consider that he is to this life nothing more than a passenger, and that he is not to set up his rest here, but to keep an attentive eye upon that state of being to which he approaches every moment, and which will be far ever fixed and permanent. This single consideration would be sufficient to extinguish the bitterness of hatred, the thirst of avarice, and the cruelty of ambition.

I am very much pleased with the passage of An-tiphanes, a very ancient poet, who lived near a hundred years before Socrates, which represents the life of man under this view, as I have here translated it word for word. 'Be not grieved,' says he, 'above measure, for thy deceased friends. They are not dead, but have only finished that journey which it is necessary for every one of us to take. We ourselves must go to that great place of reception in which they are all of them assembled, and in this general rendezvous of mankind, live together in another state of being.'

I think I have, in a former paper, taken notice of those beautiful metaphors in scripture, where life is termed a pilgrimage, and those who pass through it are all called strangers, and sojourners upon earth. I shall conclude this with a story, which I have somewhere read to be the travels of Sir John Chardin. That gentleman, after having told us that the laws which receive the caravans in Persia, and the eastern countries, are called by the name of caravansaries, gives us a relation to the following purpose.

A dervise travelling through Tartary, being arrived at the town of Balk, went into the king's palace by mistake, as thinking it to be a public inn, or caravansary. Having looked about him for some time, he entered into a long gallery, where he laid down his wallet, and spread his carpet, in order to repose himself upon it, after the manner of the eastern nations. He had not been long in this posture before he was discovered by some of the guards, who asked him what was his business in that place? The dervise told them he intended to take up his night's lodging in that caravansary. The guards let him know, in a very angry manner, that the house he was in was not a caravansary, but the king's palace. It happened that the king himself passed through the gallery during this debate, and smiling at the mistake of the dervise, asked him how he could possibly be so dull as not to distinguish a palace from a caravansary? 'Sir,' says the dervise, 'give me leave to ask your majesty a question or two. What were the persons that lodged in this house when it was first built?' The king replied, 'His ancestors.'—And who, says the dervise, 'was the last person that lodged here?' The king replied, 'His father.'—And who is it, says the dervise, 'that lodges here at present?' The king told him, that it was himself. 'And who,' says the dervise, 'will be here after you?' The king answered, 'The young prince his son.'—Ah, sir,' said the dervise, 'a house that

changes its inhabitants so often, and receives such a perpetual succession of guests, is not a palace, but a caravansary.'

ADDISON.

L.

Nº 290. FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1711-12.

*Profecti compulsi et acceptipenditis verbis.*

HOR. Ars. Poet. ver. 71.

'Forgets his swelling and gaudious words.'  
ROSCOVETION.

The players, who know I am very much their friend, take all opportunities to express a gratitude to me for being so. They could not have a better occasion of obliging me, than one which they lately took hold of. They desired my friend Will Honeycomb to bring me to the reading of a new tragedy; it is called *The Distressed Mother*\*. I must confess, though some days are passed since I enjoyed that entertainment, the passions of the several characters dwell strongly upon my imagination; and I congratulate the age, that they are at last to see truth and human life represented in the incidents which concern heroes and heroines. The style of the play is such as becomes those of the highest figure. It was a most exquisite pleasure to me, to observe real tears drop from the eyes of those who had long made it their profession to dissemble affliction; and the player, who read, frequently threw down the book, well he had given vent to the humanity which rose in him at some irresistible touches of the imagined sorrow. We have wisdom had any female distress on the stage, which did not, upon cool examination, appear to flow from the weakness, rather than the misfortune of the person represented; but in this tragedy you are not entertained with the ungoverned passions of such as are enumerated of each other, merely as they are men and women, but their regards are founded upon high conceptions of each other's virtue and merit; and the character which gives name to the play, is one who has behaved herself with heroic virtue in the most important circumstances of a female life, those of a wife, a widow, and a mother. If there be those whose minds have been too attentive upon the affairs of life, to have any notion of the passion of love in such extremes as we are known only to particular tempers, yet in the above-mentioned considerations, the sorrow of the heroine will move even the generality of mankind. Domestic virtues concern all the world, and there is no one living who is not interested that Andromache should be an insupportable character. The generous affection to the memory of her deceased husband, that tender care for her son, which is ever heightened with the consideration of his father, and these regards preserved in spite of being tempted with the persuasion of the highest greatness, are, what cannot but be venerable even to such an audience as at present frequents the English theatre. My friend Will Honeycomb commended several tender things that were said, and told me they were very greatly but whispered me, that he feared the piece was not busy enough for the present taste. To supply this, he recommended to the players to be very careful in

\* By Andrew Philips. It is little more than a translation from the *Andromache* of Racine. The Fugitive in this play, which Mr. Mr. Badger's name is given to it, and has been very much admired, in *Johnson* says, was actually written by Johnson. Mr. Johnson was assisted by Mr. Keates in the part of Tullius, the husband.

their scenes, and above all things, that every part should be perfectly new dressed. I was very glad to find that they did not neglect my friend's admonition, because there are a great many in this class of criticism who may be gained by it: but indeed the truth is, that as to the work itself, it is every where nature. The persons are of the highest quality in life, even that of princes; but their quality is not represented by the poet with directions that guards and waiters should follow them in every scene, but their grandeur appears in greatness of sentiments, flowing from ruins worthy their condition. To make a character truly great, this author understands that it should have its foundation in superior thoughts, and maxims of conduct. It is very certain, that many an honest woman would make no difficulty, though she had been the wife of Hector, for the sake of a kingdom, to marry the enemy of her husband's family and country; and indeed who can deny but she might be still an honest woman, but no heroine? That may be defensible, nay laudable in one character, which would be in the highest degree exceptionable in another. When Cato Uticensis killed himself, Cottius, a Roman of ordinary quality and character, did the same thing; upon which one said, smiling, 'Cottius might have lived, though Cæsar has seized the Roman liberty.' Cottius's condition might have been the same, let things at the upper end of the world pass as they would. What is further very extraordinary in this work, is, that the persons are all of them laudable, and their misfortunes arise rather from ungarded virtue, than propensity to vice. The town has an opportunity of doing itself justice in supporting the representations of passion, sorrow, indignation, even despair itself, within the rules of decency, honour, and good-breeding; and since there is no one can flatter himself his life will be always fortunate, they may here see sorrow, as they would wish to bear it whenever it arrives.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'I AM appointed to act a part in the new tragedy called the Distressed Mother. It is the celebrated grief of Orestes which I am to personate; but I shall not act it as I ought, for I shall feel it too intimately to be able to utter it. I was last night repeating a paragraph to myself, which I took to be an expression of rage, and in the middle of the sentence there was a stroke of self-pity which quite unmanned me. Be pleased, sir, to print this letter, that when I am oppressed in this manner at such an interval, a certain part of the audience may not think I am out; and I hope with this allowance, to do it with satisfaction.

I am, sir,

Your most humble servant,

GEORGE POWELL.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'AS I was walking the other day in the Park, I saw a gentleman with a very short face; I desire to know whether it was you. Pray inform me as soon as you can, lest I become the most heroic Hecatissa's rival.

Your humble servant to command,

SOPHIA.

DEAR MADAM,

'IT is not me you are in love with, for I was very ill and kept my chamber all that day.

Your most humble servant,

THE SPECTATOR.

STEEL.

T.

Nº291. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1711-12.

*Ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis  
Offendor maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,  
Aut humana parum cavit natura.*

HOLL. Ars Poet. ver. 351.

But in a poem elegantly writ,  
I will not quarrel with a slight mistake,  
Such as our nature's frailty may excuse.

ROSCOMMON.

I HAVE now considered Milton's *Paradise Lost* under those four great heads, of the fable, the characters, the sentiments, and the language\*; and have shown that he excels in general, under each of these heads. I hope that I have made several discoveries which may appear new, even to those who are versed in critical learning. Were I indeed to choose my readers, by whose judgment I would stand or fall, they should not be such as are acquainted only with the French and Italian critics, but also with the ancient and modern who have written in either of the learned languages. Above all, I would have them well versed in the Greek and Latin poets, without which a man very often fancies that he understands a critic, when in reality he does not comprehend his meaning.

It is in criticism as in all other sciences and speculations; one who brings with him any implicit notions and observations, which he has made in his reading of the poets, will find his own reflections methodized and explained, and perhaps several little hints that had passed in his mind perfected and improved, in the works of a good critic; whereas one who has not these previous lights is very often an utter stranger to what he reads, and apt to put a wrong interpretation upon it.

Nor is it sufficient that a man, who sets up for a judge in criticism, should have perused the authors above-mentioned, unless he has also a clear and logical head. Without this talent he is perpetually puzzled and perplexed amidst his own blunders, mistakes the sense of those he would confute, or, if he chances to think right, does not know how to convey his thoughts to another with clearness and perspicuity. Aristotle, who was the best critic, was also one of the best logicians that ever appeared in the world.

Mr. Locke's *Essay on Human Understanding* would be thought a very odd book for a man to make himself master of, who would get a reputation by critical writings; though at the same time it is very certain, that an author who has not learned the art of distinguishing between words and things, and of ranging his thoughts and setting them in proper lights, whatever notions he may have, will lose himself in confusion and obscurity. I might further observe, that there is not a Greek or Latin critic, who has not shown, even in the style of his criticisms, that he was a master of all the elegance and delicacy of his native tongue.

The truth of it is, there is nothing more absurd, than for a man to set up for a critic without a good insight into all the parts of learning; whereas many of those who have endeavoured to signalize themselves by works of this nature, among our English writers, are not only defective in the above-mentioned particulars, but plainly discover, by the phrases which they make use of, and by their confused way of thinking, that they are not acquainted with the most common and ordinary systems of arts

\* See

Y Y

and scholars. A few general rules extracted out of the French authors, with a certain cant of words, has sometimes set up an illiterate heavy writer for a most judicious and formidable critic.

One great mark, by which you may discover a critic who has neither taste nor learning, is this, that he seldom ventures to praise any passage in an author which has not been before received and applauded by the public, and that his criticism turns wholly upon little faults and errors. This part of a critic is so very easy to succeed in, that we find every ordinary reader, upon the publishing of a new poem, has wit and ill-nature enough to turn several passages of it into ridicule, and very often in the right place. This Mr. Dryden has very agreeably remarked in those two celebrated lines:

'Errors, like straws, upon the surface flow;  
He who would search for pearls, must dive below.'

A true critic ought to dwell rather upon excellencies than imperfections, to discover the concealed beauties of a writer, and communicate to the world such things as are worth their observation. The most exquisite words, and finest strokes of an author, are those which very often appear the most doubtful and exceptionable to a man who wants a relish for polite learning; and they are these, which a sour undistinguishing critic generally attacks with the greatest violence. Tully observes, that it is very easy to brand or fix a mark upon what he calls *verbum ardens*, or as it may be rendered into English, 'a glowing bold expression,' and to turn it into ridicule by a cold ill-natured criticism. A little wit is equally capable of exposing a beauty, and of aggravating a fault; and though such a treatment of an author naturally produces indignation in the mind of an understanding reader, it has however its effect among the generality of those whose hands it falls into, the rabble of mankind being very apt to think that every thing which is laughed at, with any mixture of wit, is ridiculous in itself.

Such a snarl as this is always unreasonable in a critic, as it rather prejudices the reader than convinces him, and is capable of making a beauty, as well as a blemish, the subject of derision. A man who cannot write with wit on a proper subject, is dull and stupid; but one who shows it in an improper place, is as impudent and absurd. Besides, a man who has the gift of ridicule is apt to find fault with any thing that gives him an opportunity of exerting his beloved talent, and very often censures a passage, not because there is any fault in it, but because he can be merry upon it. Such kinds of pleasantry are very unfair and disagreeable in works of criticism, in which the greatest masters, both ancient and modern, have always appeared with a serious and instructive air.

As I intend in my next paper to show the defects in Milton's *Paradise Lost*, I thought fit to premise these few particulars, to the end that the reader may know I enter upon it, as on a very ungrateful work, and that I shall just point at the imperfections without endeavouring to inflame them with ridicule. I must also observe with Longinus, that the productions of a great genius, with many lapses and inadvertencies, are infinitely preferable to the works of an inferior kind of author, which are scrupulously exact, and conformable in all the rules of correct writing.

I shall conclude my paper with a story out of Boccaccio, which sufficiently shows us the opinion that judicious authors entertained of the sort of

critics I have been here mentioning. "A famous critic," says he, "having gathered together all the skulls of an eminent poet, made a present of them to Apollo, who received them very graciously, and resolved to make the author a suitable return for the trouble he had been at in collecting them. In order to this, he set before him a sack of wheat, as it had been just thrashed out of the sheaf. He then bid him pick out the chaff from among the corn, and lay it aside by itself. The critic applied himself to the task with great industry and pleasure, and, after having made the due separation, was presented by Apollo with the chaff for his pains."

ADDENDUM.

L.

N° 292. MONDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1711-12.

*Illam, quicquid agit, quosque recte flectit,  
Compositis ferit, obsequiisq; decorat.*  
TIBULL. *Eleg. l. i. l. 4. ver. 2.*

Whatever she does, wherever her steps she bends,  
Grace on each action nicely attends.

As no one can be said to enjoy health, who is only not sick, without he feel within himself a lightness and invigorating principle, which will not suffer him to remain idle, but still spurs him on to action; so in the practice of every virtue, there is some additional grace required, to give a claim of excellency in this or that particular action. A dunderman may want polishing, though the value be still intrinsically the same; and the same good may be done with different degrees of lustre. No man should be contented with himself that he barely does well, but he should perform every thing in the best and most becoming manner that he is able.

Tully tells us he wrote his book of offices because there was no time of life in which some correspondent duty might not be practised; nor is there a duty without a certain decency accompanying it, by which every virtue it is joined to will seem to be doubled. Another may do the same thing, and yet the action want that air and beauty which distinguish it from others; like that insupportable Titian is said to have diffused over his landscapes; which denotes them his, and has been always unequalled by any other person.

There is no one action in which this quality I am speaking of will be more sensibly perceived, than in granting a request, or doing an office of kindness. *Mumulus*, by his way of connecting to a benefaction, shall make it have its name; while *Carus* doubles the kindness and the obligation. I room the first, the desired request drops indeed at last, but from no doubtful a brow, that the obliged has almost as much reason to resent the manner of bestowing it, as to be thankful for the favour itself. *Carus* smiles with a pleasing air, to give him an opportunity of doing an act of humanity, meets the petitioner half way, and converts a request with a countenance which proclaims the satisfaction of his mind in assisting the distressed.

The decency then that is to be observed in liberality, seems to consist in its being performed with such cheerfulness as may express the godlike pleasure to be met with, in obliging one's fellow-creatures; that may show good-nature and benevolence overflowed, and do not, as in some men, run upon the tilt, and trace of the rudiments of a gratchy, uncommunicative disposition.

Since I have estimated that the greatest decency is to be preserved in the bestowing our good offices,



tune than for any other quality, which I think is very natural for those who have not a strong belief of another world. For how can I conceive a man crowned with any distinguishing blessings, that has not some extraordinary fund of merit and perfection in him, which lies open to the Supreme eye, though perhaps it is not discovered by my observation? What is the reason Homer's and Virgil's heroes do not form a revolution, or strike a blow, without the conduct and direction of some deity? Doubtless, because the poets esteemed it the greatest honour to be favoured by the gods, and thought the best way of praising a man was, to recount those favours which naturally implied an extraordinary merit in the person on whom they descended.

Those who believe a future state of rewards and punishments act very absurdly, if they form their opinions of a man's merit from his successes. But certainly, if I thought the whole circle of our being was concluded between our birth and death, I should think a man's good fortune the measure and standard of his real merit, since Providence would have no opportunity of rewarding his virtue and perfections, but in the present life. A virtuous unbeliever, who lies under the pressure of misfortune, has reason to cry out, as they say Brutus did a little before his death: 'O virtue, I have worshipped thee as a substantial good, but I find thou art an empty name.'

But to return to our first point. Though prudence does undoubtedly in a great measure produce our good or ill fortune in the world, it is certain there are many unforeseen accidents and occurrences which very often pervert the strict schemes that can be laid by human wisdom. 'The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong.' Nothing less than infinite Wisdom can have an absolute command over fortune; the highest degree of it which man can possess is by no means equal to fortuitous events, and to such contingencies as may rise in the prosecution of our affairs. Nay, it very often happens, that prudence, which has always in it a great mixture of caution, hinders a man from being so fortunate, as he might possibly have been without it. A person who only aims at what is likely to succeed, and follows closely the dictates of human prudence, never meets with those great and unforeseen successes, which are often the effect of a sanguine temper, or a more happy rashness; and this perhaps may be the reason, that, according to the common observation, Fortune, like other females, delights rather in favouring the young than the old.

Upon the whole, since man is an short-sighted creature, and the accidents which may happen to him so various, I cannot but be of Dr. Tillotson's opinion in another case, that were there any doubt of a Providence, yet it certainly would be very desirable there should be such a Being of infinite wisdom and goodness, on whose direction we might rely in the conduct of human life.

It is a great presumption to ascribe our successes to our own management, and not in return ourselves upon any blessing, rather as it is the bounty of heaven, than the acquisition of our own prudence. I am very well pleased with a medal which was struck by Queen Elizabeth, a little after the defeat of the invincible armada, to perpetuate the memory of that extraordinary event. It is well known how the King of Spain, and others who were the enemies of that great prince, to derogate from her glory, ascribed the ruin of their fleet rather to the violence of storms and tempests, than to the bravery of the English. Queen Elizabeth,

instead of looking upon this as a diminution of her honour, valued herself upon such a signal favour of Providence, and accordingly, in the reverse of the medal above mentioned, has represented a fleet 'beaten by a tempest, and falling foul upon one another, with that religious inscription, '*Mari Dei, et dissipatus*.' He blew with his wind, and they were scattered.'

It is remarked of a famous Greek general, whose name I cannot at present recollect\*, and who had been a particular favourite of fortune, that, upon recounting his victories among his friends, he added at the end of several great actions, 'And in this fortune had no share.' After which it is observed in history, that he never prospered in any thing he undertook.

As arrogance and a conceitedness of our own abilities are very shocking and offensive to men of sense and virtue, we may be sure they are highly displeasing to that being who delights in an humble mind, and by several of his dispensations seems purposely to show us, that our own schemes, or prudence, have no share in our advancements.

Since on this subject I have already admitted several quotations which have occurred to my memory upon writing this paper, I will conclude it with a little Persian fable. A drop of water fell out of a cloud into the sea, and, finding itself lost in such an immensity of fluid matter, broke out into the following reflection; 'Alas! what an inconsiderable creature am I in this prodigious ocean of waters! my existence is of no concern to the universe; I am reduced to a kind of nothing, and am less than the least of the works of God.' It so happened, that an oyster, which lay in the neighbourhood of this drop, chanced to gape and swallow it up in the midst of this its humble soliloquy. The drop, says the fable, lay a great while hardening in the shell, until by degrees it was ripened into a pearl, which falling into the hands of a diver, after a long series of adventures, is at present that famous pearl which is fixed on the top of the Persian diadem.

APPENDIX.

L

N° 294. WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1711-12.

Difficile est virtutem vitiumque reperi, qui uterque invenitur fortasse in uno.

TULL. ad Thersites.

The man who is always fortunate, cannot easily have a great reverence for virtue.

INOLUENCE is the crime of all others which every man is apt to fall into; and yet there is one respect to which almost all men living are guilty of it, and that is in the case of laying a greater value upon the gifts of fortune than we ought. It is here in England come into our very language, as a propriety of diction to say, when we would speak of persons to their advantage, 'They are people of condition.' There is no doubt but the proper use of riches implies, that a man should exert all the good qualities imaginable; and if we mean by a man of condition or quality, one who, according to the wealth he is master of, shows himself just, beneficent, and charitable, that term ought very deservingly to be had in the highest veneration; but when wealth is used only as it is the support of pomp and luxury, to be rich is very far from being a recommendation to honour and respect. It is

\* Timotheus, son of Cleon the Athenian. See Plutarch.

indeed the greatest insolence imaginable, in a creature who would feel the extremes of thirst and hunger if he did not prevent his appetites before they call upon him, to be so forgetful of the common necessity of human nature, as never to cast an eye upon the poor and needy. The fellow who escaped from a ship which struck upon a rock in the west, and joined with the country people to destroy his brother sailors, and make her a wreck, was thought a most execrable creature; but does not every man who enjoys the possession of what he naturally wants, and is unmindful of the unsupplied distress of other men, betray the same temper of mind? When a man looks about him, and with regard to riches and poverty, beholds some drawn in pomp and equipage, and they, and their very servants, with an air of scorn and triumph, overlooking the multitude that pass by them; and in the same street, a creature of the same make, crying out, in the name of all that is good and sacred, to behold his misery, and give him some supply against hunger and nakedness; who would believe these two beings were of the same species? But so it is, that the consideration of fortune has taken up all our minds; and as I have often complained, poverty and riches stand in our imaginations in the places of guilt and innocence. But in all seasons there will be some instances of persons who have souls too large to be taken with popular prejudices, and while the rest of mankind are contending for superiority in power and wealth, have their thoughts bent upon the necessities of those below them. The charity-schools, which have been erected of late years, are the greatest instances of public spirit the age has produced. But indeed, when we consider how long this sort of beneficence has been on foot, it is rather from the good management of those institutions, than from the number or value of the benefactions to them, that they make so great a figure. One would think it impossible that, in the space of fourteen years, there should not have been five thousand pounds bestowed in gifts this way, nor sixteen hundred children, including males and females, put out to methods of industry. It is not allowed me to speak of luxury and folly with the severe spirit they deserve; I shall only therefore say, I shall very readily compound with any lady in a hooped petticoat, if she gives the price of one half yard of the silk, towards clothing, feeding, and instructing an innocent helpless creature of her own sex, in one of these schools. The consciousness of such an action will give her features a nobler life on this illustrious day \*, than all the jewels that can hang in her hair, or can be clustered in her bosom. It would be uncourtly to speak in harsher words to the fair, but to men one may take a little more freedom. It is monstrous how a man can live with so little reflection, as to fancy he is not in a condition very unjust and disproportioned to the rest of mankind, while he enjoys wealth, and exerts no benevolence or bounty to others. As for this particular occasion of these schools, there cannot any offer more worthy a generous mind. Would you do an handsome thing without return; do it for an infant that is not sensible of the obligation. Would you do it for public good; do it for one who will be an honest artificer. Would you do it for the sake of heaven; give it to one who shall be instructed in the worship of him for whose sake you gave it. It is, methinks, a most laudable institution this, if it were of no other ex-

pectation than that of producing a race of good and useful servants, who will have more than a liberal, a religious education. What would not a man do in common prudence, to lay out in purchase of one about him, who would add to all his orders he gave, the weight of the commandments, to enforce an obedience to them? for one who would consider his master as his father, his friend, and benefactor, upon easy terms, and in expectation of no other return, but moderate wages and gentle usage? It is the common vice of children to run too much among the servants; from such as are educated in these places, they would see nothing but lowliness in the servant, which would not be disingenuous in the child. All the ill offices and defamatory whispers, which take their birth from domestics, would be prevented, if this charity could be made universal; and a good man might have a knowledge of the whole life of the persons he designs to take into his house for his own service, or that of his family or children, long before they were admitted. This would create endearing dependencies: and the obligation would have a paternal air in the master, who would be relieved from much care and anxiety from the gratitude and diligence of an humble friend, attending him as his servant. I fall into this discourse from a letter sent to me, to give me notice that fifty boys would be clothed, and take their seats (at the charge of some generous benefactors) in St. Bride's church, on Sunday next. I wish I could promise to myself any thing which my correspondent seems to expect from a publication of it in this paper; for there can be nothing added to what so many excellent and learned men have said on this occasion. But that there may be something here which would move a generous mind, like that of him who wrote to me, I shall transcribe an handsome paragraph of Dr. Snape's sermon on these charities, which my correspondent inclosed with his letter.

'The wise providence has amply compensated the disadvantages of the poor and indigent, in wanting many of the conveniences of this life, by a more abundant provision for their happiness in the next. Had they been higher born, or more richly endowed, they would have wanted this manner of education, of which those only enjoy the benefit, who are low enough to submit to it; where they have such advantages without money, and without price, as the rich cannot purchase with it. The learning which is given, is generally more edifying to them, than that which is sold to others. Thus do they become more exalted in goodness, by being depressed in fortune, and their poverty is, in reality, their preferment.'

STEELE.

T.

#### Nº 295. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1711-12.

*Prodiga non sentit percuntem semina census :  
At velut exhausta rediit pulvis arca  
Nummus, et e pleno semper tollitur acervo,  
Non unquam reputat, quanti sibi gaudium constant.*  
JUV. Sat. vi. ver. 361.

But womankind, that never knows a mean,  
Down to the dregs their sinking fortunes drain:  
Hourly they give, and spend, and waste, and wear,  
And think no pleasure can be bought too dear.

DRYDEN.

\* MR. SPECTATOR,

'I AM turned of my great climacteric, and am naturally a man of a meek temper. About a dozen years ago I was married, for my sins, to a young woman of a good family, of an high spirit;

\* The birth-day of Queen Anne.

but could not bring her to close with me, before I had entered into a treaty with her, longer than that of the grand alliance. Among other articles, it was therein stipulated, that she should have 400*l.* a year for pin-money, which I obliged myself to pay quarterly into the hands of one who acted as her plenipotentiary in that affair. I have ever since religiously observed my part in this solemn agreement. Now, sir, so it is, that the lady has had several children since I married her; to which, if I should credit our malicious neighbours, her pin-money has not a little contributed. The education of these my children, who, contrary to my expectation, are born to me every year, straitens me so much, that I have begged their mother to free me from the obligation of the above-mentioned pin-money, that it may go towards making a provision for her family. This proposal makes her noble blood swell in her veins, inasmuch that, finding me a little tardy in my last quarter's payment, she threatens me every day to arrest me; and proceeds so far as to tell me, that if I do not do her justice, I shall die in a jail. To this she adds, when her passion will let her argue calmly, that she has several play-debts on her hand, which must be discharged very suddenly, and that she cannot lose her money as becomes a woman of her fashion, if she makes me any abatement in this article. I hope, sir, you will take an occasion from hence to give your opinion upon a subject which you have not yet touched, and inform us if there are any precedents for this usage among our ancestors; or whether you find any mention of pin-money in *Grout*, *Puffendorf*, or any other of the civilians.

'I am ever the humblest of your admirers,  
'JOSIAN FRIBBLE, Esq.'

As there is no man living who is a more professed advocate for the fair sex than myself, so there is none that would be more unwilling to invade any of their ancient rights and privileges; but as the doctrine of pin-money is of a very late date, unknown to our great grandmothers, and not yet received by many of our modern ladies, I think it is for the interest of both sexes to keep it from spreading.

Mr. Fribble may not, perhaps, be much mistaken where he intimates, that the supplying a man's wife with pin-money, is furnishing her with arms against himself, and is a manner becoming necessary to his own dishonour. We may indeed generally observe, that in proportion as a woman is more or less beautiful, and her husband advanced in years, she stands in need of a greater or less number of pins, and, upon a treaty of marriage, rises or falls in her demands accordingly. It must likewise be owned, that high quality in a mistress does very much inflame this article in the marriage-reckoning.

But where the age and circumstances of both parties are pretty much upon a level, I cannot but think the insisting upon a pin-money is very extraordinary; and yet we find several matches broken off upon this very head. What would a foreigner, or one who is a stranger to this practice, think of a lover that forsakes his mistress, because he is not willing to keep her in pins? But what would he think of the mistress, should he be informed that she asks five or six hundred pounds a year for this use? Should a man, unacquainted with our customs, be told the uses which are allowed in Great Britain, under the title of pin-money, what a prodigious consumption of pins would he think there was in this island? 'A pin a day,' says our fragil

proverb, 'is a groat a year;' so that, according to this calculation, my friend Fribble's wife must every year make use of eight millions six hundred and forty thousand new pins.

I am not ignorant that our British ladies allege they comprehend under this general term, several other conveniences of life; I could therefore wish, for the honour of my countrywomen, that they had rather called it needle-money, which might have implied something of good housewifery, and not have given the malicious world occasion to think, that dress and trifles have always the uppermost place in a woman's thoughts.

I know several of my fair readers urge in defence of this practice, that it is but a necessary provision they make for themselves, in case their husband proves a churl, or a miser; so that they consider this allowance as a kind of alimony, which they may lay their claim to, without actually separating from their husbands. But with submission, I think a woman who will give up herself to a man in marriage, where there is the least room for such an apprehension, and trust her person to one whom she will not rely on for the common necessities of life, may very properly be accused (in the phrase of an honest proverb) of being 'peppy wise and pound foolish.'

It is observed of over-cautious generals, that they never engage in a battle without securing a retreat, in case the event should not answer their expectations; on the other hand, the greatest conquerors have burnt their ships, or broke down the bridges behind them, as being deterred either to succeed or die in the engagement. In the same manner I should very much suspect a woman who takes such precautions for her retreat, and contrives methods how she may live happily, without the affection of one to whom she joins herself for life. Separate purses between man and wife sit, in my opinion, as unnatural as separate beds. A marriage cannot be happy where the pleasures, inclinations, and interests of both parties are not the same. There is no greater inclination to love in the mind of man, than the sense of a person's depending upon him for her ease and happiness; as a woman sees all her endeavours to please the person whom she looks upon, as her honour, her comfort, and her support.

For this reason I am not very much surprised at the behaviour of a rough country squire, who, being out a little shocked at the proceeding of a young widow that would not recede from her demands of pin-money, was so enraged at her necessary temper, that he told her in great wrath, 'As much as she thought him her slave, he would show all the world he did not care a pin for her.' Upon which he flew out of the room, and never saw her more.

Rodriles, in Plato's *Alcibiades*, says, he was informed by one who had travelled through Persia, that as he passed over a great tract of land, and inquired what the name of the place was, they told him it was the Queen's Garden; to which he adds, that another wide field which lay by it, was called the Queen's Vell; and that in the same manner there was a large portion of ground set aside for every part of her majesty's dress. These lands might not be improperly called the Queen of Persia's pin-money.

I remember my friend Sir Roger, who, I dare say, never read this passage in Plato, told me some time since, that upon his visiting the perverse widow (of whom I have given an account in former papers) he had disposed of an hundred acres in a

diamond ring, which he would have presented her with, had she thought fit to accept it: and that upon her wedding-day, she should have carried on her head, fifty of the tallest oaks upon his estate. He further informed me, that he would have given her a coal-pit to keep her in clean linen, that he would have allowed her the profits of a windmill for her fans, and have presented her once in three years with the shearing of his sheep, for her under-petticoats. To which the knight always adds, that though he did not care for fine clothes himself, there should not have been a woman in the country better dressed than my Lady Coverley. Sir Roger, perhaps, may in this, as well as in many other of his devices, appear something odd and singular; but if the humour of pin-money prevails, I think it would be very proper for every gentleman of an estate to mark out so many acres of it under the title of *The Pins*.

ADDISON.

L.

Nº 296. FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1711-12.

——— *Nugis addere pondus.*

ROB. EP. xlv. l. l. ver. 42.

——— Add weight to trifles.

‘DEAR SPEC,’

‘HAvING lately conversed much with the fair-sex on the subject of your Speculations, (which, since their appearance in public, have been the chief exercise of the female loquacious faculty) I found the fair ones possessed with a dissatisfaction at your prefixing Greek mottoes to the frontispiece of your late papers; and as a man of gallantry, I thought it a duty incumbent on me to impart it to you, in hopes of a reformation, which is only to be effected by a re-rotation of the Latin to the usual dignity in your papers, which of late, the Greek, to the great displeasure of your female readers, has usurped; for though the Latin has the recommendation of being as unintelligible to them as the Greek, yet being written of the same character with their mother-tongue, by the assistance of a spelling-book it is legible; which quality the Greek wants: and since the introduction of operas into this nation, the ladies are so charmed with sounds abstracted from their ideas, that they adore and honour the sound of Latin, as it is old Italian. I am a solicitor for the fair-sex, and therefore think myself in that character more likely to be prevalent in this request, than if I should subscribe myself by my proper name.

‘J. M.

‘I desire you may insert this in one of your speculations, to show my zeal for removing the dissatisfaction of the fair-sex, and restoring you to their favour.’

‘SIR,

‘I WAS some time since in company with a young officer, who entertained us with the conquest he had made over a female neighbour of his; when a gentleman who stood by, as I suppose, envying the captain’s good fortune, asked him what reason he had to believe the lady admired him? “Why,” says he, “my lodgings are opposite to her’s, and she is continually at her window either at work, reading, taking snuff, or putting herself in some foying posture, on purpose to draw my eyes that way.” The confession of this vain soldier made me reflect on

some of my own actions; for you must know, sir, I am often at a window which fronts the apartments of several gentlemen, who I doubt not have the same opinion of me. I must own I love to look at them all, not for being well dressed, a second for his fine eye, and one particular one, because he is the least man I ever saw; but there is something so easy and pleasant in the manner of my little man, that I observe he is a favourite of all his acquaintance. I could go on to tell you of many others, that I believe think I have encouraged them from my window; but pray let me have your opinion of the use of the window, in a beautiful lady; and how often she may look out at the same man, without being supposed to have a mind to jump out to him.

‘Your’s,

‘AURELIA CARELESS.’

Twice.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘I HAVE for some time made love to a lady, who received it with all the kind returns I ought to expect: but without any provocation that I know of, she has of late shunned me with the utmost abhorrence, in-somuch that she went out of church last Sunday in the midst of divine service, upon my coming into the same pew. Pray, sir, what must I do in this business?

‘Your servant,

‘EURNERS.’

Let her alone ten days.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

York, Jan. 20, 1711-12.

‘WE have in this town a sort of people who pretend to wit, and write lampoons: I have lately been the subject of one of them. The scribbler had not genius enough in verse to turn my age, as indeed I am an old maid, into raillery, for affecting a youthlike turn than is consistent with my time of day; and therefore he makes the title of his madrigal, the character of Mrs. Judith Lovebane, born in the year 1680. What I desire of you is, that you disallow that a coxcomb, who pretends to write verse, should put the most malicious thing he can say in prose. This I humbly conceive will disable our country wits, who indeed take a great deal of pains to say any thing in rhyme, though they say it very ill.

‘I am, sir,

‘Your humble servant,

‘SUSANNAH LOVEBANE.’

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘WE are several of us, gentlemen and ladies, who board in the same house, and after dinner one of our company (an agreeable man enough otherwise) stands up, and reads your paper to us all. We are the civillest people in the world to one another, and therefore I am forced to this way of desiring our reader, when he is doing this office, not to stand afore the fire. This will be a general good to our family this cold wether. He will, I know, take it to be our common request when he comes to these words, “Pray, sir, sit down;” which I desire you to insert, and you will particularly oblige

‘Your daily reader,

‘CHARITY FROST.’

‘SIR,

‘I AM a great lover of dancing, but cannot perform so well as some others; however, by my out-of-the-way capers, and some original grimaces, I do not fail to di

particularly



ladies, who laugh immoderately all the time. Some, who pretend to be my friends, tell me they do it in derision, and would advise me to leave it off, without that I make myself ridiculous. I do not know what to do in this affair, but I am resolved not to give over upon any account, till I have the opinion of the Spectator.

‘Your humble servant,  
JOHN TRULL’

If Mr Trull is not awkward out of those, he has a right to dance, let who will laugh; but if he has no car he will interrupt others: and I am of opinion he should sit still. Given under my hand this fifth of February, 1711-12.

THE SPECTATOR.

STEELE.

N° 297. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1711-12.

— *relat st*  
*Egredie Imperator exprobrat corporis curam.*  
HOB. REL. VI. 1. ver. 66.

As perfect beauties often have a mole,  
CREECH.

AFTER what I have said in my last Saturday's paper, I shall enter on the subject of this without further preface, and remark the several defects which appear in the fable, the characters, the sentiments, and the language of Milton's *Paradise Lost*; not doubting but the reader will pardon me, if I allege at the same time whatever may be said for the extenuation of such defects. The first imperfection which I shall observe in the fable is, that the event of it is unhappy.

The fable of every poem is, according to Aristotle's division, either simple or complex. It is called simple when there is no change of fortune in it; complex, when the fortune of the chief actor changes from bad to good, or from good to bad. The complex fable is thought the most perfect; I suppose, because it is more proper to stir up the passions of the reader, and to surprise him with a greater variety of accidents.

The complex fable is therefore of two kinds; the first the chief actor makes his way through a long series of dangers and difficulties, until he arrives at honour and prosperity, as we see in the stories of Ulysses and Theseus. In the second, the chief actor in the poem falls from some eminent pitch of honour and prosperity, into misery and disgrace. Thus we see Adam and Eve sink from a state of innocence and happiness, into the most abject condition of sin and sorrow.

The most taking tragedies among the ancients were built on this last sort of complex fable, particularly the tragedy of Oedipus, which proceeds upon a story, if we may believe Aristotle, the most proper for tragedy that could be invented by the wit of man. I have taken some pains in a former paper to show, that this kind of complex fable, wherein the event is unhappy, is more apt to affect an audience than that of the first kind; notwithstanding many excellent pieces among the ancients, as well as most of those which have been written of late years in our own country, are raised upon contrary plans. I must however own, that I think this kind of fable, which is the most perfect in tragedy, is not so proper for an heroic poem.

Milton seems to have been sensible of this imperfection in his fable, and has therefore endeavoured to cure it by several expedients; particu-

larly by the mortification which the great adversary of mankind meets with upon his return to the assembly of infernal spirits, as it is described in a beautiful passage of the tenth book; and likewise by the vision wherein Adam, at the close of the poem, sees his offspring triumphing over his great enemy, and himself restored to a happier paradise than that from which he fell.

There is another objection against Milton's fable, which is indeed almost the same with the former, though placed in a different light, namely—That the hero in the *Paradise Lost* is unsuccessful, and by no means a match for his enemies. This gave occasion to Mr Dryden's reflection, that the devil was in reality Milton's hero. I think I have obliterated this objection in my first paper. The *Paradise Lost* is an epic, or a narrative poem, and he that looks for an hero in it, searches for that which Milton never intended; but if he will needs fix the name of an hero upon any person in it, it is certainly the Messiah who is the hero, both in the principal action, and in the chief episodes. Paganism could not furnish out a real action for a fable greater than that of the *Iliad* or *Æneid*, and therefore an heathen could not form an higher notion of a poem than one of that kind, which they call an heroic. Whether Milton's is not of a sublimer nature I will not presume to determine; it is sufficient that I show there is in the *Paradise Lost* all the greatness of plan, regularity of design, and masterly beauties which we discover in Homer and Virgil.

I must in the next place observe, that Milton has taken care in the texture of this fable, some particulars which do not seem to have probability enough for an epic poem, particularly in the actions which he ascribes to Sin and Death, and the pleasure which he draws of the 'Lulls of Vanity,' with other passages in the second book. Such allegories rather savour of the spirit of Spenser and Ariosto, than of Homer and Virgil.

In the structure of his poem he has likewise admitted too many digressions. It is finely observed by Aristotle, that the author of an heroic poem should seldom speak himself, but throw as much of his work as he can into the mouths of those who are his principal actors. Aristotle has given no reason for this precept but I presume it is because the mind of the reader is more awed, and elevated, when he hears *Juno* or *Achilles* speak, than when *Virgil* or *Homer* talk in their own persons. Besides that assuming the character of an eminent man is apt to fire the imagination and raise the ideas of the author. Tully tells us, mentioning his Dialogue of Old Age, in which *Cato* is the chief speaker, that upon a review of it he was agreeably imposed upon, and fancied that it was *Cato*, and not he himself, who uttered his thoughts on that subject.

If the reader would be at the pains to see how the story of the *Iliad* and the *Æneid* is delivered by those persons who act in it, he will be surprised to find how little in either of these poems proceeds from the authors. Milton has, in the general disposition of his fable, very finely observed this great rule; inasmuch that there is scarce a fourth part of it which comes from the poet; the rest is spoken either by Adam and Eve, or by some good or evil spirit who is engaged, either in their destruction or defence.

From what has been here observed, it appears, that digressions are by no means to be allowed of, in an epic poem. If the poet, even in the ordinary course of a narration, should speak as little

as possible, he should certainly never let his narration sleep for the sake of any reflections of his own. I have often observed, with a secret admiration, that the longest reflection in the *Æneid*, is in that passage of the tenth book, where Turnus is represented as dressing himself in the spoils of Pallas, whom he had slain. Virgil here lets his fable stand still, for the sake of the following remark. 'How is the mind of man ignorant of futurity, and unable to bear prosperous fortune with moderation! The time will come when Turnus shall wish that he had left the body of Pallas untouched, and curse the day on which he dressed himself in these spoils.' As the great event of the *Æneid*, and the death of Turnus, whom Æneas slew because he saw him adorned with the spoils of Pallas, turns upon this incident, Virgil went out of his way to make this reflection upon it, without which so small a circumstance might possibly have slipped out of his reader's memory. Lucan, who was an injudicious poet, lets drop his story very frequently for the sake of his unnecessary digressions, or his *diverticula*, as Scaliger calls them. If he gives us an account of the prodigies which preceded the civil war, he declaims upon the occasion, and shows how much happier it would be for man, if he did not feel his evil fortune before it comes to pass; and suffer, not only by its real weight, but by the apprehension of it. Milton's complaint for his blindness, his panegyric on marriage, his reflections on Adam and Eve's going naked, of the angels eating, and several other passages in his poem, are liable to the same exception, though I must confess there is so great a beauty in these very digressions, that I would not wish them out of his poem.

I have, in a former paper \*, spoken of the characters of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, and declared my opinion as to the allegorical persons who are introduced in it.

If we look into the sentiments, I think they are sometimes defective under the following heads; first, as there are several of them too much pointed, and some that degenerate even into puns. Of this last kind I am afraid is that in the first book, where, speaking of the pigmies, he calls them,

————— The small *infantry*  
Warr'd on by cranes —————

Another blemish that appears in some of his thoughts, is his frequent allusion to heathen fables, which are not certainly of a piece with the divine subject of which he treats. I do not find fault with these allusions, where the poet himself represents them as fabulous, as he does in some places, but where he mentions them as truths and matters of fact. The limits of my paper will not give me leave to be particular in instances of this kind; the reader will easily remark them in his perusal of the poem. \*

A third fault in his sentiments, is an unnecessary ostentation of learning, which likewise occurs very frequently. It is certain that both Homer and Virgil were masters of all the learning of their times, but it shows itself in their works after an indirect and concealed manner. Milton seems ambitious of letting us know, by his excursions on freewill and predestination, and his many glances upon history, astronomy, geography, and the like, as well as by the terms and phrases he sometimes makes use of, that he was acquainted with the whole circle of arts and sciences.

\* N<sup>o</sup> 273.

If in the last place we consider the language of this great poet, we must allow what I have hinted in a former paper, that it is often too much laboured, and sometimes obscured by old words, transpositions, and foreign idioms. Seneca's objection to the style of a great author, '*Riget ejus oratio, nihil in eâ placidum, nihil lenè*,' is what many critics make to Milton. As I cannot wholly refute it, so I have already apologized for it in another paper: to which I may further add, that Milton's sentiments and ideas were so wonderfully sublime, that it would have been impossible for him to have represented them in their full strength and beauty, without having recourse to these foreign assistances. Our language sunk under him, and was unequal to that greatness of soul which furnished him with such glorious conceptions.

A second fault in his language is, that he often affects a kind of jingle in his words, as in the following passages and many others:

'And brought into the world a world of woe,  
————— Begirt th' almighty throne  
*Resecching or beseging* —————  
This tempted our attempt —————  
At one slight bound high overleapt all bound.'

I know there are figures for this kind of speech; that some of the greatest ancients have been guilty of it, and that Aristotle himself has given it a place in his rhetoric among the beauties of that art. But as it is in itself poor and trifling, it is, I think, at present universally exploded by all the masters of polite writing.

The last fault which I shall take notice of in Milton's style, is the frequent use of what the learned call technical words, or terms of art. It is one of the greatest beauties of poetry, to make hard things intelligible, and to deliver what is abstruse of itself in such easy language as may be understood by ordinary readers; besides that the knowledge of a poet should rather seem born with him, or inspired, than drawn from books and systems. I have often wondered how Mr. Dryden could translate a passage out of Virgil after the following manner:

'Tack to the larboard and stand off to sea,  
Veer starboard sea and land —————.'

Milton makes use of larboard in the same manner. When he is upon building, he mentions doric pillars, pilasters, cornice, freeze, architrave. When he talks of heavenly bodies, you meet with 'ecliptic and eccentric, the trepidation, stars dropping from the zenith, rays culminating from the equator;' to which might be added many instances of the like kind in several other arts and sciences.

I shall in my next papers give an account of the many particular beauties in Milton, which would have been too long to insert under those general heads I have already treated of, and with which I intend to conclude this piece of criticism.

ADDISON.

L.

N<sup>o</sup> 298. MONDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1711-12.

*Nusquam tuta fides* —————

VIRG. *Æn.* iv. ver. 373.

Honour is no where safe.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

Lond. Feb. 9, 1711-12.

'I AM a virgin, and in no case despicable; but yet such as I am I must remain, or else become, it is to be feared, less happy; for I find not the least

good effect from the just correction you some time since gave that too free, that looser part of our sex which spoils the men; the same countenance at the vice, the same easy admittance at addresses, the same vitiated relish of the conversation of the greatest of rakes (or in a more fashionable way of expressing one's self, of such as have seen the world most) still abounds, increases, multiplies.

'The humble petition therefore of many of the most strictly virtuous and of myself is, that you will once more exert your authority, and that according to your late promise, your full, your impartial authority, on this siltier branch of our kind; for why should they be the uncontrollable miseries of our fate! Why should they with impunity indulge the males in licentiousness while single, and we have the dismal hazard and plague of reforming them when married? Strike home, sir, then, and spare not, or all our maiden hopes, our gilded hopes of nuptial felicity are frustrated, are vanquished, and you yourself, as well as Mr. Courty, will, by smoothing over immodest practices with the gloss of soft and harmless names, for ever forfeit our esteem. Nor think that I am herein more severe than need be: if I have not reason more than enough, do you and the world judge from this ensuing account, which, I think, will prove the evil to be universal.

'You must know, then, that since your reprehension of this female degeneracy came out, I have had a tender of respects from no less than five persons, of tolerable figure too as times go; but the misfortune is, that four of the five are professed followers of the mode. They would face me down, that all women of good sense ever were, and ever will be, insatiable in wedlock; and always did and will give and take, what they profanely term conjugal liberty of conscience.

'The two first of these, a captain and a merchant, is strengthened their arguments, pretend to repent after a couple of ladies of quality and wit, that Venus was always kind to Mars; and what soul that has the least spark of generosity can deny a man of bravery any thing! And how pitiful a trader that, whom no woman but his own wife will have correspondence and dealings with? Thus these, whilst the third, the country squire, confessed, that indeed he was surprised into good-breeding, and entered into the knowledge of the world unawares; that dining the other day at a gentleman's house, the person who he entertained was obliged to leave him with his wife and niece; where they spoke with so much contempt of an absent gentleman for being so slow at a hint, that he resolved never to be drowsy, unmanly, or stupid for the future, at a friend's house; and on a homing evening, not to pursue the game either with the husband abroad, or with the wife at home.

'The next that came was a tradesman, no less full of the age than the former; for he had the gallantry to tell me, that at a late jacket which he was invited to, the action being made, and the question being put, it was by maid, wife, and widow resolved, *omnis contrahitorum*, that a young sprightly journeyman is absolutely necessary to their way of business; to which they had the assent and concurrence of the husbands present. I dropt him a courtesy, and gave him to understand that was his audience of leave.

'I am reckoned pretty, and have had very many advances besides these; but have been very averse to hear any of them, from my observation on these

above-mentioned, till I hoped some good from the character of my present admirer, a clergyman. But I find even among them there are indirect practices in relation to love, and our treaty is at present a little in suspense, until some circumstances are cleared. There is a charge against him among the women, and the case is this: It is alleged, that a certain endowed female would have appropriated herself to, and consolidated herself with a church which my divine now enjoys (or, which is the same thing, did prostitute herself to her friend's doing this for her); that my ecclesiastic, to obtain the one, did engage himself to take off the other (that lay on hands); but that on his success in the spiritual, he again renounced the carnal.

'I put this closely to him, and taxed him with dissimulity. He to clear himself made the subsequent defence, and that in the most solemn manner possible;—that he was applied to, and instigated to accept of a benefice;—that a conditional offer thereof was indeed made him at first, but with disdain by him rejected;—that when nothing (as they easily perceived) of this nature could bring him to their purpose, assurance of his being entirely unengaged before-hand, and safe from all their after-expectations (the only stratagem left to draw him in) was given him;—that pursuant to this the donation itself was without delay, before several reputable witnesses, tendered to him gratis, with the open profession of not the least reserve, or most minute condition; but that yet immediately after induction, his lordships introduced (or her crafty procurer, which you will) industriously spread the report which had reached my ears, not only in the neighbourhood of that said church, but in London, in the university, in mine and his own country, and wherever else it might probably abridge his application to any other woman, and so confine him to this alone; and, in a word,—that as he never did make any previous offer of his service, or the least step to her affection; so on his discovery of these designs thus laid to trick him, he could not but afterwards, in justice to himself, vindicate both his innocence and freedom, by rejecting his proper distance.

'This is his apology, and I think I shall be satisfied with it. But I cannot conclude my tedious epistle without recommending to you not only to resume your former chastisement, but to add to your criminals the shameless ladies, who seduce the sacred order into the difficulty of either breaking a mercenary troth made to them, when they ought not to deceive, or by breaking or keeping it offending against him whom they cannot deceive. Your assistance and labours of this sort would be of great benefit, and your speedy thoughts on this subject would be very reasonable to,

YRS,

'Your most obedient servant,  
'CHASTITY LOVEWORTH.'

STEELE.

T.

Nº 299. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1711-12.

*Malo Venusinam, quam te, Cornelia, mater  
Gracchorum, si cum magnis virtutibus offers  
Grande supercilium, et numeras in dote triumphos.  
Tolle tuum precor Annibalem, viclumque Syphacem  
In castris; et cum tota Carthagine nigra.*

JUV. Sat. vi. ver. 166.

Some country-girl, scarce to a curtsy bred,  
Wou'd I much rather than Cornelia wed;  
If supercilious, haughty, proud, and vain,  
She brought her father's triumphs in her train.  
Away with all your Carthaginian state;  
Let vanquish'd Hannibal without doors wait,  
Too burly and too big to pass my narrow gate. }

DRYDEN.

It is observed, that a man improves more by reading the story of a person eminent for prudence and virtue, than by the finest rules and precepts of morality. In the same manner a representation of those calamities and misfortunes which a weak man suffers from wrong measures, and ill-concerted schemes of life, is apt to make a deeper impression upon our minds, than the wisest maxims and instructions that can be given us, for avoiding the like follies and indiscretions in our own private conduct. It is for this reason that I lay before my reader the following letter, and leave it with him to make his own use of it, without adding any reflections of my own upon the subject matter.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'HAVING' carefully perused a letter sent you by Josiah Fribble, Esq. with your subsequent discourse upon pin-money\*, I do presume to trouble you with an account of my own case, which I look upon to be no less deplorable than that of 'Squire Fribble. I am a person of no extraction, having begun the world with a small parcel of rusty iron, and was for some years commonly known by the name of Jack Anvil†. I have naturally a very happy genius for getting money, insomuch that by the age of five and twenty, I had scraped together four thousand two hundred pounds five shillings and a few odd pence. I then launched out into considerable business, and became a bold trader both by sea and land, which in a few years raised me a very considerable fortune. For these my good services I was knighted in the thirty-fifth year of my age, and lived with great dignity among my city neighbours by the name of Sir John Anvil. Being in my temper very ambitious, I was now bent upon making a family, and accordingly resolved that my descendants should have a dash of good blood in their veins. In order to this, I made love to the Lady Mary Oddly, an indigent young woman of quality. To cut short the marriage-treaty, I threw her a *charte blanche*, as our newspapers call it, desiring her to write upon it her own terms. She was very concise in her demands, insisting only that the disposal of my fortune, and the regulation of my family, should be entirely in her hands. Her father and brothers appeared exceedingly averse to this match, and would not see me for some time; but at present are so well reconciled, that they dine with me almost every day, and have borrowed considerable sums of me;

\* Nº 295.

† It has been said, that this letter had reference to a Sir Ambrose Crowley and his lady. Sir Ambrose changed his name from Crowley to Crawley: a folly which seems to be ridiculed here, by the change of Anvil into Envil, absurdly made by his lady.

which my Lady Mary very often twits me with, when she would show me how kind her relations are to me. She had no portion as I told you before; but what she wanted in fortune she makes up in spirit. She at first changed my name to Sir John Envil, and at present writes herself Mary Enville. I have had some children by her, whom she has christened with the surnames of her family, in order, as she tells me, to wear out the homeliness of their parentage by the father's side. Our eldest son is the Honourable Oddly Enville, esq. and our eldest daughter Harriot Enville. Upon her first coming into my family, she turned off a parcel of very careful servants, who had been long with me, and introduced in their stead a couple of black-a-moors, and three or four very genteel fellows in laced liveries, besides her French woman, who is perpetually making a noise in the house, in a language which nobody understands, except my Lady Mary. She next set herself to reform every room of my house, having glazed all my chimney-pieces with looking-glasses, and planted every corner with such heaps of china, that I am obliged to move about my own house with the greatest caution and circumspection, for fear of hurting some of our brittle furniture. She makes an illumination once a week with wax candles in one of the largest rooms, in order, as she phrases it, to see company; at which time she always desires me to be abroad, or to confine myself to the cock-loft, that I may not disgrace her among her visitants of quality. Her footmen, as I told you before, are such beaux, that I do not much care for asking them questions; when I do, they answer me with a saucy frown, and say that every thing, which I find fault with, was done by my Lady Mary's order. She tells me, that she intends they shall wear swords with their next liveries, having lately observed the footmen of two or three persons of quality hanging behind the coach with swords by their sides. As soon as the first honeymoon was over, I represented to her the unreasonableness of those daily innovations which she made in my family; but she told me, I was no longer to consider myself as Sir John Anvil, but as her husband; and added with a frown, that I did not seem to know who she was. I was surprised to be treated thus, after such familiarities as had passed between us. But she has since given me to know, that whatever freedoms she may sometimes indulge me in, she expects in general to be treated with the respect that is due to her birth and quality. Our children have been trained up from their infancy with so many accounts of their mother's family, that they know the stories of all the great men and women it has produced. Their mother tells them, that such an one commanded in such a sea-engagement, that their great-grand-father had a horse shot under him at Edge-hill, that their uncle was at the siege of Bada, and that her mother danced in a ball at court with the Duke of Monmouth; with abundance of fiddle-faddle of the same nature. I was the other day a little out of countenance at a question of my little daughter Harriot, who asked me with a great deal of innocence, why I never told them of the generals and admirals that had been in my family? As for my eldest son Oddly, he has been so spirited up by his mother, that if he does not mend his manners I shall go near to disinherit him. He drew his sword upon me before he was nine years old, and told me that he expected to be used like a gentleman: upon my offering to correct him for his insolence, my Lady Mary stepped in between us, and told me that I

ought to consider there was some difference between his mother and mine. She is perpetually finding out the features of her own relations in every one of my children, though, by the way, I have a little chub-faced boy as like me as he can stare, if I durst say so; but what most angers me, when she sees me playing with any of them upon my knee, she has begged me more than once to converse with the children as little as possible, that they may not learn any of my awkward tricks.

'You must further know, since I am opening my heart to you, that she thinks herself my superior in sense, as much as she is in quality, and therefore treats me like a plain well-meaning man, who does not know the world. She dictates to me in my own business, sets me right in points of trade, and if I disagree with her about any of my ships at sea, wonders that I will dispute with her, when I know very well that her great-grandfather was a flag officer.

'To complete my sufferings she has teased me for this quarter of a year last past, to remove me out of the square at the other end of the town, promising for my encouragement, that I shall have as good a cock-loft as any gentleman in the square; to which the Honourable Oddly Fawcett, esq. always adds, like a Jack-a-napes as he is, that he hopes it will be as near the court as possible.

In short, Mr Spectator, I am so much out of my natural element, that to recover my old way of life I would be content to begin the world again, and be plain Jack Anvil; but alas! I am in for life, and am bound to subscribe myself, with great sorrow of heart,

'Your humble servant,

'JOHN KITTLE, KNT'

ADDITION

INTERCOMMENTS

Nº 300. WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1711-12

———— Discreetum velle vitiis prope majus.

HOR. Ep. xviii. l. 1. v. 8.

———— Another falling of the mind,

Greater than this, of a quite different kind.

POOLEY.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'WHEN you talk of the subject of love, and the relation arising from it, methinks you should take care to leave no fault unobserved which concerns the state of marriage. The great vexation that I have observed in it, that the wedded couple seem to want opportunities of being often enough alone together, and are forced to quarrel and be feud before company. Mr Hooper and his lady, in a room full of their friends, are ever saying something so smart to each other, and that but just within rules, that the whole company stand in the utmost anxiety and suspense, for fear of their falling into extremities which they could not be present at. On the other side, Tom Faddle and his pretty spouse, wherever they come, are billing at such a rate, as they think must do our hearts good to behold them. Cannot you possibly propose a mean between being wags and doves in public? I should think if you advised to hate or love sincerely, it would be better for if they would be so discreet as to hate from the very bottom of their hearts, their aversion would be too strong for little gibes every moment; and if they loved with that calm and noble value which dwells in the heart, with a warmth like that of life-blood, they would not be so impatient of their passions as to fall into observable feedings. This method, in each case,

would save appearances; but as those who offend on the fond side are by much the fewer, I would have you begin with them, and go on to take notice of a most impertinent licence married women take, not only to be very loving to their spouses in public, but also make saucous allusions to private familiarities, and the like. Lucina is a lady of the greatest discretion, you must know, in the world; and whilst very much a physician. Upon the strength of these two qualities, there is nothing she will not speak of before us virgins; and she every day talks with a very grave air in such a manner, as is very improper so much as to be hinted at but to obviate the greatest extremity. Those whom they call good bodies, notable people, hearty neighbours, and the purest good company in the world, are the great offenders in this kind. Here I think I have laid before you an open field for pleurisy; and hope you will show these people that at least they are not witty; in which you will save from many a blush a daily sufferer, who is very much

'Your most humble servant,

'SUSANNAH LOVEWORTH.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'IN yours of Wednesday the 30th past, you and your correspondents are very severe on a sort of men, whom you call male coquettes; but without any other reason, in my apprehension, than that of paying a shallow compliment to the fair sex, by accusing some men of imaginary faults, that the women may not seem to be the more faulty sex; though at the same time you suppose there are some so weak as to be imposed upon by fine things and false addresses. I cannot persuade myself that your design is to debar the sexes the benefit of each other's conversation within the rules of honour; nor will you, I dare say, recommend to them, or encourage the common tea-table talk, much less that of politics and matters of state; and if these are forbidden subjects of discourse, then as long as there are any women in the world who take a pleasure in hearing themselves praised, and can bear the sight of a man prostrate at their feet, so long I shall make no wonder that there are those of the other sex who will pay them those impertinent compliments. We should have few people such fools as to practice flattery, if all were so wise as to despise it. I do not deny but you would do a meritorious act, if you could prevent all impudences on the simplicity of young women; but I must confess, I do not apprehend you have laid the fault on the proper persons; and if I trouble you with my thoughts upon it, I promise myself your pardon. Each of the sex as are raw and innocent, and most exposed to these attacks, have, or their parents are much to blame if they have not, one to advise and guard them, and are obliged themselves to take care of them; but if those who ought to hinder men from all opportunities of this sort of conversation, instead of that encouragement and promote it, the suspicion is very just that there are some private reasons for it; and I will leave it to you to determine on which side a part is there acted. Some women there are who are arrived at years of discretion, I mean are got out of the hands of their parents and governors, and are set up for themselves, who are yet liable to these attempts; but if these are prevailed upon, you must excuse me if I lay the fault upon them, that their wisdom is not grown with their years. My client, Mr. Myrrhoun, whom you recommended to declare him-

self, gives you thanks however for your warning, and begs the favour only to enlarge his time for a week, or to the last day of the term, and then he will appear gratis, and pray no day over.

Yours,  
'PHILANTHROPOS.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I WAS last night to visit a lady whom I much esteem, and always took for my friend; but met with so very different a reception from what I expected, that I cannot help applying myself to you on this occasion. In the room of that civility and familiarity I used to be treated with by her, an affected strangeness in her looks, and coldness in her behaviour, plainly told me I was not the welcome guest which the regard and tenderness she has often expressed for me gave me reason to flatter myself to think I was. Sir, this is certainly a great fault, and I assure you a very common one; therefore I hope you will think it a fit subject for some part of a Spectator. Be pleased to acquaint us, how we must behave ourselves towards this valetudinary friendship, subject to so many heats and colds, and you will oblige,

SIR,

'Your humble servant,  
'MIRANDA.'

'SIR,

'I CANNOT forbear acknowledging the delight your late Spectators on Saturdays have given me; for they are writ in the honest spirit of criticism, and called to my mind the following four lines I had read long since in a prologue to a play called Julius Cæsar\*, which has deserved a better fate. The verses are addressed to the little critics:

"Show your small talent, and let that suffice ye;  
But grow not vain upon it, I advise ye.  
For every fop can find out faults in plays:  
You'll ne'er arrive at knowing when to praise."

Yours,  
'D. G.'  
T.

STEELE.

\* A tragedy by William Alexander, earl of Stirling, 4to. 1604, and much the most regular dramatic piece of this noble author. "His style (says the author of the *Biographia Dramatica*) is sententious, but neither pure nor correct; for which, however, his lordship pleads his country."

Nº 301. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1711-12.

*Possint ut juvenes viscere fervidi  
Multo non sine risu  
Dilapsam in cineres facem.*

HOR. Od. xiii. l. 4. ver. 26.

That all may laugh to see that glaring light,  
Which lately shone so fierce and bright,  
End in a stink at last, and vanish into night.

ANON.

WE are generally so much pleased with any little accomplishments, either of body or mind, which have once made us remarkable in the world, that we endeavour to persuade ourselves it is not in the power of time to rob us of them. We are eternally pursuing the same methods which first procured us the applauses of mankind. It is from this notion that an author writes on, though he is come to dotage; without ever considering that his memory is impaired, and that he hath lost that life, and those spirits, which formerly raised his fancy, and fired his imagination. The same folly hinders a

man from submitting his behaviour to his age, and makes Clodius, who was a celebrated dancer at five-and-twenty, still love to hobble in a minuet, though he is past threescore. It is this, in a word, which fills the town with elderly fops and superannuated coquettes.

Canidia, a lady of this latter species, passed by me yesterday in her coach. Canidia was an haughty beauty of the last age, and was followed by crowds of adorers, whose passions only pleased her, as they gave her opportunities of playing the tyrant. She then contracted that awful cast of the eye and forbidding frown, which she has not yet laid aside, and has still all the insolence of beauty without its charms. If she now attracts the eyes of any beholders, it is only by being remarkably ridiculous; even her own sex laugh at her affectation; and the men, who always enjoy an ill-natured pleasure in seeing an imperious beauty humbled and neglected, regard her with the same satisfaction that a free nation sees a tyrant in disgrace.

Will Honeycomb, who is a great admirer of the gallantries in King Charles the Second's reign, lately communicated to me a letter written by a wit of that age to his mistress, who it seems was a lady of Canidia's humour; and though I do not always approve of my friend Will's taste, I liked this letter so well, that I took a copy of it, with which I shall here present my reader:

TO CHLOE.

'MADAM,

'SINCE my waking thoughts have never been able to influence you in my favour, I am resolved to try whether my dreams can make any impression on you. To this end I shall give you an account of a very odd one which my fancy presented to me last night, within a few hours after I left you.

'Methought I was unaccountably conveyed into the most delicious place mine eyes ever beheld: it was a large valley divided by a river of the purest water I had ever seen. The ground on each side of it rose by an easy ascent, and was covered with flowers of an infinite variety, which, as they were reflected in the water, doubled the beauties of the place, or rather formed an imaginary scene more beautiful than the real. On each side of the river was a range of lofty trees, whose boughs were loaded with almost as many birds as leaves. Every tree was full of harmony.

'I had not gone far in this pleasant valley, when I perceived that it was terminated by a most magnificent temple. The structure was ancient and regular. On the top of it was figured the god Saturn, in the same shape and dress that the poets usually represent Time.

'As I was advancing to satisfy my curiosity by a nearer view, I was stopped by an object far more beautiful than any I had before discovered in the whole place. I fancy, madam, you will easily guess that this could hardly be any thing but yourself: in reality it was so; you lay extended on the flowers by the side of the river, so that your hands, which were thrown in a negligent posture, almost touched the water. Your eyes were closed; but if your sleep deprived me of the satisfaction of seeing them, it left me at leisure to contemplate several other charms, which disappear when your eyes are open. I could not but admire the tranquillity you slept in, especially when I considered the uneasiness you produce in so many others.

'While I was wholly taken up in these reflections, the doors of the temple flew open, with a very great noise; and up my

two figures, in human shape, coming into the valley. Upon a nearer survey, I found them to be Youth and Love. The first was encircled with a kind of purple light, that spread a glory over all the places; the other held a flaming torch in his hand. I could observe, that all the way as they came towards us, the colours of the flowers appeared more lively, the trees shot out in blossoms, the birds threw themselves into pairs, and surrounded them as they passed: the whole face of nature glowed with new beauties. They were no sooner arrived at the place where you lay, than they seated themselves on each side of you. On their approach methought I saw a new bloom arise in your face, and new charms diffuse themselves over your whole person. You appeared more than mortal; but to my great surprise, continued fast asleep, though the two deities made several gentle efforts to awaken you.

After a short time, Youth (displaying a pair of wings, which I had not before taken notice of) flew off. Love still remained, and holding the torch which he had in his hand before your face, you still appeared as beautiful as ever. The glazing of the light to your eyes at length awakened you; when, to my great surprise, instead of acknowledging the favour of the deity, you frowned upon him, and struck the torch out of his hand into the river. The god, after having regarded you with a look that spoke at once his pity and displeasure, flew away. Immediately a kind of gloom overspread the whole place. At the same time I saw a hideous spectre enter at one end of the valley. His eyes were sunk into his head, his face was pale and withered, and his skin puckered up in wrinkles. As he walked on the sides of the bank the river froze, the flowers faded, the trees shed their blossoms, the birds dropped from off the boughs, and fell dead at his feet. By these marks I knew also to be Old-Age. You were seized with the utmost horror and amazement at his approach. You endeavoured to have fled, but the phantom caught you in his arms. You may easily guess at the change you suffered in this embrace. For my own part, though I am still too full of the dreadful idea, I will not shock you with a description of it. I was so startled at the sight, that my sleep immediately left me, and I found myself awake, at leisure to consider of a dream which seems too extraordinary to be without a meaning. I am, Madam, with the greatest passion,

Your most obedient,

Your most humble servant, &c.

ADRIELL.

X.

Nº 302. FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1711-12.

*Lachrymæ equæ decore,*

*Oration et pulchro rebus in corpore virtus.*

VIRG. *Æn.* v. ver. 343.

Becoming serious, and a virtuous mind

More lovely, in a beautiful form consist.

I READ what I give for the entertainment of this day with a great deal of pleasure, and publish it just as it came to my hands. I shall be very glad to find there are many pleased at your *Emilia*.\*

\* This paper has been attributed by Mr. Downum to Mr. John Fletcher; but the real author was Dr. Browne, the clergyman of the parish in which the lady lived who is celebrated here under the name of Emilia. She was (we are told) the mother of Mrs. Arden, of Cuckington in Cheshire; and grandmother of Lady Macclesfield.

\* MR. SPECTATOR,

“If this paper has the good fortune to be honoured with a place in your writings, I shall be the more pleased, because the character of Emilia is not an imaginary but a real one. I have industriously obscured the whole by the addition of one or two circumstances of no consequence, that the person it is drawn from might still be concealed; and that the writer of it might not be in the least suspected, and for some other reasons, I choose not to give it in the form of a letter; but if, besides the faults of the composition, there be any thing in it more proper for a correspondent than the Spectator himself to write, I submit it to your better judgment, to receive any other model you think fit.

“I am, sir,

“Your very humble servant.”

THERE is nothing which gives one so pleasing a prospect of human nature, as the contemplation of wisdom and beauty; the latter is the peculiar portion of that sex which is therefore called fair; but the happy concurrence of both these excellencies in the same person, is a character too celestial to be frequently met with. Beauty is an overbearing self-sufficient thing, careless of providing itself any more substantial ornaments; nay so little does it consult its own interests, that it too often defeats itself, by betraying that innocence which renders it lovely and desirable. As therefore virtue makes a beautiful woman appear more beautiful, so beauty makes a virtuous woman really more virtuous. Whilst I am considering these two perfections gloriously united in one person, I cannot help representing to my mind the image of Emilia.

Who ever beheld the charming Emilia, without feeling in his breast at once the glow of love, and the tenderness of virtuous friendship? The unstudied graces of her behaviour, and the pleasing accents of her tongue, irresistibly draw you on to wish for a nearer enjoyment of them; but even her smiles carry in them a silent reproof to the impulses of licentious love. Thus, though the attractiveness of her beauty play almost irresistibly upon you, and create desire, you immediately stand corrected, not by the severity, but the decency of her virtue. That sweetness and good-nature, which is so visible in her face, naturally diffuses itself into every word and action: a man must be a savage, who, at the sight of Emilia, is not more inclined to do her good, than gratify himself. Her person as it is thus deliciously embellished by nature, thus adorned with unpermeditated grace, is a fit lodging for a mind so fair and lovely; there dwell rational piety, modest hope, and cheerful resignation.

Many of the prevailing passions of mankind are unweariedly pass under the name of religion; which is thus made to express itself in action, according to the nature of the constitution in which it resides: so that were we to make a judgment from appearances, one would imagine religion in some is little better than rancorous and reserve, in many fear, in others the deep fondness of a melancholy complexion, in others the formality of self-sufficient mask-making observances, in others severity, in others ostentation. To Emilia it is a principle founded on reason and cultivated with hopes; it does not break forth into irregular fits and sallies of devotion, but is an uniform and consistent train of actions; it is strict without severity, easy and unobtrusive without weakness; it is the perfection of that good-nature which proceeds from the understanding, and the effect of an easy constitution.

By a generous sympathy in nature, we feel ourselves disposed to mourn when any of our fellow-creatures are afflicted; but injured innocence and beauty in distress, is an object that carries in it something inexpressibly moving: It softens the most manly heart with the tenderest sensations of love and compassion, till at length it confesses its humanity, and flows out into tears.

Were I to relate that part of Emilia's life which has given her an opportunity of exerting the heroism of Christianity, it would make too small, too tender a story; but when I consider her alone in the midst of her distresses, looking beyond this gloomy vale of affliction and sorrow, into the joys of heaven and immortality, and when I see her in conversation thoughtless and easy, as if she were the most happy creature in the world, I am transported with admiration. Surely never did such a philosophic soul inhabit such a beautiful form! For beauty is often made a privilege against thought and reflection; it laughs at wisdom, and will not abide the gravity of its instructions.

Were I able to represent Emilia's virtues in their proper colours, and their due proportions, love or flattery might perhaps be thought to have drawn the picture larger than life; but as this is but an imperfect draught of so excellent a character, and as I cannot, will not, hope to have any interest in her person, all that I can say of her is but impartial praise extorted from me by the prevailing brightness of her virtues. So rare a pattern of female excellence ought not to be concealed, but should be set out to the view and imitation of the world; for how amiable does virtue appear thus, as it were, made visible to us, in so fair an example!

Honorina's disposition is of a very different turn: her thoughts are wholly bent upon conquest and arbitrary power. That she has some wit and beauty nobody denies, and therefore has the esteem of all her acquaintance as a woman of an agreeable person and conversation; but (whatever her husband may think of it) that is not sufficient for Honorina: she waves that title to respect as a mean acquisition, and demands veneration in the right of an idol; for this reason her natural desire of life is continually checked with an inconsistent fear of wrinkles and old age.

Emilia cannot be supposed ignorant of her personal charms, though she seems to be so; but she will not hold her happiness upon so precarious a tenure, whilst her mind is adorned with beauties of a more exalted and lasting nature. When in the full bloom of youth and beauty we saw her surrounded with a crowd of adorers, she took no pleasure in slaughter and destruction, gave no false deluding hopes which might increase the torments of her disappointed lovers; but having for some time given in to the decency of a virgin coyness, and examined the merit of their several pretensions, she at length gratified her own, by resigning herself to the ardent passion of, Bromius. Bromius was then master of many good qualities and a moderate fortune, which was soon after unexpectedly increased to a plentiful estate. This for a good while proved his misfortune, as it furnished his unexperienced age with the opportunities of evil company, and a sensual life. He might have longer wandered in the labyrinths of vice and folly, had not Emilia's prudent conduct won him over to the government of his reason. Her ingenuity has been constantly employed in humanizing his passions and refining his pleasures. She has showed him by her own example, that virtue is

consistent with decent freedoms, and good-humour, or rather that it cannot subsist without them. Her good sense readily instructed her, that a silent example, and an easy unrepining behaviour, will always be more persuasive than the severity of lectures and admonitions; and that there is so much pride interwoven into the make of human nature, that an obstinate man must only take the hint from another, and then be left to advise and correct himself. Thus by an artful train of management, and unseen persuasions, having at first brought him not to dislike, and at length to be pleased with that which otherwise he would not have bore to hear of, she then knew how to press and secure this advantage, by approving it as his thought, and seconding it as his proposal. By this means she has gained an interest in some of his leading passions, and made them accessory to his reformation.

There is another particular of Emilia's conduct which I cannot forbear mentioning: to some, perhaps, it may at first sight appear but a trifling inconsiderable circumstance; but for my part, I think it highly worthy of observation, and to be recommended to the consideration of the fair sex. I have often thought wrapping-gowns and dirty linen, with all that huddled economy of dress which passes under the general name of 'a mob,' the bane of conjugal love, and one of the readiest means imaginable to alienate the affection of an husband, especially a fond one. I have heard some ladies, who have been surprised by company in such a deshabille, apologize for it after this manner: 'Truly, I am ashamed to be caught in this pickle: but my husband and I were sitting all alone by ourselves, and I did not expect to see such good company.'—This, by the way, is a fine compliment to the good man, which it is ten to one but he returns in dogged answers and a churlish behaviour, without knowing what it is that puts him out of humour.

Emilia's observation teaches her, that as little inadvertencies and neglects cast a blemish upon a great character; so the neglect of apparel, even among the most intimate friends, does insensibly lessen their regards to each other, by creating a familiarity too low and contemptible. She understands the importance of those things which the generality account trifles; and considers every thing as a matter of consequence, that has the least tendency towards keeping up or abating the affection of her husband; him she esteems as a fit object to employ her ingenuity in pleasing, because he is to be pleased for life.

By the help of these, and a thousand other nameless arts, which it is easier for her to practise than for another to express, by the obstinacy of her goodness and unprovoked submission, in spite of all her afflictions and ill usage, Bromius is become a man of sense and a kind husband, and Emilia a happy wife.

Ye guardian angels, to whose care heaven has intrusted its dear Emilia, guide her still forward in the paths of virtue, defend her from the insolence and wrongs of this undiscerning world; at length, when we must no more converse with such purity on earth, lead her gently hence innocent and unprovable to a better place, where, by an easy transition from what she now is, she may shine forth an angel of light.

STEELE.

T\*:

\* See, on this signature, the note in p. 4.



N° 303. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1711-12.

— *talet hanc sub luce ridet,*  
*Judicis argutusque non formidat oculos.*  
HOR. Ars Poet. vet. 363.

— Some choose the clearest light,  
And boldly challenge the most piercing eye.  
ROMAN ROMAN.

I HAVE seen, in the works of a modern philosopher, a map of the spots in the sun. My last paper of the faults and blemishes in Milton's *Paradise Lost* may be considered as a piece of the same nature. To pursue the allusion: as it is observed, that among the bright parts of the luminous body above-mentioned, there are some which glow more intensely, and dart a stronger light than others; so notwithstanding I have already shown Milton's poem to be very beautiful in general, I shall now proceed to take notice of such blemishes as appear to me more exquisite than the rest. Milton has proposed the subject of his poem in the following verses:

“Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit  
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste  
Brought death into the world and all our woe,  
With loss of Eden, till one greater man  
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,  
Sing heav'nly muse!”

These lines are, perhaps, as plain, simple, and unadorned, as any of the whole poem, in which particular the author has conformed himself to the example of Homer, and the precept of Horace.

His invocation to a work, which turns in a great measure upon the creation of the world, is very properly made to the Muse who inspired Moses to those books from whence our author drew his subject, and to the Holy Spirit who is therein represented as operating after a particular manner in the first production of nature. This whole exordium rises very happily into noble language and sentiment, as I think the transition to the fable is exquisitely beautiful and natural.

The nine days' astonishment, in which the angels lay entranced after their dreadful overthrow and fall from heaven, before they could recover either the use of thought or speech, is a noble circumstance, and very finely imagined. The division of hell into seas of fire, and into firm ground impregnated with the same furious element, with that particular circumstance of the exclusion of hope from those infernal regions, are instances of the same great and fruitful invention.

The thoughts in the first speech and description of Satan, who is one of the principal actors in this poem, are wonderfully proper to give us a full idea of him. His pride, envy and revenge, obstinacy, despair and impotence, are all of them very artfully interwoven. In short, his first speech is a compendium of all those passions which discover themselves separately in several other of his speeches in the poem. The whole part of this great enemy of mankind is filled with such incidents as are very apt to raise and terrify the reader's imagination. Of this nature, in the book now before us, is his being the first that awakes out of the general trance, with his power on the burning lake, his rising from it, and the description of his shield and spear:

“Thus Satan calling to his powerful mate,  
With head uplift above the waves, and eyes

That sparkling blaz'd, his other parts beside  
Prone on the flood, extended long and large,  
Lay floating many a rood—  
For with upright he rears from off the pool  
His mighty stature; on each hand the flames  
Drive backward slope their pointing spires, and rest  
In billows, leave'th' midst a horrid vale.  
Then with expanded wings he steers his flight  
Aloft, incumbent on the dusky air  
That felt unusual weight—

His pond'rous shield  
Ethereal temper, massy, large, and round,  
Behind him cast; the broad circumference  
Hung on his shoulders like the mass, whose orb  
Thine optics glass the Tuscan artists view  
At evening, from the top of Parnus,  
Or in Valcambræ, to deny new lands,  
Rivers, or mountains, so her spoty globe.  
His spear (so equal to the tallest pine  
Hewn on Norwegian hills to be the mast  
Of some great ancestral, were but a wand)  
He wail'd with, to support weary steps  
Over the burning sea!”

To which we may add his call to the fallen angels that lay plunged and stupified in the sea of fire:

“He call'd so loud, that all the hollow deep  
Of hell resounded.”

But there is no single passage in the whole poem worked up to a greater sublimity, than that wherein his person is described in those celebrated lines:

“He, above the rest,  
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,  
Stood like a tower, him.”

His sentiments are every way answerable to his character, and suitable to a created being of the most exalted and most depraved nature. Such is that in which he takes possession of his place of torment:

“Hell borrow'd half  
Infernal world; and those predominant hell  
Reactive they new powers; and who brings  
A mind not to be changed by place or time.”

And afterwards:

“Here at least  
We shall be free: th' Almighty hath not built  
Here for his envy; will not drive us hence:  
Here we may reign secure; and in my choice  
To reign is worth ambition, th' in hell;  
Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven.”

Amidst those impleties which this enraged spirit utters in other places of the poem, the author has taken care to introduce some that is not big with absurdity, and incapable of shocking a religious reader; his words, as the poet himself describes them, bearing only a “semblance of wrath, not substance.” He is likewise with great art described as owning his adversary to be Almighty. Whatever perverse interpretation he puts on the justice, mercy, and other attributes of the Supreme Being, he frequently confesses his impotence, that being the perfection he was forced to allow him, and the only consideration which could support his pride under the shame of his defeat.

Nor must I here omit that beautiful circumstance of his burning out in tears, upon his survey of those insupportable spirits whom he had involved in the same guilt and rage with himself:

“He now prepar'd  
To speak; but first these doubtful thoughts he brood  
From wing to wing, and half his burden shook  
With all his power; Attention held them mute.  
Then he began, and thus, in words of woe,  
Tears, such as eyes weep, burst forth—

The catalogue of evil spirits has abundance of learning in it, and a very agreeable turn of poetry.

which rises in a great measure from its describing the places where they were worshipped, by those beautiful marks of rivers so frequent among the ancient poets. The author had doubtless in this place Homer's catalogue of ships, and Virgil's list of warriors, in his view. The characters of Moloch and Belial prepare the reader's mind for their respective speeches and behaviour in the second and sixth book. The account of Thammuz is finely romantic, and suitable to what we read among the ancients of the worship which was paid to that idol:

'——— Thammuz came next behind,  
Whose annual wound in Lebanon allur'd  
The Syrian damsels to lament his fate,  
In am'rous ditties all a summer's day;  
While smooth Adonis from his native rock  
Ran purple to the sea, suppos'd with blood  
Of Thammuz yearly wounded: the love tale  
Infected Siion's daughters with like heat.  
Whose wanton passions in the sacred porch  
Ezekiel saw; when, by the vision led,  
His eye survey'd the dark idolatries  
Of alienated Judah———'

The reader will pardon me if I insert as a note on this beautiful passage, the account given us by the late ingenious Mr. Mammillrell of this ancient piece of worship, and probably the first occasion of such a superstition. 'We came to a fair large river—doubtless the ancient river Adonis, so famous for the idolatrous rites performed here in lamentation of Adonis. We had the fortune to see what may be supposed to be the occasion of that opinion which Lucian relates concerning this river, viz. That this stream, at certain seasons of the year, especially about the feast of Adonis, is of a bloody colour; which the heathens looked upon as proceeding from a kind of sympathy in the river for the death of Adonis, who was killed by a wild boar in the mountains, out of which this stream rises. Something like this we saw actually come to pass; for the water was stained to a surprising redness; and, as we observed in travelling, had discoloured the sea a great way into a reddish hue, occasioned doubtless by a sort of minium, or red earth, washed into the river by the violence of the rain, and not by any stain from Adonis's blood.'

The passage in the catalogue, explaining the manner how spirits transform themselves by contraction or enlargement of their dimensions, is introduced with great judgment, to make way for several surprising accidents in the sequel of the poem. There follows one at the very end of the first book, which is what the French critics call marvellous, but at the same time probable by reason of the passage last mentioned. As soon as the infernal palace is finished, we are told the multitude and rabble of spirits immediately shrink themselves into a small compass, that there might be room for such a numberless assembly in this capacious hall. But it is the poet's refinement upon this thought which I most admire, and which is indeed very noble in itself. For he tells us, that notwithstanding the vulgar among the fallen spirits contracted their forms, those of the first rank and dignity still preserved their natural dimensions:

'Thus incorporeal spirits to smallest forms  
Reduc'd their shapes immense, and were at large,  
Though without number, still amidst the hall  
Of that infernal court. But far within,  
And in their own dimensions like themselves,  
The great seraphic lords and cherubim  
In close recess and secret conclave sat,  
A thousand demi-gods on golden seats,  
Frequent and full———'

The character of Mammon, and the description of the Pandæmonium, are full of beauties.

There are several other strokes in the first book wonderfully poetical, and instances of that sublime genius so peculiar to the author. Such is the description of Azazel's stature, and the infernal stand and which he unfurls; as also of that ghastly light by which the fiends appear to one another in their place of torments:

'The seat of desolation, void of light,  
Saw what the glimm'ring of those livid flames  
Casts pale and dreadful———'

The shout of the whole host of fallen angels when drawn up in battle array:

'——— The universal host up sent  
A shout that tore hell's concave, and beyond  
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.'

The review which the leader makes of his infernal army:

'——— He thro' the armed files  
Darts his experienc'd eye, and soon traverse  
The whole battalion views, their order due,  
Their visages and stature as of gods,  
Their number last he sums; and now his heart  
Distends with pride, and hard'ning in his strength  
Glories———'

The flash of light which appeared upon the drawing of their swords:

'He spake; and to confirm his words out flew  
Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs  
Of mighty cherubim; the sudden blaze  
Far round illumin'd hell.———'

The sudden production of the Pandæmonium

'Anon out of the earth a fabric huge  
Rose like an exhalation, with the sound  
Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet.'

The artificial illuminations made in it:

'——— From the arch'd roof  
Pendent by subtle magic, many a row  
Of starry lamps and blazing crescents, fed  
With naphtha and asphaltus, yielded light  
As from a sky———'

There are also several noble similes and allusions in the first book of *Paradise Lost*. And here I must observe, that when Milton alludes either to things or persons, he never quits his simile till it rises to some very great idea, which is often foreign to the occasion that gave birth to it. The resemblance does not, perhaps, last above a line or two, but the poet runs on with the hint till he has raised out of it some glorious image or sentiment, proper to inflame the mind of the reader, and to give it that sublime kind of entertainment, which is suitable to the nature of an heroic poem. Those who are acquainted with Homer's and Virgil's way of writing, cannot but be pleased with this kind of structure in Milton's similitudes. I am the more particular on this head, because ignorant readers, who have formed their taste upon the quaint similes, and little turns of wit, which are so much in vogue among modern poets, cannot relish these beauties which are of a much higher nature, and are therefore apt to censure Milton's comparisons, in which they do not see any surprising points of likeness. Monsieur Perrault was a man of this vitiated relish, and for that very reason has endeavoured to turn into ridicule several of Homer's similitudes, which he calls '*comparaisons à longue queue*,' 'long-tailed comparisons.' I shall conclude this paper on the first book of Milton with the answer which Mon-

dear Bollean makes to Perrault on this occasion: 'Comparaſons,' ſays he, 'in odes and epic poems, are not introduced only to illuſtrate and embellish the diſcourſe, but to amuſe and relax the mind of the reader, by frequently diſengaging him from too painful an attention to the principal ſubject, and by leading him into other agreeable images. Homer,' ſays he, 'excelled in this particular, whose comparisons abound with such images of nature as are proper to relieve and diversify his subjects. He continually instructs the reader, and makes him take notice, even in objects which are every day before our eyes, of such circumstances as we should not otherwise have observed.' To this he adds, as a maxim universally acknowledged, 'that it is not necessary in poetry for the points of the comparisons to correspond with one another exactly, but that a general resemblance is sufficient, and that too much nicety in this particular favours of the rhetorician and epigrammatist.'

In short, if we look into the conduct of Homer, Virgil, and Milton, as the great fable is the soul of each poem, so, to give their works an agreeable variety, their episodes are so many short fables, and their similes so many short episodes: to which you may add, if you please, that their metaphors are so many short similes. If the reader considers the comparisons in the first book of Milton, of the sun in an eclipse, of the sleeping Leviathan, of the bees swarming about their hive, of the fairy dance, in the view wherein I have here placed them, he will easily discover the great beauties that are in each of those passages.

APPENDIX.

L.

N° 301. MONDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1711-12.

*Fiducia est vultus et cuncta corporis gratia.*

VIRGIL. *Æn. iv. ver. 2.*

A latent fire burns on his virtuous cheek.

THE circumstances of my correspondent, whose letter I now insert, are so frequent, that I cannot want compassion so much as to forbear laying it before the town. There is something so mean and inhuman in a direct Smithfield bargain for children, that if this lover carries his point, and observes the rules he pretends to follow, I do not only wish him success, but also that it may animate others to follow his example. I know not one motive relating to this life which could produce so many honourable and worthy actions, as the hopes of obtaining a woman of merit. There would ten thousand ways of industry and honest ambition be pursued by young men, who believed that the persons admired had value enough for their passion, to attend the event of their good fortune to all their applications, in order to make their circumstances fall in with the duties they owe to themselves, their families, and their country. All these relations a man should think of who intends to go into the state of marriage, and expects to make it a state of pleasure and satisfaction.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

I HAVE for some years indulged a passion for a young lady of age and quality suitable to my own, but very much superior to fortune. It is the fashion with parents (how justly I leave you to judge) to make all regards give way to the article of wealth. From this one consideration it is, that I have concealed the ardent love I have for her; but

I am beholden to the force of my love for many advantages which I reaped from it towards the better conduct of my life. A certain complacency to all the world, a strong desire to oblige wherever it lay in my power, and a circumspect behaviour in all my words and actions, have rendered me more particularly acceptable to all my friends and acquaintance. Love has had the same good effect upon my fortune; and I have increased in riches, in proportion to my advancement to those arts which make a man agreeable and amiable. There is a certain sympathy which will tell my mistress from these circumstances, that it is I who writ this for her reading, if you will please to insert it. There is not a downright enmity, but a great coldness between our parents; so that if either of us declared any kind sentiments for each other, her friends would be very backward to lay an obligation upon our family, and mine to receive it from hers. Under these delicate circumstances, it is no easy matter to act with safety. I have no reason to fancy my mistress has any regard for me, but from a very disinterested value which I have for her. If from any hint in any future paper of yours, she gives me the least encouragement, I doubt not but I shall surmount all other difficulties; and inspired by so noble a motive for the care of my fortune, as the belief she is to be concerned in it, I will not despair of receiving her one day from her father's own hand.

'I am, SIR,

'Your most obedient humble servant,

'CLYANDER.'

'TO HIS WORSHIP THE SPECTATOR.

'The humble petition of Anthony Tilt-pate, stationer, in the centre of Lincoln's-Inn-Fields,

'SHewETH,

THAT your petitioner, and his forefathers, have been sellers of books for time immemorial; that your petitioner's ancestor, Croach-back Tilt-pate, was the first of that vocation in Brittain; who, keeping his station (in fair weather) at the corner of Lothbury, was, by way of eminency, called "The Stationer," a name which from him all succeeding booksellers have affected to bear; that the station of your petitioner and his father has been in the place of his present settlement ever since that square has been built; that your petitioner has formerly had the honour of your worship's custom, and hopes you never had reason to complain of your pennyworths; that particularly be told you your first Lilly's Grammar, and at the same time a Wit's Commonwealth, almost as good as new; moreover, that your first rudimental essays in spectralship were made in your petitioner's shop, were you often practised for hours together, sometimes on his books upon the rails, sometimes on the little hieroglyphics, either gilt, silvered, or plain, which the English women on the other side of the shop had wrought in gingerbread, and sometimes on the English youth, who in wondrous places there were exercising themselves in the traditional sports of the field.

'From these considerations it is, that your petitioner is encouraged to apply himself to you, and to proceed humbly to acquaint your worship, that he has certain intelligence that you receive great numbers of defamatory letters designed by their authors to be published, which you throw aside and totally neglect. Your petitioner therefore prays, that you will please to bestow on him

those refuse letters, and he hopes by printing them to get a more plentiful provision for his family; or, at the worst, he may be allowed to sell them by the pound weight to his good customers the pastry-cooks of London and Westminster.

'And your petitioner shall ever pray, &c.'

#### 'TO THE SPECTATOR.'

'The humble petition of Bartholomew Ladylove, of Round-court, in the parish of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, in behalf of himself and neighbours,

'sheweth,

'That your petitioners have with great industry and application, arrived at the most exact art of imitation or entrancement; that by a beseeching air, and persuasive address, they have for many years last past peaceably drawn in every tenth passenger, whether they intended or not to call at their shops, to come in and buy; and from that civility of behaviour have arisen, among tradesmen, at the gentle appellation of "The Fawners."

'That there have of late set up amongst us, certain persons from Monmouth-street and Long-lane, who, by the strength of their arm, and loudness of their throat, draw off the regard of all passengers from your said petitioners: from which violence they are distinguished by the name of "The Worriers."

'That while your petitioners stand ready to receive passengers with a submissive bow, and repeat with a gentle voice, "Ladies, what do you want? pray look in here;" the Worriers reach out their handkerchief pistol-shot, and seize the customers at arm's length.

'That while the Fawners strain and relax the muscles of their face, in making distinction between a splinter in a coloured scarf and an hand-maid in a straw hat, the Worriers use the same roughness to both, and prevail upon the easiness of the passengers, to the impoverishment of your petitioners.

'Your petitioners, therefore, most humbly pray, that the Worriers may not be permitted to inhabit the polliter parts of the town; and that Round-court may remain a receptacle for buyers of a more soft education.

'And your petitioners, &c.'

\*, \* The petition of the New-Exchange, concerning the arts of buying and selling, and particularly valuing goods by the complexion of the seller, will be considered on another occasion.

STEEL.

T.

Nº 305. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1711-12.

*Non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis  
Tempius eget*

VIRG. ÆN. II. ver. 521.

These times want other aids.

DRYDEN.

Our late newspapers being full of the project now on foot in the court of France, for establishing a political academy, and I myself having received letters from several virtuosos among my foreign correspondents, which give some light into that affair, I intend to make it the subject of this day's speculation. A general account of this project

may be met with in the Daily Courant of last Friday, in the following words, translated from the Gazette of Amsterdam

*Paris, February 12.* 'It is confirmed, that the King has resolved to establish a new academy for politics, of which the Marquis de Torcy, minister and secretary of state, is to be protector. Six academicians are to be chosen, endowed with proper talents for beginning to form this academy, into which no person is to be admitted under twenty-five years of age; they must likewise have each an estate of two thousand livres a year, either in possession, or to come to them by inheritance. The king will allow to each a pension of a thousand livres. They are likewise to have able masters to teach them the necessary sciences, and to instruct them in all the treaties of peace, alliance, and others, which have been made in several ages past. These members are to meet twice a week at the Louvre. From this seminary are to be chosen secretaries to embassies, who by degrees may advance to higher employments.'

Cardinal Richelieu's politics made France the terror of Europe. The statesmen who have appeared in that nation of late years have, on the contrary, rendered it either the pity or contempt of its neighbours. The Cardinal erected that famous academy which has carried all the parts of polite learning to the greatest height. His chief design in that institution was, to divert the men of genius from meddling with politics, a province in which he did not care to have any one else interfere with him. On the contrary, the Marquis de Torcy seems resolved to make several young men in France as wise as himself, and is therefore taken up at present in establishing a nursery of statesmen.

Some private letters add, that there will also be erected a seminary of petticoat politicians, who are to be brought up at the feet of Madame de Maintenon, and to be dispatched into foreign courts upon any emergencies of state; but as the news of this last project has not been yet confirmed, I shall take no further notice of it.

Several of my readers may doubtless remember that upon the conclusion of the last war, which had been carried on so successfully by the enemy, their generals were many of them transformed into ambassadors; but the conduct of those who have commanded in the present war, has, it seems, brought so little honour and advantage to their great monarch, that he is resolved to trust his affairs no longer in the hands of those military gentlemen.

The regulations of this new academy very much deserve our attention. The students are to have in possession or reversion an estate of two thousand French livres per annum, which, as the present exchange runs, will amount to at least one hundred and twenty-six pounds English. This, with the royal allowance of a thousand livres, will enable them to find themselves in coffee and snuff; not to mention newspapers, pens and ink, wax and wafers, with the like necessaries for politicians.

A man must be at least five-and-twenty before he can be initiated into the mysteries of this academy, though there is no question, but many grave persons of a much more advanced age, who have been constant readers of the Paris Gazette, will be glad to begin the world anew, and enter themselves upon this list of

The society of

is to be under the direction of six professors, who, it seems, are to be speculative statesmen, and drawn out of the body of the royal academy. These six wise masters, according to my private letters, are to have the following parts allotted them.

The first is to instruct the students in state legerdemain; as how to take off the impression of a seal, to split a wafer, to open a letter, to fold it up again, with other the like ingenious feats of dexterity and art. When the students have accomplished themselves in this part of their profession, they are to be delivered into the hands of their second instructor, who is a kind of postmaster.

This artist is to teach them how to nod judiciously, to shrug up their shoulders in a dubious case, to connive with either eye; and, in a word, the whole practice of political grimace.

The third is a sort of language-master, who is to instruct them in the style proper for a minister in his ordinary discourse. And to the end that this college of statesmen may be thoroughly practised in the political style, they are to make use of it in their common conversations, before they are employed either in foreign or domestic affairs. If one of them asks another, what o'clock it is, the other is to answer him indirectly, and if possible, to turn off the question. If he is desired to change a look or, he must beg time to consider of it. If it be inquired of him, whether the king is at Versailles or Marly, he must answer in a whisper. If he be asked the news of the late Gazette, or the subject of a proclamation, he is to reply, that he has not yet read it; or if he does not care for explaining himself so far, he needs only draw his brow up to wrinkles, or elevate the left shoulder.

The fourth professor is to teach the whole art of political characters and biographies; and to the end that they may be perfect also in this practice, they are not to send a note to one another (though it be but to borrow a Tacitus or a Machiavel) which is not written in cipher.

Their fifth professor, it is thought, will be chosen out of the society of Jesuits, and is to be well read in the controversies of probable doctrines, mental reservation, and the rights of princes. This learned man is to instruct them in the grammar, syntax, and construing part of Treaty Latin; how to distinguish between the spirit and the letter, and likewise demonstrate how the same form of words may lay an obligation upon any prince in Europe, different from that which it lays upon his own Christian majesty. He is likewise to teach them the art of finding flaws, loop-holes, and evasions, in the most solemn compacts, and particularly a great rabbinical secret, revived of late years by the fraternity of Jesuits, namely, that contradictory interpretations of the same article may both of them be true and valid.

When our statesmen are sufficiently improved by these several instructors, they are to receive their last polishing from one who is to act among them as master of the ceremonies. This gentleman is to give them lectures upon the important points of the elbow-chair and the stair-bread, to instruct them in the different situations of the right hand, and to furnish them with bows and inclinations of all sizes, measures, and proportions. In short, this professor is to give the society their stiffening, and infuse into their manners that beautiful political march, which may qualify them for lovers, conferrers, whits, and make them shine in what vulgar minds are apt to look upon as trifles.

"I have not yet heard any farther particulars, which are to be observed in this society of unledged statesmen; but I must confess, had I a son of five-and-twenty, that should take it into his head at that age to set up for a politician, I think I should go near to disinherit him for a blockhead. Besides, I should be apprehensive lest the same arts which are to enable him to negotiate between potentates, might a little infect his ordinary behaviour between man and man. There is no question but these young Machiavels will, in a little time, turn their college upside down with plots and stratagems, and lay as many schemes to circumvent one another in a frog or a salad, as they may hereafter put in practice to over-reach a neighbouring prince or state.

We are told, that the Spartans, though they punished theft in the young men when it was discovered, looked upon it as honourable if it succeeded. Provided the conveyance was clean and unsuspected, a youth might afterwards boast of it. This, say the historians, was to keep them sharp, and to hinder them from being imposed upon, either in their public or private negotiations. Whether any such relaxations of morality, such little *jeux d'esprit*, ought not to be allowed in this intended seminary of politicians, I shall leave to the wisdom of their founder.

In the mean time, we have fair warning given us by this doughty body of statesmen: and as Sylla saw many Marius's to Corran, so I think we may discover many Torrys in this college of academicians. Whatever we think of ourselves, I am afraid neither our Baynham nor St. James's will be a match for it. Our coffee-houses are, indeed, very good institutions; but whether or no these our British schools of politics may furnish out as able counsellors and secretaries as an academy that is set apart for that purpose, will deserve our serious consideration, especially if we remember that our country is more famous for producing men of integrity than statesmen; and that, on the contrary, French truth and British policy make a conspicuous figure to nothing; as the Earl of Rochester has very well observed in his admirable poem upon that barren subject.

ADDITION.

2.

N<sup>o</sup> 300. WEDNESDAY, FEB. 20, 1711-12.

— One furrow, at an till sower  
Imperial! —

JUV. Sat. vi. ver. 171.

What beauty, or what chastity, can bear  
So great a price, if purity and virtue  
Be still in vials!

DRYDEN.

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"I WRITE this to commiserate to you a misfortune which frequently happens, and therefore deserves a consolatory discourse on the subject. I was within this half year in the possession of as much beauty and as many lovers as any young lady in England. But my admirers have left me, and I cannot complain of their behaviour. I have a whim that there had the small-pox; and this fever, which (according to many anonymous epistles which I have by me) was the worst of all that is beneficial to woman, is now disfigured with scars. I go to the very soul of me to speak what I really think of my face; and though I think I did not over-rate my beauty while I had it, it has extremely advanced in its value with me, now it is lost. There

is one circumstance which makes my case very particular; the ugliest fellow that ever pretended to me, was and is now in my favour, and he treats me at present the most unreasonably. If you could make him return an obligation which he owes me, in liking a person in that is not amiable. But there is, I fear, no possibility of making passion move by the rules of reason and civility. But say what you can to one who has survived herself, and knows not how to act in a new being. My lovers are at the feet of my rivals, my rivals are every day bewailing me, and I cannot enjoy what I am, by reason of the distracting reflection upon what I was. Consider, the woman I was did not die of old age, but I was taken off in the prime of youth, and according to the course of nature I may have forty years after-life to come. I have nothing of myself left, which I like, but that

'I AM, MR.

'Your most humble servant,

'PARTHENISSA.'

When Lewis of France had lost the battle of Raville, the addresses to him at that time were full of his fortunes; and they turned his misfortune to his glory: In that, during his prosperity, he could never have manifested his heroic constancy under distresses, and in the world had lost the most eminent part of his character. Parthenissa's condition gives her the same opportunity: and to resign conquests is a task as difficult in a beauty as an hero. In the very entrance upon this work she must burn all her love-letters; or, since she is so candid as not to call her lovers, who follow her no longer, unfaithful, it would be a very good beginning of a new life from that of a beauty, to send them back to those who writ them, with this honest inscription, 'Articles of a marriage treaty broken off by the small-pox.' I have known but one instance where a matter of this kind went on after a like misfortune, where the lady, who was a woman of spirit, writ this billet to her lover:

'SIR,

'If you flattered me before I had this terrible malady, pray come and see me now: but, if you sincerely liked me, stay away; for I am not the same.

'CONTINUA.'

The lover thought there was something so sprightly in her behaviour, that he answered:

'MADAM,

'I AM not obliged, since you are not the same woman, to let you know whether I flattered you or not; but I assure you I do not, when I tell you I now like you above all your sex, and hope you will bear what may befall me when we are both one, as well as you do what happens to yourself now you are single; therefore I am ready to take such a spirit for my companion as soon as you please.

'AMILCAR.'

If Parthenissa can now possess her own mind, and think as little of her beauty as she ought to

have done when she had it, there will be no great diminution of her charms; and if she was formerly affected too much with them, an easy behaviour will more than make up for the loss of them. Take the whole sex together, and you find those who have the strongest possession of men's hearts are not chosen for their beauty. You see it often happens, that those who engage men to the greatest violence, are such as those who are strangers to them would take to be remarkably defective for it. And, 'The fondest lover I know, said to me one day in a crowd of women at an entertainment of mine, 'You have often heard me talk of my beloved; that woman there,' continued he, 'smiling, when he had fixed my eye, 'is her very picture.' The lady he showed me was by much the least remarkable for beauty of any in the whole assembly; but having my curiosity extremely raised, I could not keep my eyes off her. Her eyes at last met mine, and with a sudden surprise she looked round her to see who near her was remarkably handsome that I was gazing at. This little act explained the secret. She did not understand herself for the object of love, and therefore she was so. The lover is a very honest plain man; and what charmed him was, a person that goes along with him in the cares and joys of life, not taken up with herself, but sincerely attentive, with a ready and cheerful mind, to accompany him in either.

I can tell Parthenissa for her comfort, that the beauties, generally speaking, are the most impatient and disagreeable of women. An apparent desire of admiration, a reflection upon their own merit, and a precise behaviour in their general conduct, are almost inseparable accidents in beauty. All you obtain of them, is granted to importunity and solicitation for what did not deserve so much of your time, and you recover from the possession of it as out of a dream.

You are ashamed of the vagaries of fancy which so strangely misled you, and your admiration of a beauty, merely as such, is inconsistent with a tolerable reflection upon yourself. The cheerful good-humoured creatures, into whose heads it never entered that they could make any man unhappy, are the persons formed for making men happy. There is Miss Liddy can dance a jig, raise posture, write a good hand, keep an account, give a reasonable answer, and do as she is bid; while her eldest sister, Madam Martha, is out of humour, has the spleen, learns by reports of people of higher quality new ways of being uneasy and displeased. And this happens for no reason in the world, but that poor Liddy knows she has no such thing as a certain negligence that is so becoming; that there is not I know not what in her air; and that if she talks like a fool, there is no one will say, 'Well! I know not what it is, but every thing pleases when she speaks it.'

Ask any of the husbands of your great beauties, and they will tell you that they hate their wives nine hours of every day they pass together. There is such a particularity for ever affected by them, that they are encumbered with their charms in all they say or do. They pry at public devotions as they are beauties. They converse on ordinary occasions as they are beauties. Ask Belinda what it is o'clock, and she is at a stand whether so great a beauty should answer you. In a word, I think, instead of offering to administer consolation to Parthenissa, I should congratulate her metamorphosis; and however she thinks she was not in the least insolent in the f

\* This letter is ascribed to Mr. Hughes; and the person alluded to, under the name of Parthenissa, is said to have been a Miss Rotherham, afterwards married to the Rev. Mr. Wyatt, master of Felsted-school, in Essex.

was enough so to find she may make herself a much more agreeable creature in her present adversity. The endeavour to please is highly promoted by a consciousness that the approbation of the person you would be agreeable to, is a favour you do not deserve; for in this case, assurance of success is the most certain way to disappointment. Good-nature will always supply the absence of beauty, but beauty cannot long supply the absence of good-nature.

P. S.

'MADAM, February 15.  
'I HAVE years of this day, wherein you twice bid me not disoblige you; but you must explain yourself further before I know what to do.

'Your most obedient servant,  
'THE SPECTATOR.'

STEEL.

T.

N° 307. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1711-12.

Parade d'un grand fort reculant,  
Cuid valient hueren — DOG. Ars Port. ver 29.

— Often try what weight you can support,  
And what your shoulders are too weak to bear.  
ROSCOMMON.

I AM so well pleased with the following letter, that I am in hopes it will not be a disagreeable present to the public:

'MR,  
'TWOON I believe none of your readers more admire your agreeable manner of working up trifles than myself, yet as your speculations are now swelling into volumes, and will in all probability pass down to future ages, methinks I would have no single subject in them, wherein the general good of mankind is concerned, left untouched.

'I have a long time expected with great impatience that you would enlarge upon the ordinary mistakes which are committed in the education of our children. I the more easily flattered myself that you would one time or other resume this consideration, because you tell us that your 168th paper was only composed of a few broken hints; but finding myself hitherto disappointed, I have ventured to send you my own thoughts on this subject.

'I remember Pericles, in his famous oration at the funeral of those Athenian young men who perished in the Samian expedition, has a thought very much celebrated by several ancient critics, namely, that the loss which the commonwealth suffered by the destruction of its youth, was like the loss which the year would suffer by the destruction of the spring. The prejudice which the public sustains from a wrong education of children, is an evil of the same nature, as it is a summer starves posterity, and defrauds our country of those persons who, with due care, might make an eminent figure in their respective parts of life.

'I have seen a book written by Juan Huartes, a Spanish physician, entitled *Examen de Ingenios*, wherein he lays it down as one of his first positions, that nothing but nature can qualify a man for learning; and that without a proper temperament for the particular art or science which he

studies, his utmost pains and application, assisted by the ablest masters, will be to no purpose.

'He illustrates this by the example of Tully's son Marcus.

'Cicero, in order to accomplish his son in that sort of learning which he designed him for, sent him to Athens, the most celebrated academy at that time in the world, and where a vast concourse, out of the most polite nations, could not but furnish the young gentleman with a multitude of great examples and accidents that might inseparably be instructed him in his designed studies. He placed him under the care of Cratippus, who was one of the greatest philosophers of the age; and, as if all the books which were at that time written had not been sufficient for his use, he composed others on purpose for him; notwithstanding all this, history informs us that Marcus proved a mere blockhead, and that nature (who it seems was even with the son for her prodigality to the father) rendered him incapable of improving by all the rules of eloquence, the precepts of philosophy, his own endeavours, and the most refined conversation in Athens. This author therefore proposes, that there should be certain triers or examiners appointed by the state, to inspect the genius of every particular boy, and to allot him the part that is most suitable to his natural talents.

'Plato, in one of his dialogues, tells us, that Socrates, who was the son of a midwife, used to say, that as his mother, though she was very skillful in her profession, could not deliver a woman unless she was first with child, so neither could he himself raise knowledge out of a mind where nature had not planted it.

'Accordingly, the method this philosopher took, of instructing his scholars by several interrogatories or questions, was only helping the birth, and bringing their own thoughts to light.

'The Spanish doctor above mentioned, as his speculations grew more refined, asserts, that every kind of wit has a particular science corresponding to it, and in which alone it can be truly excellent. As to those geniuses which may seem to have an equal aptitude for several things, he regards them as so many unfinished pieces of nature wrought off in haste.

'There are indeed but very few to whom nature has been so unkind, that they are not capable of skimming to some science or other. There is a certain bias towards knowledge in every mind, which may be strengthened and improved by proper applications.

'The story of Clavius\* is very well known. He was entered in a college of Jesuits, and, after having been tried at several parts of learning, was upon the point of being dismised as an hopeless blockhead, until one of the fathers took it into his head to make an essay of his parts in geometry, which, it seems, hit his genius so luckily, that he afterwards became one of the greatest mathematicians of the age. It is commonly thought that the sagacity of the fathers, in discovering the talent of a young student, has not a little contributed to the figure which their order has made in the world.

'How different from this manner of education is that which prevails in our own country! where nothing is more usual than to see forty or fifty boys of several ages, tempers, and inclinations, ranged

\* Christopher Clavius, a German Jesuit, distinguished for his mathematical knowledge, and employed by Gregory XIII. in the reformation of the calendar, was author of five volumes in Latin, and died at Rome in 1622, aged 73.

\* There is an English translation under the title of 'The Trial of Wits,' &c.

together in the same class, employed upon the same authors, and enjoined the same tasks! Whatever their natural genius may be, they are all to be made poets, historians, and orators alike. They are all obliged to have the same capacity, to bring in the same tale of verse, and to furnish out the same portion of prose. Every boy is bound to have as good a memory as the captain of the form. To be brief, instead of adapting studies to the particular genius of a youth, we expect from the young man that he should adapt his genius to his studies. Now, I must confess, it is not so much to be imputed to the instructor, as to the parent, who will never be brought to believe, that his son is not capable of performing as much as his neighbour's, and that he may not make him whatever he has a mind to.

If the present age is more laudable than those which have gone before it in any single particular, it is in that generous care which several well disposed persons have taken in the education of poor children; and as in these charity-schools there is no place left for the overbearing fondness of a parent, the directors of them would make them beneficial to the public, if they considered the precept which I have been thus long inculcating. They might easily, by well examining the parts of those under their inspection, make a just distribution of them into proper classes and divisions, and allot to them this or that particular study, as their genius qualifies them for professions, trades, handicrafts, or service by sea or land.

How is this kind of regulation wanting in the three great professions!

Dr. South, complaining of persons who took upon them holy orders, though altogether unqualified for the sacred function, says somewhere, that many a man runs his head against a pulpit, who might have done his country excellent service at a plough-tail.

In like manner many a lawyer, who makes but an indifferent figure at the bar, might have made a very elegant waterman, and have shined at the Temple-stairs, though he can get no business in the house.

I have known a corn-cutter, who with a right education would have been an excellent physician.

To descend lower, are not our streets filled with sagacious draymen, and politicians in liveries! We have several tailors of six foot high, and meet with many a broad pair of shoulders that are thrown away upon a barber, when perhaps at the same time we see a pigmy porter reeling under a burden, who might have managed a needle with much dexterity, or have snapped his fingers with great ease to himself, and advantage to the public.

The Spartans, though they acted with the spirit which I am here speaking of, carried it much further than what I propose. Among them it was not lawful for the father himself to bring up his children after his own fancy. As soon as they were seven years old, they were all listed in several companies, and disciplined by the public. The old men were spectators of their performances, who often raised quarrels among them, and set them at strife with one another, that by those early discov-eries they might see how their several talents lay, and, without any regard to their quality, disposed of them accordingly, for the service of the commonwealth. By this means Sparta soon became the mistress of Greece, and famous through the whole world for her civil and military discipline.

If you think this letter deserves a place among

your speculations, I may perhaps trouble you with some other thoughts on the same subject\*.

I am, &c.

MURRAY.

N.

No 308. FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1711-12.

— Jam. proferam.  
Pro te pect' letice virtutis.

Hall. OI. v. l. II. ver. 18.

— Latere will each proclaim  
Her love, nor blush to own her flame.  
CER. CII.

\* MR. SPECTATOR,

I give you this trouble in order to propose myself to you as an assistant in the weighty cares which you have thought fit to undergo for the public good. I am a very great lover of women, that is to say, honestly; and as it is natural to study what one likes, I have industriously applied myself to understand them. The present circumstance relating to them is, that I think there wants under you, in Spectator, a person to be distinguished and vested in the power and quality of a cen or on marriages. I lodge at the Temple, and know, by seeing women come hither, and afterwards abs-erting them conducted by their counsel to judges' chambers, that there is a custom in case of making conveyance of a wife's estate, that she is carried to a judge's apartment, and left alone with him, to be examined in private, whether she has not been frightened or sweetened by her spouse into the act she is going to do, or whether it is of her own free will. Now if this be a method founded upon reason and equity, why should there not be also a proper officer for examining such as are entering into the state of matrimony, whether they are forced by parents on one side, or moved by interest only on the other, to come together, and bring forth such awkward heirs as are the product of half love and constrained compliances? There is no body, though I say it myself, would be fitter for this office than I am: for I am an ugly fellow, of great wit and sagacity. My father was an hale country squire, my mother a witty beauty of no fortune. The match was made by consent of my mother's parents against her own, and I am the child of the rape on the wedding-night; so that I am as healthy and as homely as my father, but as sprightly and agreeable as my mother. It would be of great ease to you, if you would use me under you, that matches might be better regulated for the future, and we might have no more children of squabbles. I shall not reveal all my pretensions till I receive your answer; and am,

Yours,

Your most humble servant,

MILES PALFREY.

\* MR. SPECTATOR,

I AM one of those unfortunate men within the city-walls, who am married to a woman of quality, but her temper is something different from that of Lady Anvil. My lady's whole time and thoughts are spent in keeping up to the mode both in apparel and furniture. All the goods in my house have been changed three times in seven years. I have had seven children by her; and by our marriage-

\* See Nos. 1 : 337.

+ See the 4th "



articles she was to have her apartment new furnished as often as the lay-la. Nothing in our house is useful but that which is fashionable; my powder holds out generally half a year, my plate a full twelvemonth; chairs are not fit to sit in that were made two years since, nor beds fit for any thing but to sleep in, that have stood up above that time. My dear is of opinion that an old-fashioned grate warms coals, but gives no heat. If she drinks out of glasses of last year, she cannot distinguish wine from small beer. Oh, dear sir, you may guess all the rest.

Yours.

'P. R. I could bear even all this, if I were not obliged also to eat fashionably. I have a plain stomach, and have a constant loathing at whatever comes to my own table; for which reason I dine at the chop-house three days in a week; where the good company wonders they never see you of late. I am sure, by your unprejudiced discourses, you love broth better than soup.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

Wills, Feb. 19.

'You may believe you are a person as much talked of as any man in town. I am one of your best friends in this house, and have laid a wager, you are so candid a man, and so honest a fellow, that you will print this letter, though it is in recommendation of a new paper called The Illustrian. I have read it carefully, and find it written with skill, good sense, modesty, and fire. You must allow the town is kinder to you than you deserve; and I doubt not but you have so much sense of the world's change of humour, and instability of all human things, as to understand, that the only way to preserve favour is to accommodate it to others with good-nature and judgment. You are so generally read, that what you speak of will be read. This with men of sense and taste, is all that is wanting to recommend The Illustrian.'

'I am, MR.

'Your daily advocate,

'READER GENTLE.'

I was very much surprised this morning, that any one should find out my lodging, and know it so well, as to come directly to my closet-door, and knock at it, to give me the following letter. When I came out I opened it, and saw, by a very strong pair of shoes and a warm coat the bearer had on, that he walked all the way to bring it me, though dated from York. My misfortune is that I cannot talk, and I found the messenger had so much of me, that he could think better than speak. He had, I observed, a polite discerning, hid under a shrewd rusticity. He delivered the paper with a Yorkshire tone and a town leer.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'The privilege you have indulged John Trot\* has proved of very bad consequence to our Illustrious assembly, which, besides the many excellent regulations it is founded upon, is remarkable for the extraordinary decorum always observed in it. One instance of which is, that the carders (who are always of the first quality) never begin to play till the French dances are finished, and the country dances begin; but John Trot having now got your commission in his pocket (which every one here has a profound respect for), has the assurance to set up for a minuet-dancer. Not only so, but he has

brought down upon us the whole body of the Trots, which are very numerous, with their auxiliaries the Hobbblers and the Skippers, by which means the time is so much wasted, that, unless we break all rules of government, it must redound to the utter subversion of the brag-table, the dearest members of which value time as Fribble's wife does her pin-money\*. We are pretty well assured that your indulgence to Trot was only in relation to country-dances; however we have deferred the issuing an order of council upon the premises, hoping to get you to join with us, that Trot, nor any of his class, presume for the future to dance any but country-dances, unless a hornpipe upon a festival day. If you will do this, you will oblige a great many ladies, and particularly

'Your most humble servant,

'York, Feb. 18.'

'ELIZ. SWEETSTAR'

'I NEVER meant any other than that Mr. Trot should confine himself to country-dances. And I farther direct, that he shall take out none but his own relations, according to their scarves of blood, but any gentlewoman may take out him.'

'London, Feb. 21.'

'THE SPECTATOR.'

STEEL.

T.

Nº 300. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1711-12

*Id, quibus Imperium est orbemque, subireque cunctas  
Et Cæcis, et Phrygiæ, linae natis micula latis?  
Sic velis fore æquum laquei? aut non videt, utrum  
Pendens nec alius torus et caligine mœnet.*

VIRG. Æn. vi. ver. 92.

Ye satins yet unweaved to human sight,  
Ye gods who rule the regions of the night,  
Ye phrygian ghosts, permit me to relate  
The mystic wonders of your silent state.

JOHN DEN.

I HAVE before observed in general, that the persons whom Milton introduces into his poem always discover such sentiments and behaviour as are in a peculiar manner conformable to their respective characters. Every circumstance in their speech and actions is with great justice and delivery adapted to the persons who speak and act. As the poet very much excels in this consistency of his characters, I shall beg leave to consider several passages of the second book in this light. That superior greatness and rock-majesty which is ascribed to the prince of the fallen angels, is admirably preserved in the beginning of this book. His opening and closing the debate; his taking on himself that great enterprise, at the thought of which the whole infernal assembly trembled; his encountering the hideous phantoms who guarded the gates of hell, and appeared to him in all his terrors; are instances of that proud and daring mind which could not brook subjection, even to Omnipotence:

'Saturn was now at hand, and from his seat  
The monster moving onward came as fast  
With horrid strides; hell trembled as he strode;  
T' unconscious dead what then might be afraid,  
Admired, and fear'd.'

The same boldness and intrepidity of behaviour discovers itself in the several adventures which he meets with during his passage through the regions of unformed matter, and particularly in his address to those tremendous powers who are described as presiding over it.

The part of Moloch is likewise, in all its circumstances, full of that fire and fury which distinguish this spirit from the rest of the fallen angels. He is described in the first book as besmeared with the blood of human sacrifices, and delighted with the tears of parents, and the cries of children. In the second book he is marked out as the fiercest spirit that fought in heaven: and if we consider the figure which he makes in the sixth book, where the battle of the angels is described, we find it every way answerable in the same furious, enraged character:

— Where the might of Gabriel fought,  
And with fierce ensigns pierc'd the deep array  
Of Moloch, furious king, who him defy'd,  
And at his chariot-wheel, to drag him bound  
Threaten'd, nor from the Holy One of heav'n  
Refrain'd his longer bla phemous; but anon  
Down cloven to the waist, with shatter'd arms  
And uncouth pain fell bellowing: —

It may be worth while to observe, that Milton has represented this violent impetuous spirit, who is hurried on by such precipitate passions, as the first that rises in that assembly, to give his opinion upon their present posture of affairs. Accordingly, he declares himself abruptly for war, and appears incensed at his companions for losing so much time as even to deliberate upon it. All his sentiments are rash, audacious, and desperate. Such is that of arming themselves with their tortures, and turning their punishments upon him who inflicted them:

— No, let us rather choose,  
Arm'd with hell-flames and fury, all at once  
O'er heav'n's high towers to force resistless way,  
Turning our tortures into horrid arms  
Against the torturer; when to meet the noise  
Of his almighty engine he shall hear  
Infernal thunder, and for lightning see  
Black fire and horror shot with equal rage  
Among his angels; and his throne itself  
Mix'd with Tartarean sulphur, and strange fire,  
His own invented torments. —

His preferring annihilation to shame or misery, is also highly suitable to his character; as the comfort he draws from their disturbing the peace of heaven, that if it be not victory it is revenge, is a sentiment truly diabolical, and becoming the bitterness of this implacable spirit.

Belial is described in the first book, as the idol of the lewd and luxurious. He is in the second book, pursuant to that description, characterised as timorous and slothful; and if we look into the sixth book, we find him celebrated in the battle of angels for nothing but that scoffing speech which he makes to Satan, on their supposed advantage over the enemy. As his appearance is undignified, and of a pierc'd, in these three several views, we find his sentiments in the infernal assembly every way conformable to his character. Such are his apprehensions of a second battle, his horrors of annihilation, his preferring to be miserable, rather than 'not to be.' I need not observe, that the contrast of thought in this speech, and that which precedes it, gives an agreeable variety to the debate.

Mammon's character is so fully drawn in the first book, that the poet adds nothing to it in the second. We were before told, that he was the first who taught mankind to ransack the earth for gold and silver, and that he was the architect of Pandæmonium, or the infernal palace, where the evil spirits were to meet in council. His speech in this book is every way suitable to so depraved a character. How proper is that reflection, of their being unable to taste the happiness of heaven were they actually there, in the 'mouth of one,

who, while he was in heaven, is said to have had his mind dazzled with the outward pomp and glories of the place, and to have been more intent on the riches of the pavement than on the beatific vision. I shall also leave the reader to judge how agreeable the following sentiments are to the same character:

— This deep world  
Of darkness do we dread! How oft amidst  
Thick clouds and dark doth heav'n's all-ruling sire  
Choose to reside, his glory unobscured,  
And with the majesty of darkness, round  
Covers his throne; from whence deep thunders roar  
Murmuring their rage, and heav'n resembles hell!  
As he our darkness, cannot we his light  
imitate when we please! This desert soil  
Wants not her hidden lustre, gems and gold;  
Nor want we skill or art, from whence to raise  
Magnificence; and what can heav'n show more!

Beelzebub, who is reckoned the second in dignity that fell, and is in the first book the second that awakens out of the trance, and confers with Satan upon the situation of their affairs, maintains his rank in the book now before us. There is a wonderful majesty described in his rising up to speak. He acts as a kind of moderator between the two opposite parties, and proposes a third undertaking, which the whole assembly gives into. The motion he makes of detaching one of their body in search of a new world is grounded upon a project devised by Satan, and curiously proposed by him in the following lines of the first book:

'Space may produce new worlds, whereof so rife  
There went a fume in heav'n, that he ere-long  
Intended to create, and therein plant  
A generation, whom his choice regard  
Should favour equal to the sons of heav'n;  
Nay, if but to pry, shall he perhaps  
Our first empylon, blither or clearer here:  
For this infernal pit shall never hold  
Celestial spirits in bondage, nor th' abyss  
Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts  
Full council must mature: —'

It is on this project that Beelzebub grounds his proposal:

— What if we find  
Some easier enterprise! There is a place  
(If ancient and prophetic fame in heav'n  
Err not) another world, the happy seat  
Of some new race call'd Man, about this time  
To be created like to us, though less  
In power and excellence, but favour'd more  
Of him who rules above; so was his will  
Pronounc'd among the gods, and by an oath,  
'That shook heav'n's whole circumference, confirm'd.'

The reader may observe how just it was, not to omit in the first book the project upon which the whole poem turns; as also that the prince of the fallen angels was the only proper person to give it birth, and that the next to him in dignity was the fittest to second and support it.

There is besides, I think, something wonderfully beautiful, and very apt to affect the reader's imagination in this ancient prophecy or report in heaven, concerning the creation of man. Nothing could show more the dignity of the species, than this tradition which ran of them before their existence. They are represented to have been the talk of heaven before they were created. Virgil, in compliment to the Roman commonwealth, makes the heroes of it appear in their state of pre-existence; but Milton does a far greater honour to mankind in general, as he gives us a glimpse of them even before they are in being.

The rising of this great assembly is described in a very sublime and poetical manner:

'Their rising all at once was as the sound  
Of thunder heard remote: —'

s of the fallen angels, with the par-  
of their place of habitation, are den-  
pregnancy of thought, and co-  
vention. The diversions are every  
beliefs who had nothing left them  
knowledge misapplied. Such are  
at the race, and in feats of arms,  
lament in the following lines:

“Tyrants rage more fell  
rocks and hills, and ride the air  
hell scarce holds the wild uproar.”

employed in celebrating their own  
and, their discourse in sounding  
to depths of fate, free-will, and

circumstances in the description of  
magical; as the four rivers which  
dives into the sea of fire, the ex-  
and heat, and the river of oblivion.  
animals produced in that infernal  
seated by a single line, which gives  
idea of them than a much longer  
id have done:

“Nature breeds,  
omnious, all prodigious things,  
utterable, and some  
of herst, flog’d, or fear conceal’d,  
fears, and chimeras dire.”

of the fallen spirits and their place  
comes in very happily to unbind  
reader from its attention to the  
inary poet would indeed have spun  
circumstances to a great length, and  
have weakened, instead of illus-  
trated the fable.

Satan to the gates of hell is finely

y\* declared my opinion of the al-  
leg Sin and Death, which is how-  
shed piece in its kind, when it is  
as a part of an epic poem. The  
several persons is contrived with  
Sin is the daughter of Satan, and  
ring of Sin. The lascivious mix-  
in and Death produces those room-  
mounds which from time to time enter  
s, and tear the bowels of her who  
These are the terrors of an evil  
the proper fruits of Sin, which na-  
the apprehensions of Death.  
ful moral is, I think, clearly in-  
teach of Sin, where, complaining of  
d issue, she adds,

“eyes in opposition into  
my own and thee, who sets them on,  
great world full soon devour  
her prey, but that he knows  
some have said —”

entian to the reader the beautiful  
the last part of this quotation. He  
beieve how naturally the three per-  
in this allegory are tempted by one  
d to enter into a confederacy toge-  
properly Sin is made the portress  
only being that can open the gates  
of tortures.

ire part of this allegory is likewise  
d full of sublime ideas. The figure  
regal crown upon his head, his mor-  
his advancing to the combat, the

outcry at his birth, are circumstances too noble to  
be passed over in silence, and extremely suitable  
to this king of terrors. I need not mention the  
justness of thought which is observed in the gene-  
ration of these several symbolical persons; that  
Sin was produced upon the first revolt of Satan;  
that Death appeared soon after he was cast into  
hell, and that the terrors of conscience were con-  
ceived at the gate of this place of torments. The  
description of the gates is very poetical, as the  
opening of them is full of Milton's spirit:

“On a sudden open’d by  
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound  
Th’ infernal doors, and on their hinges grate  
March’d thruster, that the lowest bottom shook  
Of Errebow: she open’d, but to shut  
Enroll’d her power; the gates wide open stood,  
That with extended wings a legion might best  
Under spread eagles marching might pass through  
With horse and chariot ready in loose array;  
As wide they stood, and like a furnace mouth  
Cast forth rebounding smoke and roddy flames.”

In Satan's voyage through the chaos there are  
several imaginary persons described, as residing in  
that immense waste of matter. This may perhaps  
be conformable to the taste of those critics who  
are pleased with nothing in a poet which has not  
life and manners ascribed to it; but for my own  
part, I am pleas'd most with those passages in this  
description which carry to them a greater measure  
of probability, and are such as might possibly have  
happened. Of this kind is his first movement in  
the smoke that rises from the infernal pit, his fall-  
ing into a cloud of nitre, and the like combustible  
materials, that by their explosion still hurried him  
forward in his voyage; his springing upward like  
a pyramid of fire, with his laborious passage  
through that confusion of elements which the poet  
calls:

“The womb of Nature, and perhaps her grave.”

The glimmering light which shed into the chaos  
from the utmost verge of the creation, with the  
distant discovery of the earth that hang close by  
the moon, are wonderfully beautiful and poetical.

ADDISON.

La

No. 310. MONDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1711-12.

Concordia fangum stabili

VIRG. Ec. I. ver. 77

1711 is the inadmissible marriage-knot.

“MR. SPECTATOR,

“I AM a certain young woman that love a certain  
young man very heartily; and my father and mo-  
ther were for it a great while; but now they say  
I can do better, but I think I cannot. They bid  
me love him”, and I cannot unlove him. What  
must I do? Speak quickly.

“SIDNEY BOW-NAME.”

“DEAR SPEC,

February 19, 1712.

“I HAVE loved a lady entirely for this year and  
half, though for a great part of the time (which has  
contributed not a little to my pain) I have been  
debarred the liberty of conversing with her. The  
grounds of our difference was this: that when we  
had inquired into each other's circumstances, we  
found that at our first settling out into the world,  
we should owe five hundred pounds more than her  
fortune would pay off. My estate is seven hun-

dred pounds a year, besides the benefit of tin mines. Now, dear Spec, upon this state of the case, and the lady's positive declaration that there is still no other objection, I beg you will not fail to insert this, with your opinion, as soon as possible, whether this ought to be esteemed a just cause or impediment why we should not be joined, and you will for ever oblige

Yours sincerely,

DICK LOVESICK.

P. S. Sir, if I marry this lady by the assistance of your opinion, you may expect a favour for it.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I HAVE the misfortune to be one of those unhappy men who are distinguished by the name of discarded lovers; but I am the less mortified at my disgrace, because the young lady is one of those creatures who set up for negligence of men, are forsooth the most rigidly virtuous in the world, and yet their nicety will permit them at the command of parents to go to bed to the most utter stranger that can be proposed to them. As to me myself, I was introduced by the father of my mistress; but find I owe my being at first received to a comparison of my estate with that of a former lover, and that I am now in like manner turned off to give way to an humble servant still richer than I am. What makes this treatment the more extravagant is, that the young lady is in the management of this way of fraud, and obeys her father's orders on these occasions without any manner of reluctance, but does it with the same air that one of your men of the world would signify the necessity of affairs for turning another out of office. When I came home last night, I found this letter from my mistress:

SIR,

I NONE you will not think it is any manner of disrespect to your person or merit, that the intended nuptials between us are interrupted. My father says he has a much better offer for me than you can make, and has ordered me to break off the treaty between us. If it had proceeded, I should have behaved myself with all suitable regard to you; but as it is, I beg we may be strangers for the future. Adieu.

LYDIA."

This great indifference on the subject, and the mercenary motives for making alliances, is what I think lies naturally before you; and I beg of you to give me your thoughts upon it. My answer to Lydia was as follows, which I hope you will approve; for you are to know the woman's family affect a wonderful ease on these occasions, though they expect it should be painfully received on the man's side.

MADAM,

I HAVE received yours, and knew the prudence of your house so well, that I always took care to be ready to obey your commands, though they should be to see you no more. Pray give my service to all the good family. Adieu.

CLITOPHON.

"The opera subscription is full."

Memorandum. The censor of marriage to consider this letter, and report the common usages on such treaties, with how many pounds or acres are generally esteemed sufficient reason for preferring a new to an old pretender; with his opinion what

is proper to be determined in such cases for the future\*.

MR. SPECTATOR,

THERE is an elderly person lately left off business and settled in our town, in order, as he thinks, to retire from the world; but he has brought with him such an inclination to tale-bearing, that he disturbs both himself and all our neighbourhood. Notwithstanding this frailty, the honest gentleman is so happy as to have no enemy; at the same time he has not one friend who will venture to acquaint him with his weakness. It is not to be doubted, but if this failing were set in a proper light, he would quickly perceive the indecency and evil consequences of it. Now, sir, this being an infirmity which I hope may be corrected, and knowing that he pays much deference to you, I beg that when you are at leisure to give us a speculation on gossiping, you would think of my neighbour. You will hereby oblige several who will be glad to find a reformation in their grey-haired friend: and how becoming will it be for him, instead of pouring forth words at all adventures, to set a watch before the door of his mouth, to refrain his tongue, to check its impetuosity, and guard against the sallies of that little pert, forward, busy person, which, under a sober conduct, might prove a useful member of society! In compliance with those intimations, I have taken the liberty to make this address to you.

I am, sir,

Your most obscure servant,

PHILANTHROPOS.

MR. SPECTATOR,

Feb. 16, 1712.

THIS is to petition you in behalf of myself and many more of your gentle readers, that at any time when you may have private reasons against letting us know what you think yourself, you would be pleased to pardon us such letters of your correspondents as seem to be of no use but to the printer.

It is further our humble request, that you would substitute advertisements in the place of such epistles; and that in order hereunto Mr. Buckley may be authorised to take up of your zealous friend Mr. Charles Lillie, any quantity of words he shall from time to time have occasion for.

The many useful parts of knowledge which may be communicated to the public this way, will, we hope, be a consideration in favour of your petitioners.

And your petitioners, &c.

Note. That particular regard be had to this petition; and the papers marked letter R may be carefully examined for the future.

STEELE.

T.

Nº 311. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1711-12.

*Nec Veneris phœctris macer est, aut lampade feret:  
Inde facies ardent, veniunt a dote sogitta.*

JUV. Sat. vi. ver. 137.

He sighs, adores, and courts her ev'ry hour:  
Who wou'd not do as much for such a dow'r?

DRYDEN.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I AM amazed that among all the variety of characters with which you have enriched your specu-

\* See the first letter of Nº 308.

lathos, you have never given us a picture of these audacious young fellows among us, who commonly go by the name of fortune-hunters. You must know, sir, I am one who live in a continual apprehension of this sort of people, that life in wait, day and night, for our children, and may be considered as a kind of kidnappers within the law. I am the father of a young heiress, whom I begin to look upon as marriageable, and who has looked upon herself as such for above these six years. She is now in the eighteenth year of her age. The fortune-hunters have already cast their eyes upon her, and take care to plant themselves in her view whenever she appears in any public assembly. I have myself caught a young jackanapes, with a pair of silver-fringed gloves, in the very fact. You must know, sir, I have kept her as a prisoner of state ever since she was in her teens. Her chamber-windows are cross-barred; she is not permitted to go out of the house but with her keeper, who is a staid relation of my own; I have likewise forbid her the use of pen and ink, for this twelvemonth last past, and do not suffer a hand-box to be carried into her room before it has been searched. Notwithstanding these precautions, I am at my wife's end, for fear of any sudden surprise. There were, two or three nights ago, some fellows heard in the street, which I am afraid portend me no good; not to mention a tall Irishman that has been seen walking before my house more than once this winter. My kinswoman likewise informs me, that the girl has talked to her twice or thrice of a gentleman in a full wig, and that she loves to go to church more than ever she did in her life. She gave me the slip about a week ago, upon which my whole house was in alarm. I immediately dispatched a man and cry after her to the 'Change, in her mantle-maker, and to the young ladies that visit here; but after above an hour's search she returned of herself, having been taking a walk, as she told me, by Roundabout's. I have hereupon turned off her woman, doubled her guards, and given new instructions to my relation, who, to give her her due, keeps a watchful eye over all her motions. This, sir, keeps me in a perpetual anxiety, and makes me very often watch when my daughter sleeps, as I am afraid she is even with me, in her turn. Now, sir, what I would desire of you is, to represent to this flustering tribe of young fellows, who are for making their fortunes by these indirect means, that stealing a man's daughter for the sake of her portion, is but a kind of a tolerated robbery; and that they make but a poor amends to the father whom they plunder after this manner, by going to bed with his child. Dear sir, be speedy in your thoughts on this subject, that, if possible, they may appear before the disbanding of the army.

I am, sir,

Your most humble servant,

THE WATCHWELL.\*

Themistocles, the great Athenian general, being asked whether he would choose to marry his daughter to an indigent man of merit, or to a worthless man of an estate, replied, that he should prefer a man without an estate, to an estate without a man. The worst of it is, our modern fortune-hunters are those who turn their heads that way, because they are good for nothing else. If a young fellow finds he can make nothing of Cuck and Julietta, he provides himself with a ladder of

ropes, and by that means very often enters upon the premises.

The same art of scaling has likewise been practised with good success by many military engineers. Stratagems of this nature make parts and industry superfluous, and cut short the way to riches.

Nor is vanity a less motive than idleness to this kind of mercenary pursuit. A fop, who admires his person in a glass, soon enters into a resolution of making his fortune by it, not questioning but every woman that falls in his way will do him as much justice as he does himself. When an heiress sees a man throwing particular graces into his eye, or talking loud within her hearing, she ought to look to herself; but if without she observes a pair of red heels, a patch, or any other particularity in his dress, she cannot take too much care of her person. These are baits not to be trifled with, charms that have done a world of execution, and made their way into hearts which have been thought impregnable. The force of a man with these qualifications is so well known, that I am credibly informed there are several female undertakers about the 'Change, who, upon the arrival of a likely man out of a neighbouring kingdom, will furnish him with a proper dress from head to foot, to be paid for at a double price on the day of marriage.

We must, however, distinguish between fortune-hunters and fortune-stralers. The first are those sordid gentlemen who employ their whole lives in the chase, without ever coming at the quarry. Bassens has combed and powdered at the ladies for thirty years together; and taken his stand in a side-box, till he has grown a wrinkle under their eyes. He is now laying the same snare for the present generation of beauties, which he practised on their mothers. Cœlius, after having made his applications to more than 300 meet with in Mr. Cowley's ballad of mistresses, was at last snatched with a city lady of 20,000*l.* sterling; but died of old age before he could bring matters to bear. Her most I here omit my worthy friend Mr. Honeycomb, who has often told us in the club, that for twenty years successively, upon the death of a childless rich man, he immediately drew on his boots, called for his horse, and made up in the widow. When he is rallied upon his success, Will with his usual gaiety tells us, that he always found her pre-engaged.

Widows are indeed the great game of your fortune-hunters. There is scarce a young fellow in the town, of six foot high, that has not passed in review before one or other of these wealthy relicts. Hadibras's Cupid, who

— took his stand

Upon a widow's\* jointure land,

is daily employed in throwing darts, and knocking down. But as for widows, they are such a subtle generation of people, that they may be left to their own conduct; or, if they make a false step in it, they are answerable for it to nobody but themselves. The young innocent creatures, who have no knowledge and experience of the world, are those whose safety I would principally consult in this speculation. The stealing of such an one should, in my opinion, be as punishable as a rape. Where there is no judgment, there is no choice; and why the inveigling a woman before she is come to years of discretion, should not be as criminal as the seducing of her before she is ten years old, I am at a loss to comprehend.

APRIL 10.

L.

\* See *Gerry's Hadibras*, vol. I. part I. canto III. ver. 311, 312.—The name of the widow was Tumbon.

\* The letter by Hopes.

N<sup>o</sup> 312. WEDNESDAY, FEB. 27, 1711-12.

*Quod hunc officium, quæ laus, quod decus erit tanti, quod adipisci cum dolore corporis velit, qui dolorem summum malum sibi persuaserit? Quam porro quis ignominiam, quam turpitudinem non pertulerit, ut effugiat dolorem, si id summum malum esse decreverit?*

TULL.

What duty will a man perform, what praise, what honour will he think worth purchasing at the expense of his ease, who is persuaded that pain is the greatest of evils? And what ignominy, what baseness will he not submit to in order to avoid pain, if he has determined it to be the worst of misfortunes?

It is a very melancholy reflection, that men are usually so weak, that it is absolutely necessary for them to know sorrow and pain, to be in their right senses. Prosperous people (for happy there are none) are hurried away with a fond sense of their present condition, and thoughtless of the mutability of fortune. Fortune is a term which we must use in such discourses as these, for what is wrought by the unseen hand of the Disposer of all things. But methinks the disposition of a mind which is truly great, is that which makes misfortunes and sorrows little when they befall ourselves, great and lamentable when they befall other men. The most unpardonable malefactor in the world going to his death, and bearing it with composure, would win the pity of those who should behold him; and this not because his calamity is deplorable, but because he seems himself not to deplore it. We suffer for him who is less sensible of his own misery, and are inclined to despise him who sinks under the weight of his distresses. On the other hand, without any touch of envy, a temperate and well-governed mind looks down on such as are exalted with success, with a certain shame for the imbecility of human nature, that can so far forget how liable it is to calamity, as to grow giddy with only the suspense of sorrow, which is the portion of all men. He therefore who turns his face from the unhappy man, who will not look again when his eye is cast upon modest sorrow, who shuns affliction like a contagion, does but pamper himself up for a sacrifice, and contract in himself a greater aptitude to misery by attempting to escape it. A gentleman, where I happened to be last night, fell into a discourse which I thought showed a good discerning in him. He took notice, that whenever men have looked into their heart for the idea of true excellence in human nature, they have found it to consist in suffering after a right manner, and with a good grace. Heroes are always drawn bearing sorrows, struggling with adversities, undergoing all kinds of hardships, and having in the service of mankind a kind of appetite to difficulties and dangers. The gentleman went on to observe, that it is from this secret sense of the high merit which there is in patience under calamities, that the writers of romances, when they attempt to furnish out characters of the highest excellence, ransack nature for things terrible; they raise a new creation of monsters, dragons, and giants; where the danger ends, the hero ceases: when he won an empire, or gained his mistress, the rest of his story is not worth relating. My friend carried his discourse so far as to say, that it was for higher beings than men to join happiness and greatness in the same idea; but that in our condition we have no conception of superlative excellence, or heroism, but as it is surrounded with a shade of distress.

It is certainly the proper education we should

give ourselves to be prepared for the ill events and accidents we are to meet with in a life sentenced to be a scene of sorrow: but instead of this expectation, we soften ourselves with prospects of constant delight, and destroy in our minds the seeds of fortitude and virtue, which should support us in hours of anguish. The constant pursuit of pleasure has in it something insolent, and improper for our being. There is a pretty sober liveliness in the ode of Horace to Delius, where he tells him, loud mirth, or immoderate sorrow, inequality of behaviour either in prosperity or adversity, are alike ungraceful in man that is born to die. Moderation in both circumstances is peculiar to generous minds. Men of that sort ever taste the gratifications of health, and all other advantages of life, as if they were liable to part with them; and when bereft of them, resign them with a greatness of mind which shows they know their value and duration. The contempt of pleasure is a certain preparatory for the contempt of pain. Without this the mind is, as it were, taken suddenly by an unforeseen event; but he that has always, during health and prosperity, been abstinent in his satisfactions, enjoys, in the worst of difficulties, the reflection, that his anguish is not aggravated with the comparison of past pleasures, which upbraid his present condition. Tully tells us a story after Pompey, which gives us a good taste of the pleasant manner the men of wit and philosophy had in old times, of alleviating the distresses of life by the force of reason and philosophy. Pompey, when he came to Rhodes, had a curiosity to visit the famous philosopher Possidonius; but finding him in his sick bed, he bewailed the misfortune that he should not hear a discourse from him: 'But you may,' answered Possidonius; and immediately entered into the point of stoical philosophy, which says, pain is not an evil. During the discourse, upon every puncture he felt from his distemper, he smiled, and cried out, 'Pain, pain, be as impertinent and troublesome as you please, I shall never own that thou art an evil.'

MR. SPECTATOR,

'HAVING seen in several of your papers, a concern for the honour of the clergy, and their doing every thing as becomes their character, and particularly performing the public service with a due zeal and devotion; I am the more encouraged to lay before them, by your means, several expressions used by some of them in their prayers before sermon, which I am not well satisfied in; as their giving some titles and epithets to great men, which are indeed due to them in their several ranks and stations, but not properly used, I think, in our prayers. Is it not contradiction to say, illustrious, right reverend, and right honourable poor sinners? These distinctions are suited only to our state here, and have no place in heaven; we see they are omitted in the liturgy; which, I think, the clergy should take for their pattern in their own forms of devotion\*. There is another expression which I would

\* In the original publication of this paper in the Spectator in folio, was the following passage, which, however, was left out when the papers were collectively printed in volumes in 1712.

[Another expression which I take to be improper, is this, 'the whole race of mankind,' when they pray for all men; for race signifies lineage or descent; and if the race of mankind may be used for the present generation (though, I think, not very fully), the whole takes in all the beginning to the end of the that expression, the old of Psalm

not mention, but that I have heard it several times before a learned congregation, to bring in the last petition of the prayer in these words, "O let not the Lord be angry, and I will speak but this once;" as if there was no difference between Abraham's interceding for Sodom, for which he had no warrant, as we can find, and our asking those things which we are required to pray for; they would therefore have much more reason to fear his anger if they did not make such petitions to him. There is another pretty fancy. When a young man has a mind to let us know who gave him his scarf, he speaks a parenthesis to the Almighty. "Bless, as I am in duty bound to pray, the right honourable the countess;" is not that as much as to say, "Bless her, for thou knowest I am her chaplain?"

Your humble servant,

J. A.

STEEL.

T.

N<sup>o</sup> 312. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1711-12.

*Erigit ut vixit ferretur non pulchre docuit,  
Ut in gremio vixit vixit.*

JUV. Sat. vi. ver. 257

Did him besides his daily pains employ,  
To form the tender members of the boy,  
And work him like a weaver babe, with art,  
To perfect symmetry in every part.

CIL. DRYDEN.

I SHALL give the following letter no other recommendation than by telling my readers that it comes from the same hand with that of last Thursday\*.

\* SIR,

I TOLD you, according to my promise, some further thoughts on the education of youth, in which I intend to discuss that famous question, "Whether the education at a public school, or under a private tutor, is to be preferred?"

As some of the greatest men in most ages have been of very different opinions in this matter, I shall give a short account of what I think may be urged on both sides, and afterwards leave every person to determine for himself.

It is certain from Suetonius, that the Romans thought the education of their children a business properly belonging to the parents themselves; and Plutarch, in the life of Marcus Cato, tells us, that as soon as his son was capable of learning, Cato would suffer nobody to teach him but himself, though he had a servant named Chilo, who was an excellent grammarian, and who taught a great many other youths.

On the contrary, the Greeks seemed more inclined to public schools and seminaries.

A private education promises, in the first place, virtue and good-breeding; a public school usually assurance, and an early knowledge in the ways of the world.

Mr Locke, in his celebrated treatise of education, confesses, that there are inconveniences to be feared on both sides: "If," says he, "I keep my

little school for And some, when they have prayed for all schools and nurseries of good learning and true religion, especially the two universities, add these words, 'Grant that from thence, and all other places dedicated to thy worship and service, may come forth such persons, &c.' But what do they mean by all other places? It seems to me, that this is either a theology, as being the same with all schools and nurseries before expressed, or else it runs too far; for there are several places dedicated to the divine service, which cannot properly be intended here."

\* N<sup>o</sup> 307. See also N<sup>o</sup> 337.

son at home, he is in danger of becoming my young master; if I send him abroad, it is scarce possible to keep him from the reigning contagion of rascals and vice. He will perhaps be more innocent at home, but more ignorant of the world, and more sheepish when he comes abroad." However, as this learned author asserts, that virtue is much more difficult to be obtained than knowledge of the world, and that vice is a more stubborn, as well as a more dangerous fault than sheepishness, he is altogether for a private education; and the more so, because he does not see why a youth, with right management, might not attain the same assurance in his father's house, as at a public school. To this end, he advises parents to accustom their sons to whatever strange faces come to the house: to take them with them when they visit their neighbours, and to engage them in conversation with men of parts and breeding.

It may be objected to this method, that conversation is not the only thing necessary; but that unless it be a conversation with such as are in some measure their equals in parts and years, there can be no room for emulation, contention, and several of the most lively passions of the mind; which, without being sometimes moved by these means, may possibly contract a dulness and insensibility.

One of the greatest writers our nation ever produced, observes, that a boy who forms parties, and makes himself popular in a school or a college, would act the same part with equal ease in a senate, or a privy-council; and Mr Osborne, speaking like a man versed in the ways of the world, affirms, that the well saying and carrying on of a design to rob an orchard, trains up a youth inensibly to caution, secrecy, and circumspection, and fits him for matters of great importance.

In short, a private education seems the most natural method for the forming of a virtuous man; a public education for making a man of business. The first would furnish out a good subject for Plato's republic, the latter a member for a commonwealth overrun with artifice and corruption.

It must, however, be confessed, that a person at the head of a public school has sometimes so many boys under his direction, that it is impossible he should extend a due proportion of his care to each of them. This is, however, in reality, the fault of the age, in which we often see twenty parents, who, though each expects his son should be made a scholar, are not contented altogether to make it worth while for any man of a liberal education to take upon him the care of their instruction.

In our great schools indeed this fault has been of late years rectified, so that we have at present not only ingenious men for the chief masters, but such as have proper officers and assistants under them. I must nevertheless own, that for the want of the same encouragement in the country, we have many a promising genius spoiled and abused in these little seminaries.

I am the more inclined to this opinion, having myself experienced the rage of two rural masters, each of them very stout for the trust they took upon them to discharge. The first imposed much more upon me than my parts, though none of the weakest, could endure; and used me barbarously for not performing impossibilities. The latter was of quite another temper; and a boy who would run upon his errands, wash his coffee-pot, or ring the bell, might have as little conversation with any of the classics as he thought fit. I have known a lad at this place exceed his exercise for writing the cook-maid; and remember a neighbouring gen-

tleman's son was among us five years, most of which time he employed in miring and watering our master's grey pad. I scorned to compound for my faults by doing any of these elegant offices, and was accordingly the best scholar and the worst used of any boy in the school.

'I shall conclude this discourse with an advantage mentioned by Quintilian as accompanying a public way of education, which I have not yet taken notice of; namely, that we very often contract such friendships at school, as are a service to us all the following parts of our lives.

'I shall give you, under this head, a story very well known to several persons, and which you may depend upon as real truth.

'Every one, who is acquainted with Westminster-school, knows that there is a curtain which used to be drawn across the room, to separate the upper school from the lower. A youth happened, by some mischance, to tear the above-mentioned curtain. The severity of the master \* was too well known for the criminal to expect any pardon for such a fault; so that the boy, who was of a meek temper, was terrified to death at the thoughts of his appearance; when his friend who sat next to him bade him be of good cheer, for that he would take the fault on himself. He kept his word accordingly. As soon as they were grown up to be men, the civil war broke out, in which our two friends took the opposite sides; one of them followed the parliament, the other the royal party.

'As their tempers were different, the youth who had torn the curtain endeavoured to raise himself on the civil list; and the other, who had borne the blame of it, on the military. The first succeeded so well, that he was in a short time made a judge under the protector. The other was engaged in the unhappy enterprise of Penruddock and Grove in the west. I suppose, sir, I need not acquaint you with the event of that undertaking. Every one knows that the royal party was routed, and all the heads of them, among whom was the curtain champion, imprisoned at Exeter. It happened to be his friend's lot at that time to go the western circuit. The trial of the rebels, as they were then called, was very short, and nothing now remained but to pass sentence on them; when the judge hearing the name of his old friend, and observing him face more attentively, which he had not seen for many years, asked him, If he was not formerly a Westminster-schooler? By the answer he was soon convinced that it was his former generous friend; and without saying any thing more at that time, made the best of his way to London, where, employing all his power and interest with the protector, he saved his friend from the fate of his unhappy associates.

'The gentleman whose life was thus preserved by the gratitude of his school-fellow, was afterwards the father of a son, whom he lived to see promoted in the church, and who still deservedly fills one of the highest stations in it †.

BUDGELL.

X.

\* Dr. Busby.

† The gentleman alluded to was Colonel Wake, whose son was Dr. Wake, Bishop of Lincoln, and afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury. The judge is supposed to have been Mr. Justice Nicholas.

Nº 314. FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 29, 1711-12.

*Tandem desine matrem  
Ternestica sequi viro.*

HOR. Od. xxiii. l. 1. ver. 11.

Attend thy mother's heels no more,  
Now grown mature for man, and ripe for joy.  
CREECH.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'Feb. 7, 1711-12.

'I AM a young man about eighteen years of age, and have been in love with a young woman of the same age about this half-year. I go to see her six days in the week, but never could have the happiness of being with her alone. If any of her friends are at home, she will see me in their company; but if they be not in the way, she flies to her chamber. I can discover no signs of her aversion; but either a fear of falling into the snare of matrimony, or a childish timidity, deprives us of an interview apart, and drives us upon the difficulty of languishing out our lives in fruitless expectation. Now, Mr. Spectator, if you think us ripe for economy, persuade the dear creature that to pine away into barrenness and deformity, under a mother's shade, is not so honourable, nor does she appear so amiable, as she would in full bloom.

[There is a great deal left out before he concludes.]

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'Your humble servant,  
'NON HARMLESS.'

If this gentleman be really no more than eighteen, I must do him the justice to say, he is the most knowing infant I have yet met with. He does not, I fear, yet understand, that all he thinks of is another woman; therefore, until he has given a further account of himself, the young lady is hereby directed to keep close to her mother.

THE SPECTATOR.

I CANNOT comply with the request in Mr. Trot's letter; but let it go just as it came to my hands for being so familiar with the old gentleman, as rough as he is to him. Since Mr. Trot has an ambition to make him his father-in-law, he ought to treat him with more respect; besides, his style to me might have been more distant than he has thought fit to afford me: moreover, his mistress shall continue in her confinement until he has found out which word in his letter is not rightly spelt.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I SHALL ever own myself your obliged humble servant, for the advice you gave me concerning my dancing; which, unluckily, came too late: for, as I said, I would not leave off capering until I had your opinion of the matter. I was at our famous assembly the day before I received your papers, and there was observed by an old gentleman, who was informed I had a respect for his daughter. He told me I was an insignificant little fellow, and said, that for the future he would take care of his child; so that he did not doubt but to cross my amorous inclinations. The lady is confined to her chamber, and for my part I am ready to hang myself with the thoughts that I have danced myself out of favour with her father. I hope you will pardon the trouble I give; but shall take it for a mighty favour, if you will a little of your advice to put



old dragon, and obtain my mistress. I am once more, sir,

'Yours, Feb. 21, 1711 12.  
'Your obliged humble servant,  
'JOHN TROT.'

'Let me desire you to make what alterations you please, and insert this as soon as possible. Pardon mistakes by haste.'

I NEVER do pardon mistakes by haste  
THE SPECTATOR.

'MR., Feb. 27, 1711 12.  
'PRAY be so kind as to let me know what you esteem to be the chief qualification of a good poet, especially of one who writes plays; and you will very much oblige,

'MR.,  
'Your very humble servant,  
'H. W.'

To be a very well-bred man.  
THE SPECTATOR.

'MR. SPECTATOR,  
'You are to know that I am naturally brave, and love fighting as well as any man in England. This gallant temper of mine makes me extremely delighted with battles on the stage. I give you this trouble to complain to you, that Nicotini refused to grudge me in that part of the opera for which I have most taste. I observe it is become a custom, that whenever any gentleman are particularly pleased with a song, at their crying out "Encore," or "Alles Fells," the performer is so obliging as to sing it over again. I was at the opera the last time Hydasper was performed. At that part of it where the hero engages with the lion, the graceful manner with which he put that terrible monster to death gave me so great a pleasure, and at the same time so just a sense of that gentleman's intrepidity and conduct, that I could not forbear desiring a repetition of it, by crying out "Alles Fells," in a very audible voice; and my friends flatter me that I pronounced those words with a tolerable good accent, considering that was but the third opera I had ever seen in my life. Yet, notwithstanding all this, there was so little regard had to me, that the lion was carried off, and went to bed, without having killed any more that night. Now, sir, pray consider that I did not understand a word of what Mr. Nicotini said to this cruel creature; besides, I have no ear for music; so that, during the long dispute between them, the whole entertainment I had was from my eyes. Why then have not I as much right to have a graceful action repeated as another has a pleasing sound, since he only hears, as I only see, and we neither of us know that there is any reasonable thing a doing? Pray, sir, settle the business of this claim in the audience, and let us know when we may cry, "Alles Fells," "Again, Again," for the future. I am an Englishman, and expect some reason or other to be given me, and perhaps an ordinary one may serve; but I expect your answer.

'I am, sir,  
'Your most humble servant,  
'TORY RETIRE.'

'MR. SPECTATOR, Nov. 27  
'You must give me leave, amongst the rest of your female correspondents, to address you about an affair which has already given you many a speculation; and which, I know, I need not tell you has

had a very happy influence over the adult part of our sex; but as many of us are either too old to learn, or too obstinate in the pursuit of the vanities which have been bred up with us from our infancy, and all of us quitting the stage whilst you are prompting us to act our part well; you ought, methinks, rather to turn your instructions for the benefit of that part of our sex who are yet in their native innocence, and ignorant of the vices and that variety of unhappinesses that reign amongst us.

'I must tell you, Mr. Spectator, that it is as much a part of your office to oversee the education of the female part of the nation as of the male; and to convince the world you are not partial, pray proceed to direct the real-administration of government as successfully as you have exposed that of pedagogues; and rescue our sex from the prejudice and tyranny of education as well as that of your own, who, without your reasonable interposition, are like to improve upon the vices that are now in vogue.

'I who know the dignity of your post as Spectator, and the authority a skillful eye ought to bear in the female world, could not forbear counselling you, and beg your advice in so critical a point, as is that of the education of young gentlewomen. Having already provided myself with a very convenient house in a good air, I am not without hope but that you will promote this generous design. I must further tell you, sir, that all who shall be committed to my conduct, besides the usual accomplishments of the needle, dancing, and the French tongue, shall not fail to be your constant readers. It is therefore my humble petition, that you will entertain the town on this important subject, and so far oblige a stranger, as to raise a curiosity and inquiry in my behalf, by publishing the following advertisement.

'I am, sir,  
'Your constant admirer,  
'H. W.'

#### ADVERTISEMENT.

The boarding-school for young gentlemen, which was formerly kept on Allie-End-Green, being laid down, there is now one set up almost opposite to it, at the Two Golden Balls, and much more convenient in every respect; where, besides the common instructions given to young gentlemen, they will be taught the whole art of poetry and preserving, with whatever may render them accomplished. Those who please to make trial of the vigilance and ability of the persons concerned, may inquire at the Two Golden Balls on Allie-End-Green, near Hoxney, where they will receive further satisfaction.

This is to give notice, that the Spectator has taken upon him to be visitor of all boarding-schools where young women are educated; and designs to proceed in the said office after the same manner that the visitors of colleges do in the two famous universities of this land.

All lovers who write to the Spectator, are desired to forbear one expression which is in most of the letters to him, either out of lateness or want of invention, and in true or not above two thousand women to the whole world: viz. 'She has in her all that is valuable in women.'

Nº 315. SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1711-12.

*Nec deus interit, nisi dignus vindice nodus  
Inciderit*—

HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 191.

Never presume to make a god appear,  
But for a business worthy of a god.

ROSCOMMON.

HORACE advises a poet to consider thoroughly the nature and force of his genius. Milton seems to have known perfectly well wherein his strength lay, and has therefore chosen a subject entirely conformable to those talents of which he was master. As his genius was wonderfully turned to the sublime, his subject is the noblest that could have entered into the thoughts of man. Every thing that is truly great and astonishing has a place in it. The whole system of the intellectual world; the chaos, and the creation; heaven, earth, and hell; enter into the constitution of his poem.

Having in the first and second books represented the infernal world with all its horrors, the thread of his fable naturally leads him into the opposite regions of bliss and glory.

If Milton's majesty forsakes him any where, it is in those parts of his poem where the divine persons are introduced as speakers. One may, I think, observe, that the author proceeds with a kind of fear and trembling, whilst he describes the sentiments of the Almighty. He dares not give his imagination its full play, but chooses to confine himself to such thoughts as are drawn from the books of the most orthodox divines, and to such expressions as may be met with in scripture. The beauties, therefore, which we are to look for in these speeches, are not of a poetical nature, nor so proper to fill the mind with sentiments of grandeur, as with thoughts of devotion. The passions, which they are designed to raise, are, a divine love and religious fear. The particular beauty of the speeches in the third book, consists in that shortness and perspicuity of style, in which the poet has conched the greatest mysteries of Christianity, and drawn together, in a regular scheme, the whole dispensation of Providence with respect to man. He has represented all the abstruse doctrines of predestination, free-will and grace, as also the great points of incarnation and redemption, (which naturally grow up in a poem that treats of the fall of man) with great energy of expression, and in a clearer and stronger light than I ever met with in any other writer. As these points are dry in themselves to the generality of readers, the concise and clear manner in which he has treated them is very much to be admired, as is likewise that particular art which he has made use of in the interspersing of all those graces of poetry which the subject was capable of receiving.

The survey of the whole creation, and of every thing that is transacted in it, is a prospect worthy of Omniscience, and as much above that in which Virgil has drawn his Jupiter, as the Christian idea of the Supreme Being is more rational and sublime than that of the heathens. The particular objects on which he is described to have cast his eye, are represented in the most beautiful and lively manner:

'Now had th' Almighty Father from above  
(From the pure Empt'ryan where he sits  
High thron'd above all height) bent down his eye,  
His own works and their works at once to view.'

About him all the sanctities of heav'n  
Stood thick as stars, and from his sight receiv'd  
Beatitude past utterance. On his right  
The radiant image of his glory sat,  
His only Son. On earth he first beheld  
Our two first parents, yet the only two  
Of mankind, in the happy garden plac'd,  
Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love;  
Uninterrupted joy, unrival'd love,  
In blissful solitude. He then survey'd  
Hell and the gulf between, and Satan there  
Coasting the wall of heav'n on this side night,  
In the *dark air* sublime; and ready now  
To stoop with wearied wings and willing feet  
On the bare outside of this world, that seem'd  
Firm land imbosom'd without firmament;  
Uncertain which, in ocean, or in air.  
Him God beholding from his prospect high,  
Wherein past, present, future he beholds,  
Thus to his only Son foreseeing spake.

Satan's approach to the confines of the creation is finely imaged in the beginning of the speech which immediately follows. The effects of this speech in the blessed spirits, and in the divine person to whom it was address'd, cannot but fill the mind of the reader with a secret pleasure and complacency:

'Thus while God spake, ambrosial fragrance fill'd  
All heav'n, and in the blessed spirits elect  
Sense of new joy ineffable diffus'd.  
Beyond compare the Son of God was seen  
Most glorious; in him all his Father shone  
Substantially express'd; and in his face  
Divine compassion visibly appear'd,  
Love without end, and without measure grace.'

I need not point out the beauty of that circumstance wherein the whole host of Angels are represented as standing mute; nor show how proper the occasion was to produce such a silence in heaven. The close of this divine colloquy, with the hymn of angels that follows upon it, are so wonderfully beautiful and poetical, that I should not forbear inserting the whole passage, if the bounds of my paper would give me leave:

'No sooner had th' Almighty ceas'd, but all  
The multitude of angels with a shout  
(Loud as from numbers without number, sweet  
As from blest voices) uttering joy, heav'n rung  
With jubilee, and loud Hosannas fill'd  
Th' eternal regions, &c. &c.'

Satan's walk upon the outside of the universe, which at a distance appeared to him of a globular form, but upon his nearer approach looked like an unbounded plain, is natural and noble: as his roaming upon the frontiers of the creation between that mass of matter, which was wrought into a world, and that shapeless unformed heap of materials, which still lay in chaos and confusion, strikes the imagination with something astonishingly great and wild. I have before spoken of the Limbo of Vanity, which the poet places upon this outermost surface of the universe, and shall here explain myself more at large on that, and other parts of the poem, which are of the same shadowy nature.

Aristotle observes, that the fable of an epic poem should abound in circumstances that are both credible and astonishing; or, as the French critics choose to phrase it, the fable should be filled with the probable and the marvellous. This rule is as fine and just as any in Aristotle's whole Art of Poetry.

If the fable is only probable, it differs nothing from a true history; if it is only marvellous, it is no better than a romance. The great secret, therefore, of heroic poetry is, to relate such circumstances as may produce in the reader at the same time both belief and astonishment. This is brought

to pass in a well-chosen fable, by the account of such things as have really happened, or at least of such things as have happened according to the received opinions of mankind. Milton's fable is a masterpiece of this nature; as the war in heaven, the condition of the fallen angels, the state of innocence, the temptation of the serpent, and the fall of man, though they are very astonishing in themselves, are not only credible, but actual points of faith.

The next method of reconciling miracles with credibility, is by a happy invention of the poet; as in particular, when he introduces agents of a superior nature, who are capable of effecting what is wonderful, and what is not to be met with in the ordinary course of things. Ulysses' ship being turned into a rock, and Æneas's fleet into a shoal of water-nymphs, though they are very surprising accidents, are nevertheless probable, when we are told, that they were the gods who thus transformed them. It is this kind of machinery which fills the poems both of Homer and Virgil with such circumstances as are wonderful but not impossible, and so frequently produce in the reader the most pleasing passion that can rise in the mind of man, which is admiration. If there be any instance to the Æneid liable to exception upon this account, it is in the beginning of the third book, where Æneas is represented as tearing up the myrtle that dropped blood. To qualify this wonderful circumstance, Polydorus tells a story from the root of the myrtle, that the barbarous inhabitants of the country having pierced him with spears and arrows, the wood which was left in his body took root in his wounds, and gave birth to that bleeding tree. This circumstance seems to have the marvellous without the probable, because it is represented as proceeding from natural causes, without the interposition of any God, or other supernatural power capable of producing it. The spears and arrows grow of themselves without so much as the modern help of enchantment. If we look into the fiction of Milton's fable, though we find it full of surprising incidents, they are generally suited to our notions of the things and persons described, and tempered with a due measure of probability. I must only make an exception to the Limbo of Vanity, with his episode of Sin and Death, and some of the imaginary persons in his chaos. These passages are astonishing, but not credible; the reader cannot so far suppose upon himself as to see a possibility in them; they are the description of dreams and shadows, not of things or persons. I know that many critics look upon the stories of Circe, Polyphemus, the Sirens, nay, the whole *Odyssey* and *Iliad*, to be allegories; but allowing this to be true, they are fables, which, considering the opinions of mankind that prevailed in the age of the poet, might possibly have been according to the letter. The persons are such as might have acted what is ascribed to them, as the circumstances in which they are represented, might possibly have been truths and realities. This appearance of probability is so absolutely requisite in the greater kinds of poetry, that Aristotle observes the ancient tragic writers made use of the names of such great men as had actually lived in the world, though the tragedy proceeded upon adventures they were never engaged in, on purpose to make the subject more credible. In a word, besides the hidden meaning of an epic allegory, the plain literal sense ought to appear probable. The story should be such as an ordinary reader may acquiesce in, what-

ever natural, moral, or political truth may be discovered in it by men of greater penetration.

Satan, after having long wandered upon the surface, or outward wall of the universe, discovers at last a wide gap in it, which led into the creation, and is described as the opening through which the angels pass to and fro into the lower world, upon their errands to mankind. His sitting upon the brink of this passage, and taking a survey of the whole face of nature that appeared to him new and fresh in all its beauties, with the stalle illustrating this circumstance, fills the mind of the reader with as surprising and glorious an idea as any that arises in the whole poem. He looks down into that vast hollow of the universe with the eye, or (as Milton calls it in his first book) with the ken of an angel. He surveys all the wonders in this immense amphitheatre that lie between both the poles of heaven, and takes in at one view the whole round of the creation.

His flight between the several worlds that shined on every side of him, with the particular description of the sun, are set forth in all the wasteness of a luxuriant imagination. His shape, speech, and behaviour, upon his transforming himself into an angel of light, are touched with exquisite beauty. The poet's thought of directing Satan to the sun, which, in the vulgar opinion of mankind, is the most conspicuous part of the creation, and the placing in it an angel, is a circumstance very finely contrived, and the more adjusted to a poetical probability, as it was a received doctrine among the most famous philosophers, that every orb had its intelligence; and as an apostle is sacred writ is said to have seen such an angel in the sun. In the answer which this angel returns to the disguised evil spirit, there is such a becoming majesty as is altogether suitable to a superior being. The part of it in which he represents himself as present at the creation, is very noble in itself, and not only proper where it is introduced, but requisite to prepare the reader for what follows in the seventh book:

'I saw when at his word the formless mass,  
This world's material mould, came to a heap;  
Confusion heard his voice, and wild uproar  
Beneath him stood vast indigested matter;  
Till on his word began to sort, and form,  
Light, dark, &c.'

In the following part of the speech he points out the earth with such circumstances, that the reader can scarce forbear fancying himself employed on the same distant view of it:

'Look downward on the globe whose hither side  
With light from thence, tho' but reflected, shines;  
That place is earth, the seat of man, that light  
His day, &c.'

I must not conclude my reflections upon this third book of *Paradise Lost*, without taking notice of that celebrated complaint of Milton with which it opens, and which certainly deserves all the praises that have been given it; though, as I have before blotted, it may rather be looked upon as an excrescence, than as an essential part of the poem. The same observation might be applied to that beautiful digression upon hypocrisy in the same book.

ADDISON.

L.

Nº 316. MONDAY, MARCH 3, 1711-12.

*Libertas quæ sera, tamen respicit incertem.*

VIRG. Ecl. l. ver. 28.

Freedom; which came at length, tho' slow to come.  
DRYDEN.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'IF you ever read a letter which is sent with the more pleasure for the reality of its complaints, this may have reason to hope for a favourable acceptance; and if time be the most irretrievable loss, the regrets which follow will be thought, I hope, the most justifiable. The regaining of my liberty from a long state of indolence and inactivity, and the desire of resisting the further encroachment of idleness, make me apply to you; and the uneasiness with which I recollect the past years, and the apprehensions, with which I expect the future, soon determined me to it. Idleness is so general a distemper, that I cannot but imagine a speculation on this subject will be of universal use. There is hardly any one person without some allay of it; and thousands besides myself spend more time in an idle uncertainty which to begin first of two affairs, than would have been sufficient to have ended them both. The occasion of this seems to be the want of some necessary employment, to put the spirits in motion, and awaken them out of their lethargy. If I had less leisure, I should have more; for I should then find my time distinguished into portions, some for business, and others for the indulging of pleasures; but now one face of indolence overspreads the whole, and I have no landmark to direct myself by. Were one's time a little straitened by business, like water inclosed in its banks, it would have some determined course; but unless it be put into some channel it has no current, but becomes a deluge without either use or motion.

'When Scanderbeg, prince of Epirus, was dead, the Turks, who had but too often felt the force of his arm in the battles he had won from them, imagined that by wearing a piece of his bones near their heart, they should be animated with a vigour and force like to that which inspired him when living. As I am like to be but of little use whilst I live, I am resolved to do what good I can after my decease; and have accordingly ordered my bones to be disposed of in this manner for the good of my countrymen, who are troubled with too exorbitant a degree of fire. All fox-hunters upon wearing me, would in a short time be brought to endure their beds in a morning, and perhaps even quit them with regret at ten. Instead of hurrying away to tease a poor animal, and run away from their own thoughts, a chair or a chariot would be thought the most desirable means of performing a remove from one place to another. I should be a cure for the unnatural desire of John Trot for dancing, and a specific to lessen the inclination Mrs. Fidget has to motion, and cause her always to give her approbation to the present place she is in. In fine, no Egyptian mummy was ever half so useful in physic, as I should be to these feverish constitutions, to repress the violent sallies of youth, and give each action its proper weight and repose.

'I can stifle any violent inclination, and oppose a torrent of anger, or the solicitations of revenge, with success. But indolence is a stream which flows slowly on, but yet undermines the founda-

tion of every virtue. A vice of a more lively nature were a more desirable tyrant than this rust of the mind, which gives a tincture of its nature to every action of one's life. It were as little hazard to be tossed in a storm, as to lie thus perpetually becalmed: and it is to no purpose to have within one the seeds of a thousand good qualities, if we want the vigour and resolution necessary for the exerting them. Death brings all persons back to an equality; and this image of it, this slumber of the mind, leaves no difference between the greatest genius and the meanest understanding. A faculty of doing things remarkably praiseworthy, thus concealed, is of no more use to the owner, than a heap of gold to the man who dares not use it.

'To-morrow is still the fatal time when all is to be rectified. To-morrow comes, it goes, and still I please myself with the shadow, whilst I lose the reality; unmindful that the present time alone is ours, the future is yet unborn, and the past is dead, and can only live (as parents in their children) in the actions it has produced.

'The time we live ought not to be computed by the number of years, but by the use that has been made of it; thus it is not the extent of ground, but the yearly rent which gives the value to the estate. Wretched and thoughtless creatures, in the only place where covetousness were a virtue, we turn prodigals! Nothing lies upon our hands with such uneasiness, nor has there been so many devices for any one thing, as to make it slide away imperceptibly and to no purpose. A shilling shall be hoarded up with care, whilst that which is above the price of an estate, is flung away with disregard and contempt. There is nothing now-a-days so much avoided, as a solicitous improvement of every part of time; it is a report must be shunned as one tenders the name of a wit and a fine genius, and as one fears the dreadful character of a laborious plodder: but notwithstanding this, the greatest wits any age has produced thought far otherwise; for who can think either Socrates or Demosthenes lost any reputation, by their continual pains both in overcoming the defects, and improving the gifts of nature. All are acquainted with the labour and assiduity with which Tully acquired his eloquence. Seneca in his letters to Lucilius assures him, there was not a day in which he did not either write something, or read and epitomize some good author; and I remember Pliny in one of his letters, where he gives an account of the various methods he used to fill up every vacancy of time, after several employments which he enumerates; "sometimes," says he, "I hunt: but even then I carry with me a pocket-book, that whilst my servants are busied in disposing of the nets and other matters, I may be employed in something that may be useful to me in my studies; and that if I miss of my game, I may at the least bring home some of my own thoughts with me, and not have the mortification of having caught nothing all day."

'Thus, sir, you see how many examples I recall to mind, and what arguments I use with myself, to regain my liberty: but as I am afraid it is no ordinary persuasion that will be of service, I shall expect your thoughts on this subject with the greatest impatience, especially since the good will not be confined to me alone, but will be of universal use. For there is no hopes of amendment where men are pleased with their ruin, and whilst they think laziness is a virtue; it be that they like  
f, 20-4

think it gives them a new lustre when they do exert themselves, seemingly to be able to do that without labour and application, which others attain to but with the greatest diligence.

I am, SIR,

Your most obliged humble servant,  
SAMUEL SLACK.

CLYLANDER TO CLEONE.

MADAM,

PERMISSION to love you is all that I desire, to conquer all the difficulties those about you place in my way, to surmount and acquire all those qualifications you expect in him who pretends to the honour of being,

MADAM,

Your most humble servant,  
CLYLANDER.

[The Author unknown.]

N<sup>o</sup> 317. TUESDAY, MARCH 4, 1711-12.

——— *Proper contrivances used.*

HOR. Ep. 2. l. l. ver 37

——— *How to drink and eat.*  
CURECH.

Augustus, a few moments before his death, asked his friends who stood about him, if they thought he had acted his part well; and upon receiving such an answer as was due to his extraordinary merit, 'Let me, then,' says he, 'go off the stage with your applause!' using the expressions with which the Roman actors made their exit at the conclusion of a dramatic piece\*. I could wish that men, while they are in health, would consider well the nature of the part they are engaged in, and what figure it will make in the minds of those they leave behind them; whether it was worth coming into the world for; whether it be suitable to a reasonable being; in short, whether it appears graceful in this life, or will turn to an advantage in the next. Let the sycophant or buffoon, the satirist or the good companion, consider with himself, when his body shall be laid in the grave, and his soul pass into another state of existence, how much it would redound to his praise to have it said of him, that no man in England ate better, that he had an admirable talent at turning his friends into ridicule, that nobody outdid him at an ill-entured jest, or that he never went to bed before he had dispatched his third bottle. These are, however, very common funeral orations, and eulogies on deceased persons who have acted among mankind with some figure and reputation.

But if we look into the bulk of our species, they are such as are not likely to be remembered a moment after their disappearance. They leave behind them no traces of their existence, but are forgotten as though they had never been. They are neither wanted by the poor, regretted by the rich, nor celebrated by the learned. They are neither valued to the commonwealth, nor lamented by private persons. Their actions are of no significance to mankind, and might have been performed by creatures of much less dignity than those who are distinguished by the faculty of reason. An eminent French author speaks somewhere to the following

purpose: I have often seen from my chamber window two noble creatures, both of them of an erect countenance and endowed with reason. These two intellectual beings are employed from morning to night, in rubbing two smooth stones one upon another; that is, as the vulgar phrase is, in polishing marble.

My friend, Sir Andrew Freepart, as we were sitting in the club last night, gave us an account of a sober citizen, who died a few days since. This honest man being of greater consequence in his own thoughts, than in the eye of the world, had for some years past kept a Journal of his life. Sir Andrew showed us one week of it. Since the occurrences set down in it mark out such a road of action as that I have been speaking of, I shall present my reader with a faithful copy of it; after having first informed him, that the deceased person had in his youth been bred to trade, but finding himself not so well turned for business, he had for several years last past lived altogether upon a moderate annuity.

MONDAY, eight o'clock. I put on my clothes, and walked into the parlour.

Nine o'clock ditta. Tied my knee-strings, and washed my hands.

Ten, eleven, and twelve. Soaked three pipes at Virginia. Read the Supplement and Daily Courant. Things go ill in the north. Mr. Nisby's opinion thereupon.

One o'clock in the afternoon. Child Ralph for mislaying my tobacco-box.

Two o'clock. Sat down to dinner. Mm. Too many plums, and no sweet.

From three to four. Took my afternoon's nap.

From four to six. Walked into the Fields. Wind S.S.E.

From six to ten. At the club. Mr. Nisby's opinion about the peace.

Ten o'clock. Went to bed, slept sound.

TUESDAY, being holiday, eight o'clock. Rose as usual.

Nine o'clock. Washed hands and face, shaved, put on my double-coated shirt.

Ten, eleven, twelve. Took a walk to Islington.

One. Took a pot of mother Cob's mild.

Between two and three. Returned, dined on a knuckle of veal and bacon. Mm. Sprouts waiting.

Three. Nap as usual.

From four to six. Coffee-house. Read the news. A dish of twist; Grand Visier straggled.

From six to ten. At the club. Mr. Nisby's account of the Great Turk.

Ten. Dream of the Grand Visier. Broken sleep.

WEDNESDAY, eight o'clock. Tugue at my shoe-buckle brake. Hands hot not face.

Nine. Paid off the butcher's bill. Mm. To be allowed for the last leg of mutton.

Ten, eleven. At the coffee-house. Here work in the north. Stranger in a black wig asked me how stocks went.

From twelve to one. Walked in the Fields. Wind to the south.

From one to two. Smoked a pipe and a half.

Two. Dined as usual. Stomach good.

Three. Nap broke by the falling of a pewter dish. Mm. Cook-maid in love, and grown careless.

From four to six. At the coffee-house. Advice

\* For *vallets et plaudite*.—See the final note to the "Andria," in Cocker's Terence.

from Smyrna that the Grand Visier was first of all strangled, and afterwards beheaded.

Six o'clock in the evening. Was half an hour in the club before any body else came. Mr. Nisby of opinion that the Grand Visier was not strangled the sixth instant.

Ten at night. Went to bed. Slept without waking until nine the next morning.

THURSDAY, nine o'clock. Staid within until two o'clock for Sir Timothy; who did not bring me my annuity according to his promise.

Two in the afternoon. Sat down to dinner. Loss of appetite. Small-beer sour. Beef overcooked.

Three. Could not take my nap.

Four and five. Gave Ralph a box on the ear. Turned off my cook-maid. Sent a messenger to Sir Timothy. Mem. I did not go to the club tonight. Went to bed at nine o'clock.

FRIDAY. Passed the morning in meditation upon Sir Timothy, who was with me a quarter before twelve.

Twelve o'clock. Bought a new head to my cane, and a tongue to my buckle. Drank a glass of purl to recover appetite.

Two and three. Dined and slept well.

From four to six. Went to the coffee-house. Met Mr. Nisby there. Smoked several pipes. Mr. Nisby of opinion that laced coffee is bad for the head.

Six o'clock. At the club as steward. Sat late.

Twelve o'clock. Went to bed, dreamt that I drank small beer with the Grand Visier.

SATURDAY. Waked at eleven, walked in the fields. Wind N.E.

Twelve. Caught in a shower.

One in the afternoon. Returned home and dried myself.

Two. Mr. Nisby dined with me. First course, marrow-bones; second, ox-cheek, with a bottle of Brooks and Hellier.

Three o'clock. Overslept myself.

Six. Went to the club. Like to have fallen into a gutter. Grand Visier certainly dead, &c.

I question not but the reader will be surprised to find the above-mentioned journalist taking so much care of a life that was filled with such inconsiderable actions, and received so very small improvements; and yet if we look into the behaviour of many whom we daily converse with, we shall find that most of our hours are taken up in those three important articles of eating, drinking, and sleeping. I do not suppose that a man loses his time, who is not engaged in public affairs, or in an illustrious course of action. On the contrary, I believe our hours may very often be more profitably laid out in such transactions as make no figure in the world, than in such as are apt to draw upon them the attention of mankind. One may become wiser and better by several methods of employing one's self in secrecy and silence, and do what is laudable without noise or ostentation. I would, however, recommend to every one of my readers, the keeping a journal of their lives for one week, and setting down punctually their whole series of employments during that space of time. This kind of self-examination would give them a true state of themselves, and incline them to consider seriously what they are about. One day would rectify the omissions of another, and make a man weigh all

those indifferent actions, which, though they are easily forgotten, must certainly be accounted for.

ADDISON.

L.

Nº 318. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 5, 1711-12.

*non omnia possumus omnes.*

VIRG. Ecl. viii. ver. 63.

With different talents form'd, we variously excel.

MR. SPECTATOR,

A CERTAIN vice which you have lately attacked, has not yet been considered by you as growing so deep in the heart of man, that the affectation outlives the practice of it. You must have observed, that men who have been bred in arms preserve to the most extreme and feeble old age a certain daring in their aspect. In like manner, they who have passed their time in gallantry and adventure, keep up, as well as they can, the appearance of it, and carry a petulant inclination to their last moments. Let this serve for a preface to a relation I am going to give you of an old beau in town, that has not only been amorous, and a follower of women in general, but also, in spite of the admonition of grey hairs, been from his sixty-third year to his present seventieth, in an actual pursuit of a young lady, the wife of his friend, and a man of merit. The gay old Escalus has wit, good health, and is perfectly well-bred; but from the fashion and manners of the court when he was in his bloom, has such a natural tendency to amorous adventure, that he thought it would be an endless reproach to him to make no use of a familiarity he was allowed at a gentleman's house, whose good-humour and confidence exposed his wife to the addresses of any who should take it in their head to do him the good office. It is not impossible that Escalus might also resent that the husband was particularly negligent of him; and though he gave many intimations of a passion towards the wife, the husband either did not see them, or put him to the contempt of overlooking them. In the mean time Isabella, for so we shall call our heroine, saw his passion, and rejoiced in it as a foundation for much diversion, and an opportunity of indulging herself in the dear delight of being admired, addressed to, and flattered, with no ill consequence to her reputation. This lady is of a free and disengaged behaviour, ever in good humour, such as is the image of innocence with those who are innocent, and an encouragement to vice with those who are abandoned. From this kind of carriage, and an apparent approbation of his gallantry, Escalus had frequent opportunities of laying amorous epistles in her way, of fixing his eyes attentively upon her action, of performing a thousand little offices which are neglected by the unconcerned, but are so many approaches towards happiness with the enamoured. It was now, as is above hinted, almost the end of the seventh year of his passion, when Escalus from general terms, and the ambiguous respect which criminal lovers retain in their addresses, began to say befall that his passion grew too violent for him; he answer any longer for his behaviour towards her, and that he hoped she would have considered for his long and patient respect, to excuse the emotions of a reaction of the months, had he his talk and his

the profusion of kind things which had been the collection of fifty years, with "I must not bear you; you will make me forget that you are a gentleman; I would not willingly lose you as a friend;" and the like expressions, which the skillful interpreter to their own advantage, as well knowing that a feeble denial is a modest ascent. I should have told you, that Isabella, during the whole progress of this amour, communicated it to her husband; and that an account of Escalus's love was their usual entertainment after half a day's absence. Isabella, therefore, upon her lover's late more open assaults, with a smile told her husband she could hold out no longer, but that his fate was now come to a crisis. After she had explained herself a little farther, with her husband's approbation, she proceeded to the following manner: The next time that Escalus was alone with her, and repeated his importunity, the crafty Isabella looked on her fan with an air of great attention, as considering of what importance such a secret was to her; and upon the repetition of a warm expression, she looked at him with an eye of fondness, and told him he was past that time of life which could make her fear he would boast of a lady's favour; then turned away her head, with a very well acted confusion, which favoured the escape of the aged Escalus. This adventure was matter of great gossamer to Isabella and her spouse; and they had enjoyed it two days before Escalus could recollect himself enough to form the following letter:

"MADAM,

"WHAT happened the other day, gives me a lively image of the inconsistency of human passions and inclinations. We pursue what we are denied, and place our affections on what is absent, though we neglected it when present. As long as you refused my love, your refusal did so strongly excite my passion, that I had not once the leisure to think of recalling my reason to aid me against the desire upon your virtue. But when that virtue began to comply in my favour, my reason made an effort over my love, and let me see the baseness of my behaviour in attempting a woman of honour. I own to you, it was not without the most violent struggle, that I gained this victory over myself; nay, I will confess my shame, and acknowledge I could not have prevailed but by flight. However, Madam, I beg that you will believe a woman's weakness has not destroyed the esteem I had for you, which was confirmed by so many years of obstinate virtue. You have reason to rejoice that this did not happen within the observation of one of the young fellows, who would have exposed your weakness, and gloried in his own brutish inclinations.

"I am, MADAM,

"Your most devoted humble servant."

"Isabella, with the help of her husband, returned the following answer:

"SIR,

"I CANNOT but account myself a very happy woman, in having a man for a lover that can write so well, and give so good a turn to a disappointment. Another excellence you have above all other pretenders I ever heard of; on occasions where the most reasonable men lose all their reason, you have yours most powerful. We have each of us to thank our genius, that the passion of one abated in proportion as that of the other grew violent.

Does it not yet come into your head to imagine, that I knew my compliance was the greatest cruelty I could be guilty of towards you? In return for your long and faithful passion, I must let you know that you are old enough to become a little more gravity; but if you will leave me and coquette it any where else, may your mistress yield!

"ISABELLA."

STILL.

T.

N<sup>o</sup> 319. THURSDAY, MARCH 6, 1711-12.

One thousand letters mentioned Protes made for  
FOR. Ep. 1. 1. 1. ver. 20.

What shall can hold this variety Protes fast?  
COUNCIL.

I HAVE endeavoured in the course of my papers to do justice to the age, and have taken care as much as possible to keep myself a neutral between both sexes. I have neither spared the ladies out of complaisance, nor the men out of partiality; but notwithstanding the great integrity with which I have acted in this particular, I find myself taxed with an inclination to favour my own half of the species. Whether it be that the women afford a more fruitful field for speculation, or whether they run more in my head than the men, I cannot tell, but I shall set down the charge as it is laid against me in the following letter:

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"I ALWAYS make one among a company of young females, who pursue your speculations every morning. I am at present commended by our whole assembly to let you know, that we fear you are a little inclined to be partial towards your own sex. We must however acknowledge, with all due gratitude, that in some cases you have given us our revenge on the men, and done us justice. We could not easily have forgiven you several strokes in the direction of the coquette's heart, if you had not, much about the same time, made a sacrifice to us of a brain's wall."

"You may further, sir, please to remember, that not long since you attacked our hoods and com-modes in such manner, as, to me your own expression, made very many of us ashamed to show our heads. We must, therefore, beg leave to represent to you, that we are in hopes, if you would please to make a due inquiry, the men in all ages would be found to have been little less whimsical in adorning that part than ourselves. The different forms of their wigs, together with the various cocks of their hair, all flatter us in this opinion.

"I had an humble servant last summer, who the first time he declared himself was in a full-bottomed wig; but the day after, to my no small surprise, he accosted me to a thin natural one. I received him at this our second interview as a perfect stranger, but was extremely confounded when his speech discovered who he was. I resolved, therefore, to fix his face in my memory for the future; but, as I was walking in the Park the same evening, he appeared to me in one of those wigs that I think you call a night-cap, which had altered him more effectually than before. He afterwards played a couple of black riding-wigs upon me with the same success; and, in short, assumed a new face almost every day in the first month of his courtship.

\* N<sup>o</sup> 311 and 312.

+ N<sup>o</sup> 311.

‘I observed afterwards that the variety of cocks into which he moulded his hat, had not a little contributed to his impositions upon me.

‘Yet, as if all these ways were not sufficient to distinguish their heads, you must doubtless, sir, have observed, that great numbers of young fellows have, for several months last past, taken upon them to wear feathers.

‘We hope, therefore, that these may, with as much justice, be called Indian princes, as you have styled a woman in a coloured hood an Indian queen; and that you will in due time take these airy gentlemen into consideration.

‘We the more earnestly beg that you would put a stop to this practice, since it has already lost us one of the most agreeable members of our society, who, after having refused several good estates, and two titles, was lured from us last week by a mixed feather.

‘I am ordered to present you with the respects of our whole company, and am,

‘SIR,

‘Your very humble servant,

‘DORINDA.

‘*Note.* The person wearing the feather, though our friend took him for an officer in the guards, has proved to be an arrant linen-draper \*.’

I am not now at leisure to give my opinion upon the hat and feather; however, to wipe off the present imputation, and gratify my female correspondent, I shall here print a letter which I lately received from a man of mode, who seems to have a very extraordinary genius in his way.

‘SIR,

‘I PRESUME I need not inform you, that among men of dress it is a common phrase to say, “Mr. Such-a-one has struck a bold stroke;” by which we understand that he is the first man who has had courage enough to lead up a fashion. Accordingly, when our tailors take measure of us, they always demand “whether we will have a plain suit, or strike a bold stroke.” I think I may without vanity say, that I have struck some of the boldest and most successful strokes of any man in Great Britain. I was the first that struck the long pocket about two years since; I was likewise the author of the frosted button, which, when I saw the town came readily into, being resolved to strike while the iron was hot, I produced much about the same time, the scallop flap, the knotted cravat, and made a fair push for the silver-clocked stocking.

‘A few months after I brought up the modish jacket, or the coat with close sleeves. I struck this at first in a plain Doily; but that failing, I struck it a second time in blue camblet; and repeated the stroke in several kinds of cloth, until at last it took effect. There are two or three young fellows at the other end of the town, who have always their eye upon me, and answer me stroke for stroke. I was once so unwary as to mention my fancy in relation to a new-fashioned surtout before one of these gentlemen, who was disingenuous enough to steal my thought, and by that means prevented my intended stroke.

‘I have a design this spring to make very considerable innovations in the waistcoat; and have already begun with a *coup d’essai* upon the sleeves, which has succeeded very well.

‘I must further inform you, if you will promise

\* In the folio edition, the words are, “only an ensign in the Train-bands.”

to encourage, or at least to connive at me, that it is my design to strike such a stroke the beginning of the next month as shall surprise the whole town.

‘I do not think it prudent to acquaint you with all the particulars of my intended dress; but will only tell you as a sample of it, that I shall very speedily appear at White’s in a cherry-coloured hat. I took this hint from the ladies’ hoods, which I look upon as the boldest stroke that sex has struck for these hundred years last past.

‘I am, SIR,

‘Your most obedient,

‘most humble servant,

‘WILL. SPRIGHTLY.’

I have not time at present to make any reflections on this letter, but must not however omit, that having shown it to Will Honeycomb, he desires to be acquainted with the gentleman who writ it.

BUDGELL.

X

Nº 320. FRIDAY, MARCH 7, 1711-12.

——— *non pronuba Juno,  
Non Hymeneus adest, non illi Gratia lecto  
Eumenides stravere torum* ———

OID Met. vi. ver. 428.

Nor Hymen, nor the Graces here preside,  
Nor Juno, to befriend the blooming bride;  
But fiends with fun’ral brands the process led,  
And furies waited at the genial bed.

CROXAL.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘You have given many hints in your papers to the disadvantage of persons of your own sex, who lay plots upon women. Among other hard words you have published the term “Male Coquets,” and been very severe upon such as give themselves the liberty of a little dalliance of heart, and playing fast and loose between love and indifference, until perhaps an easy young girl is reduced to sighs, dreams, and tears; and languishes away her life for a careless coxcomb, who looks astonished, and wonders at such an effect from what in him was all but common civility. Thus you have treated the men who are irresolute in marriage; but if you design to be impartial, pray be so honest as to print the information I now give you, of a certain set of women who never coquette for the matter, but, with an high hand, marry whom they please to whom they please. As for my part, I should not have concerned myself with them, but that I understand I am pitched upon by them to be married, against my will, to one I never saw in my life. It has been my misfortune, sir, very innocently, to rejoice in a plentiful fortune, of which I am master, to bespeak a fine chariot, to give directions for two or three handsome snuff-boxes, and as many suits of fine clothes; but before any of these were ready, I heard reports of my being to be married to two or three different young women. Upon my taking notice of it to a young gentleman who is often in my company, he told me, smiling, I was in the inquisition. You may believe I was not a little startled at what he meant, and more so when he asked me if I had bespoke any thing of late that was fine. I told him, several; upon which he produced a description of my person, from the tradesmen whom I had employed, and told me, that they had certainly informed against me. Mr. Spectator, whatever the world may think of me, I am more coxcomb than fool, and I grew very in . . . upon . . .



not a little pleased with the novelty. My friend told me, there were a certain set of women of fashion, whereof the number of six made a committee, who sat thrice a week, under the title of "The Inquisition on Bachelors and Bachelors." It seems, whenever there comes such an unthinking gay thing as myself to town, he must want all manner of necessities, or be put into the Inquisition by the first tradesman he employs. They have constant intelligence with cane-shops, perfumers, toymen, coach-makers, and china-bowlers. From these several places these undertakers for marriages have as constant and regular correspondence, as the funeral men have with vintners and apothecaries. All bachelors are under their immediate inspection, and my friend produced to me a report given in to their board, wherein an old uncle of mine, who came to town with me, and myself, were inserted, and we stood there: the uncle smoky, rotten, poor; the nephew raw, but no fool; sound at present, very rich. My information did not end here; but my friend's advices are so good, that he could show me a copy of the letter sent to the young lady who is to have me; which I enclose to you:

"MADAM,

"THIS is to let you know, that you are to be married to a beau that comes out on Thursday, six in the evening. Be at the Park. You cannot but know a virgin fop; they have a mind to look saucy, but are out of countenance. The board has denied him to several good families. I wish you joy.

"CORIUS."

What makes my correspondent's case the more deplorable is, that as I find by the report from my censor of marriages, the friend he speaks of is employed by the Inquisition to take him in, as the phrase is. After all that is told him, he has information only of one woman that is laid for him, and that the wrong one; for the lady commissioners have devoted him to another than the person against whom they have employed their agent his friend to alarm him. The plot is laid so well about this young gentleman, that he has no friend to retire to, no place to appear in, no part of the kingdom to fly into, but he must fall into the notice, and be subject to the power of the Inquisition. They have their emissaries and substitutes in all parts of this united kingdom. The first step they usually take is, to find from a correspondence, by their messengers and whisperers, with some domestic of the bachelor (who is to be hunted into the tells they have laid for him), what are his manners, his familiarities, his good qualities, or vices; not as the good to him is a recommendation, or the ill a diminution, but as they affect to contribute to the main inquiry, what estate he has in him. When this point is well reported to the board, they can take in a wild roaring fox-hunter, as easily as a soft, gentle young fop of the town. The way is, to make all places uneasy to him, but the acres in which they have allotted him to act. His brother-in-law, his friends, his companions, his fraternity of fops, shall be brought into the conspiracy against him. Then this matter is so laid in so barefaced a manner before him as to have it intimated, Mrs. Such-a-one would make him a very proper wife; but by the force of their correspondence they shall make it (as Mr. Waller said of the marriage of the dwarfs) an impracticable to have any woman beside her they design him, as it would have been in Adam to have refused Eve. The man named by

the commission for Mrs. Such-a-one, shall neither be in fashion, nor dare ever to appear in company, should he attempt to evade their determination.

The female sex wholly govern domestic life; and by this means, when they think fit, they can sow dissensions between the dearest friends, may make father and son irreconcilable enemies, in spite of all the ties of gratitude on one part, and the duty of protection to be paid on the other. The ladies of the Inquisition understand this perfectly well; and where love is not a motive to a man's choosing one whom they allot, they can, with very much art, impute stories to the disadvantage of his beauty or courage, till the creature is too much deprived to bear up against a general ill reception which he every where meets with, and in due time falls into their appointed wedlock for shelter. I have a long letter, bearing date the fourth instant, which gives me a large account of the policies of this court; and find there is now before them a very refractory person, who has escaped all their machinations for two years last past; but they have prevented two successive matches which were of his own inclination; the one by a report that his mistress was to be married, and the very day appointed, wedding-clothes bought, and all things ready for her being given to another; the second time by insinuating to all his mistress's friends and acquaintance, that he had been false to several other women, and the like. The poor man is now reduced to profess he designs to lead a single life; but the Inquisition give out to all his acquaintance, that nothing is intended but the gentleman's own welfare and happiness. When this is urged, he talks still more humbly, and protests he aims only at a life without pain or reproach; pleasure, honour, and riches, are things for which he has no taste. But notwithstanding all this, and what else he may defend himself with, as that the lady is too old or too young; of a suitable humour, or the quite contrary; and that it is impossible they can ever do other than wrangle from June to January, every body tells him all this is spleen, and he must have a wife; while all the members of the Inquisition are unanimous in a certain woman for him, and they think they all together are better able to judge than he, or any other private person whatsoever.

"MR,

Temple, March 3, 1711.

"YOUR speculation this day\* on the subject of idleness has employed me, ever since I read it, in sorrowful reflections on my having lattered away the term (or rather the vacation) of ten years in this place, and unhappily suffered a good chamber and study to lie idle as long. My books (except those I have taken to sleep upon) have been totally neglected, and my Lord Coke and other venerable authors were never so slighted in their lives. I spend most of the day at a neighbouring coffee-house, where we have what I may call a lazy club. We generally come in night-gowns, with our stockings about our heels, and sometimes but one on. Our salutation at entrance is a yawn and a stretch, and then without more ceremony we take our place at the left-hand-table, where our discourse is, what I fear you would not read out, therefore shall not insert. But I assure you, Mr. I heartily lament this loss of time, and am now resolved (if possible, with double diligence) to retrieve it, being effectively awakened by the arguments of Mr. Black, out of the senseless stupidity

that has so long possessed me. And to demonstrate that penitence accompanies my confession, and constancy my resolutions, I have locked my door for a year, and desire you would let my companions know I am not within.

'I am with great respect,

'SIR,

'Your most obedient servant,

'N. B.

T.

STEELE.

N<sup>o</sup> 321. SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1711-12.

*Nec satis est pulchra esse poemata, dulcia sunt.*  
OVID. Ars Poet. ver. 99.

'Tis not enough a poem's finely writ;  
It must affect and captivate the soul.

THOSE, who know how many volumes have been written on the poems of Homer and Virgil, will easily pardon the length of my discourse upon Milton. The *Paradise Lost* is looked upon by the best judges, as the greatest production, or at least the noblest work of genius in our language, and therefore deserves to be set before an English reader in its full beauty. For this reason, though I have endeavoured to give a general idea of its graces and imperfections in my six-first papers, I thought myself obliged to bestow one upon every book in particular. The first three books I have already dispatched, and am now entering upon the fourth. I need not acquaint my reader that there are multitudes of beauties in this great author, especially in the descriptive parts of this poem, which I have not touched upon, it being my intention to point out those only which appear to me the most exquisite, or those which are not so obvious to ordinary readers. Every one that has read the critics who have written upon the *Odyssey*, the *Iliad*, and the *Æneid*, knows very well, that though they agree in their opinions of the great beauties in those poems, they have nevertheless each of them discovered several master-strokes, which have escaped the observation of the rest. In the same manner, I question not but any writer, who shall treat of this subject after me, may find several beauties in Milton, which I have not taken notice of. I must likewise observe, that as the greatest masters of critical learning differ among one another, as to some particular points in an epic poem, I have not bound myself scrupulously to the rules which any one of them has laid down upon that art, but have taken the liberty sometimes to join with one, and sometimes with another, and sometimes to differ from all of them, when I have thought that the reason of the thing was on my side.

We may consider the beauties of the fourth book under three heads. In the first are those pictures of still-life, which we meet with in the description of Eden, Paradise, Adam's Bower, &c. In the next are the machines, which comprehend the speeches and behaviour of the good and bad angels. In the last is the conduct of Adam and Eve, who are the principal actors in the poem.

In the description of Paradise, the poet has observed Aristotle's rule of lavishing all the ornaments of diction on the weak unactive parts of the fable, which are not supported by the beauty of sentiments and characters. Accordingly the reader may observe, that the expressions are more florid

and elaborate in these descriptions, than in most other parts of the poem. I must further add, that though the drawings of gardens, rivers, rain-bows, and the like dead pieces of nature, are justly censured in an heroic poem, when they run out into an unnecessary length; the description of Paradise would have been faulty, had not the poet been very particular in it, not only as it is the scene of the principal action, but as it is requisite to give us an idea of that happiness from which our first parents fell. The plan of it is wonderfully beautiful, and formed upon the short sketch which we have of it in holy writ. Milton's exuberance of imagination has poured forth such a redundancy of ornaments on this seat of happiness and innocence, that it would be endless to point out each particular.

I must not quit this head without further observing, that there is scarce a speech of Adam or Eve in the whole poem, wherein the sentiments and allusions are not taken from this their delightful habitation. The reader, during their whole course of action, always finds himself in the walks of Paradise. In short, as the critics have remarked, that in those poems wherein shepherds are actors, the thoughts ought always to take a tincture from the woods, fields, and rivers, so we may observe, that our first parents seldom lose sight of their happy station in any thing they speak or do; and, if the reader will give me leave to use the expression, that their thoughts are always 'Paradisiacal.'

We are in the next place to consider the machines of the fourth book. Satan being now within prospect of Eden, and looking round upon the glories of the creation, is filled with sentiments different from those which he discovered whilst he was in hell. The place inspires him with thoughts more adapted to it. He reflects upon the happy condition from whence he fell, and breaks forth into a speech that is softened with several transient touches of remorse and self-accusation: but at length he confirms himself in impenitence, and in his design of drawing man into his own state of guilt and misery. This conflict of passions is raised with a great deal of art, as the opening of his speech to the sun is very bold and noble:

'O thou that, with surpassing glory crown'd,  
Look'st from thy sole dominion like the god  
Of this new world; at whose sight all the stars  
Hide their diminish'd heads: to thee I call,  
But with no friendly voice; and add thy name,  
O Sun! to tell thee how I hate thy beams,  
That bring to my remembrance from what state,  
I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere.'

This speech is, I think, the finest that is ascribed to Satan in the whole poem. The evil spirit afterwards proceeds to make his discoveries concerning our first parents, and to learn after what manner they may be best attacked. His bounding over the walls of Paradise; his sitting in the shape of a cornucopia upon the tree of life, which stood in the centre of it, and overtopped all the other trees of the garden; his alighting among the herd of animals, which are so beautifully represented as playing about Adam and Eve, together with his transforming himself into different shapes, in order to hear their conversation; are circumstances that give an agreeable surprise to the reader, and are devised with great art, to connect that series of adventures in which the poet has engaged this artificer of fraud.

The thought of Satan's  
a cornucopia, and place

formation of a  
the

serms raised upon that passage to the *Iliad*, where two deities are described as perching on the top of an oak in the shape of vultures.

His planting himself at the ear of Eve under the form of a toad, in order to produce vain dreams and imaginations, is a circumstance of the same nature; as his starting up in his own form is wonderfully fine, both in the literal description, and in the moral which is couched under it. His answer upon his being discovered, and demanded to give an account of himself, is conformable to the pride and intrepidity of his character:

'Know ye not then,' said Satan, bliv'd with scorn,  
'Knew ye not me?' Ye knew me once no mate  
For you, there sitting where you durst not see;  
Not to know me, strove yourselves unknown,  
The lowest of your throng.—

Zephon's release, with the influence it had on Satan, is exquisitely graceful and moral. Satan is afterwards led away to Gabriel, the chief of the guardian angels, who kept watch in Paradise. His dissidial behaviour on this occasion is so remarkable a beauty, that the most ordinary reader cannot but take notice of it. Gabriel's discovering his approach at a distance is drawn with great strength and liveliness of imagination:

'O friends, I hear the tread of nimble feet  
Hasting this way, and now by glimpse discern  
I kneel and Zephon through the shade,  
And with them comes a third of royal sort,  
But faded splendour wanes; who by his gait  
And fierce demeanour seems the prince of hell:  
Not likely in part hence without cause;  
Stand firm, for in his look defiance lowers.'

The conference between Gabriel and Satan abounds with sentiments proper for the occasion, and suitable to the persons of the two speakers. Satan clothing himself with terror when he prepares for the combat is truly sublime, and at least equal to Homer's description of Discord celebrated by *Longinus*, or to that of Fama in *Virgil*, who are both represented with their feet standing upon the earth, and their heads reaching above the clouds:

'While thus he spake, th' angelic squadron bright  
Turn'd they red, sharpening in uncessant hurry  
Their plumes, and began to beam him round  
With ported spears, &c.  
— On th' other side Satan alarm'd,  
Collecting all his might dilated stood  
Like Terror or Alas, unmov'd  
His stature reach'd the sky, and on his crest  
Sat horror plac'd, —

I must here take notice, that Milton is every where full of hints, and sometimes literal translations, taken from the greatest of the Greek and Latin poets. But this I may reserve for a discourse by itself, because I would not break the thread of these speculations, that are designed for English readers, with such reflections as would be of no use but to the learned.

I must, however, observe in this place, that the breaking off the combat between Gabriel and Satan, by the hanging out of the golden scales in heaven, is a refinement upon Homer's thought, who tells us, that before the battle between Hector and Achilles, Jupiter weighed the event of it in a pair of scales. The reader may see the whole passage in the 22d *Iliad*.

Virgil, before the last decisive combat, describes Jupiter in the same manner, as weighing the fates of Turnus and Lavinia. Milton, though he fetched this beautiful circumstance from the *Iliad* and *Aeneid*, does not only insert it as a poetical em-

bellishment, like the authors above-mentioned; but makes an artful use of it for the proper carrying on of his fable, and for the breaking off the combat between the two warriors, who were upon the point of engaging. In this we may further add, that Milton is the more justified in this passage, as we find the same noble allegory in holy writ, where a wicked prince, some few hours before he was awarded and slain, is said to have been 'weighed in the scales, and to have been found wanting.'

I must here take notice, under the head of the machines, that Uriel's gliding down to the earth upon a sun-beam, with the poet's device to make him descend, as well to his return to the sun as to his coming from it, is a pretence that might have been admired in a little fanciful poet, but seem below the genius of Milton. The description of the host of armed angels walking their nightly round to Paradise, is of another spirit:

'No saying, on he led his radiant files,  
Dancing the moon.'

as that account of the hymns which our first parents used to hear them sing in these their midnight walks, is altogether divine, and inexpressibly amply to the imagination.

We are, in the last place, to consider the parts which Adam and Eve act in the fourth book. The description of them, as they first appeared to Satan, is exquisitely drawn, and sufficient to make the fallen angel gaze upon them with all that astonishment, and those emotions of envy, in which he is represented:

'Two of fairer shape erect and tall,  
Godlike erect, with native honour clad  
In naked majesty, seem'd lords of all;  
And worthy seem'd: for to their looks divine  
The image of their glorious Maker shone,  
Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure;  
Sovereign, but in true kind freedom plac'd;  
For contemplation he and valour form'd;  
For softness she and sweet attractive grace;  
He for God only, she for God in him.  
His fair large front, and eye sublime, declar'd  
Absolute rule; and Hyacinth's locks  
Loos'd from his parted forehead manly brought  
Clouds, but not beneath his shoulders broad,  
Slept, as a veil, down to her slender waist:  
Her unadorn'd golden tresses were  
Downy, but in a season plights wov'd.  
So young they seem'd, yet so mature the sight  
Of God or angel; for they thought no ill;  
So hand in hand they pass'd, the loveliest pair  
That ever since to love's embraces met.'

There is a fine spirit of poetry in the lines which follow, wherein they are described as sitting on a bed of flowers by the side of a fountain, amidst a mixed assembly of animals.

The speeches of these two first lovers flow equally from passion and sincerity. The professions they make to one another are full of warmth; but at the same time founded on truth. In a word, they are the gallantries of Paradise:

— 'When Adam first of men —  
'Ade prout et ade part of all these joys,  
Dress'd thyself thus all —  
But let us ever praise him, and extol  
His beauty, looking on our delighted task  
To prove these growing joys, and read these flow'rs;  
Which were it to himself, yet with thee were sweet.  
To whom thou art so dear — O thou, I will be true  
And from whom I was torn, O thou, I will be true  
And without whom I am no man, my grace  
And heart, what thou hast said is just and right,  
For of thy love I have no power to part,  
And daily thank thee, I thank thee, who enjoy  
So for the happy lot, enjoying thee  
Pre-ordained by so much will, while thou  
Like me, I, thyself, canst be where I, &c.

The remaining part of Eve's speech, in which she gives an account of herself upon her first creation, and the manner in which she was brought to Adam, is, I think, as beautiful a passage as any in Milton, or perhaps in any other poet whatsoever. These passages are all worked off with so much art, that they are capable of pleasing the most delicate reader, without offending the most severe.

'That day I oft remember, when from sleep, &c.'

A poet of less judgment and invention than this great author, would have found it very difficult to have filled these tender parts of the poem with sentiments proper for a state of innocence; to have described the warmth of love, and the professions of it, without artifice or hyperbole; to have made the man speak the most endearing things, without descending from his natural dignity, and the woman receiving them without departing from the modesty of her character; in a word, to adjust the prerogatives of wisdom and beauty, and make each appear to the other in its proper force and loveliness. This mutual subordination of the two sexes is wonderfully kept up in the whole poem, as particularly in the speech of Eve I have before mentioned, and upon the conclusion of it in the following lines:

'So spake our general mother, and with eyes  
Of conjugal attraction unprov'd,  
And meek surrender, half embracing lean'd  
On our first father

Naked met his under the flowing gold  
Of her loose tresses hid; he in delight  
Both of her beauty and submissive charms  
Smil'd with superior love——'

The poet adds, that the devil turned away with envy at the sight of so much happiness.

We have another view of our first parents in their evening discourses, which is full of pleasing images and sentiments suitable to their condition and characters. The speech of Eve, in particular, is dressed up in such a soft and natural turn of words and sentiments, as cannot be sufficiently admired.

I shall close my reflections upon this book, with observing the masterly transition which the poet makes to their evening worship in the following lines:

'Thus at their shady lodge arriv'd, both stood,  
Both turn'd, and under open sky ador'd  
The God that made both sky, air, earth, and heav'n,  
Which they beheld, the moon's resplendent globe,  
And starry pole: "Thou also mad'st the night,  
Maker omnipotent, and thou the day," &c.

Most of the modern heroic poets have imitated the ancients in beginning a speech without premising, that the person said thus or thus; but as it is easy to imitate the ancients in the omission of two or three words, it requires judgment to do it in such a manner as they shall not be missed, and that the speech may begin naturally without them. There is a fine instance of this kind out of Homer, in the twenty-third chapter of Longinus.

# THE SPECTATOR.

VOL. V.

TO THE  
EARL OF WHARTON\*.

MY LORD,

THE author of the Spectator, having prefixed before each of his volumes the name of some great person to whom he has particular obligations, lays his claim to your Lordship's patronage upon the same account. I must confess, my Lord, had not I already received great instances of your favour, I should have been afraid of submitting a work of this nature to your perusal. You are so thoroughly acquainted with the characters of men, and all the parts of human life, that it is impossible for the least misrepresentation of them to escape your notice. It is your Lordship's particular distinction, that you are master of the whole compass of business, and have signalized yourself in all the different scenes of it. We admire some for the dignity, others for the popularity of their behaviour; some for their clearness of judgment, others for their happiness of expression; some for the laying of schemes, and others for the putting of them in execution. It is your Lordship only who enjoys these several talents united, and that too in as great perfection as others possess them singly. Your enemies acknowledge this great extent to your Lordship's character, at the same time that they use their utmost industry and invention to derogate from it. But it is for your honour that those who are now your enemies were always so. You have acted in so much consistency with yourself, and promoted the interests of your country in so uniform a manner, that even those who would misrepresent your generous designs for the public good, cannot but approve the steadiness and integrity with which you pursue them. It is a most sensible pleasure to me, that I have this opportunity of professing myself one of your great admirers, and, in a very particular manner, MY LORD,

Your Lordship's most obliged  
And most obedient, humble servant

THE SPECTATOR.

N<sup>o</sup> 322. MONDAY, MARCH 10, 1711-12.

— Ad hunc morem grati debet et angli.  
HON. Ans. Poet. ver. 130.  
— Grief defects, and wings the tortoise's seal.  
BOBSONDOMON.

IT is often said, after a man has heard a story with extraordinary circumstances, 'It is a very good one if it be true;' but as for the following relation, I should be glad were I were it were false. It is told with such simplicity, and there are so many artless touches of distress in it, that I fear it comes too much from the heart.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

SOME years ago it happened that I lived in the same house with a young gentleman of merit, whose good qualities I was so much taken, as to make it my endeavour to show as many as I was able to myself. Familiar converse improved general civilities into an unfeigned passion on both sides. He watched an opportunity to declare himself to me; and I, who could not expect a man of so great an estate as his, received his addresses in such terms as gave him no reason to believe I was displeased with them, though I did nothing to make him think me more easy than was decent. His father was a very hard worldly man, and proud; so that there was no reason to believe he would easily be brought to think there was any thing in any woman's person or character that could balance the disadvantage of an unequal fortune. In the mean time, the son continued his application to me, and seized no occasion of demonstrating the most disinterested passion imaginable to me; and to plain direct terms offered to marry me privately, and keep it so till he should be so happy as to gain his father's approbation, or become possessed of his estate. I passionately loved him, and you will believe I did not deny such a one what was my interest also to grant. However, I was not so young as not to take the precaution of carrying with me a faithful servant, who had been also my mother's maid, to be present at the ceremony. When that was over, I demanded a certificate, signed by the minister, my husband, and the servant I just now spoke of. After our nuptials, we conversed together very familiarly in the same house; but the restraints we were generally under, and the interviews we had being stolen and interrupted, made our behaviour in each other love rather the impatient fondness which is visible in lovers, than the regular and gratified affection which is to be observed in man and wife. This observation made the father very anxious for his son, and grew him to a watch he had in his eye for him. To relieve my husband from this importunity, and conceal the secret of our marriage, which I had reason to know would not be long in my power to learn, it was resolved that I should retire to some remote place in the country, and converse under sequestered scenes by letter. We long continued this way of converse; and I with my needle, a few books, and reading over and over my husband's

\* Thomas Wharton; appointed by King William second brother of the honourable Justice in eye north of Trent, and Lord Lieutenant of Oxfordshire; created Viscount Whitcham in the county of North, and Earl of Wharton in the county of Westmorland, December 1708; appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, November 1709 (when Mr. Addison became his secretary); Lord Privy Seal, September 1711; and, in December of the same year, created Marquis of Wharton and Mithrasbury in England, and Earl of Rathfriland and Marquis Carborough in Ireland. He died April 1713, in the 26th year of his age, and was succeeded by his son Philip, whom George II. in 1719, created Duke of Wharton, in consideration of the merits of his father.

letters, passed my time in a resigned expectation of better days. He pleased to take notice, that within four months after I left my husband I was delivered of a daughter, who died within a few hours after her birth. This accident, and the retired manner of life I led, gave criminal hopes to a neighbouring brute of a country gentleman, whose folly was the source of all my affliction. This rustic is one of those rich clowns who supply the want of all manner of breeding by the neglect of it, and with noisy mirth, halt understanding, and ample fortune, force themselves upon persons and things, without any sense of time or place. The poor ignorant people where I lay concealed, and now passed for a widow, wondered I could be so shy and strange, as they called it, to the squire; and were bribed by him to admit him whenever he thought fit: I happened to be sitting in a little parlour which belonged to my own part of the house, and running over one of the fondest of my husband's letters, in which I always kept the certificate of my marriage, when this rude fellow came in, and with the manous familiarity of such unbred brutes, snatched the papers out of my hand. I was immediately under so great a concern, that I threw myself at his feet, and begged of him to return them. He, with the same odious pretence to freedom and gaiety, swore he would read them. I grew more importunate, he more curious, till at last, with an indignation arising from a passion I then first discovered in him, he threw the papers into the fire, swearing that since he was not to read them, the man who writ them should never be so happy as to have me read them over again. It is insignificant to tell you my tears and reproaches made the boisterous calf leave the room ashamed and out of countenance, when I had leisure to ruminate on this accident with more than ordinary sorrow. However, such was then my confidence in my husband, that I writ to him the misfortune, and desired another paper of the same kind. He deferred writing two or three posts, and at last answered me in general, That he could not then send me what I asked for; but when he could find a proper conveyance, I should be sure to have it. From this time his letters were more cold every day than others; and as he grew indifferent, I grew jealous. This last at last brought me to town, where I find both the witnesses of my marriage dead, and that my husband, after three months cohabitation, has hurried a young lady whom he married to obedience to his father. In a word, he shuns and disowns me. Should I come to the house and confront him; the father would join in supporting him against me, though he believed my story; should I talk it to the world, what reparation can I expect for an injury I cannot make out? I believe he means to bring me, through necessity, to resign my pretensions to him for some provision for my life; but I will die first. Pray bid him remember what he said, and how he was charmed when he laughed at the heedless discovery I often made of myself; let him remember how awkward I was in my dissimulated indifference towards him before company; ask him how I, who could never conceal my love for him, at his own request can part with him for ever? Oh, Mr. Spectator, sensible spirits know no indifference in marriage: what then do you think is my piercing affliction!—I have you to represent my distress your own way, in which I desire you to be speedy, if you have compassion for innocence exposed to infamy.

'OCTAVIA.'

T.

Nº 323. TUESDAY, MARCH 11, 1711-12.

— *Mado vir, modo femina* —

VIRG\*.

Sometimes a man, sometimes a woman.

THE journal with which I presented my reader on Thursday last I has brought me in several letters, with accounts of many private lives cast into that form. I have the 'Rake's Journal,' the 'Sut's Journal,' the 'Whoremaster's Journal,' and, among several others, a very curious piece, intitled, 'The Journal of a Mohock.' By these instances I find that the intention of my last Tuesday's paper has been mistaken by many of my readers. I did not design so much to expose vice as idleness; and aimed at those persons who pass away their time rather in trifles and impertinence, than in crimes and immoralities. Offences of this latter kind are not to be dallied with, or treated in so ludicrous a manner. In short, my journal only holds up folly to the light, and shows the disagreeableness of such actions as are indifferent in themselves, and blamable only as they proceed from creatures endowed with reason.

My following correspondent, who calls herself Clarinda, is such a journalist as I require. She seems by her letter to be placed in a modish state of indifference between vice and virtue, and to be susceptible of either, were there proper pains taken with her. Had her journal been filled with gallantries, or such occurrences as had shown her wholly divested of her natural innocence, notwithstanding it might have been more pleasing to the generality of readers, I should not have published it: but as it is only the picture of a life filled with a fashionable kind of gaiety and laziness, I shall set down five days of it, as I have received it from the hand of my fair correspondent.

'DEAR MR. SPECTATOR,

'You having set your readers an exercise in one of your last week's papers, I have performed mine according to your orders, and herewith send it you inclosed. You must know, Mr. Spectator, that I am a maiden lady of a good fortune, who have had several matches offered me for these ten years last past, and have at present worn applications made to me by 'A Very Pretty Fellow &c.' As I am at my own disposal, I come up to town every winter, and pass my time in it after the manner you will find in the following journal, which I began to write upon the very day after your Spectator upon that subject.

TUESDAY night. Could not go to sleep till one in the morning for thinking of my journal.

WEDNESDAY. From eight till ten. Drank two dishes of chocolate in bed, and fell asleep after them.

From ten to eleven. Eat a slice of bread and butter, drank a dish of holla, read the Spectator.

\* There is no such line in Virgil.—Addison most likely quoted from memory, and had reference to the following line describing Caneus:

— *juvenis quondam, nunc femina*.

Æn. vi. ver. 448.

A woman now, but formerly a man.

† Nº 317.

‡ See Nº 316.

§ See T.

|| 24.

From eleven to one At my toilette; tried a new head. Gave orders for Venny to be combed and washed. Mem. I look best in blue.

From one till half an hour after two. Drove to the 'Change. Cheapened a couple of furs.

Till four At dinner Mem. Mr Froth passed by in his new liveries.

From four to six. Dressed; paid a visit to old Lady Blithe and her sister, having before heard they were gone out of town that day.

From six to eleven. At ballet. Mem. Never set again upon the ace of diamonds.

THURSDAY From eleven at eight to eight in the morning. Dreamed that I posted to Mr Froth.

From eight to ten. Chocolate. Read two acts in *Aurengzebe* \* a-bed.

From ten to eleven. Tea-table. Sent to borrow Lady Faddle's Cupid for Venny. Read the play-bills. Received a letter from Mr Froth.

Mem. Locked it up in my strong box.

Rest of the morning Fontaine, the fire-woman, her account of my Lady Blithe's wash. Broke a tooth in my little tortoise-shell comb. Sent Frank to know how my Lady Heetic rested after her monkey's leaping out at window. Looked pale. Fontaine tells me my glass is not true. Dressed by three.

From three to four Dinner cold before I sat down.

From four to eleven. Saw company. Mr Froth's opinion of Milton. His account of the Mobecks. His fancy of a pincushion. Picture in the lid of his snuff-box. Old Lady Faddle promises me her woman to cut my hair. Lost five guineas at crimp. Twelve o'clock at night. Went to bed.

FRIDAY Eight in the morning. A bed. Read over all Mr Froth's letters. Cupid and Venny.

Ten o'clock. Stayed within all day, not at home.

From ten to twelve In conference with my mantua-maker. Sorted a suit of ribbons. Broke my blue china cup.

From twelve to one. Kist myself up in my chamber, practised Lady Betty Modely's skitlike.

One in the afternoon. Called for my flowered handkerchief. Worked half a violet leaf in it. Eyes ached and head out of order. Threw by my work, and read over the remaining part of *Aurengzebe*.

From three to four. Dined.

From four to twelve. Changed my mind, dressed went abroad, and played at crimp till midnight. Found Mrs. Spitley at home. Conversation: Mrs. Drillicant's necklace false stones. Old Lady Lovelady going to be married to a young fellow that is not worth a guinea. Miss Prue gone into the country. Tom Tounley has red hair. Mem. Mrs. Spitley whispered in my ear that she had something to tell me about Mr Froth; I am sure it is not true.

Between twelve and one. Dreamed that Mr Froth lay at my feet, and called me Induana †.

SATURDAY Rose at eight o'clock in the morning. Sat down to my toilette.

From eight to nine. Blistered a patch for half an hour before I could determine it. Fixed it above my left eyebrow.

From nine to twelve. Drank my tea, and dressed.

From twelve to two. At chapel. A great deal

\* Dryden's *Tragedy*.

† A capital queen in the tragedy of *Aurengzebe*.

of good company. Mem. The third air in the new opera. Lady Blithe dressed frightfully.

From three to four. Dined. Miss Kitty called upon me to go to the opera before I was risen from table.

From dinner to six. Drank tea. Turned off a footman for being rude to Venny.

Six o'clock. Went to the opera. I did not see Mr Froth till the beginning of the second act. Mr Froth talked to a gentleman in a black wig; bowed to a lady in the front box. Mr Froth and his friend clapped Nicolini in the third act. Mr. Froth cried out: *Ancora*. Mr Froth led me to my chair. I think he squeezed my hand.

Eleven at night. Went to bed. Melancholy dreams. Methought Nicolini said he was Mr. Froth.

#### SUNDAY, Indisposed.

MONDAY Eight o'clock. Waked by Miss Kitty. *Aurengzebe* lay upon the chair by me. Kitty reported without book the eight best lines in the play. Went in our mob to the dumb man \* according to appointment. Told me that my lover's name began with a G. Mem. The conjurer was within a letter of Mr Froth's name, &c.

\* Upon looking back into this my journal, I find that I am at a loss to know whether I pass my time well or ill; and indeed never thought of considering how I did it before I perused your speculation upon that subject. I scarce find a single moment in these five days that I can thoroughly approve of, except the working upon the violet-leaf, which I am resolved to finish the first day I am at leisure. As for Mr Froth and Venny, I did not think they took up so much of my time and thoughts as I find they do upon my journal. The latter of them I will turn all if you look upon it; and if Mr Froth does not bring matters to a conclusion very suddenly, I will not let my life run away in a dream.

† Your humble servant,

CLARIADA.

To resume one of the morals of my first paper, and to confirm Clarinda in her good inclinations, I would have her consider what a pretty figure she would make among posterity were the history of her whole life published like these five days of it. I shall conclude my paper with an epitaph written by an uncertain author † on Sir Philip Sidney's sister, a lady who seems to have been at a temper very much different from that of Clarinda. The last thought of it is so very noble, that I dare say my reader will pardon me the quotation.

#### ON THE COUNTRY DOWAGER OF FEMBORE.

\* Underneath this marble bears  
The subject of all tears  
Sidney's sister Fembores mother;  
Death, ere thou hadst killed another,  
Sister and friend, and good at one,  
Thou shalt throw a dart at three.

\* Duncans Camp; see also Vol. No. 14.

† Generally supposed to be Ben Jonson.

N<sup>o</sup> 324. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 12, 1711 12.

*O cūræ in terris animæ, et cælæstium inanes!*  
PERS. Sat. 2. ver. 61.

O souls, in whom no heavenly fire is found,  
Flat minds, and ever growling on the ground!  
DRYDEN.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘THE materials you have collected together towards a general history of clubs, make so bright a part of your speculations, that I think it is but a justice we all owe the learned world, to furnish you with such assistance as may promote that useful work. For this reason I could not forbear communicating to you some imperfect informations of a set of men (if you will allow them a place in that species of being) who have lately erected themselves into a nocturnal fraternity, under the title of the Mohock-Club, a name borrowed, it seems, from a sort of cannibals in India, who subsist by plundering and devouring all the nations about them. The president is styled ‘Emperor of the Mohocks \*;’ and his arms are a Turkish crescent, which his imperial majesty bears at present in a very extraordinary manner engraven upon his forehead. Agreeable to their name, the avowed design of their institution is mischief; and upon this foundation all their rules and orders are framed. An outrageous ambition of doing all possible hurt to their fellow-creatures, is the great cement of their assembly, and the only qualification required in the members. In order to exert this principle in its full strength and perfection, they take care to drink themselves to a pitch, that is, beyond the possibility of attending to any motions of reason or humanity; then make a general sally, and attack all that are so unfortunate as to walk the streets through which they patrol. Some are knocked down, others stabbed, others cut and carbonadoed. To put the watch to a total rout, and mortify some of those inoffensive militia, is reckoned a *coup-d’état*. The particular talents by which these misanthropes are distinguished from one another, consist in the various kinds of barbarities which they execute upon their prisoners. Some are celebrated for a happy dexterity in tipping the lion upon them; which is performed by squeezing the nose flat to the face, and boring out the eyes with their fingers. Others are called the dancing-masters, and teach their scholars to cut capers, by running swords through their legs; a new invention, whether originally French I cannot tell. A third sort are the tumblers, whose office it is to set women on their heads, and commit certain indecencies, or rather barbarities, on the limbs which they expose. But these I forbear to mention, because they cannot but be very shocking to the reader as well as the Spectator. In this manner they carry on a war against mankind; and, by the standing maxims of their policy, are to enter into no alliances but one, and that is offensive and defensive with all bawdy-houses in general, of which they have declared themselves protectors and guaranties.

‘I must own, sir, these are only broken incoherent memoirs of this wonderful society; but they

\* The title of Tee Yee Neen Ho Ga Row, one of the four Indian kings who visited England in the reign of Queen Anne. See N<sup>o</sup> 50, and Tat. N<sup>o</sup> 171.

are the best I have been yet able to procure: for, being but of late establishment, it is not ripe for a just history; and, to be serious, the chief design of this trouble is, to hinder it from ever being so. You have been pleased, out of a concern for the good of your countrymen, to act, under the character of Spectator, not only the part of a looker-on, but an overseer of their actions; and whenever such enormities as this infect the town, we immediately fly to you for redress. I have reason to believe, that some thoughtless youngsters, out of a false notion of bravery, and an immoderate fondness to be distinguished for fellows of fire, are insensibly hurried into this senseless scandalous project. Such will probably stand corrected by your reproofs, especially if you inform them that it is not courage for half a score fellows, mad with wine and lust, to set upon two or three soberer than themselves; and that the manners of Indian savages are not becoming accomplishments to an English fine gentleman. Such of them as have been bullies and scowerers of a long standing, and are grown veterans in this kind of service, are, I fear, too hardened to receive any impressions from your admonitions. But I beg you would recommend to their perusal your ninth speculation. They may there be taught to take warning from the club of Duellists; and be put in mind, that the common fate of those men of honour was, to be hanged.

‘I am, SIR,

‘March the 10th,  
1711-12.

‘Your most humble servant,  
‘PHILANTHROPOS.’

The following letter is of a quite contrary nature; but I add it here, that the reader may observe, at the same view, how amiable ignorance may be when it is shown in its simplicities, and how detestable in barbarities. It is written by an honest countryman to his mistress, and came to the hands of a lady of good sense, wrapped about a thread-paper, who has long kept it by her as an image of endless love.

‘To her I very much respect, Mrs. Margaret Clark.

‘LOVELY, and oh that I could write loving Mrs. Margaret Clark, I pray you let affection excuse presumption. Having been so happy as to enjoy the sight of your sweet countenance and comely body, sometimes when I had occasion to buy treacle or liquorish powder at the apothecary’s shop, I am so enamoured with you, that I can no more keep close my flaming desires to become your servant. And I am the more bold now to write to your sweet self, because I am now my own man, and may match where I please; for my father is taken away, and now I am come to my living, which is ten yard land, and a house; and there is never a yard land\* in our field but it is well worth ten pounds a year as a thief is worth a halter, and all my brothers and sisters are provided for; besides I have good household-stuff, though I say it, both brass and pewter, linens and woollens; and though my house be thatched, yet, if you and I match, it shall go hard but I will have one half of it slated. If you think well of this motion, I will wait upon you as soon as my new clothes are made, and hay-harvest is in. I could, though I say

\* A yard land [*virgata terra*] in some counties contains 20, in some 24, and in others 32 acres of land. See *Les Termes de la Ley*.



It, have good—' The rest is torn off, and posterity must be contented to know, that Mrs. Margaret Clark was very pretty, but are left in the dark as to the name of her lover\*.

STEELE.

T.

N° 525. THURSDAY, MARCH 13, 1711-12.

— *Quid frustra simulacra fugecia corpas?*  
*Quod pectus, et viscera; quod a mas arctare, perdes.*  
*Idem reperies quum cordis imaginis umbra sit.*  
*Nul habet ista mei, locum recondere, mentisq;*  
*Totum ducet et in descriptis pagina.*

OVID. METAM. lib. vii. ver. 429.

[From the fable of MARCHISUS.]

What could, fond youth, this helpless passion move?  
 What kindled in thee this wanted love?  
 Thy own warm blush within the water glaze;  
 With thee the colour'd shadow comes and goes;  
 Its empty being on thyself reboas;  
 Step thou aside, and the frail charmer goes.

ADDISON.

WILL HONEYCOMB diverted us last night with an account of a young fellow's first discovering his passion to his mistress. The young lady was one, it seems, who had long before conceived a favourable opinion of him, and was still to hopes that he would some time or other make his advances. As he was one day talking with her in company of her two sisters, the conversation happening to turn upon love, each of the young ladies was, by way of millery, recommending a wife to him; when, to the no small surprise of her who languish'd for him in secret, he told them, with a more than ordinary seriousness, that his heart had been long engaged to one whose name he thought himself obliged in honour to conceal; but that he could show her picture in the lid of his snuff-box. The young lady, who found herself the most sensibly touched by this confession, took the first opportunity that offered of snatching his box out of his hand. He seemed desirous of recovering it, but finding her resolv'd to look into the lid, begged her that, if she should happen to know the person, who would not reveal her name. Upon carrying it to the window, she was very agreeably surpris'd to find there was nothing within the lid but a little looking-glass; in which, after she had view'd her own face with more pleasure than she had ever done before, she return'd the box with a smile, telling him she could not but admire at his choice.

WILL, fancying that this story took, immediately fell into a dissertation on the usefulness of looking-glasses; and, applying himself to me, asked if there were any looking-glasses in the times of the Greeks and Romans; for that he had often observ'd, in the translations of poems out of those languages, that people generally talk'd of seeing themselves in wells, fountains, lakes, and rivers. Nay, says he, I remember Mr. Dryden in his *Ovid* tells us of a swaying fellow, call'd Palspheme, that made use of the sea for his looking-glass, and could never draw himself to advantage but in a calow.

My friend WILL, to show us the whole compass of his learning upon this subject, farther inform'd us, that there were still several nations in the world as very barbarous as not to have any looking-glasses among them; and that he had lately read a

voyage to the South Sea, in which it is said that the ladies of Chili always dress'd their heads over a basin of water.

I am the more particular in my account of WILL's last night's lecture on these natural mirrors, as it seems to bear some relation to the following letter, which I received the day before.

\* MR.

'I HAVE read your last Saturday's observations on the fourth book of Milton with great satisfaction, and am particularly pleas'd with the hidden moral which you have taken notice of in several parts of the poem. The design of this letter is, to desire your thoughts, whether there may not also be some moral couched under that place in the same book where the poet lets us know, that the first woman, immediately after her creation, ran to a looking-glass, and became so enamour'd of her own face, that she had never remov'd to view any of the other works of nature, had not she been led off to a man. If you think fit to set down the whole passage from Milton, your readers will be able to judge for themselves, and the quotation will not a little contribute to the filling-up of your paper.

Your humble servant,

\* M. T.

The last consideration urged by my querist is so strong, that I cannot forbear closing with it. The passage he alludes to is part of Eve's speech to Adam, and one of the most beautiful passages in the whole poem:

That day I oft remember, when from sleep  
 I first awak'd, and found my self repos'd  
 Under a shade of bow'rs, much wondering where  
 And what I was, whom thence forth brought, and how.  
 Not distant far from thence a murmuring sound  
 Of waters fell from a cave, and sprang  
 Into a bristled plain, then stood I up, and saw  
 Faint as the image of herself, I thence a vat  
 With sweetest sight thought, and laid me down  
 On the green bank, to look into the clear  
 Smooth lake, that to the sun shew'd another sky.  
 As I bent down to look, just opposite  
 A shape within the wat'ry glass appear'd,  
 Breeding to look on me; I mov'd back,  
 It mov'd back; I bent back, I mov'd forward;  
 Pleas'd it return'd as soon with answering looks  
 Of sympathy and love: there I had fix'd  
 Mine eyes till I saw, and pleas'd with vain desire,  
 Had I a voice that word had pass'd: What then wert,  
 What then wert thou, fair creature, in thy self?  
 With thee I came and go: but follow me,  
 And I will bring thee where no shadow stays  
 Thy coming, and thy soft embraces; be  
 Thine lover then, not mine thou shalt enjoy  
 Incomparably more, to love shall bear  
 Millions like thyself, and every be call'd  
 Myself of human race. What could I do,  
 But follow straight, to render thee less lost?  
 Till I saw thee, far indeed and tall,  
 Under a plantain; yet not thought less fair,  
 Low when thou wert, low wouldst thou stand,  
 Thou hadst enough a story brack'd back (turn'd)  
 Thine of thyself, thy self, thy self, thy self, thy self,  
 Whom thou hadst lov'd, and thou hadst lov'd, of him thou art,  
 His flesh, his bone, to give thee being I had  
 That of my side be thou, be thou my heart,  
 Substantial life, to have thee by my side,  
 Henceforth as individual I have thee  
 Part of my soul, seek thee, and there thou art  
 My other half: With that thy gentle grace  
 I felt, and I park'd, and saw that thou wert  
 Not less lovely as I lov'd, by much more grace  
 And thou art, what I saw in truly true.  
 So much the general in thee.

M. T.

T.

N<sup>o</sup> 326. FRIDAY, MARCH 14, 1711-12.

*Inclusam Danaen turris athena,  
Robusta que foret, et virgulum canum  
Tristes excubant, munierant totis  
Nocturnis ab adulteris;  
Si non*

HOR. O<sup>l</sup>. xvi. l. 3. ver. 1.

A tow'r of brass, one wou'd have said,  
And locks, and bolts, and iron bars,  
Might have preserv'd one innocent maidenhead;  
But Venus laugh'd, &c.

COWLEY.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'YOUR correspondent's letter relating to fortune-hunters, and your subsequent discourse upon it, have given me encouragement to send you a state of my case, by which you will see, that the matter complained of is a common grievance both to city and country.

'I am a country gentleman of between five and six thousand a year. It is my misfortune to have a very fine park and an only daughter; upon which account I have been so plagued with deer-stealers and fops, that for these four years past I have scarce enjoyed a moment's rest. I know upon myself to be in a state of war, and am forced to keep as constant watch in my seat, as a governor would do that commanded a town on the frontier of an enemy's country. I have indeed pretty well secured my park, having for this purpose provided myself of four keepers who are left-handed, and handle a quarter-staff beyond any other fellows in the country. And for the guard of my house, he sides a hand of pensioner matrons and an old maiden relation whom I keep on constant duty, I have blunderbusses always charged, and fox-gins planted in private places about my garden, of which I have given frequent notice in the neighbourhood; yet so it is, that in spite of all my care, I shall every now and then have a saucy rascal ride by, reconnoitring (as I think you call it) under my windows, as spruceely dressed as if he were going to a ball. I am aware of this way of attacking a mistress on horseback, having heard that it is a common practice in Spain; and have therefore taken care to remove my daughter from the road-side of the house, and to lodge her next the garden. But, to cut short my story; what can a man do after all? I durst not stand for member of parliament last election, for fear of some ill consequence from my being off my post. What I would therefore desire of you is, to promote a project I have set on foot, and upon which I have written to some of my friends; and that is, that care may be taken to secure our daughters by law, as well as our deer; and that some honest gentleman, of a public spirit, would move for leave to bring in a bill for the better preserving of the female game.

'I am, SIR,

'Your humble servant.'

'Mile-End-Green, March 6, 1711-12.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'HERE is a young man walks by our door every day about the dusk of the evening. He looks up at my window, as if to see me; and if I steal towards it to peep at him, he turns another way, and

\* N<sup>o</sup> 311.

looks frightened at finding what he was looking for. The air is very cold; and pray let him know that, if he knocks at the door, he will be carried to the parlour fire, and I will come down soon after, and give him an opportunity to break his mind.

'I am, SIR,

'Your humble servant,

'MARY COMFIT.'

'If I observe he cannot speak, I'll give him time to recover himself, and ask him how he does.'

'DEAR SIR,

'I beg you to print this without delay, and by the first opportunity give us the natural causes of lugging in women; or put me out of fear that my wife will one time or other be delivered of something as monstrous as any thing that has yet appeared to the world; for they say the child is to bear a resemblance of what was desired by the mother. I have been married upwards of six years, have had four children, and my wife is now big with the fifth. The expenses she has put me to in procuring what she has longed for during her pregnancy with them, would not only have handsomely defrayed the charges of the month, but of their education too; her fancy being so exorbitant for the first year or two, as not to confine itself to the usual objects of eatables and drinkables, but running out after equipages and furniture, and the like extravagancies. To trouble you only with a few of them; when she was with child with Tom, my eldest son, she came home one day just fainting, and told me she had been visiting a relation, whose husband had made her a present of a chariot, and a stately pair of horses; and that she was positive she could not breathe a week longer, unless she took the air in the fellow to it of her own within that time. This, rather than lose an heir, I readily complied with. Then the furniture of her best room must be instantly changed, or she should mark the child with some of the frightful figures in the old-fashioned tapestry. Well, the upholsterer was called, and her longing saved that bout. When she went with Molly, she had fixed her mind upon a new set of plate, and as much china as would have furnished an Indian shop; these also I cheerfully granted, for fear of being father to an Indian pagod. Hitherto I found her demands rose upon every concession; and had she gone on, I had been ruined; but by good fortune, with her third, which was Peggy, the height of her imagination came down to the corner of a venison pasty, and brought her once even upon her knees to gnaw off the ears of a pig from the spit. The gratifications of her palate were easily preferred to those of her vanity: and sometimes a partridge, or a quail, a wheat-ear, or the pestle of a lark, were cheerfully purchased; nay, I could be contented though I were to feed her with green peas in April, or cherries in May. But with the babe she now goes, she is turned girl again, and fallen to eating of chalk, pretending 'twill make the child's skin white; and nothing will serve her but I must bear her company, to prevent its having a shade of my brown. In this, however, I have ventured to deny her. No longer ago than yesterday, as we were coming to town, she saw a parcel of crows so heartily at breakfast upon a piece of horse-flesh, that she had an invincible desire to partake with them, and (to my infinite surprise) begged the coachman to cut her off as if it for himself, which the f d as he

came home, she fell to it with such an appetite, that she seemed rather to devour than eat it. What her next folly will be I cannot guess; but in the meantime my request to you is, that if there be any way in come at these wild unaccountable ravings of imagination by reason and argument, you'd speedily afford us your assistance. This exceeds the grievance of pin-money, and I think in every settlement there ought to be a clause inserted, that the father should be answerable for the longings of his daughter. But I shall impatiently expect your thoughts in this matter; and am,

Y<sup>r</sup>s,

'Your most obliged and

'most faithful humble servant,

T. W.

'Let me know whether you think the next child will have horses as much as Molly does chimney-ware.'

ETHEL.

T

N<sup>o</sup> 327. SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1711-12.

—Major version with masculine ends.

VIRG. *En. vii. ver. 44.*

A larger scene of action is displayed.

DRYDEN.

WE were told in the foregoing book, how the evil spirit practised upon Eve as she lay asleep, in order to inspire her with thoughts of vanity, pride, and ambition. The author, who shows a wonderful art throughout his whole poem, in preparing the reader for the several occurrences that arise in it, founds, upon the above-mentioned circumstance, the first part of the fifth book. Adam upon his awaking finds Eve still asleep, with an unusual discomposure in her looks. The posture in which he regards her, is described with a wonderful tenderness, as the whisper with which he awakens her is the softest that ever was conveyed to a lover's ear.

The wonder was, to find awaken'd Eve  
With tremulous discompos'd, and glowing cheek,  
As through unquiet rest; he saw his side  
Lining half-naked, with looks of carnal love  
Hung over her countenance, and beheld  
Really, which, whether waking or asleep,  
Shook forth peculiar graces: there, with voice  
Mild as when Euphron on Phœbe breathes,  
Her head soft touching, whisper'd thus: 'Awake,  
My dearest, my espous'd, my latest food,  
Heaven's best gift, my ever new delight!  
Awake: the morning dawns, and the fresh field  
Calls us; we have the promise, to mark how spring  
Our tender plants, how blows the ritzon green,  
What drops the myrtle, and what the balmy reed,  
How nature paints her colours, how the bee  
Sits on the blossom, extracting liquid sweet.'

Such whispering wak'd her, but with start'd eye  
On Adam, whom embracing, thus she spake:

'O love, in whom my thoughts find all repose,  
My glory, my perfection! glad I see  
Thy face, and more retain'd—'

I cannot but take notice, that Milton, in the conference between Adam and Eve, had his eye very frequently upon the book of Canticles, in which there is a noble spirit of eastern poetry, and very often not unlike what we meet with in Homer, who is generally placed near the age of Solomon. I think there is no question but the poet in the preceding speech remembered these two passages, which are spoken on the like occasion, and filled with the same pleasing images of nature.

'My beloved spake, and said unto me, Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away; for lo the

winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land. The fig-tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell. Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away.'

'Come, my beloved, let us go forth into the field, let us get up early to the vineyards, let us see if the vine flourish, whether the tender grapes appear, and the pomegranates bud forth.'

His preferring the garden of Eden to that

'Where the serpent lings

'Dread dalliance with his fair Egyptian spouse,'

shows that the poet had this delightful scene in his mind.

Eve's dream is full of those high conceits engendering pride, which, we are told, the devil contrived to smil into her. Of this kind is that part of it where she fancies herself awakened by Adam, in the following beautiful lines:

'Why sleep'st thou, Eve? Now is the pleasant time,  
The cool, the silent, now where silence yields  
To the night-verbening bird, that now awakes  
Times sweetest his love-labour'd song; now rigns  
Full orbd the moon, and with more pleasing light  
Sheddy sets off the face of things:—Is vain,  
If none regard. Heaven's wakes with all his eyes,  
Whom to behold but thee, nature's dream,  
In whose sight all things joy, with rivishment,  
Attracted by thy beauty, toil to gaze.'

An injudicious poet would have made Adam talk through the whole work in such sentiments as these: but flattery and falsehood are not the citizenship of Milton's Adam, and could not be heard by Eve in her state of innocence, excepting only in a dream produced on purpose to tempt her imagination. Other vain sentiments of the same kind, in this relation of her dream, will be obvious to every reader. Though the catastrophe of the poem is finely premised on this occasion, the particulars of it are so artfully shadow'd, that they do not anticipate the story which follows in the ninth book. I shall only add, that though the vision itself is founded upon truth, the circumstances of it are full of that wildness and inconsistency which are natural to a dream. Adam, conformable to his superior character for wisdom, instructs and comforts Eve upon this occasion:

'So cheer'd be his fair spouse, and she was cheer'd,  
Not sleepily a gentle tear he fell  
From either eye, and wip'd them with her hairs;  
Two other precious drops, that ready stood  
Each in their crystal sphere, he saw they fell  
Kind, as the gracious signs of sweet remorse  
And pangs of love, that should be soon removed.'

The moralizing hymn is written in imitation of one of those psalms, where, in the overflowings of gratitude and praise, the psalmist calls not only upon the angels, but upon the most conspicuous parts of the inanimate creation, to join with him in extolling their common Maker. In occasions of this nature all the mind with glorious ideas of God's works, and awakes that divine enthusiasm which is so natural to devotion. But if this calling upon the dead parts of nature is at all times a proper kind of worship, it was in a particular manner suitable to our first parents, who had the creation fresh upon their minds, and had not seen the various dispensations of Providence, nor consequently could be acquainted with those many topics of praise which might afford matter to the devotion of their posterity. I need not remark the beautiful spirit of



*It sh'd be a model, with pyramids and towers  
From diamond quarries hewn, and rocks of gold,  
The palace of great Lucifer (so call  
That structure in the dialect of men  
Interpreted)——*

Timber mentions persons and things, which he tells us in the language of the gods are called by different names from those they go by in the language of men. Milton has imitated him with his usual judgment in this particular place, wherein he has likewise the authority of scripture to justify him. The part of Abdiel, who was the only spirit that in this infinite host of angels preserved his allegiance to his Maker, exhibits to us a noble moral of religious singularity. The zeal of the seraphim breaks forth in a becoming warmth of sentiments and expressions, as the character which is given us of him denotes that generous scorn and intrepidity which attends heroic virtue. The author doubtless designed it as a pattern to those who live among mankind in their present state of degeneracy and corruption:

*'To speak the simple Abdiel, faithful found  
Among the faithless, faithful only he,  
Among innumerable false, unmoved,  
Unshaken, unobscured, unvarnished;  
His loyalty be kept, his love, his zeal;  
Nor number nor example with him wrought  
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind,  
Though single. From amidst them forth he purg'd  
Long way thro' hostile scorn, which he disdain'd  
Superior, use of violence forc'd not;  
And, with retorted scorn, his back he turn'd  
On those proud towers to swift destruction doom'd.'*

ADDISON.

L.

N° 328\*. MONDAY, MARCH 17, 1711-12.

*Nullum in laboribus rectius oritur.*

HOR. Epod. xiii. ver. 24.

No ease doth lay me down from pain.

CRILLIL.

SPECTATOR,

I believe this is the first complaint that ever has made to you of this nature, so you are the first person I ever could prevail upon myself to lay before. When I tell you I have a healthy, vigorous constitution, a plentiful estate, an inordinate desire, and am married to a virtuous lovely woman, who neither wants wit nor good-nature, and by whom I have a numerous offspring in perpetuate my family, you will naturally conclude me a happy man. But, notwithstanding these promising appearances, I am so far from it, that the prospect of being ruined and undone by a sort of extravagance, which of late years is in a less degree crept into every fashionable family, deprives me of all the comforts of my life, and renders me the most anxious, miserable man on earth. My wife who was the only child and darling care of an indulgent mother, employed her early years in learning all those accomplishments we generally understand by good-breeding and polite education. Her singing, dancing, plays on the lute and harpsichord, passes for 1711, is a perfect mistress of the French tongue,

and has made a considerable progress in Italian. She is besides excellently skilled in all domestic sciences, as preserving, pickling, pastry, making wines of fruits of our own growth, embroidery, and needleworks of every kind. Hitherto you will be apt to think there is very little cause of complaint; but suspend your opinion till I have further explained myself, and then I make no question you will come over to mine. You are not to imagine I find fault that she either possesses or takes delight in the exercise of those qualifications I just now mentioned; 'tis the immoderate fondness she has to them that I lament, and that what is only designed for the innocent amusement and recreation of life, is become the whole business and study of hers. The six months we are in town (for the year is equally divided between that and the country), from almost break of day till noon, the whole morning is laid out in practising with her several masters; and to make up the losses occasioned by her absence in summer, every day in the week their attendance is required; and, as they are all people eminent in their professions, their skill and time must be recompensed accordingly. So how far these articles extend, I leave you to judge. I imagine, one would think, is so expensive a diversion; but, as she manages the matter, it is a very considerable addition to her disbursements; which you will easily believe, when you know she paints fans for all her female acquaintances, and draws all her relations pictures in miniature; the first must be mounted by nobody but Colnart, and the other art by nobody but Charles Mather\*. What follows, is still much more than the former; for, as I told you, she is a great artist at her needle, it is incredible what sums she expends in embroidery; for, besides what is appropriated to her personal use, as mantles, petticoats, stomachers, handkerchiefs, gloves, pincheons, and working aprons, she keeps four French protestants continually employed in making divers pieces of superlative furniture, as quilts, toilets, hangings for closets, beds, window-curtains, can-chairs, and tabourets; nor have I any hopes of ever receding her from this extravagance, while she obstinately persists in thinking it a notable piece of good housewifery, because they are made at home, and she has had some share in the performance. There would be no end of relating to you the particulars of the annual charge, in furnishing her store-room with a profusion of pickles and preserves; for she is not contented with buying every thing, unless it be done every way, in which she consults a hereditary book of receipts; for her female ancestors have been always famed for good housewifery; one of whom is made immortal, by giving her name to an eye-water, and two sorts of puddings. I cannot undertake to recite all her medicinal preparations, as salves, scotch-cloths, powders, confections, cordials, calado, pericou, orange-flower, and cherry brandy, together with innumerable sorts of stoup-water. But there is nothing I lay so much to heart, as that detestable catalogue of counterfeits, which derive their names from the fruits, herbs, or trees, of whose juices they are chiefly compounded. They are poisonous to the taste, and pernicious to the health; and as they seldom survive the year, and thus are thrown away, under a false pretence of singularity, I may assure they stand me in more than if I continued all our winters with the best burgundy and champagne. Coffee, chocolate, green, imperial, pease,

*paper that once spent  
in valuing, &  
a little less, &  
1711-12*

*1711, in  
ed-*

and boiled teas, seem to be trifles; but when the proper appurtenances of the tea-table are added, they swell the account higher than one would imagine. I cannot conclude without doing her justice in one article; where her frugality is so remarkable, I must not deny her the merit of it, and that is in relation to her children, who are all confined, both boys and girls, to one large room in the remotest part of the house, with bolts on the doors, and bars to the windows, under the cure and tuition of an old woman, who had been dry-nurse to her grandmother. This is their residence all the year round; and, as they are never allowed to appear, she prudently thinks it needless to be at any expense in apparel, or learning. Her eldest daughter to this day would have neither read nor wrote, if it had not been for the butler, who, being the son of a country attorney, has taught her such a hand as is generally used for ingrossing bills in chancery. By this time I have sufficiently tired your patience with my domestic grievances; which, I hope, you will agree, could not well be contained in a narrower compass, when you consider what a paradox I undertook to maintain in the beginning of my epistle, and which manifestly appears to be but too melancholy a truth. And now I heartily wish the relation I have given of my misfortunes may be of use and benefit to the public. By the example I have set before them, the truly virtuous wives may learn to avoid those errors which have so unhappily misled mine, and which are visibly these three. First, In mistaking the proper objects of her esteem, and fixing her affections upon such things as are only the trappings and decorations of her sex. Secondly, In not distinguishing what becomes the different stages of life. And, lastly, The abuse and corruption of some excellent qualities, which, if circumscribed within just bounds, would have been the blessing and prosperity of her family, but, by a vicious extreme, are like to be the hane and destruction of it.

ADDISON.

L.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

\* \* To be seen some time longer, over against the Mews-gate, Charing-cross, a little man, 3 feet high, and 32 years old, straight and proportionable: his wife 2 feet 9 inches, aged 30, now brought to bed after a long and tedious labour under the hands of several able physicians, being the least woman that ever was with child in Europe; likewise their little horse, 2 feet 4 inches high, which performs several wonderful actions by the word of command, being so small that it is kept in a box. See N° 271.

N° 328\*†. MONDAY, MARCH 17, 1711-12.

*Delectata ille urbanitate tam stulta.*

PETRON. ARB.

Delighted with unaffected simplicity.

THAT useful part of learning which consists in emendations, knowledge of different readings, and the like, is what in all ages persons extremely wise and learned have had in great veneration. For this reason I cannot but rejoice at the following epistle, which lets us into the true author of the letter to Mrs. Margaret Clark, part of which I did myself the honour to publish in a former paper. I must confess I do not naturally affect critical learning; but finding myself not so much regarded as I am apt to flatter myself I may deserve from

some professed patrons of learning, I could not but do myself the justice to show I am not a stranger to such erudition as they smile upon, if I were duly encouraged. However, this is only to let the world see what I could do; and shall not give my reader any more of this kind, if he will forgive the ostentation I show at present.

‘SIR,

‘March 13, 1711-12.

‘Upon reading your paper of yesterday, I took the pains to look out a copy I had formerly taken, and remembered to be very like your last letter: comparing them, I found they were the very same; and have, underwritten, sent you that part of it which you say was torn off. I hope you will insert it, that posterity may know it was Gabriel Bullock that made love in that natural style of which you seem to be fond. But, to let you see I have other manuscripts in the same way, I have sent you inclosed three copies, faithfully taken by my own hand from the originals, which were wrote by a Yorkshire gentleman of a good estate to Madam Mary, and an uncle of hers, a knight very well known by the most ancient gentry in that and several other counties of Great Britain. I have exactly followed the form and spelling. I have been credibly informed that Mr. William Bullock, the famous comedian, is the descendant of this Gabriel, who begot Mr. William Bullock’s great-grandfather on the body of the above-mentioned Mrs. Margaret Clark. As neither Speed, nor Baker, nor Selden, take notice of it, I will not pretend to be positive; but desire that the letter may be reprinted, and what is here recovered may be in *italics*.

‘I am, SIR,

‘Your daily Reader.’

‘To her I very much respect, Mrs. Margaret Clark.

‘LOVELY, and oh that I could write loving Mrs. Margaret Clark, I pray you let affection excuse presumption. Having been so happy as to enjoy the sight of your sweet countenance and comely body, sometimes when I had occasion to buy treacle or liquorish powder at the apothecary’s shop, I am so enamoured with you, that I can no more keep close my flaming desire to become your servant. And I am the more bold now to write to your sweet self, because I am now my own man, and may match where I please; for my father is taken away; and now I am come to my living, which is ten yardland, and a house; and there is never a yardland\* in our field but is as well worth ten pound a year; as a thief’s worth a halter; and all my brothers and sisters are provided for: besides I have good household stuff, though I say it, both brass and pewter, linens and woollens; and though my house be thatched, yet if you and I match, it shall go hard but I will have one half of it slated. If you shall think well of this motion, I will wait upon you as soon as my new clothes are made, and hay-harvest is in. I could, though I say it, have good matches in our town; but my mother (God’s peace be with her) charged me upon her death-bed to marry a gentlewoman, one who had been well trained up in the sewing and cookery. I do not think but that if you and I can agree to marry, and lay our means together, I shall be made grand jury-man ere two or three years come about, and that will be a great credit to us. If I could have got a messenger for sixpence, I would have sent one on

† From the original folio edition. See the first note to the preceding paper.

\* In some counties 20, in  
of land.

4 in 01

purpose, and some tribe or other for a token of my love; but I hope there is nothing last for that neither. So keeping you will take this letter in good part, and answer it with what care and speed you can, I rest and commend,

'Yours, if my own,

'Septon, 'MR. GABRIEL BULLOCK,  
'Leicesterhire. 'Now my father is dead.

'When the coal-carts come, I shall send officers, and may come in one of them myself.'

'For sir William to go to London at Westminster remember a parliament.

'ETA  
'WILLIAM, I hope that you are well. I write to let you know that I am in trouble about a lady your neice; and I do desire that you will be my friend; for when I did com to see her at your hall, I was mightily abused. I would fain a see you at top-cille, and they would not let me go to you; but I desire that you will be our friend, for it is no dishonor neither for you nor us, for God did make us all. I wish that I might see you, for they say that you are a good man; and many deth wonder at it, but madamorton is abused and coted so I believe. I might a had many a lady, but I can have none but her with a good conscience, for there is a God that know our hearts. If you and madamorton will come to York, there I shall meet you if God be willing and if you be pleased. so be not angrie till you know the trues of things.

'I give my to me lady, and to Mr. Aynsby, and to madamorton, March, the 10th; 1700.'

'George Nelson.

'This is for madam mary norton disforth Lady she to York.

'MADAM MARY. Deare loving sweet lady, I hope you are well. Do not go to London for they will put you in the wanner; and heed not Mrs. Lucy what she saith to you, for she will ly and cheat you. go from to another place, and we will gate wed so with speed. mind what I write to you, for if they gate you to London they will keep you there; and so let us gate wed, and we will both go. so if you go in London, you racing yourself. so heed not what none of them saith to you. let us gate wed, and we shall lie to gader any time. I all do any thing for you to my power. I hope the devil will falle them all, for a hellish company there be. from there cursed trick and mischief ways good lord bless and deliver both you and me.

'I think to be at York the 24 day.'

'This is for madam mary norton to go to London for a lady that belongs to disforth.

'MADAM MARY, I hope you are well. I am sorry that you went away from York. deare loving sweet lady, I write to let you know that I do remain faithfully; and if can let me know where I can meet you, I will wed you, and I will do any thing in my power for you are a good woman, and will be a loving blithful. I am in trouble for you. so if you will come to York I will wed you. so with speed come, and I will have none but you my sweet love, heed not what to say to me, and with speed come; heed not what none of them say to you; your Mabel makes you believe aught

'So deare love think of Mr. George Nibben with speed; I sent 2 or 3 letters before.

'I gave msteris clock some note, and they put me in prison all the night for me paining, and now now a hear I was, and I did get cold.

'But it is for Mrs. Lucy to go a good way from home, for in York and round about she is known; to writ any more her deeds, the same will tell her word is black within, her corks stinks of hell.

'March 19th, 1700.'

STEELE.

R.

Nº 593. TUESDAY, MARCH 18, 1711-12.

Two Letters recd, from your daughter, at Dorset  
HOL. Epist. & L. L. ver 7.

With Anson, and with Morda, story of Rome,  
We must descend to the latest touch.

My friend Sir Roger de Coverley told me (other night, that he had been reading my paper upon Westminster-abbey\*, in which, says he, there are a great many legendaries fables. He told me at the same time, that he observed I had promised another paper upon the tomb, and that he should be glad to go and see that with me, not having visited them since he had read history. I could not at first imagine how this came into the knight's head, till I recollected that he had been very busy all last summer upon Baker's Chronicle, which he has quoted several times in his disputes with Sir Andrew Freeport since his last coming to town. Accordingly I promised to call upon him the next morning, that we might go together to the abbey.

I found the knight under his botler's hands, who always serves him. He was no sooner dressed, than he called for a glass of the widow Truby's water, which he told me he always drank before he went abroad. He recommended to me a draught of it at the same time, with as much heartiness, that I could not forbear drinking it. As soon as I had got it down, I found it very unpleasant; upon which the knight, observing that I had made several very fierce, told me that he knew I should not like it at first, but that it was the best thing in the world against the stone or gravel.

I could have wished indeed that he had acquainted me with the virtues of it sooner; but it was too late to complain, and I knew what he had done was out of good-will. Sir Roger told me further, that he looked upon it to be very good for a man whilst he staid in town, to keep off infection, and that he got together a quantity of it upon the first news of the sickness being at Dunstable; when of a sudden turning short to one of his servants, who stood behind him, he bid him call a hackney-coach, and take care it was an elderly man that drove it.

He then resumed his discourse upon Mrs. Truby's water, telling me that the widow Truby was one who did more good than all the doctors and apothecaries in the country; that she distilled every poppy that grew within five miles of her; that she distributed her water gratis among all sorts of people; to which the knight added, that she had a very great jubilee, and that the whole country would take leave it a match between him and her; and truly," says Sir Roger, "if I had not been engaged, perhaps I could not have done better."

His discourse was broken off by his man's telling

him he had called a coach. Upon our going to it, after having cast his eye upon the wheels, he asked the coachman if his saddle-tree was good; upon the fellow's telling him he would warrant it, the knight turned to me, told me he looked like an honest man, and went in without further ceremony.

We had not gone far when Sir Roger, popping out his head, called the coachman down from his box, and, upon his presenting him self at the window, asked him if he smoked. As I was considering what this would end in, he bid him stop by the way at any good tobacconist's, and take in a roll of their best Virginia. Nothing material happened in the remaining part of our journey, till we were set down at the west end of the abbey.

As we went up the body of the church, the knight pointed at the trophies upon one of the new monuments, and cried out, 'A brave man, I warrant him!' Passing afterwards by Sir Cloudsley Shovel, he hung his hand that way, and cried, 'Sir Cloudsley Shovel! a very gallant man.' As we stood before Bushy's tomb, the knight uttered himself again after the same manner: 'Dr. Bushy! a great man! he whipped my grandfather; a very great man! I should have gone to him myself, if I had not been a blackhead; a very great man!'

We were immediately conducted into the little chapel on the right hand. Sir Roger, planting himself at our historian's elbow, was very attentive to every thing he said, particularly to the account he gave us of the lord who had cut off the king of Morocco's head. Among several other figures, he was very well pleased to see the statesman Cecil upon his knees; and, concluding them all to be great men, was conducted to the figure which represents that martyr to good housewifery who died by the prick of a needle. Upon our interpreter's telling us that she was a rival of honour to Queen Elizabeth, the knight was very inquisitive into her name and family; and, after having regarded her finger for some time, 'I wonder,' says he, 'that Sir Richard Baker has said nothing of her in his Chronicle.'

We were then conveyed to the two coronation chairs, where my old friend, after having heard that the stone underneath the most ancient of them, which was brought from Scotland, was called Jacob's pillar, sat himself down in the chair; and, looking like the figure of an old Gothic king, asked our interpreter, what authority they had to say that Jacob had ever been in Scotland? The fellow, instead of returning him an answer, told him, that he hoped his honour would pay his forfeit. I could observe Sir Roger a little ruffled upon being thus trepanned; but our guide not insisting upon his demand, the knight soon recovered his good humour, and whispered in my ear, that if Will Wumble were with us, and saw those two chairs, it would go hard but he would get a tobacco-stopper out of one or t'other of them.

Sir Roger, in the next place, laid his hand upon Edward the Third's sword, and leaning upon the pommel of it, gave us the whole history of the Black Prince; concluding, that, in Sir Richard Baker's opinion, Edward the Third was one of the greatest princes that ever sat upon the English throne.

We were then shown Edward the Confessor's tomb; upon which Sir Roger acquainted us, that he was the first who touched for the evil; and afterwards Henry the Fourth's; upon which he shook his head, and told us there was fine reading in the casualties of that reign.

Our conductor then pointed to that monument

where there is the figure of one of our English kings without a head; and upon giving us to know, that the head, which was of beaten silver, had been stolen away several years since: 'Some whig, I'll warrant you,' says Sir Roger; 'you ought to look up your kings better; they will carry off the body too, if you don't take care.'

The glorious names of Henry the Fifth and Queen Elizabeth gave the knight great opportunities of chiding, and of doing justice to Sir Richard Baker, who, as our knight observed with some surprise, had a great many kings in him, whose monuments he had not seen in the abbey.

For my own part, I could not but be pleased to see the knight show such an honest passion for the glory of his country, and such a respectful gratitude to the memory of its princes.

I must not omit, that the benevolence of my good old friend, which flows out towards every one he converses with, made him very kind to our interpreter, whom he looked upon as an extraordinary man; for which reason he shook him by the hand at parting, telling him, that he should be very glad to see him at his lodgings in Norfolk-buildings, and talk over these matters with him more at leisure.

ADDITION.

L.

N<sup>o</sup> 330. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 19, 1711-12.

*Maria debet pueris recreantur*—

JUV. Sat. xlv. ver. 37.

To youth the tenderest regard is due.

THE following letters, written by two very considerate correspondents, both under twenty years of age, are very good arguments of the necessity of taking into consideration the many incidents which affect the education of youth.

SIR,

I HAVE long expected that, in the course of your observations upon the several parts of human life, you would one time or other fall upon a subject, which, since you have not, I take the liberty to recommend to you. What I mean is, the patronage of young modest men to such as are able to countenance and introduce them into the world. For want of such assistances, a youth of merit languishes in obscurity or poverty when his circumstances are low, and runs into riot and excess when his fortunes are plentiful. I cannot make myself better understood, than by sending you an history of myself, which I shall desire you to insert in your paper, it being the only way I have of expressing my gratitude for the highest obligations imaginable.

I am the son of a merchant of the city of London, who, by many losses, was reduced from a very luxuriant trade and credit to very narrow circumstances, in comparison to that of his former abundance. This took away the vigour of his mind, and all manner of attention to a fortune which he now thought desperate; inasmuch that he died without a will, having before buried my mother in the midst of his other misfortunes. I was sixteen years of age when I lost my father; and an estate of 200*l*. a year came into my possession, without friend or guardian to instruct me in the management or enjoyment of it. The natural consequence of this was (though I had no rector, and soon had fellows &c



a smart young gentleman, and led me into all the debaucheries of which I was capable; that my companions and I could not well be supplied without running in debt, which I did very frankly, till I was arrested, and conveyed, with a guard strong enough for the most desperate rascal, to a bailiff's house, where I lay four days, surrounded with very merry, but not very agreeable company. As soon as I had extricated myself from that shameful confinement, I reflected upon it with so much horror, that I deserted all my old acquaintance, and took chambers in an inn at court, with a resolution to study the law with all possible application. I trifled away a whole year in looking over a thousand lustracies, without a friend to apply to in any case of doubt; so that I only lived there among men, as little children are sent to school before they are capable of improvement, only to be out of harm's way. In the midst of this state of suspense, not knowing how to dispose of myself, I was sought for by a relation of mine; who, upon observing a good inclination in me, used me with great familiarity, and carried me to his seat in the country. When I came there, he introduced me to all the good company in the country; and the great obligation I have to him for this kind notice, and residence with him ever since, has made so strong an impression upon me, that he has an authority of a father over me, founded upon the love of a brother. I have a good study at books, a good stable of horses always at my command; and, though I am not now quite eighteen years of age, familiar converse on his part, and a strong inclination to exert myself on mine, have had an effect upon me that makes me acceptable wherever I go. *Now, Mr. Spectator, by this gentleman's favour and patronage, it is my own fault if I am not wiser and richer every day I live. I speak this as well by subscribing the initial letters of my name to thank him, as to lecture others to an imitation of his virtue. It would be a worthy work to show what great charities are to be done without expense, and how many noble actions are lost, out of inadvertency, in persons capable of performing them, if they were put in mind of it. If a gentleman of figure in a county would make his family a pattern of sobriety, good sense, and breeding, and would kindly endeavour to influence the education and growing prospects of the younger gentry about him, I am apt to believe it would save him a great deal of stale beer on a public occasion, and render him the leader of his country from their gratitude to him, instead of being a slave to their riots and tumults in order to be made their representative. The same thing might be recommended to all who have made any progress in any parts of knowledge, as arrived at any degree to a profession; others may gain preferments and fortunes from their patrons; but I have, I hope, received from mine good habits and virtues. I repeat to you, sir, my request to print this, in return for all the evil and helpless orphans that ever escape, and all the good he shall receive in this life; both which are wholly owing to this gentleman's favour to me.*

Yours,

Your most obedient humble servant,

A. P.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I am a lad of about fourteen. I had a mighty pleasure in learning. I have been at the Latin school four years. I don't know I ever pleased myself, or neglected any task my master set me

in my life. I think on what I read in school, as I go home at noon and night, and so intently, that I have often gone half a mile out of my way, not minding whither I went. Our maid tells me, she often hears me talk Latin in my sleep, and I dream two or three nights in a week I am reading Juvenal and Horace. My master seems as well pleased with my performances as any boy's in the same class. I think, if I know my own mind, I would choose rather to be a scholar than a priest without learning. I have a very good affectionate father; but though very rich, yet so mighty dear, that he thinks much of the charges of my education. He often tells me he believes my schooling will ruin him; that I cost him God knows what, in books. I tremble to tell him I want one. I am forced to keep my pocket-money, and lay it out for a book now and then, that he don't know of. He has ordered my master to buy no more books for me, but says he will buy them himself. I asked him for Horace's other day, and he told me in a passion he did not believe I was fit for it, but only my master had a mind to make him think I had got a great way in my learning. I am sometimes a month behind other boys in getting the books my master gives orders for. All the boys in the school, but I, have the classic authors in *sermo delphici*, gilt and lettered on the back. My father is often reckoning up how long I have been at school, and tells me he fears I do little good. My father's carriage so discourages me, that he makes me grow dull and melancholy. My master wonders what is the matter with me; I am afraid to tell him; for he is a man that loves to encourage learning, and would be apt to chide my father, and not knowing my father's temper, may make him worse. Sir, if you have any love for learning, I beg you would give me some instructions in this case, and persuade parents to encourage their children when they find them diligent and desirous of learning. I have heard some parents say, they would do anything for their children, if they would but mend their learning; I would be glad to be in their place. Dear sir, pardon my boldness. If you will but consider and pity my case, I will pray for your prosperity as long as I live.

London,

March 2, 1711.

STEELE.

Your humble servant,

JAMES DISCIPULUS.

T.

N° 331. THURSDAY, MARCH 20, 1711-12.

Holden put his hat's beard for thee to pluck.

FIELD. SAT. H. 22.

WAZZ I was last with my friend Sir Roger in Westminster-abbey, I observed that he stood longer than ordinary before the bust of a venerable old man. I was at a loss to guess the reason of it; when after some time, he pointed to the figure, and asked me if I did not think that our forefathers looked much wiser in their beards than we do without them? 'I'm your part,' says he, 'when I am walking in my gallery in the country, and see my ancestors, as many of them died before they were of my age, I cannot forbear regarding them as so many old patriarchs, and, at the same time, look upon myself as a little moustached young fellow. I love to see your Abrahams, your Isaacs, and your Jacobs, as we have them in old pieces of tapestry, with beards below their girdles, that cast

half the hangings.' The knight added, if I would recommend beards in one of my papers, and endeavour to restore human faces to their ancient dignity, that, upon a month's warning, he would undertake to lead up the fashion himself in a pair of whiskers.

I smiled at my friend's fancy; but, after we parted, could not forbear reflecting on the metamorphosis our faces have undergone in this particular.

The beard, conformable to the notion of my friend Sir Roger, was for many ages looked upon as the type of wisdom. Lucian more than once rallies the philosophers of his time, who endeavoured to rival one another in beards; and represents a learned man who stood for a professorship in philosophy, as unqualified for it by the shortness of his beard.

Ælian, in his account of Zoilus, the pretended critic, who wrote against Homer and Plato, and thought himself wiser than all who had gone before him, tells us, that this Zollus had a very long beard that hung down upon his breast, but no hair upon his head, which he always kept close shaved, regarding, it seems, the hairs of his head as so many suckers, which, if they had been suffered to grow, might have drawn away the nourishment from his chin, and by that means have starved his beard.

I have read somewhere that one of the popes refused to accept an edition of a saint's works, which were presented to him, because the saint, in his effigies before the book, was drawn without a beard.

We see by these instances what homage the world has formerly paid to beards; and that a barber was not then allowed to make those depredations on the faces of the learned, which have been permitted him of late years.

Accordingly several wise nations have been so extremely jealous of the least ruffle offered to their beards, that they seem to have fixed the point of honour principally in that part. The Spaniards were wonderfully tender in this particular. Don Quevedo, in his third vision on the last judgment, has carried the humour very far, when he tells us, that one of his vainglorious countrymen, after having received sentence, was taken into custody by a couple of evil spirits; but that his guides happening to disorder his mustachoes, they were forced to recompose them with a pair of curling-irons before they could get him to file off.

If we look into the history of our own nation, we shall find that the beard flourished in the Saxon heptarchy, but was very much discouraged under the Norman line. It shot out, however, from time to time, in several reigns under different shapes. The last effort it made seems to have been in Queen Mary's days, as the curious reader may find, if he pleases to peruse the figures of Cardinal Pole and Bishop Gardiner; though, at the same time, I think it may be questioned, if zeal against popery has not induced our protestant painters to extend the beards of these two persecutors beyond their natural dimensions, in order to make them appear the more terrible.

I find but few beards worth taking notice of in the reign of King James the First.

During the civil wars there appeared one, which makes too great a figure in story to be passed over in silence; I mean that of the redoubted Hudibras, an account of which Butler has transmitted to posterity in the following lines:-

'His tawny beard was th' equal grace  
Both of his wisdom and his face;  
In cut and dye so like a tile,  
A sudden view it would beguile:  
The upper part thereof was whey,  
The nether orange mix'd with grey.'

The whisker continued for some time among us after the expiration of beards; but this is a subject which I shall not here enter upon, having discussed it at large in a distinct treatise, which I keep by me in manuscript, upon the mustachoe.

If my friend Sir Roger's project of introducing beards should take effect, I fear the luxury of the present age would make it a very expensive fashion. There is no question but the beaux would soon provide themselves with false ones of the lightest colours, and the most immoderate lengths. A fair beard of the tapestry size, which Sir Roger seems to approve, could not come under twenty guineas. The famous golden beard of Æsculapius would hardly be more valuable than one made in the extravagance of the fashion.

Besides, we are not certain that the ladies would not come into the mode, when they take the air on horseback. They already appear in hats and feathers, coats and periwigs; and I see no reason why we may not suppose that they would have their riding-beards on the same occasion.

N. B. I may give the moral of this discourse in another paper.

BUDGELL.

X.

Nº 332. FRIDAY, MARCH 21, 1711-12.

Minus aptus aculis  
Naribus horum hominum

HOR. Sat. iii. l. i. ver. 29.

He cannot bear the raillery of the age.  
CREECH.

'DEAR SHORT FACE,

'IN your speculation of Wednesday last\*, you have given us some account of that worthy society of brutes the Mohocks†; wherein you have particularly specified the ingenious performances of the lion-tippers, the dancing-masters, and the tumblers; but as you acknowledge you had not then a perfect history of the whole club, you might very easily omit one of the most notable species of it, the sweaters, which may be reckoned a sort of dancing-masters too. It is, it seems, the custom for half a dozen, or more, of these well-disposed savages, as soon as they have inclosed the person upon whom they design the favour of a sweat, to whip out their swords, and holding them parallel to the horizon, they describe a sort of magic circle round about him with the points. As soon as this piece of conjuration is performed, and the patient without doubt already beginning to wax warm, to forward the operation, that member of the circle towards whom he is so rude as to turn his back first, runs his sword directly into that part of the patient whereon school-boys are punished; and as it is very natural to imagine this will soon make him tack about to some other point, every gentleman does himself the same justice as often as he

\* Nº 324. We must suppose this letter to have been written two or three days before its insertion; otherwise it should be Wednesday *se'n*night.

† See more in Nº 347. See also Swift's works, 8vo. edit. 1801, vols. iv. 55. xi. 214. xv. 281. 283. 286. 287. 295. xvii. 350.

receives the affront. After this jig has gone two or three times round, and the patient is thought to have sweat sufficiently, he is very handsomely rubbed down by some nitrodants who carry with them instruments for that purpose, and so discharged. This relation I had from a friend of mine, who has lately been under this discipline. He tells me he had the honour to dance before the emperor himself, not without the applause and acclamations both of his imperial majesty and the whole ring; though I dare say neither I, nor any of his acquaintance, ever dream he would have merited any reputation by his activity.

I can assure you, Mr. Spectator, I was very near being qualified to have given you a faithful and painful account of this walking baggio, if I may so call it, myself. Going the other night along Fleet-street, and having, out of curiosity, just entered into discourse with a wandering female who was travelling the same way, a couple of fellows advanced towards us, drew their swords, and cried out to each other, "A sweat! a sweat!" Whereupon, suspecting they were some of the ringleaders of the baggio, I also drew my sword, and demanded a parley; but finding none would be granted me, and perceiving others behind them filling off with great diligence to take me in flank, I began to sweat for fear of being forced to it; but very luckily betaking myself to a pair of heels, which I had good reason to believe would do me justice, I instantly got possession of a very snug corner in a neighbouring alley that lay in my rear; which post I maintained for above half an hour with great firmness and resolution, though not letting this success so far overcome me as to make me unmindful of the circumspection that was necessary to be observed upon my advancing again towards the street; by which prudence and good management I made a handsome and orderly retreat, having suffered no other damage in this action than the loss of my baggage, and the dislocation of one of my shoe-heel, which last I am just now informed is in a fair way of recovery. These sweaters, by what I can learn from my friend, and by as near a view as I was able to take of them myself, seem to me to have at present but a rude kind of discipline amongst them. It is probable, if you would take a little pains with them, they might be brought into better order. But I'll leave this to your own discretion; and will only add, that if you think it worth while to insert this by way of caution to those who have a mind to preserve their skins whole from this sort of cupping, and tell them at the same time the hazard of treating with night-walkers, you will perhaps oblige others, as well as

Your very humble servant,  
"JACK LIGHT-FOOT."

P. R. My friend will have me acquaint you, that though he would not willingly detract from the merit of that extraordinary strokesman, Mr. Sprightly's, yet it is his real opinion, that some of those fellows who are employed as rubbers to this new-fashioned baggio, have struck as bold strokes as ever he did in his life.

I had sent this four-and-twenty hours sooner, if I had not had the misfortune of being in a great doubt about the orthography of the word baggio. I consulted several dictionaries, but found no relief; at last, having recourse both to the baggio in Newgate-street, and to that in Chancery-lane, and

sending the original manuscripts upon the sign-post of each to agree literally with my own spelling, I returned home, full of satisfaction, in order to dispatch this epistle.

MR. SPECTATOR,  
As you have taken most of the circumstances of human life into your consideration, we the under-written thought it not improper for us also to represent to you our condition. We are three ladies who live in the country, and the greatest improvement we make is by reading. We have taken a small Journal of our lives; and find it extremely opposite to your last Tuesday's speculation. We rise by seven, and pass the beginning of each day in devotion, and looking into those affairs that fall within the occurrences of a retired life; in the afternoon we sometimes enjoy the company of some friend or neighbour, or else work or read; at night we retire to our chambers, and take leave of each other for the whole night at ten o'clock. We take particular care never to be sick, or a Sunday. Mr. Spectator, we are all very good morals, but are ambitious of characters which we think more laudable, that of being very good wives. If any of your correspondents inquire for a spouse for an honest country gentleman, whose estate is not dipped, and wants a wife that can save half his revenue, and yet make a better figure than any of his neighbours of the same estate with finer bred women, you shall have further notice from,

MRS.  
Your courteous readers,  
MARTHA RUST,  
DEBORAH THRIFT,  
ALICE EARLY.

STEELE.

N<sup>o</sup> 333. SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1711-12.

— read in certain places above. —  
VINEY. Re. vi. ver. 172.  
The calls embattled desires to arms.

We are now entering upon the sixth book of Paradise Lost, in which the poet describes the battle of angels; having raised his reader's expectation, and prepared him for it by several passages in the preceding books. I omitted quoting these passages in my observations on the former books, having purposely reserved them for the opening of this, the subject of which gave occasion to them. The author's imagination was so inflamed with this great scene of action, that wherever he speaks of it, he rises, if possible, above himself. Thus, where he mentions Satan in the beginning of his poem:

— from the eternity power  
Should breaking flaming from the ethereal sky,  
With hurricanes and combustion down  
To batter down rebellious towers; there is a well  
In a luminous clouds and great fire,  
We do not defy the omnipotent to arms."

We have likewise several noble hints of it in the infernal conference:

TO proceed On this of many-throated powers,  
That led the embattled army down a war,  
Thou wast the centre of our march;  
Thou with us were the first to fall;  
He that we heavenly angels thought mightiest  
To be our conqueror, and that thou wast  
But wert the angry victor has made."

His ministers of vengeance and pursuit  
Back to the gates of heav'n. The sulphurous hall  
Shot after us in storm, o'erblown, hath laid  
The fiery surge, that from the precipice  
Of heav'n receiv'd us falling: and the thunder,  
Wing'd with red lightning and impetuous rage,  
Perhaps has spent his shafts, and ceases now  
To bellow through the vast and boundless deep.'

There are several other very sublime images on the same subject in the first book, as also in the second :

'What when we fled amain, pursued and struck  
With heav'n's afflicting thunder, and besought  
The deep to shelter us; this hell then seem'd  
A refuge from those wounds——'

In short, the poet never mentions any thing of this battle, but in such images of greatness and terror as are suitable to the subject. Among several others I cannot forbear quoting that passage where the Power, who is described as presiding over the chaos, speaks in the second book :

'Thus Satan; and him thus the Anarch old,  
With faltering speech and visage incompass'd,  
Answer'd: "I know thee, stranger, who thou art,  
That mighty leading angel, who of late  
Made head against heaven's King, tho' overthrown  
I saw and heard; for such a numerous host  
Fled not in silence through the frighted deep  
With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,  
Confusion worse confounded; and heaven's gates  
Pour'd out by millions her victorious bands  
Pursuing——"

It required great pregnancy of invention, and strength of imagination, to fill this battle with such circumstances as should raise and astonish the mind of the reader; and at the same time an exactness of judgment, to avoid every thing that might appear light or trivial. Those who look into Homer are surprised to find his battles still rising one above another, and improving in horror to the conclusion of the *Iliad*. Milton's fight of angels is wrought up with the same beauty. It is ushered in with such signs of wrath as are suitable to Omnipotence incensed. The first engagement is carried on under a cope of fire, occasioned by the flights of innumerable burning darts and arrows which are discharged from either host. The second onset is still more terrible, as it is filled with those artificial thunders, which seem to make the victory doubtful, and produce a kind of consternation even in the good angels. This is followed by the tearing up of mountains and promontories; till in the last place the Messiah comes forth in the fulness of majesty and terror. The pomp of his appearance amidst the roarings of his thunders, the flashes of his lightnings, and the noise of his chariot-wheels, is described with the utmost flights of human imagination.

There is nothing in the first and last day's engagement which does not appear natural, and agreeable enough to the ideas most readers would conceive of a fight between two armies of angels.

The second day's engagement is apt to startle an imagination which has not been raised and qualified for such a description, by the reading of the ancient poets, and of Homer in particular. It was certainly a very bold thought in our author, to ascribe the first use of artillery to the rebel angels. But as such a pernicious invention may be well supposed to have proceeded from such authors, so it enters very properly into the thoughts of that being, who is all along described as aspiring to the majesty of his Maker. Such engines were the only instruments he could have made use of to imitate those thunders, that in all poetry, both sacred and

profane, are represented as the arms of the Almighty. The tearing up the hills was not altogether so daring a thought as the former. We are, in some measure, prepared for such an incident by the description of the giants' war, which we meet with among the ancient poets. What still made this circumstance the more proper for the poet's use, is the opinion of many learned men, that the fable of the giants' war, which makes so great a noise in antiquity, and gave birth to the sublimest description in Hesiod's works, was an allegory founded upon this very tradition of a fight between the good and bad angels.

It may, perhaps, be worth while to consider with what judgment Milton, in this narration, has avoided every thing that is mean and trivial in the descriptions of the Latin and Greek poets; and at the same time improved every great hint which he met with in their works upon this subject. Homer, in that passage which Longinus has celebrated for its sublimeness, and which Virgil and Ovid have copied after him, tells us that the giants threw Ossa upon Olympus, and Pelion upon Ossa. He adds an epithet to Pelion (*εινοσιφυλλον*), which very much swells the idea, by bringing up to the reader's imagination all the woods that grew upon it. There is further a great beauty in his singling out by names these three remarkable mountains so well known to the Greeks. This last is such a beauty, as the scene of Milton's war could not possibly furnish him with. Claudian, in his fragment upon the giants' war, has given full scope to that wildness of imagination which was natural to him. He tells us, that the giants tore up whole islands by the roots, and threw them at the gods. He describes one of them in particular taking up Lemnos in his arms, and whirling it to the skies, with all Vulcan's shop in the midst of it. Another tears up mount Ida, with the river Enipeus, which ran down the sides of it; but the poet, not content to describe him with this mountain upon his shoulders, tells us, that the river flowed down his back as he held it up in that posture. It is visible to every judicious reader, that such ideas savour more of burlesque than of the sublime. They proceed from a wantonness of imagination, and rather divert the mind than astonish it. Milton has taken every thing that is sublime in these several passages, and composes out of them the following great image:

'From their foundations loos'ning to and fro,  
They pluck'd the seated hills, with all their load,  
Rocks, waters, woods, and by the shaggy tops  
Uplifting bore them in their hands——'

We have the full majesty of Homer in this short description, improved by the imagination of Claudian, without its puerilities.

I need not point out the description of the fallen angels seeing the promontories hanging over their heads in such a dreadful manner, with the other numberless beauties in this book, which are so conspicuous, that they cannot escape the notice of the most ordinary reader.

There are indeed so many wonderful strokes of poetry in this book, and such a variety of sublime ideas, that it would have been impossible to have given them a place within the bounds of this paper. Besides that, I find it in a great measure done to my hand at the end of my Lord Roscommon's *Essay on Translated Poetry*. I shall refer my reader thither for some of the master-strokes of the sixth book of *Paradise Lost*, though at the same time there are many of which the author has not taken notice.

Milton, notwithstanding the sublime genius he was master of, has in this book drawn to his assistance all the helps he could meet with among the ancient poets. The sword of Michael, which makes so great a havoc among the bad angels, was given him, we are told, out of the armoury of God:

“—— But the sword  
Of Michael from the armoury of God  
Was given him; trumpet’d so, that neither kern  
Nor solid might resist that edge: it met  
The sword of Satan, with steep force to smite  
Descending, and in half cut sheer——”

This passage is a copy of that in Virgil, wherein the poet tells us, that the sword of *Æneas*, which was given him by a deity, broke into pieces the sword of *Turranus*, which came from a mortal forge. As the moral in this place is divine, so by the way we may observe, that the bestowing on a man who is favoured by heaven such an allegorical weapon, is very conformable to the old eastern way of thinking. Not only Homer has made use of it, but we find the Jewish hero in the book of *Maccabees*, who had fought the battles of the chosen people with so much glory and success, receiving in his dream a sword from the hand of the prophet *Jeremiah*. The following passage, wherein Satan is described as wounded by the sword of Michael, is in imitation of Homer:

“The griding sword with discontinuance wound  
Pass’d through him; but th’ æthereal substance cleav’d,  
Not long divisible, and from the gash  
A stream of æthereal vapour issuing flow’d  
Begunne, (such as æthereal spirits may bleed)  
And all his armour stain’d——”

Homer tells us in the same manner, that upon *Dionede’s* wounding the gods, there flowed from the wound an ichor, or pure kind of blood, which was not bred from mortal vizards; and that though the pain was exquisitely great, the wound soon closed up and healed in those beings who are vested with immortality.

I question not but *Milton*, in his description of his furious *Moloch* flying from the battle, and bellowing with the wound he had received, had his eye on *Mars* in the *Iliad*; who, upon his being wounded, is represented as retreating out of the fight, and making an outcry louder than that of a whole army when it begins the charge. Homer adds, that the Greeks and Trojans, who were engaged in a general battle, were terrified on each side with the bellowing of this wounded deity. The reader will easily observe how *Milton* has kept all the horror of this image, without running into the ridicule of it:

“—— Where the night of *Osiris* thought,  
And with fierce anguish pierc’d the deep array  
Of *Moloch*, furious king; who him did fly,  
And at his chariot-wheels to drag him bound  
Threaten’d, nor from the holy *One* of heav’n  
Estim’d his tongue blasphemous: but soon  
Down cloven to the waist, with shatter’d bones  
And unreviv’d pain, fell bellowing——”

*Milton* has likewise raised his description in this book with many images taken out of the poetical parts of scripture. The *Messiah’s* chariot, as I have before taken notice, is formed upon a vision of *Ezekiel*, who, as *Cicero* observes, has very much in him of *Homer’s* spirit in the poetical parts of his prophecy.

The following lines, in that glorious commendation which is given the *Messiah* to expiate the host of rebel angels, is drawn from a sublime passage in the *Psalms*:

“Go then, thou mightiest in thy father’s might!  
Accord my chariot, guide the rapid wheels  
That shake heaven’s bases; bring forth all my war,  
My bow and thunder, my almighty arms  
Gird on, and sword upon thy potent thigh!”

The reader will easily discover many other strokes of the same nature.

There is no question but *Milton* had heated his imagination with the fight of the gods in *Homer*, before he entered upon this engagement of the angels. Homer there gives us a scene of men, heroes, and gods, mixed together in battle. *Mars* animates the contending armies, and lifts up his voice in such a manner, that it is heard distinctly amidst all the shouts and confusion of the fight. *Jupiter* at the same time thunders over their heads; while *Neptune* raises such a tempest, that the whole field of battle, and all the tops of the mountains, shake about them. The poet tells us, that *Pietas* himself, whose habitation was in the very centre of the earth, was so affrighted at the shock, that he leapt from his throne. *Homer* afterwards describes *Vulcan* as pouring down a storm of fire upon the river *Xanthus*, and *Minerva* as throwing a rock at *Mars*; who, he tells us, covered seven acres in his fall.

As *Homer* has introduced into his battle of the gods every thing that is great and terrible in nature, *Milton* has filled his fight of good and bad angels with all the like circumstances of horror. The shout of armies, the rattling of brassy chariots, the hurling of rocks and mountains, the earthquake, the fire, the thunder, are all of them employed to lift up the reader’s imagination, and give him a suitable idea of so great an action. With what art has the poet represented the whole body of the earth trembling, even before it was created!

“All heav’n’s recesses; and had earth been then,  
All earth had to its centre shook——”

In how sublime and just a manner does he afterwards describe the whole heaven shaking under the wheels of the *Messiah’s* chariot, with that exception to the throne of God!

“—— Under his burning wheels  
The stridings compress’d shook thorough;  
All but the throne itself of God——”

Notwithstanding the *Messiah* appears clothed with so much terror and majesty, the poet has still found means to make his readers conceive an idea of him, beyond what he himself is able to describe:

“Yet half his strength he put not forth, but check’d  
His thunder in mid valley; for he meant  
Not to destroy, but root them out of heaven.”

In a word, *Milton’s* genius, which was so great in itself, and so strengthened by all the helps of learning, appears in this book every way equal to his subject, which was the most sublime that could enter into the thought of a poet. As he knew all the arts of affecting the mind, he knew it was necessary to give it certain resting-places, and opportunities of recovering itself from time to time; he has therefore with great address interspersed several speeches, reflections, similitudes, and the like reliefs, to divert his narration, and raise the attention of the reader, that he might come fresh to his great action, and by such a contrast of ideas have a more lively taste of the nobler parts of his description.



elder than he. When Eliza saw there was no answer in the mouth of these three men, then his wrath was kindled. And Eliza, the son of Baruchiel the Baxter, answered and said, I am young, and ye are very old; wherefore I was afraid, and durst not show you mine opinion. I said, Days should speak, and multitude of years should teach wisdom. But there is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding. Great men are not always wise; neither do the aged understand judgment. Therefore I said, Harken to me, I also will show mine opinion. Behold, I waited for your words; I gave ear to your reasons, whilst you searched out a hint to say. Yes, I attended unto you. And behold there was none of you that convinced Job, or that answered his words; lest you should say, We have found out wisdom: God thrusteth him down, not man. Now he hath not directed his words against me; neither will I answer him with your speeches. They were amazed; they answered no more; they left off speaking. When I had waited (for they spake not, but stood still and answered no more) I said, I will answer also my part; I also will show mine opinion. For I am full of matter, the spirit within me constraineth me. Behold, my belly is as wine which hath no vent, it is ready to burst like new bottles. I will speak that I may be refreshed; I will open my lips and answer. Let me not, I pray you, accept any man's person, neither let me give flattering titles unto man. For I know not to give flattering titles; in so doing my blaker would soon take me away."

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I HAVE formerly read with great satisfaction your papers about Idols\*, and the behaviour of gentlemen in those coffee-houses, where women obtrude; and impatiently waited to see you take India and China shops into consideration; but since you have passed us over in silence, either that you have not as yet thought us worth your notice, or that the grievances we lie under have escaped your discerning eye, I must make my complaints to you, and am encouraged to do it because you seem a little at leisure at this present writing. I am, dear sir, one of the top china-women about town; and though I say it, keep us good things, and receive as fine company, as any a' this end of the town, let the other be who she will. In short, I am in a fair way to be easy, were it not for a club of female rakes, who, under pretence of taking their innocent rambles forsooth, and diverting the spleen, seldom fail to plague me twice or thrice a day, to cheapen tea, or buy a shrew. What else should they mean? as they often repeat it. These rakes are your idle ladies of fashion, who, having nothing to do, employ themselves in tumbling over my ware. One of these no-customers (for by the way they seldom or never buy any thing) calls for a set of tridishes, another for a basin, a third for my best green-tea, and even to the crack-bowl, there's scarce a piece in my shop but must be displaced, and the whole agreeable architecture disordered, so that I can compare them to nothing but to the night-goblins, that take a pleasure to overturn the disposition of plates and dishes in the kitchens of your housewifely maids. Well, after all this racket and clutter, this is too dear, that is their avowal; another thing is charming, but not wanted: the ladies are tired of the spleen, but I am not a shilling the better for it. Lord, what

signifies one poor pot of tea, considering the terrible they put me to! Vapours, Mr. Spectator, are terrible things; for, though I am not possessed by them myself, I suffer more from them than if I were. Now I must beg you to admonish all such day-goblins to make fewer visits, or to be less troublesome when they come to one's shop; and to convince them that we honest shopkeepers have something better to do, than to cure folks of the vapours gratis. A young son of mine, a school-boy, is my secretary, so I hope you will make allowances.

'I am, sir,

'Your constant reader,

'and very humble servant,

'MARCH the 22d.

'REBECCA the distressed.'

'STEELE.

T.

No 337. THURSDAY, MARCH 27, 1712.

*Flugit cygnus in tenera deciduae ceruice magister,*

*Ita tuum quam inuoluitur aqva.*

HOE. Ep. II. l. i. ver. 64.

The jockey trains the young and tender horse  
While yet soft-mouth'd, and breeds him to the course.  
CRUELTY.

I HAVE lately received a third letter from the gentleman who has already given the public two essays upon education\*. As his thoughts seem to be very just and new upon this subject, I shall communicate them to the reader.

'SIR,

'If I had not been hindered by some extraordinary business, I should have sent you sooner my further thoughts upon education. You may please to remember, that in my last letter I endeavour'd to give the best reasons that could be urged in favour of a private or public education. Upon the whole, it may perhaps be thought that I seemed rather inclin'd to the latter, though at the same time I confess'd that virtue, which ought to be our first and principal care, was more usually acquired in the former.

'I intend, therefore, in this letter, to shew at methods, by which I conceive boys might be made to improve in virtue, as they advance in letters.

'I know that in most of our public schools vice is punished and discouraged, whenever it is found out; but this is far from being sufficient, unless our youth are at the same time taught to form a right judgment of things, and to know what is properly virtue.

'To this end, whenever they read the lives and actions of such men as have been famous in their generation, it should not be thought enough to make them barely understand so many Greek or Latin sentences; but they should be asked their opinion of such an action or saying, and oblig'd to cite their reasons why they take it to be good or bad. By this means they would inevitably arrive at proper notions of courage, temperance, honesty, and justice.

'There must be great care taken how the example of any particular person is recommended to them in gross; instead of which they ought to be taught wherein such a man, though great in some respects, was weak and faulty in others. For part of this caution, a boy is often so dazzled with the lustre of a great character, that he confounds in

beauties with its blemishes, and look even upon the faulty parts of it with an eye of admiration.

"I have often wondered how Alexander, who was naturally of a generous and merciful disposition, came to be guilty of so barbarous an action as that of dragging the governor of a town after his chariot. I know this is generally ascribed to his passion for Homer; but I lately met with a passage in Plutarch, which, if I am not very much mistaken, still gives us a clearer light into the motives of this action. Plutarch tells us, that Alexander in his youth had a master named Lysarchus, who, though he was a man destitute of all politeness, ingratiated himself both with Philip and his pupil, and became the second man at court, by calling the king Pelenus, the prince Achilles, and himself Phoenix. It is no wonder if Alexander, having been thus used not only to admire, but to personate Achilles, should think it glorious to imitate him in this piece of cruelty and extravagance.

"To carry this thought yet farther, I shall submit it to your consideration, whether, instead of a theme or copy of verses, which are the usual exercises, as they are called in the school phrase, it would not be more proper that a boy should be tasked, once or twice a week, to write down his opinion of such persons and things as occur to him in his reading; that he should descant upon the actions of Turnus, or Aeneas; show wherein they excelled, or where defective; censure or approve any particular action; observe how it might have been carried to a greater degree of perfection, and how it exceeded or fell short of another. He ought at the same time mark what was moral in any speech, and how far it agreed with the character of the person speaking. This exercise would soon strengthen his judgment in what is blameable or praiseworthy, and give him an early reasoning of morality.

"Next to those examples which may be met with in books, I very much approve Horace's way of setting before youth the infamous or honourable characters of their contemporaries. That poet tells us, this was the method his father made use of to incline him to any particular virtue, or give him an aversion to any particular vice. "If," says Horace, "my father advised me to live within bounds, and he contented with the fortune he should leave me; "Do not you see," says he, "the miserable condition of Burrus, and the son of Albus? Let the misfortunes of those two wretches teach you to avoid luxury and extravagance." If he would inspire me with an abhorrence to debauchery; "Do not," says he, "make yourself like Sotinus, when you may be happy in the enjoyment of lawful pleasures. How scandalous," says he, "is the character of Trebonius, who was lately caught in bed with another man's wife?" To illustrate the force of this method, the poet adds, that as a headstrong patient, who will not at first follow his physician's prescriptions, grows orderly when he hears that his neighbours die all about him: so youth is often frightened from vice, by hearing the ill report it brings upon others.

"Xenophon's schools of equity, in his life of Cyrus the Great, are sufficiently famous. He tells us, that the Persian children went to school, and employed their time as diligently in learning the principles of justice and sobriety, as the youth in other countries did to acquire the most difficult arts and sciences: their governors spent most part of the day in hearing their mutual accusations one against the other, whether for violence, cheating, slander, or ingratitude; and taught them how to

give judgment against those who were found to be any ways guilty of these crimes. I omit the story of the long and short coat, for which Cyrus himself was punished, as a case equally known with any in Littleton.

"The method which Apuleius tells us the Indian Gymnosophists took to educate their disciples, is still more curious and remarkable. His words are as follow: "When their dinner is ready, before it is served up, the masters inquire of every particular scholar how he has employed his time since sun-rising: some of them answer, that, having been chosen as arbiters between two persons, they have compared their differences, and made them friends; some, that they have been executing the orders of their parents; and others, that they have either found out something new by their own application, or learnt it from the instructions of their fellows. But if there happens to be any one among them who cannot make it appear that he has employed the morning to advantage, he is immediately excluded from the company, and obliged to work while the rest are at dinner."

"It is not impossible, that from these several ways of producing virtue in the minds of boys, some general method might be invented. What I would endeavour to inculcate is, that our youth cannot be too soon taught the principles of virtue, being the first impressions which are made on the mind are always the strongest.

"The Archbishop of Cambray \* makes Telenachus say, that, though he was young in years, he was old in the art of knowing how to keep both his own and his friends' secrets. "When my father," says the prince, "went to the siege of Troy, he took me on his knees, and, after having embraced and kissed me, as he was surrounded by the hordes of Ithaca, 'O my friends,' says he, 'into your hands I commit the education of my son: if you ever loved his father, show it in your care toward him; but, above all, do not omit to form him just, sincere, and faithful in keeping a secret. "These words of my father," says Telenachus, "were continually repeated to me by his friends in his absence; who made no scruple of communicating to me their measures to see my mother surrounded with lovers, and the measures they designed to take on that occasion." He adds, that he was so ravished at being thus treated like a man, and at the confidence reposed in him, that he never once abused it; nor could all the insinuations of his father's rivals ever get him to betray what was committed to him under the seal of secrecy.

"There is hardly any virtue which a lad might not thus learn by practice and example.

"I have heard of a good man, who used at certain times to give his scholars sixpence apiece, that they might tell him the next day how they had employed it. The third part was always to be laid out in charity, and every boy was blamed, or commended, as he could make it appear he had chosen a fit object.

"In short, nothing is more wanting to our public schools, than that the masters of them should use the same care in fashioning the manners of their scholars, as in forming their tongues to the learned languages. Wherever the former is omitted, I cannot help agreeing with Mr. Locke, that a man must have a very strange value for words, when, preferring the languages of the Greeks and Romans to that which made them such brave men, he

\* Francois de Salignac de la Motte Fenelon, born 1651, Aug. 6, 1651; died at Cambray, Jan. 7, 1715.



can think it worth while to hazard the innocence and virtue of his son for a little Greek and Latin.

As the subject of this essay is of the highest importance, and what I do not remember to have yet seen treated by any author, I have sent you what occurred to me on it from my own observation, or reading, and which you may either suppress or publish, as you think fit.

I am, Sir,  
Yours, &c.

BUDGEH.

X.

N<sup>o</sup> 338. FRIDAY, MARCH 23, 1712.

— Nil sine verum  
Tum aliquid alibi —

FOR. Sat. ut. L. I. ver. 13.

Made up of thought but incoherences.

I read the tragedy of The Distressed Mother as published to-day. The author of the prologue<sup>a</sup>, I suppose, pleads an old excuse I have read somewhere, of "being dull with design; and the gentleman who writ the epilogue<sup>b</sup>, has, to my knowledge, so much of greater moment to value himself upon, that he will easily forgive me for publishing the exceptions made against gaiety at the end of serious entertainments in the following letters. I should be more swiftness to pardon him, than any body, a practice which cannot have any ill consequence, but from the abilities of the person who is guilty of it.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I had the happiness the other night of sitting very near you, and your worthy friend Sir Roger, at the acting of the new tragedy, which you have, in a late paper or two, so justly recommended. I was highly pleased with the advantageous situation fortune had given me in placing me so near two gentlemen, from one of which I was sure to hear such reflections on the several incidents of the play as pure nature suggested; and from the other, such as flowed from the exactest art and judgment; though I must confess that my curiosity led me so much to observe the knight's reflections, that I was not so well at leisure to improve myself by yours. Nature, I found, played her part in the knight pretty well, till at the last concluding lines she entirely forsook him. You must know, sir, that it is always my custom, when I have been well entertained at a new tragedy, to make my retreat before the facetious epilogue enters; not but that these pieces are often very well written, but having paid down my half-crowns, and made a fair purchase of as much of the pleasing melancholy as the poet's art can afford me, or my own nature admit of, I am willing to carry some of it home with me; and cannot endure to be at once tricked out of all, though by the wittiest dexterity in the world. However, I kept my seat the other night, in hopes of finding my own sentiments of this matter favoured by your friend's; when, to my great surprise, I found the knight entering with equal pleasure into both parts, and as much satisfied with Mrs. Oldfield's gaiety, as he had been before

with Andromache's greatness. Whether this were no more than an effect of the knight's peculiar humanity, pleased to find at last, that, after all the tragical doings, every thing was safe and well, I do not know. But, for my own part, I must confess I was so dissatisfied, that I was sorry the poet had saved Andromache, and could heartily have wished that he had left her stone-dead upon the stage. For you cannot imagine, Mr. Spectator, the mischief she was reserved to do me. I found my soul, during the action, gradually worked up to the highest pitch; and felt the exalted passions which all generous minds conceive at the sight of virtue in distress. The impression, believe me, sir, was so strong upon me, that I am persuaded, if I had been let alone in it, I could at an extremity have ventured to defend yourself and Sir Roger against half a score of the fiercest Mohocks; but the ludicrous epilogue in the close extinguished all my ardour, and made me look upon all such noble achievements as downright silly and romantic. What the rest of the audience felt, I cannot so well tell. For myself I must declare, that at the end of the play I found my soul uniform, and all of a piece; but at the end of the epilogue, it was so jumbled together and divided between jest and earnest, that, if you will forgive me an extravagant fancy, I will here set it down. I could not but fancy, if my soul had at that moment quitted my body, and descended to the poetical shades in the posture it was then in, what a strange figure it would have made among them. They would not have known what to have made of my misty spectre, half comic and half tragic, all over resembling a ridiculous face, that, at the same time, laughs on one side, and cries on the other. The only defence, I think, I have ever heard made for this, as it seems to me the most unnatural tack of the comic tail to the tragic head, is this, that the minds of the audience must be refreshed, and gentleness and smiles not sent away to their own homes with too dismal and melancholy thoughts about them; for who knows the consequence of this? We are much obliged indeed to the poets for the great tenderness they express for the safety of our persons, and heartily thank them for it. But if that be all, and pray, good sir, assure them, that we are none of us like to come to any great harm; and that, let them do their best, we shall, in all probability, live out the length of our days, and frequent the theatres more than ever. What makes me more desirous to have some reformation of this matter is, because of an ill consequence or two attending it, for a great many of our church musicians being related to the theatre, they have, in imitation of these epilogues, introduced in their farewell valedictories, a sort of music quite foreign to the decorum of church-services, to the great prejudice of sign of church-services, to the great prejudice of well-disposed people. These lingering gentlemen should be informed, that they ought to sell their souls to the place and business; and that the musician is obliged to keep to the text as much as the preacher. For want of this, I have found by experience a great deal of mischief. For when the preacher has often with great piety, and the judicious enough, handled his subject, and the judicious clerk has with the utmost diligence called out too staves proper to the discourse, and I have found in myself, and to the rest of the pew, good thoughts and dispositions, they have been all in a moment dissipated by a merry jig from the organist. One knows not what further ill effects the epilogues I have been speaking of may in time produce; but this I am credibly informed of, that

<sup>a</sup> First's. The excuse alludes to a passage in the last paper of the Tatler, N<sup>o</sup> 24.

<sup>b</sup> Budgeh. The epilogue, which is of note to be in the following letter, is defended in N<sup>o</sup> 331. See remarks on this elegy in Nov. 1712, and 223.

Paul Lorrain \* has resolved upon a very sudden reformation in his tragical dramas; and that, at the next monthly performance, he designs, instead of a penitential psalm, to dismiss his audience with an excellent new ballad of his own composing. Pray, sir, do what you can to put a stop to these growing evils, and you will very much oblige

Your humble servant,  
P. MANSFIELD.

[The author uncertain.]

Nº 359. SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1719.

— *Ubi cuncta perire*  
Omnis, et cuncta perire, in hoc mundo, et cuncta  
Dum durat, et cuncta perire, in hoc mundo, et cuncta  
Cuncta, et cuncta perire, in hoc mundo, et cuncta  
VIRGIL. *Eclog. 1.*

He is one the great teacher of nature's laws;  
He is one, and cuncta, and cuncta, and cuncta,  
Tell the world the great laws of nature fall  
Were they not cuncta in the world, and cuncta,  
The teacher of nature's laws, and cuncta,  
Tell the world the great laws of nature fall  
Were they not cuncta in the world, and cuncta,  
And a new sun to the world, and cuncta,  
DEADEN.

LONGINUS has observed, that there may be a loftiness in sentiments where there is no passion, and brings instances out of ancient authors to support this his opinion. The pathetic, as that great critic observes, may animate and influence the sublime, but is not essential to it. Accordingly, as he further remarks, we very often find that those who excel most in stirring up the passions, very often want the talent of writing in the great and sublime manner, and so on the contrary. Milton has shown himself a master in both these ways of writing. The seventh book, which we are now entering upon, is an instance of that sublime which is not mixed and worked up with passion. The author appears in a kind of composed and sedate majesty; and though the sentiments do not give so great an emotion as those in the former book, they abound with as magnificent ideas. The sixth book, like a troubled ocean, represents greatness in confusion; the seventh affects the imagination like the ocean in a calm, and fills the mind of the reader, without producing in it any thing like tumult, or agitation.

The critic above-mentioned, among the rules which he lays down for succeeding in the sublime way of writing, proposes to his reader, that he should imitate the most celebrated authors who have gone before him, and have been engaged in works of the same nature; as in particular that, if he writes on a poetical subject, he should consider how Homer would have spoken on such an occasion. By this means one great genius often catches the flame from another, and writes in his spirit, without copying servilely after him. There are a thousand shining passages in Virgil, which have been lighted up by Homer.

Milton, though his own natural strength of genius was capable of furnishing out a perfect work, has doubtless very much raised and ennobled his conceptions by such an imitation as that which Longinus has recommended.

\* At that time ordinary of Newgate; and who, in his accounts of the convicts executed at Tyburn, generally represented them as true penitents, and dying very well, after having lived for the most part very ill. In the Tatler, Nº 63, they are humorously styled Lorrain's saints. See Mr. Budgell's answer to this letter, in Nº 341. See also Swift's Works, 8vo. edit. 1801, vol. viii. p. 434.

In this book, which gives us an account of the six days work, the poet received but very few assistances from heathen writers, who are strangers to the wonders of creation. But as there are many glorious strokes of poetry upon this subject in holy writ, the author has numberless allusions to them through the whole course of this book. The great critic I have before mentioned, though an heathen, has taken notice of the sublime manner in which the lawgiver of the Jews has described the creation in the first chapter of Genesis; and there are many other passages in scripture which rise up to the same majesty, where this subject is touched upon. Milton has shown his judgment very remarkably, in making use of such of these as were proper for his poem, and in duly qualifying those high strains of eastern poetry, which were suited to readers whose imaginations were set to an higher pitch than those of colder climates.

Adam's speech to the angel, wherein he desires an account of what had passed within the regions of nature before the creation, is very great and solemn. The following lines, in which he tells him, that the day is not too far spent for him to enter upon such a subject, are exquisite in their kind:

'And the great heat of day yet wants to run  
Thou hast the time, thou hast the power, thou hast the heat,  
If thou dost see the day yet wants to run  
And thou wilt see the day yet wants to run  
Thou hast the time, thou hast the power, thou hast the heat.'

The angel's encouraging our first parents in a modest pursuit after knowledge, with the causes which he assigns for the creation of the world, are very just and beautiful. The Messiah, by whom, as we are told in scripture, the heavens were made, goes forth in the power of his Father, surrounded with an host of angels, and clothed with such a majesty as becomes his entering upon a work which, according to our conceptions, appears the utmost exertion of Omnipotence. What a beautiful description has our author raised upon that hint in one of the prophets! 'And behold there came four chariots out from between two mountains, and the mountains were mountains of brass.'

'About his chariot number'd were pour'd  
Cherub and seraph, potentates and thrones,  
And vultures, winged spirits, and chariots wing'd  
From the army of God, where stand of old  
Myriads between two brazen mountains lodg'd  
Against a solemn day, harness'd at hand,  
Celestial equipage! and now came forth  
Spout unicorns, (for within them spirit liv'd)  
Attendant on their Lord: Heav'n open'd wide  
Her ever-during gates, harmonious sound  
On golden hinges moving ———'

I have before taken notice of these chariots of God, and of these gates of heaven; and shall here only add, that Homer gives us the same idea of the latter as opening of themselves; though he afterwards takes off from it, by telling us, that the Hours first of all removed those prodigious heaps of clouds which lay as a barrier before them.

I do not know any thing in the whole poem more sublime than the description which follows, where the Messiah is represented at the head of his angels, as looking down into the chaos, calming its confusion, riding into the midst of it, and drawing the first outline of the creation:

'On heav'nly ground they stood, and from the shore  
They view'd the vast immeasurable abyss  
Outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful, wild,  
Up from the bottom turn'd up to the sky  
And surging waves, as mountains

Homer's height, and with the centre mix the pole.  
 "Alas, ye troubled waves; and thou, deep, peace!"  
 Said then the exalted word, "your discord end!"  
 He staid, but on the wings of ebullition  
 Up-lifted, in paternal glory rode  
 Far into Chaos, and the world unborn;  
 For Chaos heard his voice. Here all his train  
 Follow'd in bright procession, to behold  
 Creation, and the wonders of his might.  
 Then stay'd the fervid wheels; and in his hand  
 He took the golden compasses, prepar'd  
 In God's eternal store to circumscribe  
 This universe, and all created things:  
 One foot he center'd, and the other turn'd  
 Round through the vast profundity obscure,  
 And said, "Thus far extend, thus far thy bounds,  
 This be thy just circumference, O world!"

The thought of the golden compasses is conceived altogether in Homer's spirit, and is a very noble incident in this wonderful description. Homer, when he speaks of the gods, ascribes to them several arms and instruments with the same greatness of imagination. Let the reader only peruse the description of Minerva's eagle, or becker, in the fifth book, with her spear which would overturn whole squadrons, and her helmet that was sufficient to cover an army drawn out of an hundred cities. The golden compasses in the above-mentioned passage, appear a very natural instrument in the hand of him whom Plato somewhere calls the Divine Geometrist. As poetry delights in clothing abstracted ideas in allegories and sensible images, we find a magnificent description of the creation, formed after the same manner, in one of the prophets, wherein he describes the Almighty Architect as measuring the waters in the hollow of his hand, meting out the heavens with his span, comprehending the dust of the earth in a measure, weighing the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance. Another of them, describing the Supreme Being in this great work of creation, represents him as laying the foundations of the earth, and stretching a line upon it; and, in another place, as garnishing the heavens, stretching out the north over the empty place, and hanging the earth upon nothing. This last noble thought Milton has expressed in the following verse:

"And earth self-balanc'd on her centre hung."

The beauties of description in this book lie so very thick, that it is impossible to enumerate them in this paper. The poet has employed on them the whole energy of our tongue. The several great scenes of the creation rise up to view one after another, in such a manner, that the reader seems present at this wonderful work, and to stand among the choirs of angels who are the spectators of it. How glorious is the conclusion of the first day!

"Thus was the first day ev'n and more;  
 For past uncelebrated, a nameless day,  
 By the celestial choir, when silent light  
 Liking first from darkness they beheld,  
 First-day of heav'n and earth with joy and shout  
 The below universal orb they sung."

We have the same elevation of thought in the third day, when the mountains were brought forth, and the deep was made:

"Immediately the mountains on huge of peer  
 Emerg'd, and their broad backs up-heave  
 Into the clouds; the tops above the sky  
 As high as head of the tall Chimæra;  
 From a rock a bottom bottom laid and deep,  
 Lays a new bed of waters."

We have also the rising of the whole vegetable world described in this day's work, which is filled with all the graces that other poets have furnished

on their description of the spring, and leads the reader's imagination into a theatre equally surprising and beautiful.

The several glories of the heavens make their appearance on the fourth day:

"First in his east the glorious lamp was seen  
 Argent of day, and all the hostess round  
 Invested with bright rays, join'd to run  
 His length through between his high road; the gray  
 Dawn, and the Pleiades before him danc'd,  
 Fludding sweet influence. Low bright the Moon,  
 But opposite in level'd west was set  
 His mirror, with full face borrow'd her light  
 From him, for other lights she needed none  
 In that aspect, and with that distance kept  
 Till night; then to the east her turn she takes,  
 Revolv'd on heav'n's great axle, and her reign  
 With thousand lesser lights divides all holds,  
 With thousand thousand stars, that then appear'd  
 Sprinkling the hemisphere."

One would wonder how the poet could be so concise in his description of the six days work, as to comprehend them within the bounds of an episode, and at the same time so particular, as to give us a lively idea of them. This is still more remarkable in his account of the fifth and sixth days, in which he has drawn out to our view the whole animal creation, from the reptile to the beehive. As the lion and the levathan are two of the noblest productions in the world of living creatures, the reader will find a most exquisite spirit of poetry in the account which our author gives us of them. The sixth day concludes with the formation of man; upon which the angel takes occasion, as he did after the battle in heaven, to remind Adam of his obedience, which was the principal design of this his visit.

The poet afterwards represents the Messiah returning into heaven, and taking a survey of his great work. There is something inexpressibly sublime in this part of the poem, where the author describes that great period of time, filled with so many glorious circumstances; when the heavens and earth were shak'd; when the Messiah ascended up in triumph through the everlasting gates; when he looked down with pleasure upon his new creation; when every part of nature seemed to rejoice in its existence; when the morning-stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy.

"So ev'n and more accomplish'd the sixth day;  
 Yet not till the Creator from his work  
 Descending, through unwaried, up return'd,  
 Up to the heav'n of heav'n, his high abode;  
 Thence to behold this new-created world  
 Th' adoration of his empire, how it shew'd  
 In prospect from his throne, how good, how fair,  
 As morning his great idea, up he rode,  
 Follow'd with hierarchies and the sound  
 Symphonious of ten thousand harps, that tuned  
 Angles harmonious the earth, the air  
 Resounded, (thence return'd, for these heard)  
 The heavens and all the constellations rung.  
 The planets to their stations hush'd their round,  
 While the bright pomp surround'd jubilee  
 "O praise, ye everlasting stars," they sang,  
 "O praise, ye heavens, your living deities, let in  
 The great Creator from his work return'd  
 Magnificent, his six days work, a world!"

I cannot conclude this book upon the creation without mentioning a poem which has lately appeared under that title. The work was undertaken with no good an intention, and is executed with so great a mastery, that it deserves to be looked upon as one of the most useful and noble

"A Creation, a philosophical poem, demonstrating the existence and providence of God, in seven books, by Sir Richard Blackmore, Bart. M.D. and fellow of the college of Physicians in London."



by their hostilities; the living may return, and be laughed at by empty fops, who will not fail to turn into ridicule the good man, who is so unreasonable as to be still alive, and come and spoil good company.

'I am, SIR,  
'Your most obedient humble servant.'

All strictness of behaviour is so universally laughed at in our age, that the other much worse extreme is the more common folly. But let any woman consider, which of the two offences an husband would the more easily forgive, that of being less entertaining than she could to please company, or raising the desires of the whole room to his disadvantage; and she will easily be able to form her conduct. We have indeed carried women's characters too much into public life, and you shall see them now-a-days affect a sort of fame; but I cannot help venturing to disoblige them for their service, by telling them, that the utmost of a woman's character is contained in domestic life; she is blameable or praiseworthy according as her carriage affects the house of her father, or her husband. All she has to do in this world, is contained within the duties of a daughter, a sister, a wife, and a mother. All these may be well performed, though a lady should not be the very finest woman at an opera or an assembly. They are likewise consistent with a moderate share of wit, a plain dress, and a modest air. But when the very brains of the sex are turned, and they place their ambition on circumstances, wherein to excel is no addition to what is truly commendable, where can this end, but, as it frequently does, in their placing all their industry, pleasure, and ambition, on things which will naturally make the gratifications of life last, at best, no longer than youth and good fortune? And when we consider the least ill consequence, it can be no less than looking on their own condition, at years advance, with a distrust of life, and falling into contempt of their own persons, or being the derision of others. But when they consider themselves as they ought, no other than an additional part of the species (for their own happiness and comfort, as well as that of those for whom they were born), their ambition to excel will be directed accordingly; and they will be no part of their lives waste opportunities of being shining ornaments to their fathers, husbands, brothers, or children.

STEELE.

T.

N° 343. THURSDAY, APRIL 3, 1712.

*Hec erant, hinc illuc et quantitas occipit erroris  
Spectatoris; apparet hinc in corpore Crassus,  
Ipsiusque senex.*

EPYGRAM. ap. OVID. METAB. L. IV. VER. 133.

—All things are but alter'd, nothing dies;  
And here and there th' unbody'd spirit flies,  
By time, or force, or sickness, dispos'd;  
And lodges where it lights, in male or beast.

DEYDEN.

WILL HONEYCOMB, who loves to show upon occasion all the little learning he has picked up, told me yesterday at the club, that he thought there might be a great deal said for the transmigration of souls, and that the eastern parts of the world believed in that doctrine to this day. 'Sir Paul Rycart,' says he, 'gives us an account of several well-disposed Mahometans that purchase the free-

dom of any little bird they see confined to a cage, and think they merit as much by it, as we should do here, by ransoming any of our countrymen from their captivity at Algiers. You must know,' says Will, 'the reason is because they consider every animal as a brother or sister in disguise, and therefore think themselves obliged to extend their charity to them, though under such mean circumstances. They'll tell you,' says Will, 'that the soul of a man, when he dies, immediately passes into the body of another man, or of some brute, which he resembled in his humour, or his features, when he was one of us.'

As I was wondering what this profusion of learning would end in, Will told me, that 'Jack Freestone, who was a fellow of whims, made love to one of those ladies who throw away all their fondness on parrots, monkeys, and lapdogs. Upon going to pay her a visit one morning, he writ a very pretty epistle upon this flat. Jack,' says he, 'was conducted into the parlour, where he diverted himself for some time with her favourite monkey, which was chained in one of the windows; till at length observing a pen and ink lie by him, he writ the following letter to his mistress in the person of the monkey; and, upon her not coming down so soon as he expected, left it in the window, and went about his business.

'The lady soon after coming into the parlour, and seeing her monkey look upon a paper with great earnestness, took it up, and to this day is in some doubt,' says Will, 'whether it was written by Jack, or the monkey?'

'HADAM,

'Now having the gift of speech, I have a long time waited in vain for an opportunity of making myself known to you; and having at present the conveniences of pen, ink, and paper, by me, I gladly take the occasion of giving you my history in writing, which I could not do by word of mouth. You must know, madam, that about a thousand years ago I was an Indian brachman, and versed in all those mysterious secrets, which your European philosopher, called Pythagoras, is said to have learned from our fraternity. I had so congratulated myself, by my great skill in the occult sciences with a demon whom I used to converse with, that he promised to grant me whatever I should ask of him. I desired that my soul might never pass into the body of a brute creature; but this, he told me, was not in his power to grant me. I then begged, that into whatever creature I should chance to transmute, I might still retain my memory, and be conscious that I was the same person who lived in different animals. This, he told me, was within his power, and accordingly promised, on the word of a demon, that he would grant me what I desired. From that time forth I lived so very sensibly, that I was made president of a college of brachmans, an office which I discharged with great integrity, till the day of my death.

'I was then shuffled into another human body, and acted my part so very well in it, that I became first minister to a prince who reigned upon the banks of the Ganges. I here lived in great honour for several years, but by degrees lost all the sanctity of the brachman, being obliged to rise and oppress the people to enrich my sovereign; till at length I became so odious, that my master, to recover his credit with his subjects, shot me through the heart, with an arrow, as I was one day addressing myself to him at the head of his army.

'Upon my next remove, I found myself in the



common sense could be thus engaged, is hard to determine; but the occasion of this is, to desire you to inform several gluttons of my acquaintance, who look on me with envy, that they had best moderate their ambition in time, lest infamy or death attend their success. I forgot to tell you, sir, with what respectable pleasure I received the acknowledgments and applause of the whole board, when I had almost cut my antagonist into convulsions. It was then that I returned his wrath upon him with such success, as he was hardly able to swallow, though prompted by a desire of fame, and a passionate fondness for distinction. I had not endeavored to excel so far, had not the company been so loud in their approbation of my victory. I do not question but the same thirst after glory has often caused a man to drink quarts without taking breath, and prompted men to many other difficult enterprises; which, if otherwise pursued, might turn very much to a man's advantage. This ambition of mine was indeed extravagantly pursued; however I cannot help observing, that you hardly ever see a man commended for a good stomach, but he immediately falls to eating more (though he had before died), as well to confirm the person that commended him in his good opinion of him, as to convince any other at the table, who may have been inattentive enough not to have done justice to his character.

'I AM, SIR,  
'Your most humble servant,  
EPICURE MAMMON'

'MR. SPECTATOR,  
'I HAVE wrote to you three or four times, to desire you would take notice of an impertinent custom the women, the fine women, have lately fallen into, of taking snuff. This silly trick is attended with such a coquette air in some ladies, and such a sedate masculine one to others, that I cannot tell which most to complain of; but they are to me equally disagreeable. Mrs. Sauter is so impatient of being without it, that she takes it as often as she does salt at meals; and as she affects a wonderful ease and negligence in all her manner, an upper lip mixed with snuff and the mace, is what is presented to the observation of all who have the honour to eat with her. The pretty creature her niece does all she can to be as disagreeable as her aunt; and if she is not as offensive to the eye, she is quite as much to the ear, and makes up all she wants in a confident air, by a numerous rattle of the nose, when the snuff is delivered, and the fingers make the stops and closes on the nostrils. This, perhaps, is not a very courtly image in speaking of ladies; that is very true; but where arises the offence? Is it in those who commit, or those who observe it? As for my part I have been so extremely disgusted with this filthy phlegm hanging on the lip, that the most agreeable conversation, or person, has not been able to make up for it. As to those who take it for no other end but to give themselves occasion for pretty action, or to fill up little intervals of discourse, I can bear with them; but then they must not use it when another is speaking, who ought to be heard with too much respect, to admit of offering at that time from hand to hand the snuff-box. But Flavia is as far taken with her behaviour in this kind, that she pulls out her box (which is indeed full of good Brazil) in the middle of the sermon; and, to show she has the audacity of a well-bred woman, she offers it the men as well as the women who sit near her: but since by this time all the world knows she has a

fine head, I am in hopes she may give herself no further trouble in this matter. On Sunday was sevennight, when they came about for the evening, she gave her charity with a very good air, but at the same time asked the churchwarden, if he would take a pinch. Pray, sir, think of these things in time, and you will oblige

'SIR,  
'Your most humble servant.'

STEEL. T.

N° 345. SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1712.

*Describe his animal, mentioning capacities etc.  
Describe others, as good domestics in certain points,  
Notes homo est—*

OVIN. Met. lib. 1. ver. 74.

A creature of a more exalted kind  
Was wanting yet, and then was man design'd;  
Creations of thought, of more capacious breast,  
For empire form'd, and fit to rule the rest.  
DRYDEN

THE accounts which Raphael gives of the battle of angels, and the creation of the world, have in them those qualifications which the critics judge requisite to an episode. They are nearly related to the principal action, and have a just connection with the fable.

The eighth book opens with a beautiful description of the impression which this discourse of the archangel made on our first parents. Adam afterwards, by a very natural curiosity, inquires concerning the motions of those celestial bodies which make the most glorious appearance among the six days' work. The poet here, with a great deal of art, represents Eve as withdrawing from this part of their conversation, to amusements more suitable to her sex. He well knew that the episode in this book, which is filled with Adam's account of his passion and esteem for Eve, would have been improper for her hearing, and has therefore devised very just and beautiful reasons for her retiring:

'To speak our sins, and by his counsel's power  
Enlighten, where she sat retir'd in night,  
Perceiving, when she sat retir'd in night,  
With lowliness majestic from her seat,  
And grace, that won who saw to wish her stay,  
None, and went forth among her fruits and flowers,  
To view how they prosper'd, bud and bloom,  
Her story: they at her coming sprung,  
And, touch'd by her fair tenderness, gladlier grew  
Yet went she not, as not with such discourse  
Delighted, or not capable her ear  
Of what was high: such pleasure she reserv'd,  
Adam relating, she sole auditor;  
Her husband the relation she prefer'd  
Before the angel, and of him to ask  
Chose rather to be, she knew, would interests  
Grateful disagreements, and some high disputes  
With conjugal extremes; from his lip  
Not words alone pleas'd her, (O when meet now  
Back purs, in love and mutual bosom join'd)

The angel's returning a doubtful answer to Adam's inquiries, was not only proper for the moral reason which the poet assigns, but because it would have been highly absurd to have given the sanction of an archangel to any particular system of philosophy. The chief points in the Ptolemaic and Copernican hypotheses are described with great consciousness and perplexity, and at the same time dressed in very pleasing and poetical imagery. - Adam, to destroy the angel, enters afterwards upon his own history, and relates to him the circumstances in which he found himself upon his creation; as also his conversation with his Maker, and his first meeting with Eve. There is no part

of the poem more apt to raise the attention of the reader, than this discourse of our great ancestor; as nothing can be more surprising and delightful to us, than to hear the sentiments that arose in the first man, while he was yet new and fresh from the hands of his Creator. The poet has interwoven every thing which is delivered upon this subject in holy writ, with so many beautiful imaginations of his own, that nothing can be conceived more just and natural than this whole epistle. As our author knew this subject could not but be agreeable to his reader, he would not throw it into the relation of the six days' work, but reserved it for a distinct episode, that he might have an opportunity of expatiating upon it more at large. Before I enter on this part of the poem, I cannot but take notice of two shining passages in the dialogue between Adam and the angel. The first is that wherein our ancestor gives an account of the pleasure he took in conversing with him, which contains a very noble moral:

'For while I sit with thee, I seem in heaven,  
And exspect thy discourse to come;  
Torn fruits of palm-tree pleasant to the taste  
And hunger both from lab'rs set at the door  
Of sweet repast; thy table, and soon fill,  
Though pleasant; but thy words, with grace divine  
Imbued, bring to their sweetness no satiety.'

The other I shall mention, is that in which the angel gives a reason why he should be glad to hear the story Adam was about to relate.

'For I that day was absent as befit,  
Bound on a voyage unsmooth and obscure,  
Far on excursion toward's the gates of hell.  
Squall'd in full legion (such command we had)  
To see that none thence issued forth a spy,  
Or enemy, while God was in his work.  
Lest he, incens'd at such umbrage bold,  
Destruction with creation might have mix'd.'

There is no question but our poet drew the image in what follows, from that in Virgil's sixth book, where Aeneas and the Sibyl stand before the adamantine gates, which are there described as shut upon the place of torments, and listen to the groans, the clank of chains, and the noise of iron whips, that were heard in those regions of pain and sorrow.

'Fast we found, fast shut  
The dismal gates, and barricad'd strong;  
But long ere our approaching heard within  
Noise, other than the sound of dance or song,  
Torment, and loud lament, and furious rage.'

Adam then proceeds to give an account of his condition and sentiments immediately after his creation. How agreeably does he represent the posture in which he found himself, the beautiful landscape that surrounded him, and the gladness of heart which grew up in him on that occasion!

'As new wak'd from soundest sleep,  
Soft on the flow'ry herb I found me laid  
In balmy sweat, which with his beams the sun  
Soon dry'd, and on the reeking moisture fed.  
Straight towards heaven my wond'ring eyes I turn'd,  
And gaz'd awhile the ample sky, till rais'd  
By quick instinctive motion, up I sprung,  
As thitherward endeavouring, and upright  
Stood on my feet. About me round I saw  
Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains,  
And liquid lapse of murmuring streams; by these,  
Creatures that liv'd and mov'd, and walk'd, or flew,  
Birds on the branches warbling; all things smil'd  
With fragrance, and with joy my heart o'erflow'd.'

Adam is afterwards described as surprised at his own existence, and taking a survey of himself, and of all the works of nature. He likewise is repre-

sented as discovering by the light of reason, that he, and every thing about him, must have been the effect of some Being infinitely good and powerful, and that this Being had a right to his worship and adoration. His first address to the sun, and to those parts of the creation which made the most distinguished figure, is very natural and amusing to the imagination:

'———Thou sun, said I, fair light,  
And thou enlighten'd earth, so fresh and gay,  
Ye hills, and dale, ye rivers, woods, and plains,  
And ye that live and move, fair creatures, tell,  
Tell, if ye saw, how came I thus: how here?'

His next sentiment, when upon his first going to sleep he fancies himself losing his existence, and falling away into nothing, can never be sufficiently admired. His dream, in which he still preserves the consciousness of his existence, together with his removal into the garden which was prepared for his reception, are also circumstances finely imagined, and grounded upon what is delivered in sacred story.

These, and the like wonderful incidents in this part of the work, have in them all the beauties of novelty, at the same time that they have all the graces of nature.

They are such as none but a great genius could have thought of, though, upon the perusal of them, they seem to rise of themselves from the subject of which he treats. In a word, though they are natural, they are not obvious; which is the true character of all fine writing.

The impression which the interdiction of the tree of life left in the mind of our first parent, is described with great strength and judgment; as the image of the several beasts and birds passing in review before him, is very beautiful and lively:

'———Each bird and beast behold  
Approaching two and two, there cowering low  
With blandishment; each bird stoop'd on his wing:  
I nam'd them as they pass'd———'

Adam, in the next place, describes a conference which he held with his Maker upon the subject of solitude. The poet here represents the Supreme Being as making an essay of his own work, and putting to the trial that reasoning faculty with which he had endued his creature. Adam urges, in this divine colloquy, the impossibility of his being happy, though he was the inhabitant of Paradise, and lord of the whole creation, without the conversation and society of some rational creature, who should partake those blessings with him. This dialogue, which is supported chiefly by the beauty of the thoughts, without other poetical ornaments, is as fine a part as any in the whole poem. The more the reader examines the justness and delicacy of its sentiments, the more he will find himself pleased with it. The poet has wonderfully preserved the character of majesty and condescension in the Creator, and at the same time that of humility and adoration in the creature, as particularly in the following lines:

'Thus I presumptuous; and the vision bright  
As with a smile more brighten'd, thus reply'd, &c.  
———I with leave of speech implor'd,  
And humble deprecation, thus reply'd:  
'Let not my words offend thee, Heavenly Power,  
My Maker, be propitious while I speak,' &c.'

Adam then proceeds to give an account of his second sleep, and of the dream in which he beheld the formation of Eve. The new passion that was awakened in him at the sight of her, is described very finely:



'Under his forming hands a creature grew,  
Man! he, but different sex; so lovely fair,  
That what seem'd fair in all the world, seem'd now  
Black, or in her scorn'd off, in her disdain'd;  
And in her looks, which from that time half'd  
Perfection into my best, uselt before;  
And all things from her air inspir'd  
The spirit of love, and amorous delight.'

Adam's distress upon losing sight of this beautiful phantom, with his exclamations of joy and gratitude at the discovery of a real creature who resembled the apparition which had been presented to him to his dream; the approaches he makes to her, and his manner of courtship, are all laid together in a most exquisite propriety of sentiments.

Though this part of the poem is worked up with great warmth and spirit, the love which is described in it is every way suitable to a state of innocence. If the reader compares the description which Adam here gives of his leading Eve to the nuptial bower, with that which Mr. Dryden has made on the same occasion in a scene of his "Fall of Man," he will be sensible of the great care which Milton took to avoid all thoughts on so delicate a subject that might be offensive to religion, or good manners. The sentiments are chaste, but not cold; and convey to the mind ideas of the most transporting passion, and of the greatest purity. What a noble mixture of rapture and innocence has the author join'd together, in the reflection which Adam makes on the pleasures of love compared to those of sense!

'Thus have I told thee all my state, and brought  
My story to the sum of earthly bliss  
Which I enjoy, and am content to find  
In all things else delight indeed, but such  
As, said or not, works in the mind no change  
For vehement desire; these delicacies  
I mean of taste, sight, smell, touch, froth, and flowers,  
Wells, and the melody of birds; but here  
Far otherwise, transported I behold,  
Transported touch, here passion first I feel,  
Contention struggle! in all enjoyments else  
Superior and transport, here only weak  
Against the charm of beauty's powerful grace.  
O nature! full in me, and left some part  
Not pass'd enough such object to sustain;  
Or from my side subtracting back perhaps  
More than enough; at least on her bestow'd  
Too much of ornament, in outward show  
Elaborate, of inward less exact.

When I approach  
Her loveliness, so absolute she seems,  
And in herself complete, so well to know  
Her on, that what she wills to do or say,  
Seems a right, virtuous, discreet, honest,  
All higher knowledge in her presence falls  
Degrav'd; wisdom in discourse with her  
Loses, discomposeth, and his folly shows;  
Authority and reason on her wait,  
As you intruded first, not after made  
Occasionally; and, to communicate all,  
Graces of mind and substance their seat  
Should in her lowest, and create an awe  
About her, as a guard angelic yield.'

These sentiments of love in our first parent gave the angel such an insight into human nature, that he seems apprehensive of the evil which might befall the species in general, as well as Adam in particular, from the excess of his passion. He therefore fortifies him against liberty timely admonitions; which very artfully prepare the mind of the reader for the occurrences of the next book, where the weakness, of which Adam here gives such distant discoveries, brings about the fatal event which is the subject of the poem. His discourse, which follows the gentle rebuke he received from the angel, shows that his love, however violent it might appear, was still founded in reason, and consequently not improper for Paradise:

'Neither her outside should so fair, nor sight  
In pleasures common to all kinds,  
(Through higher of the genital bed by far,  
And with mysterious reverence I deem)  
So much delights me, as those graceful acts,  
Those thousand decencies that daily flow  
From all her words and actions, mixt with love  
And sweet compliance, which declare unfeign'd  
Union of mind, or in us both one soul;  
Harmony to behold in wedded pair.'

Adam's speech, at parting with the angel, has in it a deference and gratitude agreeable to an inferior nature, and at the same time a certain dignity and greatness suitable to the father of mankind in his state of innocence.

ADDISON.

L.

N° 316. MONDAY, APRIL 7, 1712.

*Commoditas benignitas largitatem munificenciam longe  
superiora. Nec enim generum hominum dignitas aperi-  
tatem, illa quam aristocratici populi, multitudine  
locumque colunt quam utilitatem.*

TULL.

I esteem a habit of benignity greatly preferable to munificence. The former is peculiar to great and distinguished persons; the latter belongs to flatterers of the people, who court the applause of the inconstant vulgar.

When we consider the officers of human life, there is, methinks, something in what we ordinarily call generosity, which when carefully examined seems to flow rather from a loose and unguarded temper, than an honest and liberal mind. For this reason it is absolutely necessary that all liberality should have for its basis and support, frugality. By this means the beneficent spirit works in a man from the convictions of reason, not from the impulses of passion. The generous man in the ordinary acceptance, without respect of the demands of his own family, will soon find upon the foot of his account, that he has sacrificed to fools, knaves, flatterers, or the deservedly unhappy, all the opportunities of affording any future assistance where it ought to be. Let him therefore reflect, that if to bestow be in itself laudable, should not a man take care to secure an ability to do things praiseworthy as long as he lives? or, could there be a more cruel piece of railery upon a man who should have reduced his fortune below the capacity of acting according to his natural temper, than to say of him, 'That gentleman was generous?' My beloved author therefore has, in the sentence on the top of my paper, turned his eye with a certain smile from beholding the addresses to the people by largeness and public entertainments, which he asserts to be in general vicious, and are always to be regulated according to the circumstances of time, and a man's own fortune. A constant singularity in commerce with the rest of the world, which ought to run through all a man's actions, has effects more useful in those whom you oblige, and less ostentatious in yourself. He turns his recommendation of this virtue on commercial life; and, according to him, a citizen who is frank to his kindred, and abhors severity in his demands; he who, in buying, selling, lending, doing acts of good neighbourhood, is just and easy; he who appears naturally averse to disputes, and above the sense of little sufferings; bears a nobler character, and does much more good to mankind than any other man's fortune, without commerce, can possibly support. For the citizen, above all other men, has opportunities of arriving at 'that highest fruit of wealth, to be liberal without the least expense of a man's own fortune.' It is not to be denied

but such a practice is liable to hazard; but this therefore adds to the obligation, that, among traders, he who obliges is as much concerned to keep the favour a secret, as he who receives it. The unhappy distinctions among us in England are so great, that to celebrate the intercourse of commercial friendship (with which I am daily made acquainted) would be to raise the virtuous man so many enemies of the contrary party. I am obliged to conceal all I know of Tom the Bounteous, who lends at the ordinary interest, to give men of less fortune opportunities of making greater advantages. He conceals, under a rough air and distant behaviour, a bleeding compassion and womanish tenderness. This is governed by a most exact circumspection, that there is no industry wanting in the person whom he is to serve, and that he is guilty of no improper expenses. This I know of Tom; but who dare say it of so known a tory? The same care I was forced to use some time ago in the report of another's virtue, and said fifty instead of an hundred \*, because the man I pointed at was a whig. Actions of this kind are popular, without being invidious: for every man of ordinary circumstances looks upon a man, who has this known benignity in his nature, as a person ready to be his friend upon such terms as he ought to expect it; and the wealthy, who may envy such a character, can do no injury to its interests but by the imitation of it, in which the good citizen will rejoice to be rivalled. I know not how to form to myself a greater idea of human life, than in what is the practice of some wealthy men whom I could name, that make no step to the improvement of their own fortunes, wherein they do not also advance those of other men who would languish in poverty without that munificence. In a nation, where there are so many public funds to be supported, I know not whether he can be called a good subject who does not embark some part of his fortune with the state, to whose vigilance he owes the security of the whole. This certainly is an immediate way of laying an obligation upon many, and extending his benignity the furthest a man can possibly, who is not engaged in commerce. But he who trades, besides giving the state some part of this sort of credit he gives his banker, may, in all the occurrences of his life, have his eye upon removing want from the door of the industrious, and defending the unhappy upright man from bankruptcy. Without this benignity, pride or vengeance will precipitate a man to choose the receipt of half his demands from one whom he has undone, rather than the whole from one to whom he has shown mercy. This benignity is essential to the character of a fair trader, and any man who designs to enjoy his wealth with honour and self-satisfaction: nay, it would not be hard to maintain, that the practice of supporting good and industrious men, would carry a man further, even to his profit, than indulging the propensity of serving and obliging the fortunate. My author argues on this subject, in order to incline men's minds to those who want them most, after this manner: 'We must always consider the nature of things, and govern ourselves accordingly. The wealthy man, when he has repaid you, is upon a balance with you; but the person whom you favoured with a loan, if he be a good man, will think himself in your debt after he has paid you. The wealthy and the conspicuous are not obliged by the benefits you do them; they think they conferred a benefit when they received

one. Your good officer are always suspected, and it is with them the same thing to expect their favour as to receive it. But the man below you, who knows, in the good you have done him, you respected himself more than his circumstances, does not net like an obliged man only to him from whom he has received a benefit, but also to all who are capable of doing him one. And whatever little offices he can do for you, he is so far from magnifying it, that he will labour to extenuate it in all his actions and expressions. Moreover, the regard to what you do to a great man, at best is taken notice of no further than by himself or his family; but what you do to a man of an humble fortune (provided always that he is a good and a modest man), raises the affections towards you of all men of that character (of which there are many) in the whole city.'

There is nothing gains a reputation to a preacher so much as his own practice; I am therefore casting about what act of benignity is in the power of a Spectator. Alas! that lies but in a very narrow compass; and I think the most immediately under my patronage are either players, or such whose circumstances bear an affinity with theirs. All therefore I am able to do at this time of this kind, is to tell the town, that on Friday the 11th of this instant, April, there will be performed, in York-buildings, a concert of vocal and instrumental music, for the benefit of Mr. Edward Keen, the father of twenty children; and that this day the haughty George Powel hopes all the good-natured part of the town will favour him, whom they applauded in Alexander, Timon, Lear, and Orestes, with their company this night, when he hazards all his heroic glory for their approbation in the humbler condition of honest Jack Falstaff.

STEELE.

T.

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Nº 347. TUESDAY, APRIL 8, 1712.

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*Quis furor, o cives! quæ tanta licentia ferri!*

LUCAN, lib. 1. ver. 8.

What blind, detested madness could afford  
Such horrid licence to the murdering sword?

ROWE.

I do not question but my country readers have been very much surprised at the several accounts they have met with in our public papers, of that species of men among us, lately known by the name of Mohocks. I find the opinions of the learned, as to their origin and designs, are altogether various, insomuch that very many begin to doubt whether indeed there were ever any such society of men. The terror which spread itself over the whole nation some years since on account of the Irish, is still fresh in most people's memories, though it afterwards appeared there was not the least ground for that general consternation.

The late panic fear was, in the opinion of many deep and penetrating persons, of the same nature. These will have it, that the Mohocks are like those spectres and apparitions which frighten several towns and villages in her majesty's dominions, though they were never seen by any of the inhabitants. Others are apt to think that these Mohocks are a kind of bull-beggars, first invented by prudent married men, and masters of families, in order to deter their wives and daughters from taking the air at unseasonable hours; and that when they tell them 'the Mohocks will catch them,' it is a caution of the same nature with that of our fore-

\* See Nº 248; the letter of W. P.

fathers, when they bid their children have a care of Raw-head and Bloody-bones.

For my own part, I am afraid there was too much reason for that great alarm the whole city has been in upon this occasion; though at the same time I must own, that I am in some doubt whether the following pieces are genuine and authentic; and the more so, because I am not fully satisfied that the name, by which the emperor subscribes himself, is altogether conformable to the Indian orthography.

I shall only further inform my readers, that it was some time since I received the following letter and manifesto, though for particular reasons I did not think fit to publish them till now.

‘ TO THE SPECTATOR.

‘ SIR,

‘ Fixing that our earnest endeavours for the good of mankind have been basely and maliciously represented to the world, we send you inclosed our Imperial manifesto, which it is our will and pleasure that you forthwith communicate to the public, by inserting it in your next daily paper. We do not doubt of your ready compliance in this particular, and therefore bid you heartily farewell.

‘ (Signed)

‘ TAW WAW KEN KAN KALADAR,  
‘ Emperor of the Mohocks.’

‘ *The Manifesto of Taw Waw Ken Kan Kaladar,  
Emperor of the Mohocks.*

‘ WHEREAS we have received information, from sundry quarters of this great and populous city, of several outrages committed on the legs, arms, backs, and other parts of the good people of England, by such as have styled themselves our subjects; in order to vindicate our Imperial dignity from the false aspersions which have been cast on it, as if we ourselves might have encouraged or abetted any such practices; we have, by these presents, thought fit to signify our utmost abhorrence and detestation of all such tumultuous and irregular proceedings; and do hereby further give notice, that if any person or persons has or have suffered any wound, hurt, damage, or detriment, in his, or their limb or limbs, otherwise than shall be hereafter specified, the said person or persons, upon applying themselves to such as we shall appoint for the inspection and redress of the grievances aforesaid, shall be forthwith committed to the care of our principal surgeons, and be cured at our own expense; in some one or other of those hospitals which we are now erecting for that purpose.

‘ And to the end that no one way, either through ignorance or inadvertency, incur those penalties which we have thought fit to inflict on persons of loose and dissolute lives, we do hereby notify to the public, that if any man be knocked down or assaulted while he is employed in his lawful business, at proper hours, that it is not done by our orders; and we do hereby permit and allow any such person, so knocked down or assaulted, to rise again, and defend himself in the best manner that he is able.

‘ We do also command all and every our good subjects, that they do not presume, upon any pretext whatsoever, to come and rally forth from their respective quarters till between the hours of eleven and twelve. That they never tip the toes upon men, women, or child, till the clock at St. Dunstan’s shall have struck one.

‘ That the sweat be never given but between the hours of one and two; always provided, that our hunters may begin to hunt a little after the close of the evening, any thing to the contrary herein notwithstanding. Provided also, that if ever they are reduced to the necessity of pinking, it shall always be in the most fleshy parts, and such as are least exposed to view.

‘ It is also our Imperial will and pleasure, that our good subjects the sweaters do establish their fraternities in such close places, alleys, nooks, and corners, that the patient or patients may not be in danger of catching cold.

‘ That the tumblers, to whose care we chiefly commit the female sex, confine themselves to Drury Lane, and the peristyles of the Temple; and that every other party and division of our subjects do each of them keep within their respective quarters we have allotted to them. Provided nevertheless, that nothing herein contained shall in any wise be construed to extend to the hunters, who have our full licence and permission to enter into any part of the town wherever their game shall lead them.

‘ And whereas we have nothing more at our Imperial heart than the reformation of the cities of London and Westminster, which to our unspeakable satisfaction we have in some measure already effected, we do hereby earnestly pray and exhort all husbands, fathers, housekeepers, and masters of families, in either of the aforesaid cities, not only to repair themselves to their respective habitations at early and reasonable hours; but also to keep their wives and daughters, sons, servants, and apprentices, from appearing in the streets at those times and seasons which may expose them to a military discipline, so it is practised by our good subjects the Mohocks; and we do further promise, on our Imperial word, that as soon as the reformation aforesaid shall be brought about, we will forthwith cause all hostilities to cease.

‘ Given from our court at the Devil-tavern, March 15, 1712.’

EUGENIL.

X.

N<sup>o</sup> 318. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 9, 1712.

*Indulgam placere parvas, virtutes critica?*

HOM. Sat. lib. I. l. 2. ver. 13.

To shew detraction, wouldst thou virtue try!

‘ MR. SPECTATOR,

‘ I HAVE not seen you lately at any of the places where I visit, so that I am afraid you are wholly unacquainted with what passes among any part of the world, who are, though I say it, without controversy, the most accomplished and best bred of the town. Give me leave to tell you, that I am extremely discomposed when I hear scandal, and am an utter enemy to all manner of detraction, and think it the greatest meanness that people of distinction can be guilty of. However, it is hardly possible to come into company, where you do not find them pulling one another to pieces, and that from no other provocation but that of hearing any one commended. Merit, both as to wit and beauty, is become no other than the pavilion of a few trifling people’s favour, which you cannot possibly arrive at, if you have really any thing in you that is *deserving*. What they would bring to pass is, to make all good and evil consist in report, and with whispers, calumnies, and imperiti-

nences, to have the conduct of those reports. By this means innocents are blasted upon their first appearance in town; and there is nothing more required to make a young woman the object of envy and hatred, than to deserve love and admiration. This abominable endeavour to suppress or lessen every thing that is praiseworthy, is as frequent among the men as the women. If I can remember what passed at a visit last night, it will serve as an instance that the sexes are equally inclined to defamation, with equal malice, with equal impudence. Jack Triplett came into my Lady Alry's about eight of the clock. You know the manner we sit at a visit, and I need not describe the circle; but Mr. Triplett came in, introduced by two tapers, supported by a spruce servant, whose hair is under a cap till my Lady's candles are all lighted up, and the hour of ceremony begins: I say, Jack Triplett came in, and singing (for he is really good company) "Every feature, charming creature" — he went on, "It is a most unreason-able thing that people cannot go peaceably to see their friends, but these murderers are let loose. Such a shape! such an air! what a glance was that as her chariot passed by mine!" My lady herself interrupted him; "Pray who is this fine thing?" — "I warrant," says another, "'tis the creature I was telling your ladyship of just now." — "You were telling off!" says Jack: "I wish I had been so happy as to have come in and heard you, for I have not words to say what she is: but if an agreeable height, a modest air, a virgin shame, and impatience of being beheld amidst a blaze of ten thousand charms!" The whole room flew out — "Oh, Mr. Triplett!" — When Mrs. Laury, known prude, said, she believed she knew whom the gentleman meant; but she was, indeed, as he civilly represented her, impatient of being beheld — Then turning to the lady next to her — "The most unbred creature you ever saw." Another pursued the discourse: "As unbred, madam, as you may think her, she is extremely belied if she is the novice she appears; she was last week at a ball till two in the morning; Mr. Triplett knows whether he was the happy man that took care of her home; but —" This was followed by some particular exception that each woman in the room made to some peculiar grace or advantage; so that Mr. Triplett was beaten from one limb and feature to another, till he was forced to resign the whole woman. In the end, I took notice Triplett recorded all this malice in his heart; and saw in his countenance, and a certain waggish shrug, that he designed to repeat the conversation; I therefore let the discourse die, and soon after took an occasion to recommend a certain gentleman of my acquaintance for a person of singular modesty, courage, integrity, and withal as a man of an entertaining conversation, to which advantages he had a shape and manner peculiarly graceful. Mr. Triplett, who is a woman's man, seemed to hear me with patience enough commend the qualities of his mind. He never heard indeed but that he was a very honest man, and no fool; but for a fine gentleman he must ask pardon. Upon no other foundation than this, Mr. Triplett took occasion to give the gentleman's pedigree, by what methods some part of the estate was acquired, how much it was beholden to a marriage for the present circumstances of it; after all, he could see nothing but a common man in his person, his breeding, or understanding.

Thus, Mr. Spectator, this impertinent humour of diminishing every one who is produced in con-

versation to their advantage, runs through the world; and I am, I confess, so fearful of the force of ill tongues, that I have begged of all those who are my well-wishers never to commend me, for it will but bring my frailties into examination; and I had rather be unobserved, than conspicuous for disputed perfections. I am confident a thousand young people, who would have been ornaments to society, have, from fear of scandal, never dared to exert themselves in the polite arts of life. Their lives have passed away in an odious rusticity, in spite of great advantages of person, genius, and fortune. There is a vicious terror of being blamed in some well-inclined people, and a wicked pleasure in suppressing them in others; both which I recommend to your spectatorial wisdom to animadvert upon; and if you can be successful in it, I need not say how much you will deserve of the town; but new toasts will owe to you their beauty, and new wits their fame.

I am, sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

MARY.

STILL.

T.

Nº 349. THURSDAY, APRIL 10, 1712.

Quis ille timor?

Morsus hinc tunc, lethi metus: inde ruendi  
In futura rictus prima viris, animaque capaces  
Mortis.

LUCAN, lib. 1. ver. 454.

Three happy they beneath their northern skies,  
Who that worst fear, the fear of death despise;  
Hence they no cares for this frail being feel,  
But rush undaunted on the pointed steel,  
Pursue approaching fate, and bravely scorn  
To spare that life which must soon return.  
ROWE.

I AM very much pleased with a consolatory letter of Phalaris\*, to one who had lost a son that was a young man of great merit. The thought with which he comforts the afflicted father is, to the best of my memory, as follows:—That he should consider death had set a kind of seal upon his son's character, and pinned him out of the reach of vice and infamy; that, while he lived, he was still within the possibility of falling away from virtue, and losing the fame of which he was possessed †. Death only closes a man's reputation, and determines it as good or bad.

This, among other motives, may be one reason why we are naturally averse to the launching out into a man's praise till his head is laid in the dust. Whilst he is capable of changing, we may be forced to retract our opinions. He may forfeit the esteem we have conceived of him, and some time or other appear to us under a different light from what he does at present. In short, as the life of any man cannot be called happy or unhappy,

\* The authenticity of the epistles of Phalaris has been much contested; but whoever wrote them, they possess infinite merit. Sir William Temple says of them, "They have more grace, more spirit, more force of wit and genius, than any others I have ever seen, either ancient or modern. Such diversity of passions upon such variety of actions and passages of life and government, such freedom of thought, such boldness of expression, such bounty to his friends, such scorn of his enemies, such honour of learned men, such esteem of good, such knowledge of life, such contempt of death, with such fierceness of nature, and cruelty of revenge, could never be represented but by him that possessed them."

† Yea, speedily was he taken away, lest that wickedness should alter his understanding, or deceit beguile his soul.—His soul pleased the Lord; therefore hastened he to take him away from among the living. Wisdom, Job, iv. 11, 14.

no neither can it be pronounced vicious or virtuous, before the conclusion of it.

It was upon this consideration that Epaminondas, being asked whether Chabrias, Iphicrates, or he himself, deserved most to be esteemed? 'You must first see us die,' saith he, 'before that question can be answered.'

As there is not a more melancholy consideration to a good man than his being obnoxious to such a change, so there is nothing more glorious than to keep up an uniformity in his actions, and preserve the beauty of his character to the last.

The end of a man's life is often compared to the winding up of a well-written play, where the principal persons still act in character, whatever the fate is which they undergo. There is scarce a great person in the Grecian or Roman history, whose death has not been remarked upon by some writer or other, and censured or applauded, according to the genius or principles of the person who has decanted upon it. Mornier de St. Evremont is very particular in setting forth the constancy and courage of Petronius Arbitrator during his last moments, and thinks he discovers in them a greater firmness of mind and resolution, than in the death of Seneca, Cato, or Socrates. There is no question but this polite author's affectation of appearing singular in his remarks, and making discoveries which had escaped the observation of others, threw him into this course of reflection. It was Petronius's merit, that he died in the same gaiety of temper in which he lived; but as his life was altogether loose and dissolute, the indifference which he showed at the close of it, is to be looked upon as a piece of natural carelessness and levity, rather than fortitude. The resolution of Socrates proceeded from very different motives, the consciousness of a well-spent life, and the prospect of a happy eternity. If the ingenious author above-mentioned was as pleased with gaiety of humour in a dying man, he might have found a much nobler instance of it in our countryman Sir Thomas More.

This great and learned man was famous for cultivating his ordinary discourses with wit and pleasantry; and, as Erasmus tells him in an epistle dedicatory, acted in all parts of life like a second Democritus.

He died upon a point of religion, and is respected as a martyr by that side for which he suffered. That innocent mirth, which had been so conspicuous in his life, did not forsake him to the last. He maintained the same cheerfulness of heart upon the scaffold, which he used to show at his table; and, upon laying his head on the block\*, gave instances of that good humour with which he had always entertained his friends in the most ordinary occurrences. His death was of a piece with his life. There was nothing in it new, forced, or affected. He did not look upon the severing his head from his body as a circumstance that ought to produce any change in the disposition of his mind; and as he died under a fixed and settled hope of immortality, he thought any unusual degree of sorrow and concern improper on such an occasion, as had nothing in it which could defect or terrify him.

There is no great danger of imitation from this example. Men's natural fears will be a sufficient guard against it. I shall only observe, that what was philosophy in this extraordinary man, would

\* He bade the executioner stay till he had removed his beard, saying, 'My beard has never committed any treason.'

be frenzy in one who does not resemble him as well in the cheerfulness of his temper, as in the easiness of his life and manners.

I shall conclude this paper with the instance of a person who seems to me to have shown more integrity and greatness of soul in his dying moments, than what we meet with among any of the most celebrated Greeks and Romans. I met with this instance in the History of the Revolution in Portugal, written by the Abbot de Vertot.

When Don Sebastian, King of Portugal, had invaded the territories of Muli Molac, Emperor of Morocco, in order to dethrone him, and set his crown upon the head of his nephew, Molac was wearing away with a distemper which he himself knew was incurable. However, he prepared for the reception of so formidable an enemy. He was indeed so far spent with his sickness, that he did not expect to live out the whole day, when the last decisive battle was given; but knowing the fatal consequences that would happen to his children and people, in case he should die before he put an end to that war, he commanded his principal officers, that if he died during the engagement, they should conceal his death from the army, and that they should ride up to the litter in which his corpse was carried, under pretence of receiving orders from him as usual. Before the battle began, he was carried through all the ranks of his army to an open litter, as they stood drawn up in array, encouraging them to fight valiantly, in defence of their religion and country. Finding afterwards the battle to go against him, though he was very near his last agonies, he threw himself out of his litter, rallied his army, and led them on to the charge; which afterwards ended in a complete victory on the side of the Moors. He had no sooner brought his men to the engagement, but, finding himself utterly spent, he was again replaced in his litter, where, laying his finger on his mouth, to enjoin secrecy to his officers, who stood about him, he died a few moments after in that posture.

ADDISON

L.

N<sup>o</sup> 350. FRIDAY, APRIL 11, 1712.

*En ardent desir que venard le periculis, et justice  
vocat persequitur pro sua communitate, in cunctis  
TULL*

That courage and integrity of mind, which distinguishes itself so dangerous, if it is void of all regard to justice, and supports a man only in the pursuit of his own interest, is vicious.

CAPTAIN SENTRY was last night at the club, and produced a letter from Ipswich, which his correspondent desired him to communicate to his friend the Spectator. It contained an account of an engagement between a French privateer, commanded by one Dominique Potiere, and a little vessel of that place laden with corn, the master whereof, as I remember was one Goodwin. The Englishman defended himself with incredible bravery, and beat off the French, after having been boarded three or four times. The enemy still came on with greater fury, and hoped by his number of men to carry the prize, till at last the Englishman, finding himself sick at sea, and ready to perish, struck; but the effect which this singular gallantry had upon the captain of the privateer, was no other than an insatiable desire of vengeance for the loss he had sustained in his several attacks.

He told the Ipswich man 'in a speaking-trumpet, that he would not take him aboard, and that he stayed to see him sink. The Englishman at the same time observed a disorder in the vessel, which he rightly judged to proceed from the disdain which the ship's crew had of their captain's inhumanity. With this hope he went into his boat, and approached the enemy. He was taken in by the sailors in spite of their commander; but though they received him against his command, they treated him when he was in the ship in the manner he directed. Pottiere caused his men to hold Goodwin, while he beat him with a stick, till he fainted with loss of blood, and rage of heart; after which he ordered him into irons, without allowing him any food, but such as one or two of the men stole to him under peril of the like usage. After having kept him several days overwhelmed with the misery of stench, hunger, and soreness, he brought him into Calais. The governor of the place was soon acquainted with all that had passed, dismissed Pottiere from his charge with ignominy, and gave Goodwin all the relief which a man of honour would bestow upon an enemy barbarously treated, to recover the reputation of cruelty upon his prince and country.

When Mr. Sentry had read his letter, full of many other circumstances which aggravate the barbarity, he fell into a sort of criticism upon magnanimity and courage, and argued that they were inseparable; and that courage, without regard to justice and humanity, was no other than the fierceness of a wild beast. 'A good and truly bold spirit,' continued he, 'is ever actuated by reason, and a sense of honour and duty. The affectation of such a spirit exerts itself in an impudent aspect, an overbearing confidence, and a certain negligence of giving offence. This is visible in all the cocking youths you see about this town, who are noisy in assemblies, moved by the presence of wise and virtuous men; in a word, incapable of all the honours and decencies of human life. A shameless fellow takes advantage of merit clothed with modesty and magnanimity, and, in the eyes of little people, appears sprightly and agreeable; while the man of resolution and true gallantry is overlooked and disregarded, if not despised. There is a propriety in all things; and I believe what you scholars call just and sublime, in opposition to turgid and bombast expression, may give you an idea of what I mean, when I say modesty is the certain indication of a great spirit, and impudence the affectation of it. He that writes with judgment, and never rises into improper warmth, manifests the true force of genius; in like manner, he who is quiet and equal in his behaviour, is supported in that deportment by what we may call true courage. Alas! it is not so easy a thing to be a brave man as the unthinking part of mankind imagine. To dare, is not all that there is in it. The privateer we were just now talking of, had boldness enough to attack his enemy, but not greatness of mind enough to admire the same quality exerted by that enemy in defending himself. Thus his huse and little mind was wholly taken up in the sordid regard to the prize of which he failed, and the damage done to his own vessel; and therefore he used an honest man, who defended his own from him, in the manner as he would a thief that should rob him.

'He was equally disappointed, and had not spirit enough to consider, that one case would be laudable and the other criminal. Malice, rancour, hatred, vengeance, are what tear the breasts of mean

men in fight; but fame, glory, conquests, desires of opportunities to pardon and oblige their opposers, are what glow in the minds of the gallant.' The captain ended his discourse with a specimen of his book-learning; and gave us to understand, that he had read a French author on the subject of justice in point of gallantry. 'I love,' said Mr. Sentry, 'a wit who mixes the rules of life with annotations upon writers. My author,' added he, 'in his discourse upon epic poem, takes occasion to speak of the same quality of courage drawn in the two different characters of Turnus and Æneas. He makes courage the chief and greatest ornament of Turnus; but in Æneas there are many others which outshine it; among the rest, that of piety. Turnus is therefore all along polluted by the pest full of a temptation, his language haughty and vain-glorious, as placing his honour in the manifestation of his valour; Æneas speaks little, is slow to action, and shows only a sort of defensive courage. If equipage and address make Turnus appear more courageous than Æneas, conduct and success prove Æneas more valiant than Turnus.

STILL

7.

No 331. SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1712.

*In te non est dominus in technet, regerit.*

VIRG. *Æn.* xii. ver. 52.

*On the the f-tants of our house depend.*

If we look into the three great heroic poems which have appeared in the world, we may observe that they are built upon very slight foundations. Homer lived near 300 years after the Trojan war; and, as the writing of history was not then in use among the Greeks, we may very well suppose that the tradition of Achilles and Ulysses had brought down but very few particulars to his knowledge; though there is no question but he has wrought into his two poems such of their remarkable adventures as were still talked of among his contemporaries.

The story of Æneas, on which Virgil founded his poem, was likewise very bare of circumstances, and by that means afforded him an opportunity of embellishing it with fiction, and giving a full range to his own invention. We find, however, that he has interwoven, in the course of his fable, the principal particulars, which were generally believed among the Romans, of Æneas's voyage and settlement in Italy.

The reader may find an abridgment of the whole story, as collected out of the ancient historians, and as it was received among the Romans, in Dionysius Halicarnassus.

Since none of the critics have considered Virgil's fable with relation to this history of Æneas, it may not perhaps be amiss to examine it in this light, so far as regards my present purpose. Whoever looks into the abridgment above-mentioned, will find that the character of Æneas is filled with piety to the gods, and a superstitious observation of prodigies, oracles, and predictions. Virgil has not only preserved this character in the person of Æneas, but has given a place in his poem to those particular prophecies which he found recorded of him in history and tradition. The poet took the matters of fact as they came down to him, and circumstanced them after his own manner, to make them appear the more natural, agreeable, or surprising. I believe very many readers have been shocked at that ludicrous prophecy which one

of the harpest reproaches to the Trojans in the third book, namely, that before they had belittled their intended city, they should be reduced by hunger to eat their very tables. But, when they hear that this was one of the circumstances that had been transmitted to the Romans in the history of *Æneas*, they will think the poet did very well in taking notice of it. The historian above-mentioned acquaints us, that a prophetess had foretold *Æneas* that he should take his voyage westward, till his companions should eat their tables; and that, accordingly, upon his landing in Italy, as they were eating their flesh upon cakes of bread for want of other conveniences, they afterwards fed on the cakes themselves; upon which one of the company said merrily, 'We are eating our tables.' They immediately took the hint, says the historian, and concluded the prophecy to be fulfilled. As Virgil did not think it proper to omit so material a particular in the history of *Æneas*, it may be worth while to consider with how much judgment he has qualified it, and taken off every thing that might have appeared improper for a passage in an heroic poem. The prophetess who foretells it, is a hungry harpy, as the person who discovers it is young Ascanius.

'*Hæc stiam memores convalescentes Insuper Tabas?*  
Æn. vii. ver. 116.

'*See, we devour the plates on which we fed.*  
DARYDEN.

Such an observation, which is beautiful in the mouth of a boy, would have been ridiculous from any other of the company. I am apt to think that the changing of the Trojan fleet into water-nymphs, which is the most violent machine in the whole *Æneid*, and has given offence to several critics, may be accounted for the same way. Virgil himself, before he begins that relation, promises, that what he was going to tell appeared incredible, but that it was justified by tradition. What further confirms me that this change of the fleet was a celebrated circumstance in the history of *Æneas*, is, that Ovid has given a place to the same metamorphosis in his account of the heathen mythology.

None of the critics I have met with have considered the fable of the *Æneid* in this light, and taken notice how the tradition on which it was founded, authorizes those parts in it which appear most exceptionable. I hope the length of this reflection will not make it unacceptable to the curious part of my readers.

The history which was the basis of Milton's poem, is still shorter than either that of the *Iliad*, or *Æneid*. The poet has likewise taken care to insert every circumstance of it in the body of his fable. The ninth book, which we are here to consider, is raised upon that brief account in scripture, wherein we are told, that the serpent was more subtle than any beast of the field; that he tempted the woman to eat of the forbidden fruit; that she was overcome by this temptation, and that Adam followed her example. From these few particulars Milton has formed one of the most entertaining fables that invention ever produced. He has disposed of these several circumstances among so many beautiful and natural actions of his own, that his whole story looks only like a comment upon sacred writ, or rather seems to be a full and complete relation of what the other is only an epitome. I have insisted the longer on this consideration, as I look upon the disposition and contrivance of the

fable to be the principal beauty of the ninth book, which has more story in it, and is fuller of incidents, than any other in the whole poem. Satan's traversing the globe, and still keeping within the shadow of the night, as fearing to be discovered by the angel of the sun, who had before detected him, is one of those beautiful imaginations with which he introduces this his second series of adventures. Having examined the nature of every creature, and found out one which was the most proper for his purpose, he again returns to Paradise; and, to avoid discovery, sinks by night with a river that ran under the garden, and rises up again through a fountain that issued from it by the tree of life. The poet, who, as we have before taken notice, speaks as little as possible in his own person, and, after the example of Homer, fills every part of his work with manners and characters, introduces a soliloquy of this infernal agent, who was then restless in the destruction of man. He is then described as gliding through the garden, under the resemblance of a mist, in order to find out that creature in which he designed to tempt our first parents. This description has something in it very poetical and surprising:

'So saying, through each thicket dark and dry,  
Like a black mist low creeping, he held on  
The midnight watch, where soonest he might find  
The serpent: him fast sleeping soon he found  
In labyrinth of many a round self-roll'd,  
His head the midst, well stow'd with subtle wiles.'

The author afterwards gives us a description of the morning, which is wonderfully suitable to a didactic poem, and peculiar to that first season of nature. He represents the earth, before it was ruined, as a great altar breathing out its incense from all parts, and sending up a pleasant savour to the nostrils of its Creator; to which he adds a noble idea of Adam and Eve, as offering their morning worship, and filling up the universal concert of praise and adoration:

'Now when a sacred light begins to dawn  
In Eden on the hallowed flower, that breath'd  
Their morning incense, when all things that breathe  
From th' earth's great altar send up silent praise  
To the Creator, and his nostrils fill  
With grateful smell; forth came the human pair,  
And join'd their vocal worship to the choir  
Of creatures, winding voices———'

The dispute which follows between our two first parents, is represented with great art. It proceeds from a difference of judgment, not of passion, and is managed with reason, not with heat. It is such a dispute as we may suppose might have happened in Paradise, had man continued happy and innocent. There is a great delicacy in the moralities which are interspersed in Adam's discourse, and which the most ordinary reader cannot but take notice of. That force of love which the father of mankind so finely describes in the eighth book, and which is inserted in my last Saturday's paper, shows itself here in many fine instances: as in those fond regards he casts towards Eve at her parting from him:

'Her long with ardent look his eye perch'd  
Delighted, but desiring more her stay  
Oft he to her his charge of quiet errors  
Repeated; she to him as oft engag'd  
To be retair'd by none would the hour.'

In his impatience and earnestness during her absence:

'——— Adam the while,  
Waiting desirous her return, more sore  
Of absent Eve's a girl and a dove

Her tresses, and her rural labours crown,  
As reapers oft are wont their harvest queen.  
Great joy he promis'd to his thought, and new  
Solace in her return, so long delay'd.

But particularly in that passionate speech, where, seeing her irrecoverably lost, he resolves to perish with her, rather than to live without her:

‘——— Some curst fraud  
Or enemy hath beguild thee, yet unknown,  
And me with thee hath ruin'd, for with thee  
Certain my resolution is to die:  
How can I live without thee? how forego  
Thy sweet converse and love so dearly join'd,  
To live again in these wild woods forlorn?  
Should I create another Eve, and I  
Another rib aff'd, yet loss of thee  
Would I never from my heart! no, no! I feel  
The link of nature draw me; flesh of flesh,  
Bone of my bone thou art, and from thy state  
Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe!’

The beginning of this speech, and the preparation to it, are animated with the same spirit as the conclusion, which I have here quoted.

The several wiles which are put in practice by the tempter, when he found Eve separated from her husband, the many pleasing images of nature which are intermixed in this part of the story, with its gradual and regular progress to the fatal catastrophe, are so very remarkable, that it would be superfluous to point out their respective beauties.

I have avoided mentioning any particular similitudes in my remarks on this great work, because I have given a general account of them in my paper on the first book. There is one, however, in this part of the poem which I shall here quote, as it is not only very beautiful, but the closest of any in the whole poem; I mean that where the serpent is described as rolling forward in all his pride, animated by the evil spirit, and conducting Eve in her destruction, while Adam was at too great a distance from her to give her his assistance. These several particulars are all of them wrought into the following similitude:

‘——— Hope elevates, and joy  
Brightens his crest; as when a wandering fire,  
Compact of unctuous vapour, which the night  
Condenses, and the cold environs round,  
Kindled through agitation to a flame,  
(Which oft, they say, some evil spirit attends)  
Hovers and blazing with delusive light,  
Misleads th' amazed night-wanderer from his way  
To bogs and mires, and oft through pond or pool,  
There swallow'd up and lost, from recour far.’

That secret intoxication of pleasure, with all those transient flushings of guilt and joy, which the poet represents in our first parents upon their eating the forbidden fruit, to those sluggings of spirit, damps of sorrow, and mutual accusations which succeed it, are conceived with a wonderful imagination, and described in very natural sentiments.

When Dido, in the fourth *Æneid*, yielded to that fatal temptation which ruined her, Virgil tells us the earth trembled, the heavens were filled with flashes of lightning, and the nymphs howled upon the mountain tops. Milton, in the same poetical spirit, has described all nature as disturbed upon Eve's eating the forbidden fruit:

‘So saying, her rash hand in evil hour  
Forth reaching to the fruit, she pluck'd, she eat:  
Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her seat  
Sighing, through all her works gave signs of woe  
That all was lost ———’

Upon Adam's falling into the same guilt, the whole creation appears a second time in convulsions:

‘——— He scrupled not to eat  
Against his better knowledge; not deceiv'd,  
Put fondly on come with female charm.  
Earth trembled from her entrails, as again  
In pangs, and Nature gave a second groan;  
Sky howl'd, and, muttering thunder, some sad drops  
Wept at completing of the mortal sin.’

As all nature suffered by the guilt of our first parents, these symptoms of trouble and consternation are wonderfully imagined, not only as prodigies, but as marks of her sympathising in the fall of man.

Adam's converse with Eve, after having eaten the forbidden fruit, is an exact copy of that between Jupiter and Juno in the fourteenth *Iliad*. Juno there approaches Jupiter with the girdle which she had received from Venus; upon which he tells her, that she appeared more charming and desirable than she had ever done before, even when their loves were at the highest. The poet afterwards describes them as reposing on a summit of mount Ida, which produced under them a bed of flowers, the lotus, the crocus, and the hyacinth; and concludes his description with their falling asleep.

Let the reader compare this with the following passage in Milton, which begins with Adam's speech to Eve:

‘For never did thy beauty, since the day  
I saw thee first, and wedded thee, adorn'd  
With all perfections, so inflame my sense  
With ardour to enjoy thee, fairer now  
Than ever, bounty of this virtuous tree.”  
‘So said he, and forbore not glance or toy  
Of amorous intent, well understood  
Of Eve, whose eye darted contagious fire.  
Her hand he seiz'd, and to a shady bank,  
Thick over-head with verdant roof embower'd,  
He led her nothing loth; flowers were the couch,  
Pansies, and violets, and asphodel,  
And hyacinth, Earth's freshest softest lap.  
There they their fill of love and love's disport  
Took largely of their mutual guilt the seal,  
The solace of their sin, till dewy sleep  
Oppress'd them ———’

As no poet seems ever to have studied Homer more, or to have more resembled him in the greatness of genius, than Milton, I think I should have given but a very imperfect account of his beauties, if I had not observed the most remarkable passages which look like parallels in these two great authors. I might, in the course of these criticisms, have taken notice of many particular lines and expressions which are translated from the Greek poet; but as I thought this would have appeared too minute and over-curious, I have purposely omitted them. The greater incidents, however, are not only set off by being shown in the same light with several of the same nature in Homer, but by that means may be also guarded against the cavils of the tasteless or ignorant.

ADDISON.

L.

Nº 352. MONDAY, APRIL 14, 1712.

‘Si ad honestatem nati sumus, ea aut sola expectanda est, aut certe omni pondere gravior est habenda quam reliqua omnia.’

TULL.

If virtue be the end of our being, it must either ingross our whole concern, or at least take place of all our other interests.

WILL HONEYCOMB was complaining to me yesterday, that the conversation is so corrupted of late years, that a matter to start dis-



with the talk he generally meets with. Will takes notice, that there is now an evil under the sun which he supposes to be entirely new, because not mentioned by any satirist, or moralist, in any age. 'Men,' said he, 'grow knaves sooner than they ever did since the creation of the world before.' If you read the tragedies of the last age, you find the artful men, and persons of the highest, are advanced very far in years, and beyond the pleasures and smiles of youth; but now Will observes, that the young have taken in the vices of the aged, and you shall have a man of five-and-twenty, crafty, false, and intriguing, not ashamed to over-reach, coax, and beguile. My friend adds, that, till about the latter end of King Charles's reign, there was not a trace of any dissimulation under forty. In the places of resort for conversation, you now hear nothing but what relates to the improving men's fortunes, without regard to the methods towards it. This is so fashionable, that young men form themselves upon a certain neglect of every thing that is candid, simple, and worthy of true esteem; and affect being yet worse than they are, by acknowledging, in their general turn of mind and discourse, that they have not any remaining value for true honour and honesty; preferring the capacity of being artful to give their rads, to the merit of despising those ends when they come in competition with their honesty. All this is due to the very silly pride that generally prevails, of being valued for the ability of carrying their points; in a word, from the opinion that shallow and unexperienced people entertain of the short-lived force of cunning. But I shall, before I enter upon the various faces, which folly, covered with artifice, puts out to impose upon the unthinking, produce a great authority\* for asserting, that nothing, but truth and ingenuity has any lasting good effect, even upon a man's fortune and interest.

'Truth and reality have all the advantages of appearance, and many more. If the show of any thing be good for any thing, I am sure sincerity is better; for why does any man dissemble, or seem to be that which he is not, but because he thinks it good to have such a quality as he pretends to? for to counterfeit and dissemble, is to put on the appearance of some real excellency. Now the best way in the world for a man to seem to be any thing, is really to be what he would seem to be. Besides that it is many times as troublesome to make good the pretence of a good quality, as to have it; and if a man have it not, it is ten to one but he is discovered to want it, and then all his pains and labour to seem to have it, is lost. There is something unnatural in painting, which a skillful eye will easily discern from native beauty, and complexion.

'It is hard to personate and act a part long; for where truth is not at the bottom, nature will always be endeavouring to return, and will peep out and betray herself one time or other. Therefore if any man think it convenient to seem good, let him be so indeed, and then his goodness will appear to every body's satisfaction; so that upon all accounts sincerity is true wisdom. Particularly as to the affairs of this world, integrity hath many advantages over all the fine and artificial ways of dissimulation and deceit; it is much the plainer and easier, much the safer and more secure way of dealing in the world; it has less of trouble and

difficulty, of intanglement and perplexity, of danger and hazard, in it; it is the shortest and nearest way to our end, carrying us thither in a straight line, and will hold out and last longest. The arts of deceit and cunning do continually grow weaker, and less effectual and serviceable to them that use them; whereas integrity gains strength by use, and the more and longer any man practiseth it, the greater service it does him, by confirming his reputation, and encouraging those with whom he hath to do, to repose the greatest trust and confidence in him, which is an unspeakable advantage in the business and affairs of life.

'Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out; it is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware; whereas a lie is troublesome, and sets a man's invention upon the rack, and one trick needs a great many more to make it good. It is like building upon a false foundation, which continually stands in need of props to shore it up, and proves at last more chargeable, than to have raised a substantial building at first upon a true and solid foundation; for sincerity is firm and substantial, and there is nothing hollow and unsound in it, and because it is plain and open, fears no discovery; of which the crafty man is always in danger; and when he thinks he walks in the dark, all his pretences are so transparent, that he that runs may read them; he is the last man that finds himself to be found out, and whilst he takes it for granted that he makes fools of others, he renders himself ridiculous.

'Add to all this, that sincerity is the most commendable wisdom, and an excellent instrument for the speedy dispatch of business; it creates confidence in those we have to deal with, saves the labour of many inquiries, and brings things to an issue in a few words. It is like travelling in a plain beaten road, which commonly brings a man sooner to his journey's end than by-ways, in which men often lose themselves. In a word, whatsoever conveniences may be thought to be in falsehood and dissimulation, it is soon over; but the inconvenience of it is perpetual, because it brings a man under an everlasting jealousy and suspicion, so that he is not believed when he speaks truth, nor trusted perhaps when he means honestly. When a man has once forfeited the reputation of his integrity, he is set fast; and nothing will then serve his turn, neither truth nor falsehood.

'And I have often thought, that God hath in his great wisdom hid from men of false and dishonest minds, the wonderful advantages of truth and integrity to the prosperity even of our worldly affairs: these men are so blinded by their covetousness and ambition, that they cannot look beyond a present advantage, nor forbear to seize upon it, though by ways never so indirect; they cannot see so far as to the remotest consequence of a steady integrity, and the vast benefit and advantages which it will bring a man at last. Were but this sort of men wise and clear-sighted enough to discern this, they would be heart out of very honesty, not out of any love to beauty and virtue, but with a crafty design to promote and advance more effectually their own interests; and therefore the justice of the Divine Providence hath hid this truest point of wisdom from their eyes, that bad men might not be upon equal terms with the just and upright, and serve their own wicked designs by honest and lawful means.

'Indeed, if a man were only to deal in the world for a day, and should never have occasion

\* The following Extracts are from the SERMONS of Abp. Tillotson, in 1689, vol. ii. serm. l.

to converse more with mankind, never more need their good opinion or good word, it were then no great matter (speaking as to the concerns of this world) if a man spent his reputation all at once, and ventured it at one throw: but if he be to continue in the world, and would have the advantage of conversation whilst he is in it, let him make use of truth and sincerity in all his words and actions: for nothing but this will last and hold out to the end: all other arts will fail, but truth and integrity will carry a man through, and bear him out to the last.\*

STEELE.

Z:

N<sup>o</sup> 353. TUESDAY, APRIL 15, 1712.*In tenui talor* —.

VIRG. Georg. iv. ver. 6.

Tho' low the subject, it deserves our pains.

THE gentleman who obliges the world in general, and me in particular, with his thoughts upon education, has just sent me the following letter.

'SIR,

'I TAKE the liberty to send you a fourth letter upon the education of youth. In my last I gave you my thoughts about some particular tasks which I conceived it might not be amiss to mix with their usual exercises, in order to give them an early reasoning of virtue; I shall in this propose some others, which I fancy might contribute to give them a right turn for the world, and enable them to make their way in it.

'The design of learning is, as I take it, either to render a man an agreeable companion to himself, and teach him to support solitude with pleasure; or, if he is not born to an estate, to supply that defect, and furnish him with the means of acquiring one. A person who applies himself to learning with the first of these views, may be said to study for ornament; as he who proposes to himself the second, properly studies for use. The one does it to raise himself a fortune; the other, to set off that which he is already possessed of. But as far the greater part of mankind are included in the latter class, I shall only propose some methods at present for the service of such who expect to advance themselves in the world by their learning. In order to which I shall premise, that many more estates have been acquired by little accomplishments than by extraordinary ones; those qualities which make the greatest figure in the eye of the world, not being always the most useful in themselves, or the most advantageous to their owners.

'The posts which require men of shining and uncommon parts to discharge them, are so very few, that many a great genius goes out of the world without ever having had an opportunity to exert itself; whereas persons of ordinary endowments meet with occasions fitted to their parts and capacities every day in the common occurrences of life.

'I am acquainted with two persons who were formerly school-fellows†, and have been good friends ever since. One of them was not only thought an

impenetrable blockhead at school, but still maintained his reputation at the university; the other was the pride of his master, and the most celebrated person in the college of which he was a member. The man of genius is at present buried in a country parsonage of eight-score pounds a year; while the other, with the bare abilities of a common scrivener, has got an estate of above an hundred thousand pounds.

'I fancy, from what I have said, it will almost appear a doubtful case to many a wealthy citizen, whether or no he ought to wish his son should be a great genius: but this I am sure of, that nothing is more absurd than to give a lad the education of one, whom nature has not favoured with any particular marks of distinction.

'The fault, therefore, of our grammar-schools is, that every boy is pushed on to works of genius: whereas it would be far more advantageous for the greatest part of them to be taught such little practical arts and sciences as do not require any great share of parts to be master of them, and yet may come often into play during the course of a man's life.

'Such are all the parts of practical geometry. I have known a man contract a friendship with a minister of state, upon enttling a dial in his window; and remember a clergyman who got one of the best benefices in the west of England, by setting a country gentleman's affairs in some method, and giving him an exact survey of his estate.

'While I am upon this subject, I cannot forbear mentioning a particular which is of use in every station of life, and which methinks every master should teach his scholars; I mean the writing of English letters. To this end, instead of perplexing them with Latin epistles, themes, and verses, there might be a punctual correspondence established between two boys, who might act in any imaginary part of business, or be allowed sometimes to give a range to their own fancies, and communicate to each other whatever trifles they thought fit, provided neither of them ever failed at the appointed time to answer his correspondent's letter.

'I believe I may venture to affirm, that the generality of boys would find themselves more advantaged by this custom, when they come to be men, than by all the Greek and Latin their masters can teach them in seven or eight years.

'The want of it is very visible in many learned persons, who, while they are admiring the styles of Demosthenes or Cicero, want phrases to express themselves on the most common occasions. I have seen a letter from one of these Latin orators, which would have been deservedly laughed at by a common attorney.

'Under this head of writing, I cannot omit accounts and short-hand, which are learned with little pains, and very properly come into the number of such arts as I have been here recommending.

'You must doubtless, sir, observe, that I have hitherto chiefly insisted upon these things for such boys as do not appear to have any thing extraordinary in their natural talents, and consequently are not qualified for the finer parts of learning; yet I believe I might carry this matter still further, and venture to assert, that a lad of genius has sometimes occasion for these little requirements, to be as it were the forerunners of his parts, and to introduce him into the world.

'History is full of examples of persons who, though they have had the largest abilities, have been obliged to insinuate themselves into the favour of great men.

\* See Nos. 307, 313, and 337.

† Dean Swift, and Mr. Stratford, a merchant. 'Stratford is worth a plumb, and is now lending the government 40,000*l.*; yet we were educated together at the same school and university.' Swift's Works, vol. xiv. p. 201, 8vo. edit. 1801. See also in the same volume, p. 202, and vol. xv. p. 227, 274, 277—279.

ments; as the complete gentleman, in some of our modern comedies, makes his first advances to his mistress under the disguise of a painter, or a dancing-master.

"The difference is, that in a lad of genius there are only so many accomplishments, which in another are essentials; the one diverts himself with them, the other works at them. In short, I look upon a great genius, with these little additions, in the same light as I regard the Grand Seigneur, who is obliged, by an express command in the Alcoran, to learn and practise some handicraft trade; though I need not to have gone for my instance further than Germany, where several emperors have voluntarily done the same thing. Leopold, the last, worked in wood; and I have heard there are several handicraft works of his making, to be seen at Vienna, so neatly turned, that the best joiner in Europe might safely own them, without any disgrace to his profession."

"I would not be thought, by any thing I have said, to be against improving a boy's genius to the utmost pitch it can be carried. What I would endeavour to show in this essay is, that there may be methods taken to make learning advantageous even to the meanest capacities."

"I am, &c."

"Yours, &c."

STUDGELL.

X

N<sup>o</sup> 334. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 16, 1712.

— Cum magna virtutibus effert  
Oranda spectatorem —

JUV. SAT. VI. VER. 108.

We own thy virtues; but we blame bounds  
Thy mind esteems with freedom and pride.

"MR. SPECTATOR,

You have in some of your discourses described several sorts of women in their distinct and proper classes, as the Ape, the Coquette, and many others; but I think you have never yet said any thing of a Devotee. A devotee is one of those who disengage religion by their indirect and unreasonable introduction of the mention of virtue on all occasions. She professes she is what nobody ought to doubt she is; and betrays the labour she is put to, to be, what she ought to be with cheerfulness and alacrity. She lives in the world, and denies herself none of the diversions of it, with a constant declaration, how ineffectual all things in it are to her. She is never herself but at church; there she displays her virtue, and is so fervent in her devotions, that I have frequently seen her pray herself out of breath. While other young ladies in the house are dancing, or playing at questions and commands, she reads aloud in her closet. She says, all love is ridiculous, except it be celestial; but she speaks of the passion of one mortal to another with too much bitterness, for one that had no jealousy mixed with her contempt of it. If at any time she sees a man warm to his address to his mistress, she will lift up her eyes to heaven, and cry, "What nonsense is that fool talking! Will the bell never ring for prayers?" We have an emulous lady of this stamp in our country, who pretends to amusements very much above the rest of her sex. She never carries a white shock-dog with bells under her arm, nor a squirrel or dormouse in her

pocket, but always an abridged piece of morality, to steal out when she is sure of being observed. When she went to the famous air-race (which I must confess was but an odd diversion to be encouraged by people of rank and figure), it was not, like other ladies, to hear those poor animals bray, nor to see fellows run naked, or to hear country squires in bob-wigs and white girdles make love at the side of a coach, and cry, "Madam, this is dainty weather." Thus she described the diversion; for she went only to pray heartily that nobody might be hurt in the crowd, and to see if the poor fellow's face, which was distorted with grinning, might any way be brought to itself again. She never chats over her tea, but covers her face, and is supposed in an ejaculation before she tastes a sup. This ostentatious behaviour is such an offence to true sincerity, that it disparages it, and makes virtue not only unamiable, but also ridiculous. The sacred writings are full of reflections which abhor this kind of conduct; and a devotee is so far from promoting goodness, that she detests others by her example. Folly and vanity in one of these ladies, is like vice in a clergyman; it does not only debase him, but makes the inconsiderate part of the world think the worse of religion.

"I am, &c."

"Your humble servant,

"NOTURUS."

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"XENOPHON, in his short account of the Spartan commonwealth, speaking of the behaviour of their young men in the streets, says, "There was so much modesty in their looks, that you might as soon have turned the eyes of a marble statue upon you as theirs; and that in all their behaviour they were more modest than a bride when put in bed upon her wedding-night." This virtue, which is always subjoined to magnanimity, had such an influence upon their courage, that in battle an enemy could not look them in the face, and they durst not bid die for their country.

"Whenever I walk into the streets of London and Westminster, the countenances of all the young fellows that pass by me make me wish myself in Sparta; I meet with such blustering airs, big looks, and bold fronts, that, to a superficial observer, would bespeak a courage above those Grecians. I am arrived to that perfection in speculation, that I understand the language of the eyes, which would be a great misfortune to me, had I not corrected the tenderness of old age by philosophy. There is scarce a man in a red coat who does not tell me, with a full stare, he is a bold man; I see several swear inwardly at me, without any offence of mine, but the odiousness of my person; I meet contempt in every street, expressed in different manners, by the scornful look, the elevated eye-brow, and the swelling nostrils, of the proud and prosperous. The 'prentice speaks his disrespect by an extended finger, and the porter by stealing out his tongue. If a country gentleman appears a little curious in observing the edifices, signs, clocks, coaches, and dials, it is not to be imagined how the poltroon rabble of this town, who are acquainted with these subjects, ridicule his curiosity. I have known a fellow with a burden on his head, steal a hand down from his load, and dily twirl the cock of a squire's hat behind him; while the offending person is swearing, or out of countenance, all the wag-wits in the highway are grinning in applause of the ingenious rogue that gave him the tip, and the folly of him who had not eyes all round his

\* The Czar, Peter the Great of Russia, is a still more remarkable instance of imperial handicraft.

head to prevent receiving it. These things arise from a general affectation of smartness, wit, and courage. Wycherly somewhere rallies the pretensions this way, by making a fellow say, "Red breeches are a certain sign of valour;" and Otway makes a man, to boast his agility, trip up a beggar on crutches. From such hints I beg a speculation on this subject: in the meantime I shall do all in the power of a weak old fellow in my own defence; for as Diogenes, being in quest of an honest man, sought for him when it was broad daylight with a lantern and candle, so I intend for the future to walk the streets with a dark lantern, which has a convex crystal in it; and if any man stares at me, I give fair warning that I will direct the light full into his eyes. Thus despairing to find men modest, I hope by this means to evade their impudence.

' I am, sir,  
' Your most humble servant,  
' SOPHROSIMUS.'

STEELE.

T.

Nº 355. THURSDAY, APRIL 17, 1712.

*Non ego mordaci detrinxi carmine quinquam.*  
OVID. Trist. li. ver. 563.

I ne'er in gall dipp'd my envenom'd pen,  
Nor branded the bold front of shameless men.

I HAVE been very often tempted to write invectives upon those who have detracted from my works, or spoken in derogation of my person; but I look upon it as a particular happiness, that I have always hindered my resentments from proceeding to this extremity. I once had gone through half a satire, but found so many motions of humanity rising in me towards the persons whom I had severely treated, that I threw it into the fire without ever finishing it. I have been angry enough to make several little epigrams and lampoons; and, after having admired them a day or two, have likewise committed them to the flames. These I look upon as so many sacrifices to humanity, and have received much greater satisfaction from the suppressing such performances, than I could have done from any reputation they might have procured me, or from any mortification they might have given my enemies, in case I had made them public. If a man has any talent in writing, it shows a good mind to forbear answering calumnies and reproaches in the same spirit of bitterness with which they are offered. But when a man has been at some pains in making suitable returns to an enemy, and has the instruments of revenge in his hands, to let drop his wrath, and stifle his resentments, seems to have something in it great and heroical. There is a particular merit in such a way of forgiving an enemy; and the more violent and unprovoked the offence has been, the greater still is the merit of him who thus forgives it.

I never met with a consideration that is more finely spun, and what has better pleased me, than one in Epictetus\*, which places an enemy in a new light, and gives us a view of him altogether different from that in which we are used to regard him. The sense of it is as follows: 'Does a man reproach thee for being proud or ill-natured, envious or conceited, ignorant or detracting? Consider with thyself whether his reproaches are true.

If they are not, consider that thou art not the person whom he reproaches, but that he reviles an imaginary being, and perhaps loves what thou really art, though he hates what thou appearest to be. If his reproaches are true, if thou art the envious ill-natured man he takes thee for, give thyself another turn, become mild, affable, and obliging, and his reproaches of thee naturally cease. His reproaches may indeed continue, but thou art no longer the person whom he reproaches.'

I often apply this rule to myself; and when I hear of a satirical speech or writing that is aimed at me, I examine my own heart, whether I deserve it or not. If I bring in a verdict against myself, I endeavour to rectify my conduct for the future in those particulars which have drawn the censure upon me; but if the whole invective be grounded upon a falsehood, I trouble myself no further about it, and look upon my name at the head of it to signify no more than one of those fictitious names made use of by an author to introduce an imaginary character. Why should a man be sensible of the sting of a reproach, who is a stranger to the guilt that is implied in it? or, subject himself to the penalty, when he knows he has never committed the crime? This is a piece of fortitude, which every one owes to his own innocence, and without which it is impossible for a man of any merit, or figure, to live at peace with himself, in a country that abounds with wit and liberty.

The famous Monsieur Balzac, in a letter to the Chancellor of France, who had prevented the publication of a book against him, has the following words, which are a lively picture of the greatness of mind so visible in the works of that author: 'If it was a new thing, it may be I should not be displeased with the suppression of the first libel that should abuse me; but since there are enough of them to make a small library, I am secretly pleased to see the number increased, and take delight in raising a heap of stones that envy has cast at me without doing me any harm.'

The author here alludes to those monuments\* of the eastern nations, which were mountains of stones raised upon the dead bodies by travellers, that need to cast every one his stone upon it as they passed by. It is certain that no monument is so glorious as one which is thus raised by the hands of envy. For my part, I admire an author for such a temper of mind as enables him to bear an undeserved reproach without resentment, more than for all the wit of any the finest satirical reply.

Thus far I thought necessary to explain myself in relation to those who have animadverted on this paper, and to show the reasons why I have not thought fit to return them any formal answer. I must further add, that the work would have been of very little use to the public, had it been filled with personal reflections and debates; for which reason I have never once turned out of my way to observe those little cavils which have been made against it by envy or ignorance. The common fry of scribblers, who have no other way of being taken notice of but by attacking what has gained some reputation in the world, would have furnished me with business enough, had they found me disposed to enter the lists with them.

I shall conclude with the fable of Boccacini's traveller, who was so pestered with the noise of grasshoppers, in his ears, that he alighted from his horse in great wrath to kill them all. 'This,' says

\* Enchiridion, or Compendium of the Stoic Philosophy, cap. 48 and 64.

\* In North Britain there are monuments of the same kind, which are called *cairns*.

the author, 'was troubling himself to no manner of purpose. Had he pursued his journey without taking notice of them, the troublesome insects would have died of themselves in a very few weeks, and he would have suffered nothing from them.'

ADDISON.

L\*.

N° 636. FRIDAY, APRIL 18, 1712.

*Apiculus quæque deditur diti,  
Charior est illis homo quam tibi?*

JUV. Sat. x. ver. 119

—The gods will grant  
What their unerring wisdom sees thee wants  
In goodness, as in greatness, they excel;  
Ah, that we lov'd ourselves but half so well!

DICKSON

It is owing to pride, and a secret affectation of a certain self-existence, that the noblest motives for action that ever was proposed to man, is not acknowledged the glory and happiness of their being. The heart is treacherous to itself, and we do not let our reflections go deep enough to receive religion as the most honourable incentive to good and worthy actions. It is our natural weakness to flatter ourselves into a belief, that if we search into our inmost thoughts, we find ourselves wholly disinterested, and divested of any views arising from self-love and vainglory. But however spirits of superficial greatness may delude at first sight to do any thing, but from a noble impulse in themselves, without any false regard to this or another being; upon stricter inquiry they will find, to act worthily, and expect to be rewarded only in another world, is as heroic a pitch of virtue as human nature can arrive at. If the tenour of our actions have any other motive than the desire to be pleasing in the eye of the Deity, it will necessarily follow that we must be more than men, if we are not too much exalted in prosperity, and depressed in adversity. But the Christian world has a leader, the contemplation of whose life and sufferings must administer comfort in affliction, while the sense of his power and omnipotence must give them humiliation in prosperity.

It is owing to the forbidding and unlovely constraint with which men of low conceits act when they think they conform themselves to religion, as well as to the more odious conduct of hypocrites, that the word Christian does not carry with it at first view all that is great, worthy, friendly, generous, and heroic. The man who suspends his hopes of the reward of worthy actions till after death, who can bestow success, who can overlook hatred, do good to his slanderer, who can never be angry at his friend, never revengeful to his enemy, is certainly formed for the benefit of society. Yet these are so far from heroic virtues, that they are but the ordinary duties of a Christian.

When a man with a steady faith looks back on the great catastrophe of this day, with what bleeding emotions of heart must he contemplate the life and sufferings of his Deliverer! When his agonies occur to him, how will he weep to reflect that he has often forgot them for the glance of a moment, for the applause of a vain world, for a heap of fleeting past pleasures which are at present aching sorrows!

How pleasing is the contemplation of the lowly steps our Almighty Leader took in conducting us

to his heavenly mansion! In plain and apt parable, similitude, and allegory, our great Master enforced the doctrine of our salvation; but they of his acquaintance, instead of receiving what they could not oppose, were offended at the presumption of being wiser than they. They could not raise their little ideas above the consideration of him in those circumstances familiar to them, or conceive that he, who appeared not more terrible or pompous, should have any thing more exalted than themselves; he in that place therefore would no longer ineffectually exert a power which was incapable of conquering the prepossession of their narrow and mean conceptions.

Multitudes followed him, and brought him the dumb, the blind, the sick, and maimed; whom when their Creator had touched, with a second life they saw, spoke, leaped, and ran. In affection to him, and admiration of his actions, the crowd could not leave him, but waited near him till they were almost as faint and helpless as others they brought for succour. He had compassion on them, and by a miracle supplied their necessities. Oh, the ecstasies of certainty, when they could behold their food immediately increase to the distributor's hand, and see their God in person feeding and refreshing his creatures! Oh, curied happiness! But why do I any envy? as if our God did not still preside over our temperate meals, cheerful hours, and innocent conversations.

But though the sacred story is every where full of miracles not inferior to this, and though in the midst of those acts of divinity he never gave the least blot of a design to become a secular prince, yet had not hitherto the apostles themselves any other than hopes of worldly power, preferment, riches, and pomp; for Peter, upon an accident of ambition among the apostles, bearing his Master explain that his kingdom was not of this world, was so scandalized, that he whom he had so long followed should suffer the ignominy, shame, and death which he foretold, that he took him aside and said, 'Be it far from thee, Lord; this shall not be unto thee!' for which he suffered a severe reprobation from his Master, as having in his view the glory of man rather than that of God.

The great change of things began to draw near, when the Lord of Nature thought fit as a saviour and deliverer to make his public entry into Jerusalem with more than the power and joy, but none of the ostentation and pomp of a triumph; he came humble, meek, and lowly; with an unseen new embassy, multitudes strewed his way with garments and olive-branches, crying, with loud gladness and acclamation, 'Hosannah to the Son of David! Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!' At this great King's accession to his throne, men were not exulted, but saved; crimes were not remitted, but sins forgiven. He did not bestow medals, honours, favours; but health, joy, sight, speech. The first object the blind ever saw was, the Author of sight; while the lame ran before, and the dumb repeated the Hosannah. Thus attended, he entered into his own house, the sacred temple, and by his divine authority expelled traders and worldlings that profaned it; and thus did he for a time use a great and despotic power, to let unbelievers understand that it was not want of, but superiority to, all worldly dominion, that made him not exert it. But is this then the Saviour? Is this the Deliverer? Shall this obscure Nazarene command Israel, and sit on the throne of David? Their proud and disdainful hearts, which were perfited with the love and pride of this world, were

\* In N° 242, Addison had adverted to the same subject.

+ Good Friday.

impregnable to the reception of so mean a benefactor, and were now enough exasperated with benefits to conspire his death. Our Lord was sensible of their design, and prepared his disciples for it, by recounting to them now more distinctly what should befall him; but Peter, with an ungrounded resolution, and in a flush of temper, made a sanguine protestation, that though all men were offended in him, yet would not he be offended. It was a great article of our Saviour's business in the world to bring us to a sense of our inability, without God's assistance, to do any thing great or good; he therefore told Peter, who thought so well of his courage and fidelity, that they would both fail him, and even he should deny him thrice that very night.

But what heart can conceive, what tongue utter the sequel? Who is that yonder, huffetted, mocked, and spurned? Whom do they drag like a felon? Whither do they carry my Lord, my King, my Saviour, and my God? And will he die to expiate these very injuries? See where they have nailed the Lord and Giver of life! How his wounds blacken, his body writhes, and heart heaves with pity and with agony! Oh almighty sufferer, look down, look down from thy triumphant infancy. Lo, he inclines his head to his sacred bosom! Hark, he groans! See, he expires! The earth trembles, the temple rends, the rocks burst, the dead arise. Which are the quick? Which are the dead? Sure nature, all nature, is departing with her Creator.\*

STEELE.

T.

N<sup>o</sup> 357. SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1712.

*Quis talia fando  
Temperet a lachrymis?*

VIRG. il. ver. 6.

Who can relate such woes without a tear?

THE tenth book of *Paradise Lost* has a greater variety of persons in it than any other in the whole poem. The author upon the winding up of his action, introduces all those who had any concern in it, and shows with great beauty the influence which it had upon each of them. It is like the last act of a well-written tragedy, in which all who had a part in it are generally drawn up before the audience, and represented under those circumstances in which the determination of the action places them.

I shall therefore consider this book under four heads, in relation to the celestial, the infernal, the human, and the imaginary persons, who have their respective parts allotted in it.

To begin with the celestial persons. The guardian angels of Paradise are described as returning to heaven upon the fall of man, in order to approve their vigilance; their arrival, their manner of reception, with the sorrow which appeared in themselves, and in those spirits who are said to rejoice at the conversion of a sinner, are very finely laid together in the following lines:

‘Up into heav’n from Paradise in haste  
Th’ angelic guards ascended, mute and sad  
For man; for of his state by this they knew:  
Much wond’ring how the subtle fiend had stol’n  
Entrance unseen. Soon as th’ unwelcome news  
From earth arriv’d at heaven gate, displeas’d

All were who heard; dim sadness did not spare  
That time celestial visages; yet mix’d  
With pity, violat’d not their bliss.  
About the new-arriv’d, in multitudes  
Th’ ethereal people ran, to hear and know  
How all befel. They tow’rd the throne supreme  
Accountable made basic, to make appear,  
With righteous plea, their utmost vigilance,  
And call his approv’d; when the Most High  
Eternal Father, from his secret cloud  
Amidst, in thunder utter’d thus his voice.’

The same Divine Person, who in the foregoing parts of this poem interceded for our first parents before their fall, overthrew the rebel angels, and created the world, is now represented as descending to Paradise, and pronouncing sentence upon the three offenders. The cool of the evening being a circumstance with which holy writ introduces this great scene, it is poetically described by our author, who has also kept religiously to the form of words in which the three several sentences were passed upon Adam, Eve, and the serpent. He has rather chosen to neglect the numerousness of his verse, than to deviate from those speeches which are recorded on this great occasion. The guilt and confusion of our first parents, standing naked before their judge, is touched with great beauty. Upon the arrival of Sin and Death into the works of the creation, the Almighty is again introduced as speaking to his angels that surrounded him:

‘See! with what heat these dogs of hell advance,  
To waste and havoc yonder world, which I  
So fair and good created;’ &c.

The following passage is formed upon that glorious image in holy writ, which compares the voice of an innumerable host of angels, uttering hallelujahs, to the voice of mighty thunderings, or of many waters:

‘He ended, and the heav’nly audience loud  
Sung Hallelujah, as the sound of seas,  
Through multitude that sung. “Just are thy ways,  
Righteous are thy decrees in all thy works,  
Who can extenuate thee?”’

Though the author in the whole course of his poem, and particularly in the book we are now examining, has infinite allusions to places of scripture; I have only taken notice in my remarks of such as are of a poetical nature, and which are woven with great beauty into the body of his fable. Of this kind is that passage in the present book, where, describing Sin as marching through the works of nature, he adds,

‘—— Behind her Death  
Close following pace for pace, not mounted yet  
On his pale horse——’

Which alludes to that passage in scripture so wonderfully poetical, and terrifying to the imagination: ‘And I looked, and behold a pale horse, and his name that sat on him was Death, and Hell followed with him: and power was given unto them over the fourth part of the earth, to kill with sword, and with hunger, and with sickness, and with the beasts of the earth.’ Under this first head, of celestial persons, we must likewise take notice of the command which the angels received, to produce several changes in nature, and sully the beauty of the creation. Accordingly they are represented as infecting the stars and planets with malignant influences, weakening the light of the sun, bringing down the winter into the milder regions of nature, planting winds and storms in several quarters of the sky, storing the clouds with thunder, and, in short, the

\* This last paragraph is a transcript by Steele from his own “Christian Hero.”

of the universe to the condition of its criminal inhabitants. As this is a noble incident in the poem, the following lines, in which we see the angels bearing up the earth, and placing it in a different posture to the sun from what it had been before the fall of man, is connected with that sublime imagination which was so peculiar to this great author:

'Some say he bid his angels turn balance  
The poles of earth twice ten degrees and more  
From the sun's axle; they with labour push'd  
Oblique the centric globe

We are in the second place to consider the infernal agents under the view which Milton has given us of them in this book. It is observed, by those who would set forth the greatness of Virgil's plan, that he conducts his reader through all the parts of the earth which were discovered in his time. Asia, Africa, and Europe, are the several scenes of his fable. The plan of Milton's poem is of an infinitely greater extent, and fills the mind with many more astonishing circumstances. Satan, having surrounded the earth seven times, departs at length from Paradise. We then see him steering his course among the constellations, and, after having traversed the whole creation, pursuing his voyage through the chaos, and entering into his own infernal dominion.

His first appearance in the assembly of fallen angels is worked up with circumstances which give a delightful surprise to the reader: but there is no incident in the whole poem which does this more than the transformation of the whole audience, that follows the account their leader gives them of his expedition. The gradual change of Satan himself is described after Ovid's manner, and may vie with any of those celebrated transformations which are looked upon as the most beautiful parts in that poet's works. Milton never fails of improving his own hints, and betwixt the last finishing touches in every incident which is admitted into his poem. The unexpected aim which arises in this episode, the dimensions and bulk of Satan so much superior to those of the infernal spirits who lay under the same transformation, with the annual change which they are supposed to suffer, are instances of this kind. The beauty of the diction is very remarkable in this whole episode, as I have observed in the sixth paper of these remarks the great judgment with which it was contrived.

The parts of Adam and Eve, or the human persons, come next under our consideration. Milton's art is so where more shows than in his conducting the parts of these our first parents. The representation he gives of them, without falsifying the story, is wonderfully contrived to influence the reader with pity and compassion towards them. Though Adam involves the whole species in misery, his crime proceeds from a weakness which every man is inclined to pardon and commiserate, as it seems rather the frailty of human nature, than of the person who offended. Every one is apt to excuse a fault which he himself might have fallen into. It was the excess of love for Eve that misled Adam and his posterity. I need not add, that the author is justified in this particular by many of the fathers, and the most orthodox writers. Milton has by this means filled a great part of his poem with that kind of writing which the French critics call the *tendre*, and which is in a particular manner engaging to all sorts of readers.

Adam and Eve, in the book we are now considering, are likewise drawn with such sentiments as

do not only interest the reader in their afflictions but raise in him the most melting passions of humanity and commiseration. When Adam sees the several changes of nature produced about him, he appears in a disorder of mind suitable to one who had forfeited both his innocence and his happiness; he is filled with horror, remorse, despair; in the anguish of his heart he expostulates with his Creator for having given him an unsteady existence.

'Did I request thee, Maker, from the clay  
To mould me man? Did I solicit thee  
From darkness to promote me? or here place  
In this delicious garden? As thy will  
Concurs'd not to my being, 'twere but right  
And equal to reduce me to my dust,  
Desirous to resign, and render back  
All I received ———'

He immediately after recovers from his presumption, owns his doom to be just, and begs that the death which is threatened him may be inflicted on him:

'——— Why delays  
His hand to execute what his decree  
Forth on this day? Why do I survive?  
Why am I smother'd with death, and lengthen'd out  
To desolate pain? How gladly would I meet  
Mortality my sentence, and be earth  
Incombin'd! how glad would I lay me down,  
As in my mother's lap! There should I rest  
And sleep secure; his dreadful voice no more  
Would thunder in my ears: no fear of woe  
To me, and to my offspring, would torment me  
With cruel expectation ———'

This whole speech is full of the like emotion, and varied with all those sentiments which we may suppose natural to a mind so broken and disturbed. I must not omit that generous concern which our first father shows in it for his posterity, and which is so proper to affect the reader:

'——— Hide me from the face  
Of God, whom to behold was then my height  
Of happiness! yet well, if here would end  
The misery, I deserv'd it, and would bear  
My own destruction; but then will not serve;  
All that I eat, or drink, or shall breathe  
Is propagated curse. O voice more heard  
Delightfully, "Increase and multiply!"  
Now death to hear! ——— To see all  
Posterity stands wail! Take pity, then,  
That I must leave ye, sons! O woe I feel  
To waste it all myself, and leave you none!  
To disinherit, how would you bleed  
His now your curse! Ah, why should all mankind  
For one man's fault, thus guiltless be condemn'd,  
If guiltless? But from me what can proceed  
But all corrupt! ———'

Who can afterwards behold the father of mankind, extended upon the earth, uttering his mid-eight complaints, bewailing his existence, and wishing for death, without sympathizing with him in his distress?

'Thus Adam to himself lamented loud  
Through the still night; not now (as ere man fell)  
Whence wind and cold, and mild, but with black air,  
Accompanied with damps and dreadful gloom;  
Which to his evil conscience represented  
All things with double terror. On the ground  
Outstretch'd he lay; on the cold ground; and oft  
Thought his creation's death as oft account  
Of tardy execution ———'

The part of Eve in this book is no less prominent, and apt to sway the reader in her favor. She is represented with great tenderness as approaching Adam, but is spurned from him with a spirit of upbraiding and indignation, conformable to the nature of man, whose passions had now gained the dominion over him. The following passage, wherein she is described as renewing her

addresses to him, with the whole speech that follows it, have something in them exquisitely moving and pathetic:

"He add'd not, and from her turn'd: let Eve,  
Not so repuls'd, with tears that cou'd not flow,  
And tresses all disorder'd, at his feet  
Fell humble; and embracing them brought  
His face, and thus proceed to her plaint,  
"For sake me not thus, Adam! Wither! Heaven  
What love's more, and reverence in my heart  
I bear thee, and none else have I feel'd.  
Unhappy dearest! Thy suppliant  
I beg, and clasp thy knee, forgive me  
(Whereon I live) thy faultless love, thy aid,  
Thy counsel in this uttermost distress,  
My only strength, and stay! For 'tis of thee,  
Whither shall I take thee, where to turn?  
While yet we live (heave one heart but perhaps)  
Between us two let there be peace," &c."

Adam's reconciliation to her is worked up in the same spirit of tenderness. The afterwards proposes to her husband, in the blindness of her despair, that to prevent their guilt from descending upon posterity, they should resolve to live childless; or, if that could not be done, they should seek their own deaths by violent methods. As those sentiments naturally engage the reader to regard the mother of mankind with more than ordinary commiseration, they likewise contain a very fine moral. The resolution of dying to end our miseries, does not show such a degree of magnanimity as a resolution to hear them, and submit to the dispensations of Providence. Our author has, therefore, with great delicacy, represented Eve as entertaining this thought, and Adam as disapproving it.

We are, in the last place, to consider the imaginary persons, as Death and Sin, who act a large part in this book. Such beautiful extended allegories are certainly some of the finest compositions of genius; but, as I have before observed, are not agreeable to the nature of an heroic poem. This of Sin and Death is very exquisite in its kind, if not considered as a part of such a work. The truths contained in it are so clear and open, that I shall not lose time in explaining them; but shall only observe, that a reader, who knows the strength of the English tongue, will be amazed to think how the poet could find such apt words and phrases to describe the actions of those two imaginary persons, and particularly in that part where Death is exhibited as forming a bridge over the chaos; a work suitable to the genius of Milton.

Since the subject I am upon gives me an opportunity of speaking more at large of such shadowy and imaginary persons as may be introduced into heroic poems, I shall beg leave to explain myself in a matter which is curious in its kind, and which none of the critics have treated of. It is certain, Homer and Virgil are full of imaginary persons, who are very beautiful in poetry when they are just shown without being engaged in any series of action. Homer indeed represents Sleep as a person, and ascribes a short part to him in his *Iliad*; but we must consider, that though we now regard such a person as entirely shadowy and unsubstantial, the heathens made statues of him, placed him in their temples, and looked upon him as a real deity. When Homer makes use of other such allegorical persons, it is only in short expressions, which convey an ordinary thought to the mind in the most pleasing manner, and may rather be looked upon as poetical phrases, than allegorical descriptions. Instead of telling us that men naturally fly when they are terrified, he introduces the person of Flight and Fear, who, he tells us, are inse-

parable companions. Instead of saying that the time was come when Apollo ought to have received his recompense, he tells us that the Hours brought him his reward. Instead of describing the effects which Minerva's rage produced in battle, he tells us, that the brims of it were encompassed by Terror, Rout, Discord, Fury, Pursuit, Mourn, and Death. In the same figure of speaking, he represents Victory as following Discord, Discord as the mother of funerals and mourning; Venus as deposed by the Graces; Bellona as wearing Terror and Consternation like a garment. I might give several other instances out of Homer, as well as a great many out of Virgil. Milton has likewise very often made use of the same way of speaking, as where he tells us, that Victory sat on the right hand of the Messiah, when he marched forth against the rebel angels; that at the rising of the sun, the Hours unbarred the gates of light; that Discord was the daughter of Sin. Of the same nature are those expressions, where, describing the singing of the nightingale, he adds, 'Silence was pleas'd'; and upon the Meads his bidding peace to the choir, 'Confusion heard his voice.' I might add innumerable instances of our poet's writing in this beautiful figure. It is plain that those I have mentioned, in which person of an imaginary nature are introduced, are such short allegories as are not designed to be taken in the literal sense, but only to convey particular circumstances to the reader, after an unusual and entertaining manner. But when such persons are introduced as principal actors, and engaged in a series of adventures, they take too much upon them, and are by no means proper for an heroic poem, which ought to appear credible in its principal parts. I cannot forbear therefore, thinking, that Sin and Death are as improper agents in a work of this nature, as Strength and Necessity in one of the tragedies of Æschylus, who represented those two persons sitting down Prometheus in a rock; for which he has been justly censured by the greatest critics. I do not know any imaginary person made use of in a more sublime manner of thinking than that in one of the prophets, who, describing God as descending from Heaven, and visiting the sins of mankind, adds that dreadful circumstance, 'Before him went the Pestilence.' It is certain this imaginary person might have been described in all her purple spots. The Fever might have marched before her, Pain might have stood at her right hand, Plagues on her left, and Death in her rear. She might have been introduced as gliding down from the tail of a comet, or darted from the earth in a flash of lightning. She might have tainted the atmosphere with her breath. The very glaring of her eyes might have scattered infection. But I believe every reader will think, that in such sublime writings the mentioning of her, as it is done in scripture, has something in it more just, as well as great, than all that the most fanciful poet could have bestowed upon her in the richness of his imagination.

ANDISON.

L.



of the universe to the condition of its criminal inhabitants. As this is a noble incident in the poem, the following lines, in which we see the angels heaving up the earth, and placing it in a different posture to the sun from what it had been before the fall of man, is conceived with that sublime imagination which was so peculiar to this great author:

'Some say he bid his angels turn arround  
The poles of earth twice ten degrees and more  
From the sun's axis; they with labour push'd  
Oblique the centric globe——'

We are in the second place to consider the infernal agents under the view which Milton has given us of them in this book. It is observed, by those who would set forth the greatness of Virgil's plan, that he conducts his reader through all the parts of the earth which were discovered in his time. Asia, Africa, and Europe, are the several scenes of his fable. The plan of Milton's poem is of an infinitely greater extent, and fills the mind with many more astonishing circumstances. Satan, having surrounded the earth seven times, departs at length from Paradise. We then see him steering his course among the constellations, and, after having traversed the whole creation, pursuing his voyage through the chaos, and entering into his own infernal dominions.

His first appearance in the assembly of fallen angels is worked up with circumstances which give a delightful surprise to the readers; but there is no incident in the whole poem which does this more than the transformation of the whole audience, that follows the account their leader gives them of his expedition. The gradual change of Satan himself is described after Ovid's manner, and may vie with any of those celebrated transformations which are looked upon as the most beautiful parts in that poet's works. Milton never fails of improving his own hints, and bestowing the last finishing touches in every incident which is admitted into his poem. The unexpected blow which arises in the episode, the dimensions and bulk of Satan so superior to those of the infernal spirits who attend the more transformations, with the annual which they are supposed to suffer, are instances of this kind. The beauty of the diction is very remarkable in this whole episode, as I have observed in the sixth paper of these remarks the great judgment with which it was contrived.

The parts of Adam and Eve, or the human persons, come next under our consideration. Milton's art is so where more shown than in his conducting the parts of these our first parents. The representation he gives of them, without falsifying the story, is wonderfully contrived to influence the reader with pity and compassion towards them. Though Adam involves the whole species in misery, his crime proceeds from a weakness which every man is inclined to pardon and commiserate, as it seems rather the frailty of human nature, than of the person who offended. Every one is apt to excuse a fault which he himself might have fallen into. It was the excess of love for Eve that ruined Adam and his posterity. I need not add, that the author is justified in this particular by many of the fathers, and the most orthodox writers. Milton has by this means filled a great part of his poem with that kind of writing which the French critics call the *tendre*, and which is in a particular manner engaging to all sorts of readers.

Adam and Eve, in the book we are now considering, are likewise drawn with such sentiments as

do not only interest the reader in their afflictions but raise in him the most melting passions of humanity and commiseration. When Adam sees the several changes of nature produced about him, he appears in a disorder of mind suitable to one who had forfeited both his innocence and his happiness; he is filled with horror, remorse, despair; in the anguish of his heart he expostulates with his Creator for having given him an unmasked existence:

'Did I request thee, Maker, from the clay  
To mould me man? Did I solicit thee  
From darkness to promote me? or here place  
In this delicious garden? As my will  
Consent'd not to my being, 'twere but right  
And equal to reduce me to my dust,  
Desireous to resign, and render back  
All I received——'

He immediately after recovers from his presumption, owns his doom to be just, and begs that the death which is threatened him may be inflicted on him:

'Why delays  
His hand to execute what his decree  
Forth on this day? Why do I overlive?  
Why am I mock'd with death, and lengthen'd out  
To deathless pain? How gladly would I meet  
Mortality my sentence, and be worth  
Remember'd! how glad would I be down,  
As in my mother's lap! There should I rest  
And sleep secure; he should not vex me more  
Would threaten in my ears: no fear of worse  
To me, and to my offspring, would torment me  
With cruel expectation——'

This whole speech is full of the like emotion, and varied with all those sentiments which we may suppose natural to a mind so broken and disturbed. I must not omit that generous concern which our first father shows in it for his posterity, and which is so proper to affect the reader:

'Hide me from the face  
Of God, whom to behold was then my bright  
Of happiness! yet well, if here would end  
The misery; I deserv'd it, and would bear  
My own deservings: but this will not serve;  
All that I eat, or drink, or shall forget,  
Is propagated curse. O voice were heard  
Delightfully, "Increase and multiply;"  
Now death to heal!——  
In me all  
Posterity stands curs'd! Fair posterity,  
That I must leave ye, none! O were I able  
To waste it all myself, and leave you none!  
No disinherit, how would you bless  
Ere now your curse! Ah, why should all mankind,  
For one man's fault, thus guilty be condemn'd,  
If guiltless? But from us what can proceed  
But all corrupt!——'

Who can afterwards behold the father of mankind, extended upon the earth, uttering his midnight complaints, bewailing his existence, and wishing for death, without sympathizing with him in his distress?

'Thus Adam to himself lamented loud  
Through the still night; but now (as ere man Art)  
Weak, weary and cold, and mild, but with black air,  
Accompanied with damp and dreadful gloom;  
Which to his evil conscience represented  
All things with double terror. On the ground  
Outstretch'd he lay; on the cold ground; and oft  
Curst his creation; death as oft accus'd  
Of tardy execution——'

The part of Eve in this book is no less pathetic, and apt to sway the reader in her favour. She is represented with great tenderness as approaching Adam, but is spurned from him with a spirit of upbraiding and indignation, conformable to the nature of man, whose passions had now gained the dominion over him. The following passage, wherein she is described as reasoning her

addresses to him, with the whole speech that follows it, have something in them exquisitely moving and pathetic:

'He added not, and from her turn'd; but Eve,  
Not so repuls'd, with tears that ead not flowing,  
And presses all disorder'd, at his feet  
Tells humble, and embracing them besought  
His peace, and thus proceeded in her plaint.  
'For sake me not thus, Adam! Witness Heaven  
What love is here, and reverence in my heart  
I bear thee, and unwearied have offended,  
Unhappily deceiv'd! Thy suppliant  
I beg, and clasp the knees; forgive me not  
(Whoso I live) thy gentle looks, thy aid,  
Thy counsel in this uttermost distress;  
My only strength, and stay! Forborn of thee,  
Whither wilt thou take me, where submit I?  
While yet we live (scarce one short hour perhaps)  
Between us two let there be peace,' &c.

Adam's reconciliation to her is worked up in the same spirit of tenderness. Eve afterwards proposes to her husband, in the blindness of her despair, that to prevent their guilt from descending upon posterity, they should resolve to live childless; or, if that could not be done, they should seek their own deaths by violent methods. As those sentiments naturally engage the reader to regard the mother of mankind with more than ordinary consideration, they likewise contain a very fine moral. The resolution of dying to end our miseries, does not show such a degree of magnanimity as a resolution to bear them, and submit to the dispensations of Providence. Our author has, therefore, with great delicacy, represented Eve as entertaining this thought, and Adam as disapproving it.

We are, in the last place, to consider the imaginary persons, as Death and Sin, who act a large part in this book. Such beautiful extended allegories are certainly some of the finest compositions of genius; but, as I have before observed, are not agreeable to the nature of an heroic poem. This of Sin and Death is very exquisite in its kind, if not considered as a part of such a work. The truths contained in it are so clear and open, that I shall not lose time in explaining them; but shall only observe, that a reader, who knows the strength of the English tongue, will be amuzed to think how the poet could find such apt words and phrases to describe the actions of those two imaginary persons, and particularly in that part where Death is exhibited as forming a bridge over the chaos; a work suitable to the genius of Milton.

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parable companions. Instead of saying that the time was come when Apollo ought to have received his recompense, he tells us that the Hours brought him his reward. Instead of describing the effects which Minerva's regis produced in battle, he tells us, that the brims of it were encompassed by Terror, Rout, Discord, Fury, Pursuit, Massacre, and Death. In the same figure of speaking, he represents Victory as following Diomedes; Discord as the mother of funerals and mourning; Venus as dressed by the Graces; Bellona as wearing Terror and Consternation like a garment. I might give several other instances out of Homer, as well as a great many out of Virgil. Milton has likewise very often made use of the same way of speaking, as where he tells us, that Victory sat on the right hand of the Messiah, when he marched forth against the rebel angels; that at the rising of the sun, the Hours unbarred the gates of light; that Discord was the daughter of Sin. Of the same nature are those expressions, where, describing the singing of the nightingale, he adds, 'Silence was pleased;' and upon the Messiah's bidding prayer to the chaos, 'Confusion heard his voice.' I might add innumerable instances of our poet's writing in this beautiful figure. It is plain that these I have mentioned, in which persons of an imaginary nature are introduced, are such short allegories as are not designed to be taken in the literal sense, but only to convey particular circumstances to the reader, after an unusual and entertaining manner. But when such persons are introduced as principal actors, and engaged in a series of adventures, they take too much upon them, and are by no means proper for an heroic poem, which ought to appear credible in its principal parts. I cannot forbear therefore, thinking, that Sin and Death are as improper agents in a work of this nature, as Strength and Necessity in one of the tragedies of Æschylus, who represented those two persons malling down Prometheus to a rock; for which he has been justly censured by the greatest critics. I do not know any imaginary person made use of in a more sublime manner of thinking than that in one of the prophets, who, describing God as descending from heaven, and visiting the sins of mankind, adds that dreadful circumstance, 'Before him went the Pestilence.' It is certain this imaginary person might have been described in all her purple spots. The Fever might have marched before her, Pain might have stood at her right hand, Phrensy on her left, and Death in her rear. She might have been introduced as gliding down from the tail of a comet, or darted from the earth in a flash of lightning. She might have tinted the atmosphere with her breath. The very glaring of her eyes might have sentttered infection. But I believe every reader will think, that in such sublime writings the mentioning of her, as it is done in scripture, has something in it more just, as well as great, than all that the most fanciful poet could have bestowed upon her in the richness of his imagination.

ADDISON.

L.

Nº 353. MONDAY, APRIL 21, 1712.

— *Despers in loco*

HOR. Od. xli. l. 4. ver. ult.

"The wisdom's part sometimes to play the fool."

CHARLES LILLY attended me the other day, and made me a present of a large sheet of paper, on which is delineated a pavement in mosaic work, lately discovered at Stunfield, near Woodstock\*. A person who has so much the gift of speech as Mr. Lilly, and can carry on a discourse without a reply, had great opportunity on that occasion to expatiate upon so fine a piece of antiquity. Among other things, I remember he gave me his opinion, which he drew from the ornaments of the work, that this was the floor of a room dedicated to mirth and concord. Viewing this work, made my fancy run over the many gay expressions I have read in ancient authors, which contained invitations to lay aside care and anxiety, and give a loose to that pleasing forgetfulness wherein men put off their characters of business, and enjoy their very selves. These hours were generally passed in rooms adorned for that purpose, and set out in such a manner, as the objects all around the company gladdened their hearts; which, joined to the cheerful looks of well-chosen and agreeable friends, gave new vigour to the airy, preceded the latent fire of the modest, and gave grace to the slow humour of the reserved. A judicious mixture of such company, crowned with chaplets of flowers, and the whole apartment glittering with gay lights, cheered with a profusion of roses, artificial falls of water, and intervals of soft notes to songs of love and wine, suspended the cares of human life, and made a festival of mutual kindness. Such parties of pleasure as these, and the reports of the agreeable passages in their jollities, have in all ages awakened the dull part of mankind to pretend to mirth and good-humour, without capacity for such entertainments; for, if I be allowed to say so, there are an hundred persons fit for any employment, to one who is capable of being a night in company of the first taste, without shocking any member of the society, over his own part of the conversation, but equally receiving and contributing to the pleasure of the whole company. When one considers such collections of companions in past times, and such as one might name in the present age, with how much spleen and a man needs reflect upon the awkward gaiety of those who affect the frolic with an ill grace! I have a letter from a correspondent of mine, who desires me to admonish all land, water, airy, dull companions, that they are mistaken in what they call a frolic. Irregularity in itself is not what creates pleasure and mirth; but to see a man, who knows what rule and decency are, descend from them agreeably in our company, is what denominated him a pleasant companion. Instead of that, you find many whose mirth consists only in doing things which do not become them, with a secret consciousness that all the world know they know better: to this is always added something mischievous to themselves or others. I have heard of some very merry fellows among whom the frolic was started, and passed by a great majority, that every man should immediately draw a tooth, after which they have gone in a body and worked

a cobbler. The same company, at another night, has each man beined his cravat; and one, perhaps, whose estate would bear it, has thrown a long wig and laced hat into the same fire\*. Thus they have jested themselves stark-naked, and run into the streets, and frightened women very successfully. There is no inhabitant of any standing in Covent-garden, but can tell you an hundred good humours, where people have come off with a little bloodshed, and yet scored all the witty hours of the night. I know a gentleman that has several wounds in the head by witch-poles, and has been thrice run through the body, to carry on a good jest. He is very old for a man of so much good humour; but to this day he is seldom merry but he has occasion to be valiant at the same time. But, by the favour of these gentlemen, I am humbly of opinion, that a man may be a very witty man, and never offend one minute of this kingdom, not excepting even that of stabling.

The writers of plays have what they call a taste of time and place, to give a justice to their representations; and it would not be unwise if all who pretend to be companions would confine their actions to the place of meeting; for a frolic carried further may be better performed by other animals than men. It is not to rid much ground, or do much mischief, that should denominate a pleasant fellow; but that is truly frolic which is the play of the mind, and consists of various and unforced sallies of imagination. Fertility of spirit is a very uncommon talent, and must proceed from an assemblage of agreeable qualities in the same person. There are some few whom I think peculiarly happy in it; but it is a talent one cannot move to a man, especially when one considers, that it is never very grateful but where it is regarded by him who possesses it in the second place. The best man that I know of for heightening the rival gaiety of a company is Esaucent†, whose jovial humour diffuses itself from the highest person at an entertainment to the meanest waiter. Merry tales, accompanied with apt gestures and lively representations of circumstances and persons, beguile the gravest mind into a consent to be as humorous as himself. Add to this, that when a man is in his good graces, he has a mimicry that does not debase the person he represents; but which, taking from the gravity of the character, adds to the agreeableness of it. This pleasant fellow gives one some idea of the ancient Pantomime, who is said to have given the audience, in dumb-show, an exact idea of any character or passion, or an intelligible relation of any public occurrence, with no other expression than that of his looks and gestures. If all who have been obliged to these talents in Esaucent will be at Love for Love‡ to-morrow night, they will but pay him what they owe him, at a rate as rule as being present at a play which nobody would omit seeing, that had, or had not, ever seen it before.

STEELE.

T.

\* A Suite of Mr Charles Sedley, and others.

† See post, p. 444 and 446.

‡ A comedy, by Congreve, &c. 1695.

Nº 359. TUESDAY, APRIL 22, 1712

*Torva leana lupum sequitur. lupus ipse capellam:  
Florentem cytisum sequitur luscioa capella.*

VIRG. Ecl. ii. ver. 63.

The greedy lioness the wolf pursues,  
The wolf the kid, the wanton kid the browse.

DIYDEN.

As we were at the club last night, I observed that my old friend Sir Roger, contrary to his usual custom, sat very silent, and, instead of minding what was said by the company, was whistling to himself in a very thoughtful mood, and playing with a cork. I jogged Sir Andrew Freeport, who sat between us; and, as we were both observing him, we saw the knight shake his head, and heard him say to himself, 'A foolish woman! I can't believe it.' Sir Andrew gave him a gentle pat upon the shoulder, and offered to lay him a bottle of wine that he was thinking of the widow. My old friend started, and, recovering out of his brown study, told Sir Andrew, that once in his life he had been in the right. In short, after some little hesitation, Sir Roger told us in the fulness of his heart, that he had just received a letter from his steward, which acquainted him that his old rival and antagonist in the country, Sir David Dundrum, had been making a visit to the widow. 'However,' says Sir Roger, 'I can never think that she'll have a man that's half a year older than I am, and a noted republican into the bargain.'

Will Honeycomb, who looks upon love as his particular province, interrupting our friend with a janty laugh, 'I thought, knight,' said he, 'thou hadst lived long enough in the world, not to pin thy happiness upon one that is a woman, and a widow. I think that, without vanity, I may pretend to know as much of the female world as any man in Great Britain, though the chief of my knowledge consists in this, that they are not to be known.' Will immediately, with his usual fluency, rambled into an account of his own amours. 'I am now,' says he, 'upon the verge of fifty' (though by the way we all knew he was turned of threescore). 'You may easily guess,' continued Will, 'that I have not lived so long in the world without having had some thoughts of settling in it, as the phrase is. To tell you truly, I have several times tried my fortune that way, though I cannot much boast of my success.'

'I made my first addresses to a young lady in the country; but, when I thought things were pretty well drawing to a conclusion, her father happening to hear that I had formerly boarded with a surgeon, the old put forbad me his house, and within a fortnight after married his daughter to a fox-hunter in the neighbourhood.'

'I made my next application to a widow, and attacked her so briskly, that I thought myself within a fortnight of her. As I waited upon her one morning, she told me, that she intended to keep her ready money and jointure in her own hand, and desired me to call upon her attorney in Lion's Inn, who would adjust with me what it was proper for me to add to it. I was so rebuffed by this overture, that I never inquired either for her or her attorney afterwards.'

'A few months after, I addressed myself to a young lady who was an only daughter and of a good family. I danced with her at several balls, squeezed her by the hand, said soft things to her, and in

short made no doubt of her heart; and, though my fortune was not equal to her's, I was in hopes that her fond father would not deny her the man she had fixed her affections upon. But as I went one day to the house, in order to break the matter to him, I found the whole family in confusion, and heard, to my unspeakable surprise, that Miss Jenny was that very morning run away with the butler.'

'I then courted a second widow, and am at a loss to this day how I came to miss her, for she had often commended my person and behaviour. Her maid indeed told me one day, that her mistress said she never saw a gentleman with such a spindle pair of legs as Mr. Honeycomb.'

'After this I laid siege to four heiresses successively; and, being a handsome young dog in those days, quickly made a breach in their hearts; but I don't know how it came to pass, though I seldom failed of getting the daughter's consent, I could never in my life get the old people on my side.'

'I could give you an account of a thousand other unsuccessful attempts, particularly of one which I made some years since upon an old woman, whom I had certainly borne away with flying colours, if her relations had not come pouring in to her assistance from all parts of England; nay, I believe, I should have got her at last, had not she been carried off by a hard frost.'

As Will's transitions are extremely quick, he turned from Sir Roger, and, applying himself to me, told me there was a passage in the book I had considered last Saturday, which deserved to be writ in letters of gold; and, taking out a pocket Milton, read the following lines, which are part of one of Adam's speeches to Eve after the fall:

'—— Oh! why did God,  
Creator wise, that peopled highest heav'n  
With spirits masculine, create at last  
This novelty on earth, this fair defect  
Of nature? and not fill the world at once  
With men, as angels, without feminine?  
Or find some other way to generate  
Mankind? This mischief had not then befall'n,  
And more that shall befall, innumerable  
Disturbances on earth, through female snares,  
And straight conjunction with this sex: for either  
He never shall find out fit mate; but such  
As some misfortune brings him, or mistake;  
Or, whom he wishes most, shall seldom gain,  
Through her perverseness; but shall see her gain'd  
By a far worse: or if she love, withheld  
By parents; or his happiest choice too late  
Shall meet already link'd, and wedlock-bound  
To a fell adversary, his hate or shame:  
Which infinite calamity shall cause  
To human life, and household peace confound.'

Sir Roger listened to this passage with great attention; and, desiring Mr. Honeycomb to fold down a leaf at the place, and lend him his book, the knight put it up in his pocket, and told us that he would read over those verses again before he went to bed.

BUDGELL.

X.

Nº 360. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 23, 1712.

—— De paupertate tacentes  
Plus poscente ferent.

HOR. Epist. xvii. l. 1. ver. 43.

The man that's silent, nor proclaims his want,  
Gets more than him that makes a loud complaint:  
CREECH.

I HAVE nothing to do with the business of this day, any further than affixing the piece of Latin on the head of my paper; which I think a motto not un-

suitable, since, if silence of our poverty is a recommendation, still more commendable is his modesty who conceals it by a decent dress.\*

\* MR. SPECTATOR,

THERE is an evil under the sun, which has not yet come within your speculation, and is the censure, disesteem, and contempt, which some young fellows meet with from particular persons, for the reasonable methods they take to avoid them in general. This is by appearing in a better dress than may seem to a relation regularly consistent with a small fortune; and therefore may occasion a judgment of a suitable extravagance in other particulars; but the disadvantage with which the man of narrow circumstances acts and speaks, is so feelingly set forth in a little book called *The Christian Hero*†, that the appearing to be otherwise is not only pardonable, but necessary. Every one knows the hurry of conclusions that are made in contempt of a person that appears to be calculating; which makes it very excusable to prepare oneself for the company of those that are of a superior quality and fortune, by appearing to be in a better condition than one is, so far as such appearance shall not make us really of worse.

It is a justice due to the character of one who suffers hard reflections from any particular person upon this account, that such persons would inquire into his manner of spending his time; of which, though no further information can be had than that he remains so many hours in his chamber, yet, if this is cleared, to imagine that a reasonable creature, wrung with a narrow fortune, does not make the best use of this retirement, would be a conclusion extremely uncharitable. From what has, or will be said, I hope no consequence can be extorted, implying, that I would have any young fellow spend more time than the common leisure which his studies require, or more money than his fortune or allowance may admit of, in the pursuit of an acquaintance with his betters; for as to his time, the gross of that ought to be turned to more substantial acquisitions; for each irrevocable moment of which he ought to believe he stands religiously accountable. And as to his dress, I shall charge myself no farther than in the modest defence of two plain suits a year: for being perfectly outwitted in *Entrapment's* contrivance of making a Mock of a man, by presenting him with laced and embroidered suits, I would by no means be thought to controvert the conceit, by insinuating the advantages of foppery. It is an assertion which admits of much proof, that a stranger of tolerable sense, dressed like a gentleman, will be better received by those of quality above him, than one of much better parts, whose dress is regulated by the rigid notions of frugality. A man's appearance falls within the censure of every one that sees him; his parts and learning very few are judges of; and even upon those few, they can't at first be well intruded; for policy and good-breeding will counsel him to be reserved among strangers, and to support himself only by the common spirit of conversation. Indeed among the injudicious, the words 'delicacy, bloom, fair images, structure of periods, genius, &c.' and the rest, made use of with a frugal and comely gravity, will maintain the figure of immense reading, and the depth of criticism.

All gentlemen of fortune, at least the young and middle-aged, are apt to pride themselves a little too much upon their dress, and consequently

to value others in some measure upon the same consideration. With what confusion is a man of figure obliged to return the civilities of the host to a person whose air and attire hardly entitle him to it; for whom nevertheless the other has a particular esteem, though he is ashamed to have it challenged in so public a manner. It must be allowed, that any young fellow that affects to dress and appear genteelly, might, with artificial management, save ten pounds a-year; so, instead of fine holland, he might wear a sockcloth, and in other particulars be proportionably shabby; but of what service would this sum be to avert any misfortune, whilst it would leave him deserted by the little good acquaintance he has, and prevent his gaining any other? As the appearance of an easy fortune is necessary towards making one, I don't know but it might be of advantage sometimes to throw into one's discourse certain exclamations about bank stock, and to show a marvellous surprise upon its fall, as well as the most affected triumph upon its rise. The veneration and respect which the practices of all ages has preserved to appearance, without doubt suggested to our traders that wise and politic custom, to apply and recommend themselves to the public by all those decorations upon their sign-posts and houses, which the most eminent hands in the neighbourhood can furnish them with. What can be more attractive to a man of letters, than that immense erudition of all ages and languages, which a skillful bookseller, in conjunction with a painter, shall image upon his column, and the extremities of his shop? The same spirit of maintaining a handsome appearance reigns among the grave and solid apprentices of the law (here I could be particularly dull in proving the word apprentice to be significant of a barrister); and you may easily distinguish who has most lately made his pretensions to business, by the whitest and most ornamental frame of his window; if indeed the chamber is a ground-room, and has rails before it, the finery is of necessity more extended, and the pomp of business better maintained. And what can be a greater indication of the dignity of dress, than that burdensome finery which is the regular habit of our judges, nobles, and bishops, with which, upon certain days, we see them incumbered? And though it may be said, this is awful, and necessary for the dignity of the state, yet the worst of them have been remarkable, before they arrived at their present stations, for being very well-dressed persons. As to my own part, I am near thirty; and since I left school have not been idle, which is a modern phrase for having studied hard. I brought off a clean system of moral philosophy, and a tolerable jargon of metaphysics, from the university; since that, I have been engaged in the clearing part of the perplexed style and matter of the law, which so incredibly descends to all its processes. To all which severe studies I have thrown in, at proper intervals, the pretty learning of the classics. Notwithstanding which, I am what Shakespeare calls a fellow of no mark or likelihood; which makes me understand the more fully, that since the regular methods of making friends and a fortune by the mere force of a profession is so very slow and uncertain, a man should take all reasonable opportunities, by enlarging a good acquaintance, to court that time and chance which is said to happen to every man.

STEELE.

T.

N<sup>o</sup> 361. THURSDAY, APRIL 24, 1712.

*Tartaream intendit vocem, qua protinus omnis  
Contremuit domus*—

VIRG. *Æn.* vii. ver. 514.

The blast Tartarean spreads its notes around;  
The house astonish'd trembles at the sound.

I HAVE lately received the following letter from a country gentleman:

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'THE night before I left London, I went to see a play called *The Humorous Lientenant*\*. Upon the rising of the curtain I was very much surprised with the great concert of cat-calls which was exhibited that evening, and began to think with myself that I had made a mistake, and gone to a music-meeting instead of the playhouse. It appeared indeed a little odd to me, to see so many persons of quality, of both sexes, assembled together at a kind of caterwauling; for I cannot look upon that performance to have been any thing better, whatever the musicians themselves might think of it. As I had no acquaintance in the house to ask questions of, and was forced to go out of town early the next morning, I could not learn the secret of this matter. What I would therefore desire of you, is, to give me some account of this strange instrument, which I found the company called a cat-call; and particularly to let me know whether it be a piece of music lately come from Italy. For my own part, to be free with you, I would rather hear an English fiddle: though I durst not show my dislike whilst I was in the playhouse, it being my chance to sit the very next man to one of the performers.

'I am, sir,

'Your most affectionate

'friend and servant,

'JOHN SHALLOW, ESQ.'

In compliance with 'Squire Shallow's request, I design this paper as a dissertation upon the cat-call. In order to make myself a master of the subject, I purchased one the beginning of last week, though not without great difficulty, being informed at two or three toy-shops that the players had lately bought them all up. I have since consulted many learned antiquaries in relation to its original, and find them very much divided among themselves upon that particular. A fellow of the royal society, who is my good friend, and a great proficient in the mathematical part of music, concludes, from the simplicity of its make, and the uniformity of its sound, that the cat-call is older than any of the inventions of Jubal. He observes very well, that musical instruments took their first rise from the notes of birds, and other melodious animals; 'and what,' says he, 'was more natural than for the first ages of mankind to imitate the voice of a cat that lived under the same roof with them?' He added, that the cat had contributed more to harmony than any other animal; as we are not only beholden to her for this wind instrument, but for our string-music in general.

Another virtuoso of my acquaintance will not allow the cat-call to be older than *Thespis*, and is apt to think it appeared in the world soon after the ancient comedy; for which reason it has still a place in our dramatic entertainments. Nor must I

here omit what a very curious gentleman, who is lately returned from his travels, has more than once assured me, namely, that there was lately dug up at Rome the statue of a *Momus*, who holds an instrument in his right hand very much resembling our modern cat-call.

There are others who ascribe this invention to *Orpheus*, and look upon the cat-call to be one of those instruments which that famous musician made use of to draw the beasts about him. It is certain, that the roasting of a cat does not call together a greater audience of that species, than this instrument, if dexterously played upon in proper time and place.

But, notwithstanding these various and learned conjectures, I cannot forbear thinking, that the cat-call is originally a piece of English music. Its resemblance to the voice of some of our British songsters, as well as the use of it, which is peculiar to our nation, confirms me in this opinion. It has at least received great improvements among us, whether we consider the instrument itself, or those several quavers and graces which are thrown into the playing of it. Every one might be sensible of this, who heard that remarkable overgrown cat-call which was placed in the centre of the pit, and presided over all the rest at the celebrated performance lately exhibited in *Drury-lane*.

Having said thus much concerning the original of the cat-call, we are in the next place to consider the use of it. The cat-call exerts itself to most advantage in the British theatre. It very much improves the sound of nonsense, and often goes along with the voice of the actor who pronounces it, as the violin or harpsichord accompanies the Italian recitativo.

It has often supplied the place of the ancient chorus, in the words of Mr. \*\*\*. In short, a bad poet has as great an antipathy to a cat-call, as many people have to a real cat.

Mr. Collier, in his ingenious essay upon music, has the following passage:

'I believe it is possible to invent an instrument that shall have a quite contrary effect to those martial ones now in use; an instrument that shall sink the spirits, and shake the nerves, and curdle the blood, and inspire despair and cowardice and consternation, at a surprising rate. 'Tis probable the roaring of lions, the warbling of cats and screech-owls, together with a mixture of the howling of dogs, judiciously imitated and compounded, might go a great way in this invention. Whether such anti-music as this might not be of service in a camp, I shall leave to the military men to consider.'

What this learned gentleman supposes in speculation, I have known actually verified in practice. The cat-call has struck a damp into generals, and frightened heroes off the stage. At the first sound of it I have seen a crowned head tremble, and a princess fall into fits. The humorous lieutenant himself could not stand it; nay, I am told that even *Almanzor* looked like a mouse, and trembled at the voice of this terrifying instrument.

As it is of a dramatic nature, and peculiarly appropriated to the stage, I can by no means approve the thought of that angry lover, who, after an unsuccessful pursuit of some years, took leave of his mistress in a serenade of cat-calls.

I must conclude this paper with the account I have lately received of an ingenious artist, who has long studied this instrument, and is very well versed in all the rules of the drama. He teaches

\* A tragic-comedy by Beaumont and Fletcher, folio, 1637.

† The straws being of cat-gut.

to play on it by book, and to express by it the whole art of criticism. He has his bass and his treble cat-calls; the former for tragedy, the latter for comedy; only in tragico-comedies they may both play together in concert. He has a particular squeak, to denote the violation of each of the unities, and has different sounds to show whether he aims at the poet or the player. In short, he teaches the snoot-note, the fawlap-note, the stupid-note, and has composed a kind of air that may serve as an act-tune to an inconvertible play, and which takes in the whole compass of the cat-calls.

ADDISON.

L.

N<sup>o</sup> 362. FRIDAY, APRIL 25, 1712.*Levillibus arguitur etiam innoxios.*

HOL. EP. XII. L. 1. VER. 6.

The man, who praises drinking, stands from thence  
Convict a scoundrel on his own evidence.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'Temple, April 23.

'RETURNS of my friends were this morning got together over a dish of tea in very good health, though we had celebrated yesterday \* with more glasses than we could have dispersed with, and we not been beholden to Brooke and Helber. In gratitude, therefore, to those good citizens, I am, in the name of the company, to accuse you of great negligence in overlooking their merit, who have imported true and generous wine, and taken care that it should not be adulterated by the retailers before it comes to the tables of private families, or the clubs of honest fellows. I cannot imagine how a Spectator can be supposed to do his duty, without frequent assumption of such subjects as concern our health, the first thing to be regarded, if we have a mind to relish any thing else. It would therefore very well become your spectatorial vigilance, to give it in orders to your officer for inspecting signifi, that to his march he would look into the limerants who deal in provisions, and inquire where they buy their several wares. Ever since the decease of Cully-Mally-Puff, of agreeable and noisy memory, I cannot say I have observed any thing sold to carts, or carried by horse or ass, or, in fine, in any moving market, which is not perfumed or putrified; whereas the wheel-burrows of rotten rabbits, almonds, figs, and currants, which you are vended by a merchant dressed in a second-hand suit of a foot soldier. You should consider that a child may be poisoned for the worth of a farthing; but except his poor parents send to one certain doctor in a law, they can have no advice for him under a guinea. When poisons are thus cheap, and medicines thus dear, how can you be negligent in inspecting what we eat and drink, or take no notice of such as the above-mentioned citizens, who have been as serviceable to us of late in that particular? It was a custom among the old Romans, to da him particular honour who had saved the life of a citizen; how much more does the world owe to those who prevent the death of multitudes? As these men deserve well of your office, so such as act to the detriment of our health, you ought to represent to themselves and their fellow-subjects in the colours which they de-

serve to wear. I think it would be for the public good, that all who vend wares should be under oath in that behalf. The chairman at the quarter-sessions should inform the country, that the vintner who mixes wine to his customers, shall (upon proof that the drinker thereof died within a year and a day after taking it) be deemed guilty of a wilful murder, and the jury shall be instructed to inquire and present such delinquents accordingly. It is no mitigation of the crime, nor will it be conceived that it can be brought in chance-medley or man-slaughter, upon proof that it shall appear wine joined to wine, or right Herefordshire poured into Port O'Port; but his selling it for one thing, knowing it to be another, must justly bear the foresaid guilt of wilful murder; for that he, the said vintner, did so unlawful act willingly in the false mixture, and is therefore with equity liable to all the pains to which a man would be, if it were proved he designed only to run a tumbler through the arm, whom he whipped through the lungs. This is my third year at the Temple, and this is, or should be, law. An ill intention well proved should meet with no alleviation, because it contrains itself. There cannot be too great severity used against the injurious as well as cruelty of those who play with men's lives, by preparing liquors, whose nature, for aught they know, may be noxious when mixed, though innocent when apart; and Brooke and Helber, who have insured our safety at our meals, and driven jealousy from our cups in conversation, deserve the custom and thanks of the whole town; and it is your duty to reward them of the obligation.

'I am, sir,

'Your humble servant,

'TOM POSTLE.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I AM a person who was long humored in a college, read much, saw little; so that I knew so more of the world than what a lecture or view of the map taught me. By this means I improved in my study, but became unpleasant in conversation. By conversing generally with the dead, I grew almost unfit for the society of the living; so by a long confinement I contracted an ungainly aversion to conversation, and ever discomfited with pain to myself, and little entertainment to others. At last I was in some measure made sensible of my falling, and the mortification of never being spoke to, or speaking, unless the discourse ran upon books, put me upon forcing myself amongst men. I immediately altered the postest company, by the frequent use of which I hoped to wear off the rust I had contracted; but, by an unsmooth imitation of men used to act in public, I got no farther than to discover I had a mind to appear a floor thing than I really was.

'Such I was, and such was my condition, when I became an ardent lover, and passionate admirer, of the beautiful Belinda. Then it was that I really began to improve. This passion changed all my fears and diffidences in my general behaviour, to the sole concern of pleasing her. I had met now to study the action of a gentleman; but love possessing all my thoughts, made me truly be the thing I had a mind to appear. My thoughts grew free and generous; and the ambition to be agreeable to her I admired, produced in my carriage a faint similitude of that disengaged manner of my Belinda. The way we are in at present is, that she sees my passion, and sees I at present forbear speaking of it through prudential regards. This respect to her returns with much civility, and

\* April 23: The Anniversary of the Queen's Coronation.

+ See N<sup>o</sup> 351.[See N<sup>o</sup> 351.]

A physician of that day, who advertised his practice as attended patients at different distances all over London, for the yearly fee of a shilling, for so half a crown a time was, &c.

makes my value for her as little a misfortune to me as is consistent with discretion. She sings very charmingly, and is readier to do so at my request, because she knows I love her. She will dance with me rather than another for the same reason. My fortune must alter from what it is, before I can speak my heart to her; and her circumstances are not considerable enough to make up for the narrowness of mine. But I write to you now, only to give you the character of Belinda, as a woman that has address enough to demonstrate a gratitude to her lover, without giving him hopes of success in his passion. Belinda has from a great wit, governed by as great prudence, and both adorned with innocence, the happiness of always being ready to discover her real thoughts. She has many of us, who are now her admirers; but her treatment of us is so just and proportioned to our merit towards her, and what we are in ourselves, that I protest to you, I have neither jealousy nor hatred towards my rivals. Such is her goodness, and the acknowledgment of every man who admires her, that he thinks he ought to believe she will take him who best deserves her. I will not say that this peace among us is not owing to self-love, which prompts each to think himself the best deserver. I think there is something uncommon and worthy of imitation in this lady's character. If you will please to print my letter, you will oblige the little fraternity of happy rivals, and in a more particular manner,

‘SIR,  
‘Your most humble servant,  
‘WILL CYMON.’

STEELE.

T.

Nº 363. SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1712.

——— *Crudelis ubique*  
*Luctus, ubique pavor, et plurima mortis imago*  
VIRG. *Æn. ii.* ver. 368.

All parts resound with tumults, plaints, and fears,  
And grisly death in sundry shapes appears.

DRYDEN.

MILTON has shown a wonderful art in describing that variety of passions, which arise in our first parents upon the breach of the commandment that had been given them. We see them gradually passing from the triumph of their guilt, through remorse, shame, despair, contrition, prayer and hope, to a perfect and complete repentance. At the end of the tenth book they are represented as prostrating themselves upon the ground, and watering the earth with their tears: to which the poet joins this beautiful circumstance, that they offered up their penitential prayers, on the very place where their Judge appeared to them when he pronounced their sentence:

‘——— They forthwith to the place  
Repairing where he judg’d them, prostrate fell  
Before him rev’rent, and both confess’d  
Humbly their faults, and pardon begg’d, with tears  
Watering the ground———’

There is a beauty of the same kind in a tragedy of Sophocles, where Oedipus, after having put out his own eyes, instead of breaking his neck from the palace battlements (which furnishes so elegant an entertainment for our English audience) desires that he may be conducted to mount Cithæron, in order to end his life in that very place where he was exposed in his infancy, and where he should

then have died, had the will of his parents been executed.

As the author never fails to give a poetical turn to his sentiments, he describes in the beginning of this book the acceptance which these their prayers met with, in a short allegory, formed upon that beautiful passage in holy writ \*, ‘And another angel came and stood at the altar, having a golden censer; and there was given unto him much incense, that he should offer it with the prayers of all saints upon the golden altar, which was before the throne: and the smoke of the incense, which came with the prayers of the saints, ascended up before God.’

‘——— To heaven their prayers  
Flew up, nor miss’d the way, by envious winds  
Blown vagabond or frustrate: In they pass’d  
Dimensionless through heav’nly doors, then clad  
With incense, where the golden altar smok’d,  
By their great Intercessor, came in sight,  
Before the Father’s throne———’

We have the same thought expressed a second time in the intercession of the Messiah, which is conceived in very emphatical sentiments and expressions.

Among the poetical parts of scripture, which Milton has so finely wrought into this part of his narration, I must not omit that wherein Ezekiel, speaking of the angels who appeared to him in a vision, adds, that every one had four faces, and that their whole bodies, and their backs, and their hands, and their wings, were full of eyes round about:

‘——— The cohort bright  
Of watchful cherubin, four faces each  
Had, like a double Janus, all their shape  
Spangled with eyes———’

The assembling of all the angels of heaven to hear the solemn decree passed upon man, is represented in very lively ideas. The Almighty is here described as remembering mercy in the midst of judgment, and commanding Michael to deliver his message in the mildest terms, lest the spirit of man, which was already broken with the sense of his guilt and misery, should fail before him:

‘——— Yet lest they faint  
At the sad sentence rigorously urg’d,  
For I behold them soft’n’d, and with tears  
Bewailing their excess, all terror hide.

The conference of Adam and Eve is full of moving sentiments. Upon their going abroad, after the melancholy night which they had passed together, they discover the lion and the eagle, pursuing each of them their prey towards the eastern gates of Paradise. There is a double beauty in this incident, not only as it presents great and just omens, which are always agreeable in poetry, but as it expresses that enmity which was now produced in the animal creation. The poet, to show the like changes in nature, as well as to grace his fable with a noble prodigy, represents the sun in an eclipse. This particular incident has likewise a fine effect upon the imagination of the reader, in regard to what follows; for at the same time that the sun is under an eclipse, a bright cloud descends in the western quarter of the heavens, filled with an host of angels, and more luminous than the sun itself. The whole theatre of nature is darkened, that this glorious machine may appear with all its lustre and magnificence:

\* Revelation viii. 3, 4



Why in the east  
Darkness ere day's mid-course and morning light  
More orient to that western cloud that draws  
O'er the blue monument a radiant white,  
And show descends with something beat'ly fraught  
He err'd not far by this the heavenly bow  
Down from a sky of Jasper lighted bow  
In Paradise, and on a hill made halt:  
A glorious apparition—

I need not observe how properly this author, who always tells his parts to the actors whom he introduces, has employed Michael in the expiation of our first parents from Paradise. The archangel on this occasion neither appears in his proper shape, nor in that familiar manner with which Raphael the sociable spirit entertained the father of mankind before the fall. His person, his port, and behaviour, are suitable to a spirit of the highest rank, and exquisitely described in the following passage:

Th' archangel soon drew nigh,  
Not in his shape celestial but as man  
Clad to meet man: over his broad arms  
A military vest of purple daz'd,  
Livelier than Meliboea, or the grain  
Of Mars, worn by kings and heroes old,  
In time of trove: it had dropt the woods  
His starry haire, unbacked, shew'd from prime  
In scabbard where youth ended; by his side,  
As in a glittering scabbard hung the sword,  
Satan's dire dread, and in his hand the spear  
Adam bow'd low; he happy from his state  
Loos'd not, but his coming thus declar'd.

Eve's complaint, upon hearing that she was to be removed from the garden of Paradise, is wonderfully beautiful. The sentiments are not only proper to the subject, but have something in them particularly soft and womanish:

How I then leave thee, Paradise! Thine leaves  
Thine, native soil, these happy walks and shades,  
Fit haunt of angels! where I had hope to spend  
Quaint hours, and with the spirits of that day  
That must be mortal to us both. O how  
That ever I'll in other clime grow,  
My early visitation, and my rest  
At eve, which I bred up with tender hand  
From the first opening bud, and gave you names;  
Who now shall rear you to the sun, or sink  
Your tribes, and water from the ambrosial fount?  
There, lastly, nuptial bowers, by me adorn'd  
With what to sight or smell was sweet: from there  
How shall I part, and whither wander down  
Into a lower world, to this obscure  
And wild? how shall we breathe in other air  
Less pure, see other'd in immortal founts?

Adam's speech abounds with thoughts which are equally moving, but of a more masculine and elevated tone. Nothing can be conceived more sublime and poetical than the following passage in it:

This most afflicts me, that depriving hence  
As from his face I shall be hid, depriv'd  
The blessed countenance! here I could frequent  
With a whisper place by place where he would stand  
Presence divine, and to my own relate,  
On this mount be approach'd, under this tree  
Rural shade, among these groves his voice  
I heard; here with him at his fountain talk'd;  
No more grateful silence I could rear  
(O grove, turf, and gale, on every side  
Of hives from the brook, in meadow  
Or mountain in moss, and thence  
Other sweet-scented gums and fruits and flowers  
In yonder mother world, where shall I seek  
The bright appearance, or footsteps trace?  
For the sight I feel him angry, yet recall'd  
To life pardon'd and pardon'd rare, I now  
Gladly behold though but the utmost skirts  
Of glory, and far off his steps adore.

The angel afterwards leads Adam to the highest mount of Paradise, and lays before him a whole hemisphere, as a proper stage for those visions

which were to be represented on it. I have before observed how the plan of Milton's poem is in many particulars greater than that of the *Iliad*, or *Æneid*. Virgil's hero, in the last of these poems, is entertained with a sight of all those who are to descend from him; but though that episode is justly admired as one of the noblest designs in the whole *Æneid*, every one must allow that this of Milton is of a much higher nature. Adam's vision is not confined to any particular tribe of mankind, but extends to the whole species.

In this great review which Adam takes of all his sons and daughters, the first object he is presented with, exhibit to him the story of Cain and Abel, which is drawn together with much closeness and propriety of expression. That curiosity and natural horror which arises in Adam at the sight of the first dying man, is touched with great beauty.

But have I now seen death? Is this the way  
I must return to native dust? O sight  
Of terror fatal, and ugly to behold,  
Horrors to think, how horrible to feel!

The second vision sets before him the image of death, in a great variety of appearances. The angel, to give him a general idea of those effects which his guilt had brought upon his posterity, places before him a large hospital, or lunatic-house, filled with persons lying under all kinds of mortal diseases. How finely has the poet told us that the sick persons languish under lingering and loathsome disempers, by an apt and judicious use of each imaginary beings as those I mentioned in my last Saturday's paper!

There was the hoarse, deep the groans; Despair  
Traded the sick, busy from couch to couch;  
And over them triumphant Death his dart  
Shook, but delay'd to strike, tho' oft invited  
With vows, as their chief good and final hope.

The passion which likewise rises in Adam on this occasion, is very natural.

A sight so fell as what heart of rock could long  
Dry-ry'd behold! Adam could not, but wept,  
Tho' not of woman born; compassion seiz'd  
The best of sons, and gave him up to tears.

The discourse between the angel and Adam, which follows, abounds with noble morals.

As there is nothing more delightful in poetry, than a contrast and opposition of incidents, the author, after this melancholy prospect of death and sickness, raises up a scene of mirth, love, and jollity. The secret pleasure that steals into Adam's breast, as he is intent upon this vision, is imagined with great delicacy. I must not omit the description of the loose female troop, who seduced the sons of God, as they are called in scripture.

For that fair female troop (how strange  
Of goddesses, no bliss, no sorrow, no grief,  
Yet mix'd of all good, wherein commands  
Woman's domestic law, and chief praise)  
Drest only and compleat in the taste  
Of heavenly appearance, to sing, to dance,  
To draw, and from the tongue, and roll the eye  
To those that under race of men, whose lives  
Religion tird them, the sons of God,  
Must yield up all their virtue, all their fame,  
Frankly, to the trains and to the smiles  
Of those fairer spirits—

The next vision is of a quite contrary nature, and filled with the horrors of war. Adam at the sight of it melts into tears, and breaks out into that passionate speech,

— O what are these !

Death's ministers, not men, who thus deal death  
Inhumanly to men, and multiply  
Ten thousandfold the sin of him who slew  
His brother: for of whom such massacre  
Make they, but of their brethren, men of men !

Milton, to keep up an agreeable variety in his visions, after having raised in the mind of his reader the several ideas of terror which are conformable to the description of war, passes on to those softer images of triumphs and festivals, in that vision of lewdness and luxury which ushers in the flood.

As it is visible that the poet had his eye upon Ovid's account of the universal deluge, the reader may observe with how much judgment he has avoided every thing that is redundant or puerile in the Latin poet. We do not here see the wolf swimming among the sheep, nor any of those wanton imaginations, which Seneca found fault with, as unbecoming the great catastrophe of nature. If our poet has imitated that verse in which Ovid tells us that there was nothing but sea, and that this sea had no shore to it, he has not set the thought in such a light as to incur the censure which critics have passed upon it. The latter part of that verse in Ovid is idle and superfluous, but just and beautiful in Milton.

*'Jamque mare et tellus nullum discrimen habebant,  
Nil nisi pontus erat, decrant quoque littora ponto.'*  
OVID. Met. l. ver. 291.

'Now seas and earth were in confusion lost;  
A world of waters, and without a coast.'  
DRYDEN.

'— Sea cover'd sea,  
Sea without shore—'  
MILTON.

In Milton the former part of the description does not forestal the latter. How much more great and solemn on this occasion is that which follows in our English poet,

'— And in their palaces,  
Where luxury late reign'd, sea-monsters whelp'd  
And stabled—'

than that in Ovid, where we are told that the sea-calves lay in those places where the goats were used to browse ! The reader may find several other parallel passages in the Latin and English description of the deluge, wherein our poet has visibly the advantage. The sky's being overcharged with clouds, the descending of the rains, the rising of the seas, and the appearance of the rainbow, are such descriptions as every one must take notice of. The circumstance relating to Paradise is so finely imagined, and suitable to the opinions of many learned authors, that I cannot forbear giving it a place in this paper.

'— Then shall this mount  
Of Paradise by might of waves be mov'd  
Out of his place, pushed by the horned flood;  
With all his verdure spoil'd, and trees adrift,  
Down the great river to th' op'ning gulf,  
And there take root; an island salt and bare,  
The haunt of seals and orcs and sea-mews elang.'

The transition which the poet makes from the vision of the deluge, to the concern it occasioned in Adam, is exquisitely graceful, and copied after Virgil, though the first thought it introduces is rather in the spirit of Ovid:

'How didst thou grieve then, Adam, to behold  
The end of all thy offspring, end so sad,  
Depopulation ! Thee another flood,  
Of tears and sorrow, a flood thee also drown'd,

And sunk thee as thy sons; till gently rear'd  
By th' angel, on thy feet thou stood'st at last,  
Tho' comfortless, as when a father mourns  
His children all in view destroy'd at once.'

I have been the more particular in my quotations out of the eleventh book of *Paradise Lost*, because it is not generally reckoned among the most shining books of this poem; for which reason the reader might be apt to overlook those many passages in it which deserve our admiration. The eleventh and twelfth are indeed built upon that single circumstance of the removal of our first parents from Paradise; but though this is not in itself so great a subject as that in most of the foregoing books, it is extended and diversified with so many surprising incidents and pleasing episodes, that these two last books can by no means be looked upon as unequal parts of this divine poem. I must further add, that, had not Milton represented our first parents as driven out of Paradise, his fall of man would not have been complete, and consequently his action would have been imperfect.

ADDISON.

L.

N<sup>o</sup> 364. MONDAY, APRIL 28, 1712.

— *Narcibus atque  
Quadrigitis pelinus bene vitere.*  
HOR. Ep. xl. l. i. ver. 29.

We ride and sail in quest of happiness.  
CREECH.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'A LADY of my acquaintance, for whom I have too much respect to be easy while she is doing an indiscreet action, has given occasion to this trouble. She is a widow, to whom the indulgence of a tender husband has entrusted the management of a very great fortune, and a son about sixteen, both which she is extremely fond of. The boy has parts of the middle size, neither shining nor despicable, and has passed the common exercises of his years with tolerable advantage, but is withal what you would call a forward youth: by the help of this last qualification, which serves as a varnish to all the rest, he is enabled to make the best use of his learning, and display it at full length upon all occasions. Last summer he distinguished himself two or three times very remarkably, by puzzling the vicar before an assembly of most of the ladies in the neighbourhood; and from such weighty considerations as these, as it too often unfortunately falls out, the mother is become invincibly persuaded that her son is a great scholar; and that to chain him down to the ordinary methods of education, with others of his age, would be to cramp his faculties, and do an irreparable injury to his wonderful capacity.

'I happened to visit at the house last week, and missing the young gentleman at the tea-table, where he seldom fails to officiate, could not upon so extraordinary a circumstance avoid inquiring after him. My lady told me he was gone out with her woman, in order to make some preparations for their equipage; for that she intended very speedily to carry him to 'travel.' The oddness of the expression shocked me a little; however, I soon recovered myself enough to let her know, that all I was willing to understand by it was, that she designed this summer to show her son his estate in a distant county, in which he had never yet been. But she soon took care to rob me of that agree-

able mistake, and let me into the whole affair. He enlarged upon young master's prodigious improvements, and his comprehensive knowledge of all book-learning; concluding, that it was now high time he should be made acquainted with men and things; that she had resolved he should make the tour of France and Italy, but could not bear to leave him out of her sight, and therefore intended to go along with him.

'I was going to rally her for so extravagant a resolution, but found myself not in a fit humour to meddle with a subject that demanded the most soft and delicate touch imaginable. I was afraid of dropping something that might seem to bear hard either upon the son's abilities, or the mother's discretion; being sensible that in both these cases, though supported with all the powers of reason, I should, instead of gaining her ladyship over to my opinion, only expose myself to her derision: I therefore immediately determined to refer the whole matter to the Spectator.

'When I came to reflect at night, as my custom is, upon the occurrences of the day, I could not but believe that this humour of carrying a boy to travel in his mother's lap, and that upon pretence of learning men and things, is a case of an extraordinary nature, and carries on it a particular stamp of folly. I did not remember to have met with its parallel within the compass of my observation, though I could call to mind some not extremely unlike it. From hence my thoughts took occasion to ramble into the general notion of travelling, as it is now made a part of education. Nothing is more frequent than to take a lad from grammar and law, and, under the notion of some poor scholar, who is willing to be bawled for thirty pounds a year and a little victuals, send him crying and weeping into foreign countries. Thus he spends his time as children do at puppet-shows, and with much the same advantage to wit and gazing at an amazing variety of strange things; strange indeed to one who is not prepared to comprehend the reasons and meaning of them; whilst he should be laying the solid foundations of knowledge in his mind, and furnishing it with just rules to direct his future progress to life under some skillful master of the art of instruction.

'Can there be a more astonishing thought in nature, than to consider how men should fall into so palpable a mistake? It is a large field, and may very well exercise a sprightly genius; but I do not remember you have yet taken a turn in it. I wish, sir, you would make people understand, that "travel" is really the last step to be taken in the institution of youth; and to set out with it, is to begin where they should end.

'Certainly the true end of visiting foreign parts, is to look into their customs and policies, and observe in what particulars they excel or come short of our own; to unlearn some odd peculiarities in our manners, and wear off such awkward stiffness and affectations in our behaviour, as possibly may have been contracted from constantly associating with one nation of men, by a more free, general, and mixed conversation. But how can any of these advantages be attained by one who is a mere stranger to the customs and policies of his native country, and has not yet fixed in his mind the first principles of manners and behaviour? To endeavour it, is to build a gaudy structure without any foundation; or, if I may be allowed the expression, to work a rich embroidery upon a cobweb.

'Another end of travelling, which deserves to be considered, is the improving our taste of the

best authors of antiquity, by seeing the places where they lived, and of which they wrote; to compare the natural face of the country with the descriptions they have given us, and observe how well the picture agrees with the original. This must certainly be a most charming exercise to the mind that is rightly turned for it; besides that it may in a good measure be made subservient to morality, if the person is capable of drawing just conclusions concerning the uncertainty of human things, from the various alterations time and barbarity have brought upon so many palaces, cities, and whole countries, which make the most illustrious figures in history. And this hint may be not a little improved by examining every little spot of ground that we find celebrated as the scene of some famous action, or retelling any footsteps of a Cato, Cicero, or Brutus, or some such great virtuous man. A nearer view of any such particular, though really little and trifling in itself, may serve the more powerfully to warm a generous mind to an emulation of their virtues and a greater ardency of ambition to imitate their bright examples, if it comes duly tempered and prepared for the impression. But this I believe you will hardly think those to be, who are so far from entering into the sense and spirit of the ancients, that they do not yet understand their language with any exactness.

'But I have wandered from my purpose, which was only to desire you to save, if possible, a fond English mother, and mother's own son, from being shown a ridiculous spectacle through the most pallid parts of Europe. Pray tell them, that though to be sea-sick, or jumbled in an outlandish stage-coach, may perhaps be beneficial for the constitution of the body, yet it is apt to cause such a distemper to young empty heads, as too often lasts their lifetime.

[MR. PHILIP YORKE—  
afterwards Earl of  
Hardwicke.] 'I am, sir,  
'Your most humble servant,  
'PHILIP YORKE, ESQ.'

'Sir,  
Bechu Lane  
'I was married on Sunday last, and went peacefully to bed; but, to my surprise, was awakened the next morning by the thunder of a set of drums. These warlike sounds (methinks) are very improper in a marriage-concert, and give great offence; they seem to insinuate, that the joys of this state are short, and that just and discord soon ensue. I fear they have been ominous to many matches, and sometimes proved a prelude to a battle in the honey-moon. A nod from you may break them; therefore, pray sir, let them be silenced, that for the future none but soft airs may usher in the morning

\* The following paragraph is here reprinted from the first edition of this paper in June. Whether written originally by the Earl of Hardwicke, or inserted afterwards by Sir Richard Steele, it was probably suppressed on the first republication, at the request of Addison, in whom it is so very flattering a compliment. "I cannot omit this head without paying my acknowledgments to one of the most entertaining pieces that I have read, for the pleasure it gave me. You will easily guess, that the book I have in my hand is Mr. Addison's Remarks upon Italy. That ingenious gentleman has with so much art and judgment applied his exact knowledge of all the parts of classical learning, to illustrate the several occurrences of his travels, that his work alone is a perpetual pond of what I have said. Nobody that has a taste like my own, can read him going from Rome to Naples, and making Florence and Sicily his home, but he must feel some emotion in himself to reflect that he was not to be returned. I am sure I worked it ten times in every page, and that not without a secret vanity to think, in what state I should have traversed the Apennine road, with it more for a guide, and in company with a countryman of my own, who, of all men living, knows best how to follow his steps."

of a bridal night; which will be a favour not only to those who come after, but to me, who can still subscribe myself,

‘Your most humble

‘and most obedient servant,

‘ROBIN BRIDEGROOM.’

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘I AM one of that sort of women whom the gayer part of our sex are apt to call a prude. But to show them that I have very little regard to their raillery, I shall be glad to see them all at The Amorous Widow, or, The Wanton Wife, which is to be acted for the benefit of Mrs. Porter, on Monday the 28th instant. I assure you, I can laugh at an amorous widow, or wanton wife, with as little temptation to imitate them, as I could at any other vicious character. Mrs. Porter \* obliged me so very much in the exquisite sense she seemed to have of the honourable sentiments and noble passions in the character of Hermione, that I shall appear in her behalf at a comedy, though I have no great relish for any entertainments where the mirth is not seasoned with a certain severity, which ought to recommend it to people who pretend to keep reason and authority over all their actions.

I am, sir,

‘Your frequent reader,

‘ALTAMIRA.’

STEEL.

Z.

Nº 365. TUESDAY, APRIL 29, 1712.

*Vere magis, quia vere calor reddit omnibus*  
VILG. Georg. iii. ver. 272.

But most in spring; the kindly spring inspires  
Reviving heat, and kindles genial fires.

THE author of the Menagianna acquaints us, that, discoursing one day with several ladies of quality about the effects of the month of May, which infuses a kindly warmth into the earth, and all its inhabitants; the Marchioness of S——, who was one of the company, told him, that though she would promise to be chaste in every month besides, she could not engage for herself in May. As the beginning therefore of this month is now very near, I design this paper for a caveat to the fair sex, and publish it before April is quite out, that if any of them should be caught tripping, they may not pretend they had not timely notice.

I am induced to this, being persuaded the above-mentioned observation is as well calculated for our climate as for that of France, and that some of our British ladies are of the same constitution with the French marchioness.

I shall leave it among physicians to determine what may be the cause of such an anniversary inclination; whether or no it is that the spirits, after having been as it were frozen and congealed by winter, are now turned loose, and set a-rambling; or that the gay prospects of fields and meadows, with the courtship of the birds in every hush, naturally unbend the mind, and soften it to pleasure; or that, as some have imagined, a woman is prompted by a kind of instinct to throw herself on a bed of flowers, and not to let those beautiful couches which nature has provided lie useless. However it be, the effects of this month on the

lower part of the sex, who act without disguise, are very visible. It is at this time that we see the young wenches in a country parish dancing round a May-pole, which one of our learned antiquaries supposes to be a relic of a certain pagan worship that I do not think fit to mention.

It is likewise on the first day of this month that we see the ruddy milk-maid exerting herself in a most sprightly manner under a pyramid of silver tankards, and, like the virgin Tarpeia \*, oppressed by the costly ornaments which her benefactors lay upon her.

I need not mention the ceremony of the green gown, which is also peculiar to this gay season.

The same periodical love-fit spreads through the whole sex, as Mr. Dryden well observes in his description of this merry month.

‘For thee, sweet month, the groves green liv’ries wear,  
If not the first, the fairest of the year;  
For thee the Graces lead the dancing Hours,  
And Nature’s ready pencil paints the flowers.  
The sprightly May commands our youth to keep  
The vigils of her night, and breaks their sleep;  
Each gentle breast with kindly warmth she moves,  
Inspires new flames, revives extinguish’d loves.’

Accordingly, among the works of the great masters in painting, who have drawn this genial season of the year, we often observe Cupids confused with Zephyrs flying up and down promiscuously in several parts of the picture. I cannot but add from my own experience, that about this time of the year love-letters come up to me in great numbers from all quarters of the nation.

I received an epistle in particular by the last post from a Yorkshire gentleman, who makes heavy complaints of one Zeliada, whom it seems he has courted unsuccessfully these three years past. He tells me that he designs to try her this May; and if he does not carry his point, he will never think of her more.

Having thus fairly admonished the female sex, and laid before them the dangers they are exposed to in this critical month, I shall in the next place lay down some rules and directions for their better avoiding those calamities, which are so very frequent in this season.

In the first place, I would advise them never to venture abroad in the fields, but in the company of a parent, a guardian, or some other sober discreet person. I have before shown how apt they are to trip in a flowery meadow, and shall further observe to them, that Proserpine was out a maying when she met with that fatal adventure to which Milton alludes when he mentions,

‘———That fair field  
Of Enna, where Proserpine gather’d flowers,  
Herself a fairer flower, by gloomy Dis  
Was gather’d——’.

Since I am going into quotations, I shall conclude this head with Virgil’s advice to young people, while they are gathering wild strawberries and nosegays, that they should have a care of the snake in the grass.

In the second place, I cannot but approve those prescriptions which our astrological physicians give

\* See Plutarch’s Life of Romulus. She was daughter of Tarpeius, governor of the capitol, which she betrayed to Tatius, general of the Sabines, on condition that they should give her what they wore on their left hands, meaning their golden bracelets; which they did; but Tatius, as he entered the gates, to punish her perfidy, threw, not only his bracelet, but his shield also, upon Tarpeia: his followers imitated his example; and Tarpeia was crushed under the weight of the bracelets and shields of ‘nes. T’ of her burial has been since cal!

\* Of this admirable actress some anecdotes will be found in Davies’s Dramatic Miscellanies, vol. iii. p. 494, &c. edit. 1785.

in their almshouses for this month; such as are 'a spare and simple diet, with the moderate use of phlebotomy.'

Under this head of abstinence, I shall also advise my fair readers to be in a particular manner careful how they meddle with romances, chocolate, novels, and the like inflammers, which I look upon as very dangerous to be made use of during this great carnival of nature.

As I have often declared, that I have nothing more at heart than the honour of my dear countrywomen, I would beg them to consider, whenever their resolutions begin to fall them, that there are but one-and-thirty days of this soft season, and that if they can but weather out this one month, the rest of the year will be easy to them. As for that part of the fair sex who stay in town, I would advise them to be particularly cautious how they give themselves up to their most innocent entertainments. If they cannot forbear the playhouse, I would recommend tragedy to them rather than comedy; and should think the puppet-show much safer for them than the opera, all the while the sun is in Gemini.

The reader will observe, that this paper is written for the use of those ladies who think it worth while to war against nature in the cause of honour. As for that abandoned crew who do not think virtue worth contending for, but give up their reputation at the first summons, such warnings and premonitions are thrown away upon them. A prostitute is the same easy creature in all months of the year, and makes no difference between May and December.

RUDOLPH.

X.

N<sup>o</sup> 366. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 30, 1712.

Three are pleris who nulla campis  
Arbor adice recurrebat aura;  
Dura rursusque Lulagis amala,  
Dulce loquens can.

HOR. OD. lib. I. l. ver. 17

Set me where on some pathless plain  
The servative Africans complain,  
To see the chariot of the sun  
So near the scorching country run:  
The burning zone, the flaming wheels,  
Shall bear me sting of Cælia's smiles;  
All cold, but in her breast, I will despair,  
And dare all heat, but that of Cælia's eyes.

ROSCOMMON.

THERE are such wild inconsistencies in the thoughts of a man in love, that I have often reflected there can be no reason for allowing him more liberty than others possessed with phrency, but that his distemper has no malignancy in it to any mortal. That devotion to his mistress rhodes in his mind a general tenderness, which exerts itself towards every object as well as his fair one. When this passion is represented by writers, it is common with them to endeavour at certain quaintnesses and turns of imagination, which are apparently the work of a mind at ease; but the men of true taste can easily distinguish the exertion of a mind which overflows with tender sentiments, and the labour of one which is only describing distress. In personages of this kind, the most absurd of all things is to be witty; every sentiment must grow out of the occasion, and be suitable to the circumstances of the character. Where this rule is transgressed, the humble servant, in all the fine things he says,

is but showing his mistress how well he can dress, instead of saying how well he loves. Lace and drapery is as much a man, as wit and turn is passion.

MR. SPECTATOR,

THE following verses are a translation of a Lapland love-song, which I met with in Scheffer's history of that country. I was agreeably surprised to find a spirit of tenderness and poetry in a region which I never suspected for delicacy. In hotter climates, though altogether uncivilized, I had not wondered if I had found some sweet wild notes among the natives, where they live in groves of oranges, and hear the melody of birds about them. But a Lapland lyric, breathing sentiments of love and poetry, not unworthy old Greece or Rome; a regular ode from a climate plucked with frost, and cursed with darkness so great a part of the year; where it is amazing that the poor natives should get food, or be tempted to propagate their species; this, I confess, seemed a greater miracle to me, than the famous stories of their drums, their winds, and enchantments.

I am the bolder in commending this northern song, because I have faithfully kept to the sentiments, without adding or diminishing; and pretend to no greater praise from my translation, than they who smooth and clean the furs of that country which have suffered by carriage. The numbers in the original are as loose and unequal as those in which the British ladies sport their Pindarics; and perhaps the fairest of them might not think it a disagreeable present from a lover. But I have ventured to bind it in stricter measures, as being more proper for our tongue, though perhaps wilder graces may better suit the genius of the Laponian language.

It will be necessary to imagine, that the author of this song\*, not having the liberty of visiting his mistress at her father's house, was in hopes of spying her at a distance in the fields.

"Then riding men, whose gladness ray  
Invites my fair to rural play,  
Dance! the mist, and clear the skies,  
And bring my Orta to my eyes."

Oh! were I more my dear in view,  
I'd climb that placid tree's topmost bough,  
Alone in air that quivering plays,  
And rested and roared for ever glad.

My Orta bloom, where art thou hid?  
What weed conceals any sleeping maid?  
Past by the roots cowardly I'd tear  
The trees that hide my promise's fair.

Oh! could I ride the clouds and skies,  
Or on the fawn's paces run;  
To stalk, ye swains, a moment stay,  
And with a lover on his way.

My bloom too long my bride denies,  
Apace the wedding summer flies;  
How yet the wistful bloom I fear,  
Not storms or night shall keep me here.

What may be strength with steel compare?  
Oh! love has fetters stronger far;  
By bonds of steel are hands confid'd,  
But cruel love enchains the mind.

No longer then perplex thy breast;  
When thoughts torment, the end are best;  
"The mad to go, the death to stay;  
Away to Orta, haste away."

MR. SPECTATOR,

April the 15th.

I AM one of those despicable creatures called a chambermaid, and have lived with a mistress for

some time, whom I love as my life, which has made my duty and pleasure inseparable. My greatest delight has been in being employed about her person; and indeed she is very seldom out of humour, for a woman of her quality. But here lies my complaint, sir. To hear with me is all the encouragement she is pleased to bestow upon me; for she gives her cast-off clothes from me to others; some she is pleased to bestow in the house to those that neither want nor wear them, and a great number to frequent the necessity, who come dressed out in them. This, sir, is a very mortifying sight to me, who am a little necessitous for clothes, and have to appear what I am; and causes an uneasiness, so that I cannot serve with that cheerfulness as formerly; when my mistress takes notice of, and calls envy and dissipation at seeing others preferred before me. My mistress has a younger sister lives in the house with her, that is some thousands below her in estate, who is continually heapingly favours on her maid; so that she can appear every Sunday, for the first quarter, in a fresh suit of clothes of her mistress's giving, with all other things suitable. All this I see without envying, but not without wishing my mistress would a little consider what a disadvantage it is to me to have my perquisites divided between fawners and jobbers, which others enjoy entire to themselves. I have spoken to my mistress, but to little purpose; I have desired to be discharged (for indeed I fret myself to nothing), but that she answers with silence. I beg, sir, your direction what to do, for I am fully resolved to follow your counsel; who am

‘Your admirer,

‘and humble servant,

‘CONSTANTIA COMBE-BROOK.’

‘I beg that you will put it in a better dress, and let it come abroad, that my mistress, who is an admirer of your speculations, may see it.’

ATTELY.

7.

N<sup>o</sup> 367. THURSDAY, MAY 1, 1712.

—Peritice; in te claret—

ACT. SOL. 18.

In my space up, when we do our best  
To make as much wa to paper as the rest.

I HAVE often pleased myself with considering the two kinds of benefits which accrue to the public from these my speculations, and which, were I to speak after the manner of logicians, I would distinguish into the material and the formal. By the latter I understand those advantages which my readers receive, as their minds are either improved or delighted by these my daily labours; but having already several times descanted on my endeavours in this light, I shall at present wholly confine myself to the consideration of the former. By the word material, I mean those benefits which arise to the public from these my speculations, as they consume a considerable quantity of our paper-manufacture, employ our artisans in printing, and find business for great numbers of indigent persons.

Our paper-manufacture takes into it several mean materials which could be put to no other use, and affords work for several hands in the collecting of them, which are incapable of any other employment. Those poor retailers, whom we see so busy in every street, deliver in their respective

gleamings to the merchant. The merchant carries them in loads to the paper-mill, where they pass through a fresh set of hands, and give life to another trade. Those who have mills on their estates, by this means considerably raise their rents, and the whole nation is in a great measure supplied with a manufacture, for which formerly she was obliged to her neighbours.

The materials are no longer wrought into paper, but they are distributed among the pressers, where they again set innumerable artists at work, and furnish business to another mystery. From hence, accordingly as they are stained with news and politics, they fly through the town in Postmen, Postboys, Daily Courants, Reviews, Medleys, and Examiners. Men, women, and children, contend who shall be the first bearers of them, and get their daily sustenance by spreading them. In short, when I trace in my mind a bundle of rags to a quire of Spectators, I find so many hands employed in every step they take through their whole progress, that while I am writing a Spectator, I fancy myself providing bread for a multitude.

If I do not take care to obviate some of my witty readers, they will be apt to tell me, that my paper, after it is they printed and published, is still beneficial to the public on several occasions. I must confess I have lighted my pipe with my own works for the twelvemonth past. My husband often sends up her little daughter to desire some of my old Spectators, and has frequently told me, that the paper they are printed on is the best in the world to wrap spire in. They likewise make a good foundation for a mutton-pie, as I have taste than once experienced, and were very much sought for last Christmas by the whole neighbourhood.

It is pleasant enough to consider the changes that a linen fragment undergoes, by passing through the several hands above mentioned. The finest pieces of holland, when worn to tatters, assume a new whiteness more beautiful than their first, and often return in the shape of letters to their native country. A lady's shift may be metamorphosed into billet-doux, and come into her possession a second time. A beau may peruse his cravat after it is worn out, with greater pleasure and advantage than ever he did in a glass. In a word, a piece of cloth, after having subsisted for some years as a towel or a napkin, may by this means be raised from a dunghill, and become the most valuable piece of furniture in a prince's cabinet.

The politest nations of Europe have endeavoured to vie with one another for the reputation of the finest printing. Absolute governments as well as republics have encouraged an art which seems to be the noblest and most beneficial that ever was invented among the sons of men. The present king of France, in his pursuits after glory, has particularly distinguished himself by the promoting of this useful art, inasmuch that several books have been printed in the Louvre at his own expence, upon which he sets so great a value, that he considers them as the noblest presents he can make to foreign princes and ambassadors. If we look into the commonwealths of Holland and Venice, we shall find that in this particular they have made themselves the envy of the greatest monarchies. Elzevir and Aldus are more frequently mentioned than any pensioner of the one, or doge of the other.

The several presses which are now in England, and the great encouragement which has been given to learning for some

6. . . . .

own nation as glorious upon this account, as for its late triumphs and conquests. The new edition which is given us of *Cæsar's Commentaries*\*, has already been taken notice of in foreign gazettes, and is a work that does honour to the English press. It is no wonder that an edition should be very correct, which has passed through the hands of one of the most accurate, learned, and judicious writers this age has produced. The beauty of the paper, of the character, and of the several cuts with which this noble work is illustrated, makes it the finest book that I have ever seen; and is a true instance of the English genius, which, though it does not come the first into any art, generally carries it to greater heights than any other country in the world. I am particularly glad that this author comes from a British printing-house in so great a magnificence, as he is the first who has given us any tolerable account of our country.

My illiterate readers, if any such there are, will be surprised to hear me talk of learning as the glory of a nation, and of printing as an art that gains a reputation to a people among whom it flourishes. When men's thoughts are taken up with avarice and ambition, they cannot look upon any thing as great or valuable, which does not bring with it an extraordinary power or interest to the person who is concerned in it. But as I shall never sink this paper so far as to engage with Goths and Vandals, I shall only regard such kind of reasoners with that pity which is due to so deplorable a degree of stupidity and ignorance.

ADDRESS

L

N° 368. FRIDAY, MAY 2, 1712.

*Nunc doctus*

*Jagers ubi sunt alijque in locis aditus,  
Hic ubi ubi cerni reputandis oculis  
At qui (abhorrens monstra) floruit greco,  
Quamvis, autem laude de hisce crepus.*

EURIP. apud TULL.

When first an infant draws the vital air,  
Obnoxious grief should welcome him to care;  
But joy should life's concluding scene attend  
And death be kept to grace a dying friend.

As the Spectator is in a kind, a paper of news from the natural world, as others are from the busy and polite part of mankind, I shall translate the following letter, written in an excellent French gentleman to this town from Paris, which gives us the exit of an heroical, who is a pattern of patience and generosity:

Paris, April 18, 1712.

\* It is so many years since you left your native country, that I am to tell you the characters of your nearest relations as much as if you were an utter stranger to them. The occasion of this is to give you an account of the death of Madame de Villacerfe, whose departure out of this life I know not whether a man of your philosophy will call unfortunate or not, since it was attended with some circumstances as much to be desired as to be lamented. She was her whole life happy in an uninterrupted health, and was always honoured for an evenness of temper and greatness of mind. On the 10th instant that lady was taken with an indisposition which confined her to her chamber, but

was such as was too slight to make her take a sick bed, and yet too grievous to admit of any satisfaction in being out of it. It is notoriously known, that some years ago Monsieur Festuca, one of the most considerable surgeons in Paris, was desperately in love with this lady. Her quality placed her above any application to her on the account of his passion: but as a woman always has some regard to the person whom she believes to be her real admirer, she now took it in her head (upon advice of her physicians to lose some of her blood) to send for Monsieur Festuca on that occasion. It happened to be there at that time, and my near relation gave me the privilege to be present. As soon as her arm was stripped bare, and he began to press it in order to raise the vein, his colour changed, and I observed him seized with a sudden tremor, which made me take the liberty to speak of it to my cousin with some apprehension. She smiled, and said, she knew Mr. Festuca had no inclination to do her injury. He seemed to recover himself, and smiling also proceeded in his work. Immediately after the operation, he cried out that he was the most unfortunate of all men, for that he had opened an artery instead of a vein. It is as impossible to express the artist's distraction as the patient's composure. I will not dwell on little circumstances, but go on to inform you, that within three days time it was thought necessary to take off her arm. She was so far from using Festuca as it would be natural for one of a softer spirit to treat him, that she would not let him be absent from any consultation about her present condition, and on every occasion asked whether he was satisfied in the measures that were taken about her. Before this last operation she ordered her will to be drawn, and after having been about a quarter of an hour alone, she bid the surgeons, of whom poor Festuca was one, go on in their work. I know not how to give you the terms of art; but there appeared such symptoms after the amputation of her arm, that it was visible she could not live four-and-twenty hours. Her behaviour was so magnanimous throughout this whole affair, that I was particularly curious to take notice of what passed, as her fate approached nearer and nearer, and took notice of what she said to all about her, particularly word for word what she spoke to Mr. Festuca, which was as follows:

"Sir, you give me inexpressible sorrow for the anguish with which I see you overwhelmed. I am removed as all talents and purposes from the interests of human life, therefore I am to begin to think like one wholly unconcerned in it. I do not consider you as one by whose error I have lost my life; no, you are my benefactor, as you have bestowed my entrance into a happy immortality. This is my sense of this accident; but the world is which you live may have thoughts of it to your disadvantage; I have therefore taken care to provide for you in my will, and have placed you above what you have to fear from their ill-nature."

\* While this excellent woman spoke these words, Festuca looked as if he received a condemnation to die, instead of a pardon for his life. Madame de Villacerfe lived till eight of the clock the next night; and though she must have laboured under the most exquisite torments, she possessed her mind with a wonderful patience, that one may rather say she seemed to breathe, than that she died at that hour. You, who had not the happiness to be personally known to this lady, have nothing but to rejoice in the honour you had of being related

\* By Dr. Samuel Clarke, in 1703 a most elegant work, published that year.

to so great merit; but we who have lost her conversation, cannot so easily resign our own happiness by reflection upon hers.

'I am, sir,  
'Your affectionate kinsman,  
'and most obedient  
'humble servant,  
'PAUL RICHARD.'

There hardly can be a greater instance of an heroic mind, than the unprejudiced manner in which this lady weighed this misfortune. The regard of life itself could not make her overlook the contrition of the unhappy man, whose more than ordinary concern for her was all his guilt. It would certainly be of singular use to human society to have an exact account of this lady's ordinary conduct, which was crowned by so uncommon magnanimity. Such greatness was not to be acquired in the last article, nor is it to be doubted but it was a constant practice of all that is praise-worthy, which made her capable of beholding death, not as the dissolution, but annihilation of her life.

STEELE.

T.

Nº 369. SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1712.

*Sæpius irritant animos demissa per aures,  
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus —*  
HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 779.

—What we hear moves less than what we see.  
ROSCOMON.

MILTON, after having represented in vision the history of mankind to the first great period of nature, dispatches the remaining part of it in narration. He has devised a very handsome reason for the angel's proceeding with Adam after this manner; though doubtless the true reason was, the difficulty which the poet would have found to have shadowed out so mixed and complicated a story in visible objects. I could wish, however, that the author had done it, whatever pains it might have cost him. To give my opinion freely, I think that the exhibiting part of the history of mankind in vision, and part in narrative, is as if an history-painter should put in colours one half of his subject, and write down the remaining part of it. If Milton's poem flags any where, it is in this narration, where in some places the author has been so attentive to his divinity, that he has neglected his poetry. The narration, however, rises very happily on several occasions, where the subject is capable of poetical ornaments, as particularly in the confusion which he describes among the builders of Babel, and in his short sketch of the plagues of Egypt. The storm of hail and fire, with the darkness that overspread the land for three days, are described with great strength. The beautiful passage which follows, is raised upon noble hints in scripture.

'—— Thus with ten wounds  
The river-dragon tam'd at length submits  
To let his sojourners depart; and oft  
Humbles his stubborn heart; but still, as Ice,  
More harden'd after thaw: till in his rage  
Pursuing whom he late dismiss'd, the sea  
Swallows him with his host; but then lets pass  
As on dry land between two crystal walls;  
Aw'd by the rod of Moses so to stand  
Divided —'

The river-dragon is an allusion to the crocodile, which inhabits the Nile, from whence Egypt derives her plenty. This allusion is taken from that

sublime passage in Ezekiel: 'Thus saith the Lord God, Behold I am against thee, Pharaoh king of Egypt, the great dragon that lieth in the midst of his rivers, which hath said, My river is mine own, and I have made it for myself.' Milton has given us another very noble and poetical image in the same description, which is copied almost word for word out of the history of Moses:

'All night he will pursue, but his approach  
Darkness defends between till morning watch;  
Taen through the fiery pillar and the cloud  
God looking forth, will trouble all his host,  
And craze their chariot wheels: when by command  
Moses once more his potent rod extends  
Over the sea: the sea his rod obeys  
On their embattel'd ranks the waves return  
And overwhelm their war —'

As the principal design of this episode was to give Adam an idea of the holy person who was to regenerate human nature in that happiness and perfection from which it had fallen, the poet confines himself to the line of Abraham, from whence the Messiah was to descend. The angel is described as seeing the patriarch actually travelling towards the Land of Promise, which gives a particular liveliness to this part of the narration:

'I see him, but thou canst not, with what faith  
He leaves his gods, his friends, his native soil  
Of Chaldey, passing now the ford  
To Haran; after him a cumbersome train  
Of herds, and flocks, and numerous servitude;  
Not valuing poor, but trusting all his wealth  
With God, who call'd him in a land unknown.  
Canst thou he now attains; I see his tents  
Pitch'd about Sechem, and the neighbouring plain  
Of Moreh; there by promise he receives  
Gift to his progeny of all that land,  
From Hamath northward to the desert south;  
(Things by their names I call, though yet unnam'd.)'

As Virgil's vision in the sixth Æneid probably gave Milton the hint of this whole episode; the last line is a translation of that verse where Anchises mentions the names of places, which they were to hear hereafter:

'*Hæc tum nomina erunt, nunc sunt sine nomine teræ.*'

The poet has very finely represented the joy and gladness of heart which arises in Adam upon the discovery of the Messiah. As he sees his day at a distance through types and shadows, he rejoices in it; but when he finds the redemption of man completed, and Paradise again renewed, he breaks forth in rapture and transport:

'O goodness infinite, goodness immense!  
That all this good of evil shall produce,' &c.

I have hinted in my sixth paper on Milton, that an heroic poem, according to the opinion of the best critics, ought to end happily, and leave the mind of the reader, after having conducted it through many doubts and fears, sorrows and disquietudes, in a state of tranquillity and satisfaction. Milton's fable, which had so many other qualifications to recommend it, was deficient in this particular. It is here, therefore, that the poet has shown a most exquisite judgment, as well as the finest invention, by finding out a method to supply this natural defect in his subject. Accordingly he leaves the adversary of mankind, in the last view which he gives us of him, under the lowest state of mortification and disappointment. We see him chewing ashes, groveling in the dust, and laden with supernumerary pains and torments. On the contrary, our two first parents are comforted by dreams and visions, with prophetic sal-  
vation, and in a . . . o a . . . opi-



ness than that which they had forfeited. In short, Satan is represented miserable in the height of his triumphs, and Adam triumphant in the height of his misery.

Milton's poem ends very nobly. The last speeches of Adam and the archangel are full of moral and instructive sentiments. The sleep that fell upon Eve, and the effects it had in quieting the disorders of her mind, produces the same kind of consolation in the reader, who cannot peruse the last beautiful speech, which is ascribed to the mother of mankind, without a secret pleasure and satisfaction:

'Whence these returns, and whither went I, I know;  
For God is also in sleep, and dreams advice;  
Which he hath sent prophetic, some great good  
Foretelling, since with sorrow and heart's distress  
Worn out I fell asleep; but now lead on;  
To me is no delay: with thee to go,  
Is to stay here; without thee here to stay,  
Is to go hence unwilling: thou to me  
Art all things under heaven, all places thou,  
Where for my wilful crime art banish'd hence.  
Thou further consolation yet secure  
I carry hence; though all by me is lost,  
Such favour I earnestly am couch'd for,  
By me the prison'd soul shall all restore.'

The following lines, which conclude the poem, rise in a most glorious blaze of poetical images and expressions.

Hellodorus in his *Æthiopica* acquaints us, that the motion of the gods differs from that of mortals, as the former do not stir their feet, nor proceed step by step, but slide over the surface of the earth by an uniform swimming of the whole body. The reader may observe with how poetical a description Milton has attributed the same kind of motion to the angels who were to take possession of Paradise.

'So spoke our mother Eve; and Adam beard  
Well pleas'd, but unawares; for how to go  
The archangel stood; and from the other hill  
To their old station, all in bright array  
The cherubim descended; on the ground  
Gliding noiseless, as evening mist  
Ran's track a river, o'er the marshy glades,  
And gather'd ground fast at the labourer's heel  
Homeward returning. High in front advanc'd  
The brandish'd sword of God before them blaz'd  
Pierces as a comet.'

The author helped his invention in the following passage, by reflecting on the behaviour of the angel who in holy writ has the conduct of Lot and his family. The circumstances drawn from that relation are very gracefully made use of on this occasion.

'In either hand the sparkling angel caught  
Our lagging parents, and so th' eastern gate  
Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast  
To the subterranean plains; then disappear'd,  
They looking back,' &c.

The scene which our first parents are surprised with, upon their looking back on Paradise, wonderfully strikes the reader's imagination, as nothing can be more natural than the fears they shed on that occasion.

'They looking back, all th' eastern side beheld  
Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,  
Ward off by that flaming brand, the gate  
With dreadful faces throng'd and fiery arms;  
Some natural horns they droop'd, and withdrew them some;  
The world was all before them, where to choose  
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.'

If I might presume to offer at the smallest alteration in this divine work, I should think the poem would end better with the passage here quoted, than with the two verses which follow:

'They bend to bend, with wondering steps and slow,  
Through dark rock their solitary way.'

These two verses, though they have their beauty full very much below the foregoing passage, and renew in the mind of the reader that anguish which was pretty well laid by that consideration:

'The world was all before them, where to choose  
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.'

The number of books in *Paradise Lost* is equal to those of the *Æneid*. Our author in his first edition had divided his poem into ten books, but afterwards broke the seventh and the eleventh each of them into two different books by the help of some small additions. This second division was made with great judgment, as any one who will be at the pains of examining it. It was not done for the sake of such a chimerical beauty as that of resembling Virgil in this particular, but for the more just and regular disposition of this great work.

Those who have read Homer, and many of the critics who have written since his time, will not pardon me if I do not find out the particular moral which is inculcated in *Paradise Lost*. Though I can by no means think with the last-mentioned French author, that an epic writer first of all pitches upon a certain moral, as the ground-work and foundation of his poem, and afterwards finds out a story to fit, I am however of opinion, that no just heroic poem ever was or can be made, from whence one great moral may not be deduced. That which reigns in Milton, is the most universal and most useful that can be imagined. It is in short this, that obedience to the will of God makes men happy, and that disobedience makes them miserable. This is rightly the moral of the principal fable, which turns upon Adam and Eve, who were in Paradise, while they kept the command that was given them, and were driven out of it as soon as they had transgressed. This is likewise the moral of the principal episode, which shows us how an innumerable multitude of angels fell from their state of bliss, and were cast into hell upon their disobedience. Besides this great moral, which may be looked upon as the soul of the fable, there are an infinity of sub-morals, which are to be drawn from the several parts of the poem, and which makes this work more useful and instructive than any other poem in any language.

Those who have criticised on the *Odyssey*, the *Iliad*, and *Æneid*, have taken a great deal of pains to fix the number of months and days contained in the action of each of those poems. If any one thinks it worth his while to examine this particular in Milton, he will find, that from Adam's first appearance in the fourth book, to his expulsion from Paradise in the twelfth, the author reckons ten days. As for that part of the action which is described in the three first books, as it does not pass within the regions of nature, I have before observed that it is not subject to any calculations of time.

I have now finished my observations on a work which does an honour to the English nation. I have taken a general view of it under three great heads, the fable, the characters, the sentimentality, and the language, and made each of them the subject of a particular paper. I have in the next place spoke of the errors which our author may incur under each of these heads, which I have confined to two papers, though I might have enlarged the number, if I had been disposed to dwell on so ungrateful a subject. I believe, however, that the severest reader will not find any little fault in heroic poetry, which this author has fallen into,

that does not come under one of those heads among which I have distributed his several blemishes. After having thus treated at large of *Paradise Lost*, I could not think it sufficient to have celebrated this poem in the whole, without descending to particulars. I have therefore bestowed a paper upon each book, and endeavoured not only to prove that the poem is beautiful in general, but to point out its particular beauties; and, to determine wherein they consist, I have endeavoured to show how some passages are beautified by being sublime, others by being soft, others by being natural; which of them are recommended by the passion, which by the moral, which by the sentiment, and which by the expression. I have likewise endeavoured to show how the genius of the poet shines by a happy invention, a distant allusion, or a judicious imitation; how he has copied or improved Homer or Virgil, and raises his own imaginations by the use which he has made of several poetical passages in scripture. I might have inserted also several passages in Tasso, which our author has imitated; but, as I do not look upon Tasso to be a sufficient voucher, I would not perplex my reader with such quotations as might do more honour to the Italian than the English poet. In short, I have endeavoured to particularize those innumerable kinds of beauty, which it would be tedious to recapitulate, but which are essential to poetry, and which may be met with in the works of this great author. Had I thought, at my first engaging in this design, that it would have led me to so great a length, I believe I should never have entered upon it; but the kind reception which it has met with among those whose judgments I have a value for, as well as the uncommon demands which my bookseller tells me have been made for these particular discourses, give me no reason to repent of the pains I have been at in composing them.

ADDISON.

I.

Nº 370. MONDAY, MAY 5, 1712.

*Totus mundus agit histrionem.*

MANY of my fair readers, as well as very gay and well-received persons of the other sex, are extremely perplexed at the Latin sentences at the head of my speculations. I do not know whether I ought not to indulge them with translations of each of them\*: however, I have to-day taken down from the top of the stage in Drury-lane, a bit of Latin which often stands in their view, and signifies, that 'The whole world acts the player.' It is certain, that if we look all round us, and behold the different employments of mankind, you hardly see one who is not, as the player is, in an assumed character. The lawyer, who is vehement and loud in a cause wherein he knows he has not the truth of the question on his side, is a player as to the personated part; but incomparably madder than he as to the prostitution of himself for hire; because the pleader's falsehood introduces injustice; the player feigns for no other end but to divert or instruct you. The divine, whose passions transport him to say any thing with any view but promoting the interests of true piety and religion, is a player with a still greater imputation of guilt, in proportion to his depreciating a character more

sacred. Consider all the different pursuits and employments of men, and you will find half their actions tend to nothing else but disguise and imposture; and all that is done which proceeds not from a man's very self, is the action of a player. For this reason it is that I make so frequent mention of the stage. It is with me a matter of the highest consideration, what parts are well or ill performed, what passions or sentiments are indulged or cultivated, and consequently what manners and customs are transfused from the stage to the world, which reciprocally imitate each other. As the writers of epic poems introduce shadowy persons, and represent vices and virtues under the characters of men and women; so I, who am a Spectator in the world, may perhaps sometimes make use of the names of the actors on the stage, to represent or admonish those who transact affairs in the world. When I am commending Wilks for representing the tenderness of a husband and a father in "*Macbeth*," the contrition of a reformed prodigal in "*Harry the Fourth*," the winning emptiness of a young man of good-nature and wealth in "*The Trip to the Jubilee*," the officiousness of an artful servant in "*The Fox*;" when thus I celebrate Wilks, I talk to all the world who are engaged in any of those circumstances. If I were to speak of merit neglected, misapplied, or misunderstood, might not I say *Estcourt* has a great capacity? But it is not the interest of others who hear a figure on the stage, that his talents were understood; it is their business to impose upon him what cannot become him, or keep out of his hands any thing in which he would shine. Were one to raise a suspicion of himself in a man who passes upon the world for a fine thing, in order to alarm him one might say, if Lord *Poppington* were not on the stage (*Cibber* acts the false pretensions to a genteel behaviour so very justly), he would have in the generality of mankind more that would admire than deride him. When we come to characters directly comical, it is not to be imagined what effect a well-regulated stage would have upon men's manners. The craft of an usurer, the absurdity of a rich fool, the awkward roughness of a fellow of half courage, the ungraceful mirth of a creature of half wit, might be for ever put out of countenance by proper parts for *Dogget*. *Johnson*, by acting *Corbaccio* the other night, must have given all who saw him a thorough detestation of aged avarice. The petulance of a peevish old fellow, who loves and hates he knows not why, is very excellently performed by the ingenious Mr. *William Penkethman*, in "*The Pop's Fortune*;" where, in the character of *Don Cholerick Snap Shorto de Testy*, he answers no questions but to those whom he likes, and wants no account of any thing from those he approves. Mr. *Penkethman* is also master of as many faces in the dumb-scenes as can be expected from a man in the circumstances of being ready to perish out of fear and hunger. He wonders throughout the whole scene very masterly, without neglecting his vivals. If it be, as I have heard it sometimes mentioned, a great qualification for the world to follow business and pleasure too, what is it in the ingenious Mr. *Penkethman* to represent a sense of pleasure and pain at the same time; as you may see him do this evening?

As it is certain that a stage ought to be wholly suppressed, or judiciously encouraged, while there is one in the nation, men turned for regular pleasure cannot employ their thoughts more usefully, for the diversion of . . . by co.

\* It is scarcely necessary to observe, that in the original publication of the *Spectator*, the mottoes were untranslated.

form that it is in themselves to make this entertainment to the greatest height. It would be a great improvement, as well as embellishment to the theatre, if dancing were more regarded, and taught to all the actors. One who has the advantage of such an agreeable girlish person as Mrs. Blackwell, joined with her capacity of imitation, could in proper gesture and motion represent all the decent characters of female life. An amiable modesty in one aspect of a dancer, and assumed confidence in another, a sudden joy in another, a falling-off with an impatience of being beheld, a return towards the audience with an unsteady resolution to approach them, and a well-acted solicitude to please, would revive in the company all the fine touches of mind raised in observing all the objects of affection and passion they had before beheld. Such elegant entertainments as these would polish the town into judgment in their gratifications; and delicacy in pleasure is the first step people of condition take in reformation from vice. Mrs. Blackwell has the only capacity for this sort of dancing of any on the stage; and I dare say all who are her performance to-morrow night (when were the room will do her best for her own benefit) will be of my mind.

STEELE.

T.

N° 571. TUESDAY, MAY 6, 1712.

*Jeune lettré l'audace quod de seipendit bene vixit*  
*Editham!*

JUV. SALL. L. XL.

And shall the sage's poor approbation win,  
 Whose laughing features were a constant grin?

I shall communicate to my reader the following letter for the entertainment of this day.

\* SIR,

You know very well that our nation is more famous for that sort of men who are called "whims" and "humours," than any other country in the world; for which reason it is observed, that our English comedy excels that of all other nations in the novelty and variety of its characters.

Among those innumerable acts of whims which our country produces, there are none whom I have regarded with more curiosity than those who have invented any particular kind of diversion for the entertainment of themselves or their friends. My letter shall single out those who take delight in sorting a company that has something of burlesque and ridicule in its appearance. I shall make myself understood by the following example. One of the wits of the last age, who was a man of a good estate, thought he never laid out his money better than in a jest as he was one year at the Bath, observing that, in the great confluence of fine people, there were several among them with long chins, a part of the stage by which he himself was very much distinguished, he invited to dinner half a score of these remarkable persons who had their mouths in the middle of their faces. They had no sooner placed themselves about the table, but they began to stare upon one another, not being able to imagine what had brought them together. Our English proverb says,

"'Tis merry in the hall,  
 When beauty's not all."

\* Proverb.

+ Which, the first Duke of Bathampton.

It proved so in the assembly I am now speaking of, who seeing so many peaks of faces agitated with eating, drinking, and discourse, and observing all the chins that were present meeting together very often over the centre of the table, every one grew sensible of the jest, and came into it with so much good humour, that they lived in strict friendship and alliance from that day forward.

The same gentleman some time after packed together a set of ogles, as he called them, consisting of such as had an unlucky cast in their eyes. His diversion on this occasion was to see the cross bows, mistaken signs, and wrong conversations, that passed amidst so many broken and refracted rays of sight.

The third feast which this merry gentleman exhibited was to the stammerers, whom he got together in a sufficient body to fill his table. He had ordered one of his servants, who was placed behind a screen, to write down their table talk, which was very easy to be done without the help of shorthand. It appears by the notes which were taken, that though their conversation never fell, there were not above twenty words spoken during the first course; that upon serving up the second, one of the company was a quarter of an hour in telling them that the ducklings and asparagus were very good; and that another took up the same time in declaring himself of the same opinion. This jest did not, however, go off so well as the former; for one of the guests being a brave man, and fuller of resentment than he knew how to express, went out of the room, and sent the facetious waiter a challenge in writing, which, though it was afterwards dropped by the interposition of friends, put a stop to these ludicrous entertainments.

Now, sir, I dare say you will agree with me, that as there is no moral in these jests, they ought to be discouraged, and looked upon rather as pieces of unbecomeliness than wit. However, as it is natural for one man to refine upon the thought of another, and impossible for any single person, how great soever his parts may be, to invent *à priori*, and bring it to its utmost perfection; I shall here give you an account of an honest gentleman of my acquaintance, who, upon hearing the character of the wit above-mentioned, has himself assumed it, and endeavoured to convert it to the benefit of mankind. He invited half a dozen of his friends one day to dinner, who were each of them famous for inserting several redundant phrases in their discourse, as "D'ye hear me?" "D'ye see?" "That is," "And so, sir." Each of the guests making frequent use of his particular elegance, appeared so ridiculous to his neighbour, that he could not but reflect upon himself as appearing equally ridiculous to the rest of the company. By this means, before they had sat long together, every one, talking with the greatest circumspection, and carefully avoiding his favourite expletive, the conversation was cleared of its redundancies, and had a greater quantity of sense, though less of sound, in it.

The same well-meaning gentleman took occasion, at another time, to bring together such of his friends as were addicted to a foolish habitual custom of yawning. In order to show them the absurdity of the practice, he had recourse to the invention above-mentioned, having placed an amaranthus in a private part of the room. After the second bottle, when men open their minds without reserve, my honest friend began to take notice of the many *umms* and unnecessary words that had passed in his house since their sitting down at table,

and how much good conversation they had lost by giving way to such superfluous phrases. "What a tax," says he, "would they have raised for the poor, had we put the laws in execution upon one another!" Every one of them took this gentle reproof in good part; upon which he told them, that, knowing their conversation would have no secrets in it, he had ordered it to be taken down in writing, and for the humour-sake, would read it to them, if they pleased. There were ten sheets of it, which might have been reduced to two, had there not been those abominable interpolations I have before mentioned. Upon the reading of it in cold blood, it looked rather like a conference of fiends than of men. In short, every one trembled at himself upon hearing calmly what he had pronounced amidst the heat and inadvertency of discourse.

'I shall only mention another occasion wherein he made use of the same invention to cure a different kind of men, who are the pests of all polite conversation, and murder time as much as either of the two former, though they do it more innocently; I mean, that dull generation of story-tellers. My friend got together about half a dozen of his acquaintance, who were infected with this strange malady. The first day one of them sitting down, entered upon the siege of Namur, which lasted till four o'clock, their time of parting. The second day a North Briton took possession of the discourse, which it was impossible to get out of his hands so long as the company stayed together. The third day was engrossed after the same manner by a story of the same length. They at last began to reflect upon this barbarous way of treating one another, and by this means awakened out of that lethargy with which each of them had been seized for several years.

'As you have somewhere declared, that extraordinary and uncommon characters of mankind are the game which you delight in, and as I look upon you to be the greatest sportsman, or, if you please, the Nimrod among this species of writers, I thought this discovery would not be unacceptable to you.

'I am, sir, &c.'

ADDISON\*.

I.

Nº 372. WEDNESDAY, MAY 7, 1712.

*Pudet hæc opprobria nobis  
Et dici potuisse, et non potuisse refelli.*  
OVID. Metam. l. ver. 758.

To hear an open slander, is a curse;  
But not to find an answer, is a worse.  
DRYDEN.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'May 6, 1712.

'I AM sexton of the parish of Covent-garden, and complained to you some time ago, that as I was tolling into prayers at eleven in the morning, crowds of people of quality hastened to assemble at a puppet-show on the other side of the garden. I had at the same time a very great disesteem for Mr. Powell and his little thoughtless commonwealth, as if they had enticed the gentry into those wanderings: but let that be as it will, I am now convinced of the honest intentions of the said Mr. Powell and company; and send this to acquaint you, that he has given all the profits which shall arise to-morrow night by his play to the use of the poor charity-children of this parish. I have been informed, sir, that in Holland all persons who

up any show, or act any stage-play, be the actors either of wood and wire, or flesh and blood, are obliged to pay out of their gain such a proportion to the honest and industrious poor in the neighbourhood; by this means they make diversion and pleasure pay a tax to labour and industry. I have been told also, that all the time of Lent, in Roman catholic countries, the persons of condition administer to the necessities of the poor, and attend the beds of lazars and diseased persons. Our protestant ladies and gentlemen are so much to seek for proper ways of passing time, that they are obliged to Punchinello for knowing what to do with themselves. Since the case is so, I desire only you would intreat our people of quality, who are not to be interrupted in their pleasure to think of the practice of any moral duty, that they would at least fine for their sins, and give something to these poor children; a little out of their luxury and superfluity would atone, in some measure, for the wanton use of the rest of their fortunes. It would not, methinks, be amiss, if the ladies who haunt the cloysters and passages of the playhouse, were, upon every offence, obliged to pay to this excellent institution of schools of charity. This method would make offenders themselves do service to the public. But in the mean time I desire you would publish this voluntary reparation which Mr. Powell does our parish, for the noise he has made in it by the constant rattling of coaches, drums, trumpets, triumphs, and battles. The destruction of Troy, adorned with Highland dances, are to make up the entertainment of all who are so well disposed as not to forbear a light entertainment, for no other reason but that it is to do a good action.

'I am, sir,

'Your most humble servant,

'RALPH BELLFRY.

'I am credibly informed that all the insinuations which a certain writer made against Mr. Powell\* at the Bath, are false and groundless.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'My employment, which is that of a broker, leading me often into taverns about the Exchange, has given me occasion to observe a certain enormity, which I shall here submit to your animadversion. In three or four of these taverns, I have, at different times, taken notice of a precise set of people, with grave countenances, short wigs, black clothes or dark camlet trimmed with black, and mourning gloves and hat-bands, who meet on certain days at each tavern successively, and keep a sort of morning club. Having often met with their faces, and observed a certain slinking way in their dropping in one after another, I had the curiosity to inquire into their characters, being the rather moved to it by their agreeing in the singularity of their dress. I find, upon due examination, they are a set of parish clerks, who have taken a fancy to do one another, and perhaps settle the bills of mourning for their half pints. I have so great a veneration for any who have but even a small share in the service of religion, that I am sure these persons should incur some small pecuniary penalty, and would therefore have been glad to send the Fleet, as they are now, to their own houses, and not to be seen as the overseers of the poor.

'I am, sir,

'Your most humble servant,

\* It has been supposed, that the Letters of Addison, the signature C. were written at Chelsea; those with H. at London; and those with I. at Islington.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'May 8.

'I was last Wednesday night at a tavern in the city, among a set of men who call themselves "The Lawyers' Club." You must know, sir, this club consists only of attorneys; and at this meeting every one proposes the cause he has then in hand to the board, upon which each member gives his judgment according to the experience he has met with. If it happens that any one puts a case of which they have had no precedent, it is noted down by their clerk Will Goosequill (who registers all their proceedings), that one of them may go the next day with it to a counsel. This indeed is commendable, and ought to be the principal end of their meeting; but had you been there to have heard them relate their methods of managing a cause, their manner of drawing out their bills, and, in short, their arguments upon the several ways of abusing their clients, with the applause that is given to him who has done it most artfully, you would before now have given your remarks on them. They are so conscious that their discourses ought to be kept a secret, that they are very cautious of admitting any person who is not of their profession. When any who are not of the law are let in, the person who introduces him says, he is a very honest gentleman, and he is taken in, as their maxim is, to pay costs. I am admitted, upon the recommendation of one of their principals, as a very honest, good-natured fellow, that will never be in a plot, and only desires to drink his bottle and smoke his pipe. You have formerly remarked upon several sorts of clubs; and as the tendency of this is only to increase fraud and deceit, I hope you will please to take notice of it.

'I am, with respect,

'Your humble servant,

'M. R.'

STILL

T.

N° 373. THURSDAY, MAY 8, 1712.

*Tallies cries without great virtutes of women.*

JUV. Sat. xiv. ver. 100.

Vice oft is hid in Virtue's fair disguise,  
And in her borrow'd form escapes hapsing eyes.

MR. LOCKE, to his treatise of Human Understanding, has spent two chapters upon the abuse of words. The first and most palpable abuse of words, he says, is when they are used without clear and distinct ideas; the second, when we are so inconsistent and unwieldy in the application of them, that we sometimes use them to signify one idea, sometimes another. He adds, that the result of our contemplations and reasonings, while we have no precise ideas fixed to our words, must needs be very confused and absurd. To avoid this inconvenience, more especially in moral discourses, where the same word should constantly be used in the same sense, he earnestly recommends the use of definitions. 'A definition,' says he, 'is the only way whereby the precise meaning of moral words can be known.' He therefore accuses those of great negligence, who discourse of moral things with the least obscurity in the terms they make use of, since upon the forementioned ground he does not scruple to say, that he thinks 'morality is capable of demonstration as well as the mathematics.'

I know no two words that have been more

abused by the different and wrong interpretations which are put upon them, than those two, modesty and assurance. To say, such a one is a modest man, sometimes indeed passes for a good character; but at present is very often used to signify a sheepish, awkward fellow, who has neither good breeding, politeness, nor any knowledge of the world.

Again, a man of assurance, (though at first) only denoted a person of a free and open carriage, is now very usually applied to a profligate wretch, who can break through all the rules of decency and morality without a blush.

I shall endeavour therefore in this essay to restore these words to their true meaning, to prevent the idea of modesty from being confounded with that of sheepishness, and to hinder impudence from passing for assurance.

If I was put to define modesty, I would call it, 'the reflection of an ingenious mind, either when a man has committed an action for which he censures himself, or fancies that he is exposed to the censure of others.'

For this reason a man truly modest is as much so when he is alone as in company, and as subject to a blush in his closet, as when the eyes of multitudes are upon him.

I do not remember to have met with any instance of modesty with which I am so well pleased, as that celebrated one of the young prince, whose father, being a tributary king to the Romans, had several complaints laid against him before the senate, as a tyrant and oppressor of his subjects. The prince went to Rome to defend his father; but coming into the senate, and hearing a multitude of crimes proved upon him, was so oppressed when it came to his turn to speak, that he was unable to utter a word. The story tells us, that the fathers were more moved at this instance of modesty and ingenuity, than they could have been by the most pathetic orations; and, in short, pardoned the guilty father for this early promise of virtue in the son.

I take 'assurance' to be the faculty of possessing a man's self, or of saying and doing indifferent things without any needless or emotion in the mind. That which generally gives a man assurance is a moderate knowledge of the world, but above all a mind fixed and determined in itself to do nothing against the rules of honour and decency. An open and assured behaviour is the natural consequence of such a resolution. A man thus armed, if his words or actions are at any time misinterpreted, retires within himself, and, from a consciousness of his own integrity, assumes force enough to despise the little censures of ignorance and malice.

Every one ought to cherish and encourage in himself the modesty and assurance I have here mentioned.

A man without assurance is liable to be made uneasy by the folly or ill-nature of every one he converses with. A man without modesty is lost to all sense of honour and virtue.

It is more than probable, that the prince above-mentioned possessed both these qualifications in a very eminent degree. Without assurance he would never have undertaken to speak before the most august assembly in the world; without modesty, he would have pleaded the cause he had taken upon him though it had appeared ever so scandalous.

From what has been said it is plain, that modesty and assurance are both suitable, and may very well meet in the same person. When they

are thus mixed and blended together, they compose what we endeavour to express when we say, 'a modest assurance;' by which we understand the just mean between basiffulness and impudence.

I shall conclude with observing, that as the same man may be both modest and assured, so it is also possible for the same person to be both impudent and basifful.

We have frequent instances of this odd kind of mixture in people of depraved minds and mean education; who, though they are not able to meet a man's eyes, or pronounce a sentence without confusion, can voluntarily commit the greatest villainies, or most indecent actions.

Such a person seems to have made a resolution to do ill even in spite of himself, and in defiance of all those checks and restraints his temper and complexion seem to have laid in his way.

Upon the whole, I would endeavour to establish this maxim, that the practice of virtue is the most proper method to give a man a becoming assurance in his words and actions. Guilt always seeks to shelter itself in one of the extremes, and is sometimes attended with both.

BUDGELL.

X.

N<sup>o</sup> 374. FRIDAY, MAY 9, 1712.

*Nil actum reputans si quid superesset agendum.*  
LUC. lib. ii. ver. 657.

He reckons not the past, while aught remain'd  
Great to be done, or mighty to be gain'd.  
ROWE.

THERE is a fault, which, though common, wants a name. It is the very contrary to procrastination. As we lose the present hour by delaying from day to day to execute what we ought to do immediately, so most of us take occasion to sit still, and throw away the time in our possession, by retrospect upon what is past, imagining we have already acquitted ourselves, and established our characters in the sight of mankind. But when we thus put a value upon ourselves for what we have already done, any further than to explain ourselves in order to assist our future conduct, that will give us an over-weening opinion of our merit, to the prejudice of our present industry. The great rule, methinks, should be, to manage the instant in which we stand, with fortitude, equanimity, and moderation, according to men's respective circumstances. If our past actions reproach us, they cannot be atoned for by our own severe reflections so effectually as by a contrary behaviour. If they are praiseworthy, the memory of them is of no use but to act suitably to them. Thus a good present behaviour is an implicit repentance for any miscarriage in what is past; but present slackness will not make up for past activity. Time has swallowed up all that we contemporaries did yesterday, as irrevocably as it has the actions of the antediluvians. But we are again awake, and what shall we do to-day, to-day which passes while we are yet speaking? Shall we remember the folly of last night, or resolve upon the exercise of virtue to-morrow? Last night is certainly gone, and to-morrow may never arrive. This instant make use of. Can you oblige any man of honour and virtue? Do it immediately. Can you visit a sick friend? Will it revive him to see you enter, and suspend your own ease and pleasure to comfort his weakness, and hear the impertinences of a wretch in pain? Do not stay to take coach, but be gone.

Your mistress will bring sorrow, and your bottle madness. Go to neither.—Such virtues and diversions as these are mentioned, because they occur to all men. But every man is sufficiently convinced, that to suspend the use of the present moment, and resolve better for the future only, is an unpardonable folly. What I attempted to consider, was the mischief of setting such a value upon what is past, as to think we have done enough. Let a man have filled all the offices of life with the highest dignity till yesterday, and begin to live only to himself to-day, he must expect he will in the effects upon his reputation be considered as the man who died yesterday. The man who distinguishes himself from the rest, stands in a press of people; those before him intercept his progress, and those behind him, if he does not urge on, will tread him down. Cæsar, of whom it was said, that he thought nothing done while there was any thing left for him to do, went on in performing the greatest exploits, without assuming to himself a privilege of taking rest upon the foundation of the merit of his former actions. It was the manner of that glorious captain, to write down what scenes he had passed through; but it was rather to keep his affairs in method, and capable of a clear review, in case they should be examined by others, than that he built a renown upon any thing that was past. I shall produce two fragments of his, to demonstrate, that it was his rule of life to support himself rather by what he should perform, than what he had done already. In the tablet which he wore about him the same year in which he obtained the battle of Pharsalia, there were found these loose notes of his own conduct. It is supposed, by the circumstances they alluded to, that they might be set down the evening of the same night.

'My party is now but begun, and my glory must be sustained by the use I make of this victory; otherwise my loss will be greater than that of Pompey. Our personal reputation will rise or fall as we bear our respective fortunes. All my private enemies among the prisoners shall be spared. I will forget this, in order to obtain such another day. Trebutius is ashamed to see me: I will go to his tent, and be reconciled in private. Give all the men of honour, who take part with me, the terms I offered before the battle. Let them owe this to their friends who have been long in my interests. Power is weakened by the full use of it, but extended by moderation. Galbinus is proud, and will be servile in his present fortune; let him wait. Send for Stertinus: he is modest, and his virtue is worth gaining. I have cooled my heart with reflection, and am fit to rejoice with the army to-morrow. He is a popular general who can expose himself like a private man during a battle; but he is more popular who can rejoice but like a private man after a victory.'

What is particularly proper for the example of all who pretend to industry in the pursuit of honour and virtue is, that this hero was more than ordinarily solicitous about his reputation, when a common mind would have thought itself in security, and given itself a loose to joy and triumph. But though this is a very great instance of his temper, I must confess I am more taken with his reflections when he retired to his closet in some disturbance upon the repeated ill omens of Calphurnia's dream, the night before his death. The literal translation of that fragment shall conclude this paper.

'Be it so then. If I am to die to-morrow, that is what I am to do. —w. It is not to be

then, because I am willing it should be then; nor shall I escape it, because I am unwilling. It is in the gods when, but in myself how I shall die. If Calphurnia's dreams are fumes of indignation, how shall I behold the day after to-morrow? If they are from the gods, their admonition is not to prepare me to escape from their decree, but to meet it. I have lived to a fulness of days and of glory; what is there that Caesar has not done with as much honour as ancient heroes? Caesar has not yet died; Caesar is prepared to die.

STEELE.

T.

N<sup>o</sup> 515. SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1712.

*Non possidetis vultu voceris  
Ecce beatus: rectus accipit  
Nomen hosti, qui docuit  
Mancipis explere uti,  
Duraque callet prosperum pati,  
Pejusque luto flagitium timet.*

HOR. O. l. ix. l. 4. ver. 45.

We barbarously call them bleed,  
Who are of largest tenderness of blood;  
While swelling colours break their owners' rest.  
More truly happy those, who can  
Govern that little empire, men;  
Who spend their treasure freely, as 'twere green  
By the large bounty of malignant heav'n;  
Who, in a field, tractable estate,  
Bask at the doubtful tide of fate,  
And even while her friendship and her hate,  
Who poison less than falsehood fear,  
Loth to purchase life so dear.

STEELEY.

I HAVE more than once had occasion to mention a noble saying of Seneca the philosopher, that a virtuous person struggling with misfortunes, and rising above them, is an object on which the gods themselves may look down with delight. I shall therefore set before my reader a scene of this kind of distress in private life, for the speculation of this day.

An eminent citizen, who had lived in good fashion and credit, was by a train of accidents, and by an unavoidable perplexity in his affairs, reduced to a low condition. There is a modesty usually attending fastidious poverty, which made him rather choose to reduce his manner of living to his present circumstances, than solicit his friends in order to support the show of an estate when the substance was gone. His wife, who was a woman of sense and virtue, behaved herself on this occasion with uncommon decency, and never appeared so amiable in his eyes as now. Instead of upbraiding him with the ample fortune she had brought, or the many great offers she had refused for his sake, she redoubled all the instances of her affection, while her husband was continually pouring out his heart to her in complaints that he had ruined the best woman in the world. He sometimes came home at a time when she did not expect him, and surprised her in tears, which she endeavoured to conceal, and always put on an air of cheerfulness to receive him. To lessen their expense, their eldest daughter (whom I shall call Amanda) was sent into the country, to the house of an honest farmer, who had married a servant of the family. This young woman was apprehensive of the ruin which was approaching, and had privately engaged a friend in the neighbourhood to give her an account of what passed from time to time in her father's affairs. Amanda was in the bloom of her youth and beauty; and the lord of the manor, who often called in at the farmer's

house as he followed his country sports, fell passionately in love with her. He was a man of great generosity, but from a loose education had contracted a hearty aversion to marriage. He therefore entertained a disdain upon Amanda's virtue, which at present he thought fit to keep private. The innocent creature, who never suspected his intentions, was pleased with his person; and, having observed his growing passion for her, hoped by so advantageous a match she might quickly be in a capacity of supporting her impoverished relations. One day, as he called to see her, he found her in tears over a letter she had just received from her friend, which gave an account that her father had lately been stripped of every thing by an execution. The lover, who with some difficulty found out the cause of her grief, took this occasion to make her a proposal. It is impossible to express Amanda's confusion when she found his pretensions were not honourable. She was now deserted of all her hopes, and had no power to speak; but, rushing from him in the utmost disturbance, locked herself up in her chamber. He immediately dispatched a messenger to her father with the following letter:

SIR,

I HAVE heard of your misfortunes, and have offered your daughter, if she will live with me, to settle on her four hundred pounds a year, and to lay down the sum for which you are now distressed. I will be so ingenious as to tell you that I do not intend marriage; but if you are wise, you will use your authority with her not to be too nice, when she has an opportunity of saving you and your family, and of making herself happy.

I am, &amp;c.

This letter came to the hands of Amanda's mother; she opened and read it with great surprise and concern. She did not think it proper to explain herself to the messenger, but desiring him to call again the next morning, she wrote in her daughter as follows:

DEAREST CHILD,

YOUR father and I have just now received a letter from a gentleman who pretendeth love to you, with a proposal that he will ease our misfortune, and would throw us to a lower degree of misery than any thing which is come upon us. How could this barbarous man think that the tenderest of parents would be tempted to supply their want by giving up the best of children to infamy and ruin? It is a mean and cruel artifice to make this proposal at a time when he thinks our necessities must compel us to any thing; but we will not eat the bread of shame; and therefore we charge thee not to think of us, but to avoid the snare which is laid for thy virtue. Beware of pitying us; it is not so bad as you perhaps have been told. All things will yet be well, and I shall write my child better news.

I have been interrupted; I know not how I was moved to say things would mend. As I was going on, I was visited by a noise of our clock knocked at the door, and hath brought me an unexpected supply of a debt which has long been owing. Oh! I will now tell thee all. It is some days I have lived almost without support, having conveyed what little money I could raise to your poor father. Thou wilt weep to think where he is, yet he swears he will be soon at liberty. That cruel letter would have broke his heart, but I have concealed it from him. I have no companion at pre-

sent besides little Fanny, who stands watching my looks as I write, and is crying for her sister. She says she is sure you are not well, having discovered that my present trouble is about you. But do not think I would thus repeat my sorrows to grieve thee. No, it is to intreat thee not to make them insupportable, by adding what would be worse than all. Let us hear cheerfully an affliction, which we have not brought on ourselves, and remember there is a Power who can better deliver us out of it, than by the loss of thy innocence. Heaven preserve my dear child!

Thy affectionate mother,

The messenger, notwithstanding he promised to deliver this letter to Amanda, carried it first to his master, who he imagined would be glad to have an opportunity of giving it into her hands himself. His master was impatient to know the success of his proposal, and therefore broke open the letter privately to see the contents. He was not a little moved at so true a picture of virtue in distress; but at the same time was infinitely surprised to find his offers rejected. However, he resolved not to suppress the letter, but carefully sealed it up again, and carried it to Amanda. All his endeavours to see her were in vain till she was assured he brought a letter from her mother. He would not part with it but upon condition that she should read it without leaving the room. While she was perusing it, he fixed his eyes on her face with the deepest attention. Her concern gave a new softness to her beauty; and when she burst into tears, he could no longer refrain from bearing a part in her sorrow, and telling her, that he too had read the letter, and was resolved to make reparation for having been the occasion of it. My reader will not be displeased to see the second epistle which he now wrote to Amanda's mother.

MADAM,

I AM full of shame, and will never forgive myself if I have not your pardon for what I lately wrote. It was far from my intention to add trouble to the afflicted; nor could any thing but my being a stranger to you, have betrayed me into a fault, for which, if I live, I shall endeavour to make you amends as a son. You cannot be unhappy while Amanda is your daughter; nor shall be, if any thing can prevent it, which is in the power of,

MADAM,

Your most obedient humble servant,

This letter he sent by his steward, and soon after went up to town himself to complete the generous act he had now resolved on. By his friendship and assistance Amanda's father was quickly in a condition of retrieving his perplexed affairs. To conclude, he married Amanda, and enjoyed the double satisfaction of having restored a worthy family to their former prosperity, and of making himself happy by an alliance to their virtues.

HUGHES.

Nº 376. MONDAY, MAY 12, 1712.

—Pavone ex Pythagæreo.

PERS. Sat. vi. ver. 11.

From the Pythagorean peacock.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I HAVE observed that the officer you some time ago appointed as inspector of signs, has not done his duty so well as to give you an account of very many strange occurrences in the public streets, which are worthy of, but have escaped your notice. Among all the oddnesses which I have ever met with, that which I am now telling you gave me most delight. You must have observed that all the criers in the street attract the attention of the passengers, and of the inhabitants in the several parts, by something very particular in their tone itself, in the dwelling upon a note, or else making themselves wholly unintelligible by a scream. The person I am so delighted with has nothing to sell, but very gravely receives the bounty of the people, for no other merit but the homage they pay to his manner of signifying to them that he wants a subsidy. You must sure have heard speak of an old man, who walks about the city, and that part of the suburbs which lies beyond the Tower, performing the office of a day-watchman, followed by a goose, which bears the hob of his ditty, and confirms what he says with a quack, quack. I gave little heed to the mention of this known circumstance, till, being the other day in those quarters, I passed by a decrepit old fellow with a pole in his hand, who just then was bawling out, "Half an hour after one o'clock;" and immediately a dirty goose behind him made her response, "Quack, quack." I could not forbear attending this grave procession for the length of half a street, with no small amazement to find the whole place so familiarly acquainted with a melancholy midnight voice at noon-day, giving them the hour, and exhorting them of the departure of time, with a bounce at their doors. While I was full of this novelty, I went into a friend's house, and told him how I was diverted with their whimsical monitor and his equipage. My friend gave me the history; and interrupted my commendation of the man, by telling me the livelihood of these two animals is purchased rather by the good parts of the goose than of the leader; for it seems, the peripatetic who walked before her was a watchman in that neighbourhood; and the goose of herself, by frequently hearing his tone, out of her natural vigilance, not only observed, but answered it very regularly from time to time. The watchman was so affected with it, that he bought her, and has taken her in partner, only altering their hours of duty from night to day. The town has come into it, and they live very comfortably. This is the matter of fact. Now I desire you, who are a profound philosopher, to consider this alliance of instinct and reason. Your speculation may turn very naturally upon the force the superior part of mankind may have upon the spirits of such as, like this watchman, may be very near the standard of geese. And you may add to this practical observation, how, in all ages and times, the world has been carried away by odd unaccountable things, which one would think would pass upon no creature which had reason; and, under the symbol of this goose, you may enter into the manner and method of these creatures,



their eyes open, through thick and thin, for they know not what, they know not why.

'All which is humbly submitted to your spectral wisdom, by,

'SIR,

'Your most humble servant,

'MICHAEL GAYDER.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I HAVE for several years had under my care the government and education of young ladies; which trust I have endeavoured to discharge with due regard to their several capacities and fortunes. I have left nothing undone to imprint in every one of them an humble courteous mind, accompanied with a graceful becoming mien, and have made them pretty much acquainted with the household part of family affairs; but still I find there is something very much wanting in the air of my ladies, different from what I observe in those that are esteemed your fine bred women. Now, sir, I must own to you, I never suffered my girls to learn to dance; but since I have read your discourse of dancing, where you have described the beauty and spirit there is in a regular motion, I own myself your convert, and resolve for the future to give my young ladies that accomplishment. But upon imparting my design to their parents, I have been made very uneasy for some time, because several of them have declared, that if I did not make one of the master they recommended, they would take away their children. There was Colonel Jemper a lady, a colonel of the dragoons, that has a great interest in her parish; she recommends Mr. Trotter for the prettiest master in town; that no man teaches a jig like him; that she has seen him rise six or seven eapens together with the greatest ease imaginable; and that his scholars twist themselves more ways than the scholars of any master in town; besides, there is Madam Prim, an alderman's lady, recommends a master of her own name, but she declares he is not of their family, yet a very extraordinary man in his way; for besides a very soft air he has in dancing, he gives them a particular behaviour at a tea-table, and in presenting their snuff-box; teaches to twist, slip, or flirt a fan, and how to place patches to the best advantage, either for fat or lean, long or oval faces; for my lady says, there is more in these things than the world imagines. But I must confess, the major part of those I am concerned with leave it to me. I desire, therefore, according to the inclosed direction, you would send your correspondent who has writ to you on that subject to my house. If proper application this way can give innocents new charms, and make virtue legible in the countenance, I shall spare no charge to make my scholars, in their very features and limbs, bear witness how careful I have been in the other parts of their education.

'I am, sir,

'Your most humble servant,

'RACHEL WATCHFUL.'

STEEL.

T.

\* Are the concluding letters of N<sup>o</sup> 296; N<sup>o</sup> 298, let. 6; N<sup>o</sup> 314, let. 2; and N<sup>o</sup> 316, let. 1.

N<sup>o</sup> 377. TUESDAY, MAY 13, 1712.

*Quid vides effect, utrumque homini satis  
Civem et in horum.*

PROB. Oct. xiii. l. 2. ver. 12.

What each should fly, is wisdom known; \*  
We, unprovided, are undone.

CHRECH.

LOVE was the mother of poetry, and still produces, among the most ignorant and barbarous, a thousand imaginary distresses and poetical complaints. It makes a footman talk like Orosindates, and converts a brutal rustic into a gentle swain. The most ordinary plebeian or mechanic in love bleeds and pines away with a certain elegance and tenderness of sentiments, which this passion naturally inspires.

These inward sanguine blazes of a mind infected with softness, have given birth to a phrase which is made use of by all the melting tribe, from the highest to the lowest, I mean that of 'dying for love.'

Romances, which owe their very being to this passion, are full of these metaphorical deaths. Heroes and heroines, knights, squires, and damsels, are all of them in a dying condition. There is the same kind of mortality in our modern tragedies, where every one gasps, faints, bleeds, and dies. Many of the poets, to describe the execution which is done by this passion, represent the fair sex as basilisks that destroy with their eyes; but I think Mr. Cowley has, with great justice of thought, compared a beautiful woman to a porcupine, that sends an arrow from every part.

I have often thought, that there is no way so effectual for the cure of this general infirmity, as a man's reflecting upon the motives that produce it. When the passion proceeds from the sense of any virtue or perfection in the person beloved, I would by no means discourage it; but if a man considers that all his heavy complaints of wounds and deaths rise from some little affectations of coquetry, which are improved into charms by his own fond imagination, the very laying before himself the cause of his distemper, may be sufficient to effect the cure of it.

It is in this view that I have looked over the several bundles of letters which I have received from dying people, and composed out of them the following bill of mortality, which I shall lay before my reader without any farther preface, as hoping that it may be useful to him in discovering those several places where there is most danger, and those fatal arts which are made use of to destroy the heedless and unwary.

Lysander, slain at a puppet-show on the third of September.

Thrice, shot from a rencounter in Piccadilly  
T. R. wounded by Felinda's scarlet stocking, as she was stepping out of a coach.

Will Simple, slain at the opera by the glance of an eye that was aimed at one who stood by him.

Thos. A. slain, lost his life at a ball.

Tim. Tattle, killed by the tap of a fan on his left shoulder by Coquetilla, as he was talking curiously with her in a bow window.

Sir Simon Roffly, murdered at the playhouse in Drury Lane by a frown.

Philander, mortally wounded by Clora, as she was adjusting her lucker.

Ralph Gapley, Esq. hit by a random shot at the ring.

F. R. caught his death upon the water, April the 1st.

W. W. killed by an unknown hand, that was playing with the glove off upon the side of the front box in Drury Lane.

Sir Christopher Crazy, Bart. hurt by the brush of a whalebone petticoat.

Sylvius, shot through the sticks of a fan at St. James's church.

Damon, struck through the heart by a diamond necklace.

Thomas Trusty, Francis Goosequill, William Meanwell, Edward Callow, Esqrs. standing in a row, fell all four at the same time, by an ogle of the Widow Trapland.

Tom Rattle, chaneing to tread upon a lady's tail as he came out of the playhouse, she turned full upon him, and laid him dead upon the spot.

Dick Tastewell, slain by a blush from the queen's box in the third act of the Trip to the Jubilee.

Samuel Felt, haberdasher, wounded in his walks to Islington, by Mrs. Susanna Cross-stitch, as she was clambering over a stile.

R. F., T. W., S. I., M. P., &c. put to death in the last birth-day massacre.

Roger Blinko, cut off in the twenty-first year of his age by a white-wash.

Musidorus, slain by an arrow that flew out of a dimple in Belinda's left cheek.

Ned Courtly, presenting Flavia with her glove (which she had dropped on purpose), she received it, and took away his life with a curtsy.

John Gosselin, having received a slight hurt from a pair of blue eyes, as he was making his escape, was dispatched by a smile.

Strephon, killed by Clarinda as she looked down into the pit.

Charles Careless shot flying by a girl of fifteen, who unexpectedly popped her head upon him out of a coach.

Josiah Wither, aged threescore-and-three, sent to his long home by Elizabeth Jetwell, spinster.

Jack Freelove, murdered by Melissa in her hair.

William Wiseacre, Gent. drowned in a flood of tears by Moll Commou.

John Pleadwell, Esq. of the Middle Temple, barrister at law, assassinated in his chambers, the 6th instant, by Kltty Sly, who pretended to come to him for his advice.

ADDISON.

I.

No 378, WEDNESDAY, MAY 14, 1712.

*Aggredere, O magnos, aderit jam tempus, honores.*  
VIRG. Ecl. iv. ver. 48.

Mature in years, to ready honours move.  
DRYDEN.

I WILL make no apology for entertaining the reader with the following poem, which is written by a great genius, a friend of mine \* in the country, who is not ashamed to employ his wit in the praise of his Maker:

\* Pope. See No 534.

# MESSIAH:

## A SACRED ECLOGUE,

Composed of several passages of Isaiah the prophet.

*Written in imitation of Virgil's Pollio.*

YE nymphs of Solyma! begin the song:  
To heav'nly themes sublimer strains belong.  
The mossy fountains, and the sylvan shades,  
The dreams of Phidus, and th' Aonian maids,  
Delight no more—O thou my voice inspire,  
Who touch'd Isalah's hallow'd lips with fire!  
Rapt into future times, the bard begun,  
A virgin shall conceive, a virgin bear a son!  
From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,  
Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies:  
Th' ethereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,  
And on its top descends the mystic Dove.  
Ye heavens! from high the dewy nectar pour,  
And in soft silence shed the kindly shower!  
The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,  
From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.  
All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail;  
Returning justice lift aloft her scale;  
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,  
And white-rob'd Innocence from heav'n descend.  
Swift fly the years, and rise, th' expected morn!  
Oh spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born!  
See nature bastes her earliest wreaths to bring,  
With all the incense of the breathing spring:  
See lofty Lebanon his head advance,  
See nodding forests on the mountains dance;  
See spicy clouds from lowly Sharon rise,  
And Carmel's flowery top perfumes the skies!  
Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers;  
Prepare the way! a God, a God, appears:  
A God! a God! the vocal hills reply,  
The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.  
Lo earth receives him from the bending skies!  
Sink down, ye mountains; and ye valleys, rise!  
With heads declin'd, ye cedars, homage pay;  
Be smooth, ye rocks; ye rapid floods, give way!  
The Saviour comes! by ancient bards foretold!  
Hear him, ye deaf! and all the blind, behold!  
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,  
And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day.  
'Tis He th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,  
And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear:  
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,  
And leap exulting like the bounding roe;  
No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear,  
From every face He wipes off every tear:  
In adamant chains shall death be bound,  
And hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.  
As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,  
Seeks freshest pastures and the purest air,  
Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,  
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects;  
The tender lambs he raises in his arms,  
Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms:  
Mankind shall thus his guardian care engage,  
The promis'd father of the future age.  
No more shall nation against nation rise,  
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes;  
Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,  
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more:  
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,  
And the broad falchion in a ploughshare end,  
Then palaces shall rise; the joyful son  
Shall finish what his short-liv'd sire begun;  
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,  
And the same hand that sow'd, shall reap the field.  
The swain in barren deserts with surprise  
Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise,  
And starts amidst the thirsty wilds to hear  
New falls of water murmuring in his ear:  
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,  
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.  
Waste sandy valleys, once perplex'd with thorn,  
The spiry fir and shapely box adorn:  
To leafless shrubs the flowering palms succeed,  
And od'rous myrtle to the noisome weed.  
The lambs with wolves shall grace the verdant mead,  
And boys in flowery hands the tiger lead;  
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,  
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet:  
The smiling infant in his hand shall take  
The crested basilisk, and speckled snake;  
Pleas'd the green lustr'd of the scales survey,  
And with their forked tongue and pointless sting  
shall play.

Isa. xi. 1.

xlv. 8.

xxv. 4.

ix. 7.

xxxiv. 2.

xl. 3, 4.

xlii. 18.

xxxv. 3, 6.

xxv. 8.

xl. 11.

ix. 6.

ii. 4.

lxv. 21, 22.

xxxv. 1, 7.

[xli. 19,

and lv. 13.

xi. 6, 7, 8.

[An. 1. Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, thou  
 Exult thy tower'd head, and lift thy eyes!  
 [An. 4. See a long race thy spacious courts adorn;  
 See fathers sons, and daughters yet unborn  
 In crowding ranks on every side erect,  
 Demanding life, impatient for the latest  
 See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,  
 Walk to thy light, and in thy temple bend;  
 See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,  
 And heap'd with products of barbarous springs!  
 For these Idume's spicy fore-to blow,  
 And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains grow  
 See beav'n its sparkling portals wide display,  
 And break upon thee with a flood of day!  
 [An. 6. No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,  
 Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn,  
 But lost, dissolv'd in thy superior rays,  
 One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze  
 O'erflow thy courts! The Light Himself shall shine  
 Over all, and God's eternal day be thine  
 [An. 8. The sense shall waste, the shades in darkness decay,  
 Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away!  
 [An. 10. But fix'd the word, His saving power remains  
 Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns.

STILL.

T.

Nº 370. THURSDAY, MAY 16, 1712.

*Scire tacito uisum est, ut sit scire hac arte esset*  
 PERA. Brit. L. vol. 87

— Science is not science till reveal'd.  
 DRYDEN.

I HAVE often wonder'd at that ill-manner'd position which has been sometimes maintained in the schools, and is compris'd in an old Latin verse, namely, that 'A man's knowledge is worth nothing, if he communicates what he knows to any one besides.' There is certainly no more sensible pleasure to a good-natur'd man, than if he can by any means gratify or inform the mind of another. I might add, that this virtue naturally carries its own reward along with it, since it is almost impossible it should be exercised without the improvement of the person who practises it. The reading of books, and the daily occurrences of life, are continually furnishing us with matter for thought and reflection. It is extremely natural for us to desire to see such our thoughts put into the dress of words, without which indeed we can scarce have a clear and distinct idea of them ourselves. When they are thus clothed in expression, nothing so truly shows us whether they are just or false, as those effects which they produce in the minds of others.

I am apt to flatter myself that, in the course of these my speculations, I have treated of several subjects, and laid down many such rules for the conduct of a man's life, which my readers were either wholly ignorant of before, or which at least those few who were acquainted with them, looked upon as so many secrets they have found out for the conduct of themselves, but were resolv'd never to have made public.

I am the more confirm'd in this opinion from my having received several letters, wherein I am censur'd for having prostituted learning to the embraces of the vulgar, and made her, as one of my correspondents phrases it, a common strumpet. I am charmed by another with laying open the arcana or secrets of prudence, to the eyes of every reader.

The narrow spirit which appears in the letters of these my correspondents is the less surprising, as it has shown itself in all ages: there is still extant an epistle written by Alexander the Great to his tutor Aristotle, upon that philosopher's publishing some part of his writings; in which the

prince complains of his having made known to all the world those secrets in learning which he had before communicated to him in private lectures; concluding, that he had rather excel the rest of mankind in knowledge than in power.

Louisa de Padilla, a lady of great learning, and Countess of Aranda, was in like manner angry with the famous Grattan, upon his publishing his treatise of the Discreto\*, wherein she fancied that he had laid open those maxims to common readers, which ought only to have been reserved for the knowledge of the great.

These objections are thought by many of so much weight, that they often defend the above-mentioned authors, by affirming they have affected such an obscurity in their style and manner of writing, that, though every one may read their works, there will be but very few who can comprehend their meaning.

Persius, the Latin satirist, affected obscurity for another reason; with which, however, Mr. Cowley is so offended, that, writing to one of his friends, 'You,' says he, 'tell me, that you do not know whether Persius be a good poet or no, because you cannot understand him; for which very reason I affirm that he is not so.'

However, this art of writing unintelligibly has been very much improved, and followed by several of the moderns, who, observing the general inclination of mankind to dive into a secret, and the reputation many have acquired by concealing their meaning under obscure terms and phrases, resolve, that they may be still more obscure, to write without any meaning at all. This art, as it is at present practis'd by many eminent authors, consists in throwing so many words at a venture into dissimilar periods, and leaving the curious reader to find the meaning of them.

The Egyptians, who made use of hieroglyphics to signify several things, express'd a man, who confin'd his knowledge and discoveries altogether within himself, by the figure of a dark lantern closed on all sides, which, though it was illuminated within, afforded no manner of light or advantage to such as stood by it. For my own part, as I shall from time to time communicate to the public whatever discoveries I happen to make, I should much rather be compar'd to an ordinary lamp, which consumes and wastes itself for the benefit of every passenger.

I shall conclude this paper with the story of Hierocles's sepulchre. I suppose I need not inform my readers that this man was the author of the Hieroclesian sect, and that his disciples still pretend to new discoveries which they are never to communicate to the rest of mankind†.

\* A certain person having occasion to dig somewhat deep in the ground, where this philosopher lay interred, met with a small door, having a wall on each side of it. With curiosity, and the hopes of finding some hidden treasure, soon prompted him to force open the door. He was immediately surpris'd by a sudden blaze of light, and discover'd a very fair vault. At the upper end of it was a statue of a man in armour sitting by a table, and leaning on his left arm. He held a truncheon in his right hand, and had a lamp burning before him. The man had no other set one foot within the vault, than the statue erected itself from its base.

\* See N<sup>o</sup> 373, note j and N<sup>o</sup> 379

† See Pope's works, by W. Warburton, vol. I. Notes on "The Rape of the Lock," canto I.

ing posture, stood bolt up-right, and, upon the fellow's advancing another step, lifted up the truncheon in his right hand. The man still ventured a third step, when the statue with a furious blow broke the lamp into a thousand pieces, and left his guest in a sudden darkness.

'Upon the report of this adventure, the country people soon came with lights to the sepulchre, and discovered that the statue, which was made of brass, was nothing more than a piece of clock-work; that the floor of the vault was all loose, and underlaid with several springs, which upon any man's entering, naturally produced that which had happened.'

Rosicrusius, say his disciples, made use of this method, to show the world that he had re-invented the ever-burning lamps of the ancients, though he was resolved no one should reap any advantage from the discovery.

BUDGELL.

X.

Nº 380. FRIDAY, MAY 16, 1712.

*Rivalcm patienter habet.*

OVID. Ars Am. l. ii. v. 538.

With patience bear a rival in thy love.

SIR,

Thursday, May 8, 1712.

'THE character you have in the world of being the ladies' philosopher, and the pretty advice I have seen you give to others in your papers, make me address myself to you in this abrupt manner, and to desire your opinion what in this age a woman may call a lover. I have had lately a gentleman that I thought made pretensions to me, inso-much that most of my friends took notice of it, and thought we were really married; which I did not take much pains to undeceive them, and especially a young gentlewoman of my particular acquaintance which was then in the country. She coming to town, and seeing our intimacy so great, she gave herself the liberty of taking me to task concerning it: I ingenuously told her we were not married, but I did not know what might be the event. She soon got acquainted with the gentleman, and was pleased to take upon her to examine him about it. Now, whether a new face had made a greater conquest than the old, I will leave you to judge: but I am informed that he utterly denied all pretensions to courtship, but withal professed a sincere friendship for me: but, whether marriages are proposed by way of friendship or not, is what I desire to know, and what I may really call a lover. There are so many who talk in a language fit only for that character, and yet guard themselves against speaking in direct terms to the point, that it is impossible to distinguish between courtship and conversation. I hope you will do me justice both upon my lover and my friend, if they provoke me further. In the meantime I carry it with so equal a behaviour, that the nymph and the swain too are mightily at a loss: each believes I, who know them both well, think myself revenged in their love to one another, which creates an irreconcilable jealousy. If all comes right again, you shall hear further from,

SIR,

Your most obedient servant,

MYRTILLA.

MR. SPECTATOR,

April 28, 1712.

'Your observations on persons that have behaved themselves irreverently at church\*, I doubt not, have had a good effect on some that have read them; but there is another fault which has hitherto escaped your notice, I mean of such persons as are very zealous and punctual to perform an ejaculation that is only preparatory to the service of the church, and yet neglect to join in the service itself. There is an instance of this in a friend of Will Honeycomb's, who sits opposite to me. He seldom comes in till the prayers are about half over; and when he has entered his seat (instead of joining with the congregation) he devoutly holds his hat before his face for three or four moments, then bows to all his acquaintance, sits down, takes a pinch of snuff (if it be evening service, perhaps a nap), and spends the remaining time in surveying the congregation. Now, sir, what I would desire is, that you would animadvert a little on this gentleman's practice. In my opinion, this gentleman's devotion, cap in hand, is only a compliance to the custom of the place, and goes no further than a little ecclesiastical good-breeding. If you will not pretend to tell us the motives that bring such triflers to solemn assemblies, yet let me desire that you will give this letter a place in your paper, and I shall remain,

SIR,

Your obliged humble servant,

J. S.†.

MR. SPECTATOR,

May the 5th.

'THE conversation at a club, of which I am a member, last night falling upon vanity and the desire of being admired, put me in mind of relating how agreeably I was entertained at my own door last Thursday by a clean fresh-coloured girl, under the most elegant and the best-furnished milk-pail I had ever observed. I was glad of such an opportunity of seeing the behaviour of a coquette in low life, and how she received the extraordinary notice that was taken of her; which I found had affected every muscle of her face in the same manner as it does the feature of a first-rate toast at a play, or in an assembly. This hint of mine made the discourse turn upon the sense of pleasure; which ended in a general resolution, that the milk-maid enjoys her vanity as exquisitely as the woman of quality. I think it would not be an improper subject for you to examine this frailty, and trace it to all conditions of life; which is recommended to you as an occasion of obliging many of your readers, among the rest,

Your most humble servant,

T. B.

SIR,

May 12, 1712.

'COMING last week into a coffee-house not far from the Exchange with my basket under my arm, a Jew of considerable note, as I am informed, takes half a dozen oranges of me, and at the same time slides a guinea into my hand; I made him a curtsy, and went my way. He followed me, and, finding I was going about my business, he came up with me, and told me plainly, that he gave me the guinea with no other intent but to purchase my person for an hour. "Did you so, sir?" says I;

\* See Nº 259.

† These may be the initials of Swift's name, in whose works there is a sermon expressly on the subject of Sleeping at Church. See vol. x. p. 124. 1701.

"you gave it me then to make me wicked; I will keep it to make me honest. However, not to be in the least ungrateful, I promise you I will lay it out in a couple of rings, and wear them for your sake." I am so just, Mr. besides, as to give every body that asks how I came by my rings this account of my benefactor; but, to save me the trouble of telling my tale over and over again, I humbly beg the favour of you to tell it once for all, and you will extremely oblige,

Your humble servant,  
'BETTY LEMON.'

'MR. 'St. Bride's, May 15, 1712.

'Tis a great deal of pleasure to me, and I dare say will be no less satisfaction to you, that I have an opportunity of informing you, that the gentlemen and others of the parish of St. Bride, have raised a charity-school of fifty girls, as before of fifty boys. You were so kind to recommend the boys to the charitable world, and the other sex hope you will do them the same favour in Friday's Spectator, for Sunday next, when they are to appear with their humble aim at the parish church of St. Bride. Sir, the mention of this may possibly be serviceable to the children; and sure no one will omit a good action attended with no expence.

'I am, MR.  
'Your very humble servant,  
'THE SEXTON.'

STEELE

T.

N<sup>o</sup> 351. SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1712.

*Lycum mœnades ritibus in exultis  
Serrare secretis, non secus in buxis  
Ab insulatis temperantibus  
Latine queritur Deo*

NOR. Ocl. 12. L. 2. ver. 1

Be calm, my Debauch, and serene,  
However fortune change the scene.  
In thy most desoluted state,  
Sink not underneath the weight;  
Nor yet, when happy days begin,  
And the full tide comes rolling in,  
Let a fierce, unwary joy,  
The settled quiet of thy mind destroy

ANON

I HAVE always preferred cheerfulness to mirth. The latter I consider as an act, the former as a habit of the mind. Mirth is short and transient, cheerfulness fixed and permanent. Those are often raised into the greatest transports of mirth who are subject to the greatest depressions of melancholy. On the contrary, cheerfulness, though it does not give the mind such an exquisite gladness, prevents us from falling into any depths of sorrow. Mirth is like a flash of lightning, that breaks through a gloom of clouds, and glitters for a moment; cheerfulness keeps up a kind of daylight in the mind, and fills it with a steady and perpetual serenity.

Men of austere principles look upon mirth as too wanton and dissolute for a state of probation, and as filled with a certain triumph and loudness of heart that is inconsistent with a life which is every moment obnoxious to the greatest dangers. Writers of this complexion have observed, that the Sacred Person who was the great pattern of perfection, was never seen to laugh.

Cheerfulness of mind is not liable to any of these exceptions; it is of a serious and composed nature; it does not throw the mind into a condition improper for the present state of humanity, and is very conspicuous in the character of those who

are looked upon as the greatest philosophers among the heathens, as well as among those who have been deservedly esteemed as sages and holy men among Christians.

If we consider cheerfulness in three lights, with regard to ourselves, to those we converse with, and to the great Author of our being, it will not a little recommend itself on each of these accounts. The man who is possessed of this excellent frame of mind, is not only easy in his thoughts, but a perfect master of all the powers and faculties of his soul. His imagination is always clear, and his judgment undisturbed; his temper is even and untroubled, whether in action or in solitude. He comes with a relish to all those goods which nature has provided for him, tastes all the pleasures of the creation which are poured about him, and does not feel the full weight of those accidental evils which may befall him.

If we consider him in relation to the persons whom he converses with, it naturally produces love and good-will towards him. A cheerful mind is not only disposed to be affable and obliging, but raises the same good-humour in those who come within its influence. A man finds himself pleased, he does not know why, with the cheerfulness of his companion. It is like a sudden sunshine that awakens a secret delight in the mind, without her attending to it. The heart rejoices of its own accord, and naturally flows out into friendship and benevolence towards the person who has so kindly an effect upon it.

When I consider this cheerful state of mind in its third relation, I cannot but look upon it as a constant habitual gratitude to the great Author of nature. As toward cheerfulness is an implicit praise and thanksgiving to Providence under all its dispensations. It is a kind of acquiescence in the state wherein we are placed, and a secret approbation of the Divine Will in his conduct towards man.

There are but two things which, in my opinion, can reasonably deprive us of this cheerfulness of heart. The first of these is the sense of guilt. A man who lives in a state of vice and impotence, can have no title to that evenness and tranquillity of mind which is the health of the soul, and the natural effect of virtue and innocence. Cheerfulness in an ill man deserves a harder name than language can furnish us with, and in many degrees beyond what we commonly call folly or madness.

Atheism, by which I mean a disbelief of a Supreme Being, and consequently of a future state, under whatsoever title it shelters itself, may likewise very reasonably deprive a man of this cheerfulness of temper. There is something so particularly gloomy and offensive to human nature in the prospect of non-existence, that I cannot but wonder, with many excellent writers, how it is possible for a man to outlive the expectation of it. For my own part, I think the being of a God is so little to be doubted, that it is almost the only truth we are sure of, and such a truth as we meet with in every object, in every occurrence, and in every thought. If we look into the characters of this tribe of Infidels, we generally find they are made up of guile, spleen, and envy. It is indeed no wonder, that men who are uneasy to themselves, should be so to the rest of the world; and how is it possible for a man to be otherwise than uneasy to himself, who is in danger every moment of losing his entire existence, and dropping into nothing?

The vicious man and atheist have therefore no pretence to cheerfulness, and would not yet say.



owning, 'This is a trespass; you'll pardon my confidence; I am sensible I have no pretension to this favour; and the like. But counsel me to those gay fellows about town who are directly impudent, and make up for it no otherwise than by calling themselves such, and exulting in it. But this sort of carriage, which prompts a man against rules to urge what he has a mind to, is pardonable only when you use for another. When you are content to preference of yourself to others of equal merit, every man that loves virtue and modesty ought, in defence of those qualities, to oppose you. But, without considering the morality of the thing, let us at this time behold only the natural consequence of candour when we speak of ourselves.

The Spectator writes often in an elegant, often in an argumentative, and often in a sublime style, with equal success; but how would it hurt the reputed author of that paper to own, that of the most beautiful pieces under his title he is barely the publisher? There is nothing but what a man really performs can be an honour to him; what he takes more than he ought in the eye of the world, he loses in the conviction of his own heart; and a man must love his consequence, that is, his very self, before he can rejoice in any falsehood without inward mortification.

Who has not seen a very criminal at the bar, when his counsel and friends have done all that they could for him in vain, prevail on the whole assembly to pity him, and his judge to recommend his case to the mercy of the throne, without offering any thing new in his defence, but that he, whom before we wished convicted, became so out of his own mouth, and took upon himself all the shame and sorrow we were just before preparing for him? The great opposition to this kind of candour arises from the unjust idea people ordinarily have of what we call a high spirit. It is far from greatness of spirit to persist in the wrong in any thing; nor is it a diminution of greatness of spirit to have been in the wrong. Perfection is not the attribute of man, therefore he is not degraded by the acknowledgment of an imperfection; but it is the work of little minds to imitate the fortitude of great spirits on worthy occasions, by obstinacy in the wrong. This obstinacy prevails so far upon them, that they make it extend to the defence of faults in their very servants. It would swell this paper to too great a length, should I insert all the quarrels and debates which are now on foot in this town; where one party, and to some cases both, are sensible of being on the faulty side, and have not spirit enough to acknowledge it. Among the ladies the case is very common; for there are very few of them who know that it is to maintain a true and high spirit, to throw away from it all which itself disappoints, and to scorn from it all which itself humiliates, and to scorn from acquiring a liberality of affection and sentiments. The candid mind, by acknowledging and discarding its faults, has reason and truth for the foundation of all its passions and desires, and consequently is happy and simple; the disingenuous spirit, by indulgence of one unacknowledged error, is entangled with an after-life of guilt, sorrow, and perplexity.

STEELE.

T.

N° 333. TUESDAY, MAY 20, 1712.

*Criminalibus debent hærere*—

JUV. Sat. l. ver. 73.

A beauteous garden, but by vice maintain'd.

As I was sitting in my chamber, and thinking on a subject for my next Spectator, I heard two or three irregular bonbons at my landlady's door, and, upon the opening of it, a loud cheerful voice inquiring whether the philosopher was at home. The child who went to the door answered very innocently that he did not lodge there. I immediately recollected that it was my good friend Sir Roger's voice; and that I had promised to go with him on the water to Spring-garden\*, in case it proved a good evening. The knight put me in mind of my promise from the bottom of the staircase, but told me that if I was speculating, he would stay below till I had done. Upon my coming down, I found all the children of the family got about my old friends; and my landlady herself, who is a notable prating gossip, engaged in a conference with him; being mightily pleased with his stroking her little boy on the head, and bidding him be a good child and mind his book.

We were no sooner come to the Temple-stairs, but we were surrounded with a crowd of watermen, offering us their respective services. Sir Roger, after having looked about him very attentively, spied one with a wooden leg, and immediately gave him orders to get his boat ready. As we were walking towards it, 'You must know,' says Sir Roger, 'I never make use of any body to row me, that has not either lost a leg or an arm. I would rather bate him a few strokes of his oar than not employ an honest man that has been wounded in the queen's service. If I was a lord or a bishop, and kept a barge, I would not put a fellow in my livery that had not a wooden leg.'

My old friend, after having seated himself, and trimmed the boat with his coachman, who, being a very sober man, always serves for ballast on these occasions, we made the best of our way for Vaux-hall†. Sir Roger obliged the waterman to give us the history of his right leg; and, hearing that he had left it at La Hogue, with many particulars which passed in that glorious action, the knight, in the triumph of his heart, made several reflections on the greatness of the British nation; so, that our Englishman could beat three Frenchmen; that we could never be in danger of popery so long as we took care of our fleet; that the Thames was the noblest river in Europe; that London-bridge was a greater piece of work than any of the seven wonders of the world; with many other homely prejudices which naturally cleave to the heart of true Englishmen.

After some short pause, the old knight, turning about his head twice or thrice, to take a survey of this great metropolis, bid me observe how thick the city was set with churches, and that there was scarce a single steeples on this side Temple-bar. 'There's not beauteous sight,' says Sir Roger, 'there's no religion at this end of the town. The fifty or church will very much mend the prospect; but church-work is slow, church-work is slow.'

I do not remember I have any where mentioned Sir Roger's character, his manner of talking

\* Now known by the name of Vauxhall.  
† to the original false alarm, it is Fox hall.





N° 386. FRIDAY, MAY 23, 1712.

*Cum tristitia accret, cum rebus facit, cum se  
pau gravior, cum justitiam considerat.*

TULL.

THE piece of Latin on the head of this paper is part of a character extremely vicious; but I have set down no more than may fall in with the rules of justice and honour. Cicero spoke of Catiline, who, he said, 'lived with the old severely, with the cheerful agreeably, with the old gravely, with the young pleasantly;' he added, 'with the wicked boldly, with the wiser lasciviously.' The two last instances of his complaisance I forbear to consider, having it in my thoughts at present only to speak of obsequious behaviour as it sits upon a companion in pleasure, not a man of design and intrigue. To vary with every humour in this manner, cannot be agreeable, except it comes from a man's own temper and natural complexion; to do it out of an ambition to excel that way, is the most fruitless and unbecoming prostitution imaginable. To put on an artificial part to obtain one other end but an unjust praise from the undiscerning, is of all endeavours the most despicable. A man must be sincerely pleased to become pleasure, or not to interrupt that of others: for this reason it is a most calamitous circumstance, that many people who want to be alone, or should be so, will come into conversation. It is certain that all men, who are the least given to reflection, are seized with an inclination that way, when, perhaps, they had rather be inclined to company; but indeed they had better go home and be tired with themselves, than force themselves upon others to recover their good-humour. It is all this case of communicating to a friend a sad thought or difficulty, in order to reflect a heavy heart, stands excepted; but what is here meant is, that a man should always go with inclination to the turn of the company he is going into, or not pretend to be of the party. It is certainly a very happy temper to be able to live with all kinds of dispositions, because it argues a mind that lies open to receive what is pleasing to others, and not obstinately bent on any particularity of his own.

This it is which makes me pleased with the character of my good acquaintance Acuto. You meet him at the tables and conversations of the wise, the impertinent, the grave, the frolic, and the witty; and yet his own character has nothing in it that can make him particularly agreeable to any one sort of men; but Acuto has natural good sense, good-nature, and discretion, so that every man enjoys himself in his company; and though Acuto contributes nothing to the conversation, he never was at a place where he was not welcome a second time. Without these subordinate good qualities of Acuto, a man of wit and learning would be painful to the generality of mankind, instead of being pleasing. Witty men are apt to imagine they are agreeable as such, and by that means grow the worst companions imaginable; they deride the absent or rally the present to a wrong manner, not knowing that if you pinch or tickle a man till he is weary to his wit, or ungracefully distinguished from the rest of the company, you equally hurt him.

I was going to say, the true art of being agreeable in company (but there can be no such thing as wit in it) is to appear well pleased with those you

are engaged with, and rather to seem well entertained, than to bring entertainment to others. A man thus disposed is not indeed what we ordinarily call a good companion, but essentially is such, and in all the parts of his conversation has something friendly in his behaviour, which conciliates men's minds more than the highest sallies of wit or starts of humour can possibly do. The feebleness of age in a man of this turn, has something which should be treated with respect even in a man no otherwise venerable. The forwardness of youth, when it proceeds from alacrity, and not insolence, has also its allowances. The companion who is formed for such by nature, gives to every character of life his due regards, and is ready to account for their imperfections, and receive their accomplishments as if they were his own. It must appear that you receive law from, and not give it to your company, to make you agreeable.

I remember Tully, speaking, I think, of Antony, says, that in *so facit, ut quæ nulla erit tradit* *possunt*. 'He had a witty mirth, which could be acquired by no art.' This quality must be of the kind of which I am now speaking; for all sorts of behaviour which depend upon observation and knowledge of life, are to be acquired; but that which no one can describe, and is apparently the act of nature, must be every where present, because every thing it meets is a fit occasion to exert it; for he who follows nature, can never be improper or unreasonable.

How unreasonable then must their behaviour be, who, without any manner of consideration of what the company they have just now entered are upon, give themselves the air of a messenger, and make as distinct relations of the occurrences they last met with, as if they had been dispatched from those they talk to, to be practically exact in a report of those circumstances. It is unpardonable to those who are met to enjoy one another, that a fresh man shall pop in, and give as only the last part of his own life, and put a stop to ours during the history. If such a man comes from 'Chancery, whether you will or not, you must hear how the stocks go; and though you are ever so lately employed on a greater subject, a young fellow at the other end of the town will take his place, and tell you, Mrs. Such-a-one is charmingly handsome, because he just now saw her. But I think I need not dwell on this subject, since I have acknowledged there can be no rules made for excelling this way; and precepts of this kind (such like rules for writing poetry, which, it is said, may have prevented ill poets, but never made good ones.

FINIS.

T.

N° 387. SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1712.

Gula parit tranquillitatem.

HOR. Ep. viii. l. 1. ver. 172.

What calms the breast, and makes the mind serene.

In my last Saturday's paper I spoke of cheerfulness as it is a moral habit of the mind, and accordingly mentioned such moral motives as are apt to cherish and keep alive this happy temper in the soul of man: I shall now consider cheerfulness in its natural state, and reflect on those motives to it, which are indifferent either as to virtue or vice.

Cheerfulness is, in the first place, the best pre-

motor of health. Repinings, and secret murmurs of heart, give imperceptible strokes to those delicate fibres of which the vital parts are composed, and wear out the machine insensibly; not to mention those violent ferments which they stir up in the blood, and those irregular disturbed motions which they raise in the animal spirits. I scarce remember, in my own observation, to have met with many old men, or with such, who (to use our English phrase) wear well, that had not at least a certain indolence in their humour, if not a more than ordinary gaiety and cheerfulness of heart. The truth of it is, health and cheerfulness mutually beget each other; with this difference, that we seldom meet with a great degree of health which is not attended with a certain cheerfulness, but very often see cheerfulness where there is no great degree of health.

Cheerfulness bears the same friendly regard to the mind as to the body. It banishes all anxious care and discontent, soothes and composes the passions, and keeps the soul in a perpetual calm. But having already touched on this last consideration, I shall here take notice, that the world in which we are placed, is filled with innumerable objects that are proper to raise and keep alive this happy temper of mind.

If we consider the world in its subserviency to man, one would think it was made for our use; but if we consider it in its natural beauty and harmony, one would be apt to conclude it was made for our pleasure. The sun, which is as the great soul of the universe, and produces all the necessities of life, has a particular influence in cheering the mind of man, and making the heart glad.

Those several living creatures which are made for our service or sustenance, at the same time either fill the woods with their music, furnish us with game, or raise pleasing ideas in us by the delightfulness of their appearance. Fountains, lakes, and rivers, are as refreshing to the imagination, as to the soil through which they pass.

There are writers of great distinction, who have made it an argument for Providence, that the whole earth is covered with green rather than with any other colour, as being such a right mixture of light and shade, that it comforts and strengthens the eye, instead of weakening or grieving it. For this reason several painters have a green cloth hanging near them, to ease the eye upon, after too great an application to their colouring. A famous modern philosopher \* accounts for it in the following manner: All colours that are more luminous, over-power and dissipate the animal spirits which are employed in sight: on the contrary, those that are more obscure do not give the animal spirits a sufficient exercise; whereas the rays that produce in us the idea of green, fall upon the eye in such a due proportion, that they give the animal spirits their proper play, and by keeping up the struggle in a just balance, excite a very pleasing and agreeable sensation. Let the cause be what it will, the effect is certain; for which reason the poets ascribe to this particular colour the epithet of cheerful.

To consider further this double end in the works of nature, and how they are at the same time both useful and entertaining, we find that the most important parts in the vegetable world are those which are the most beautiful. These are the seeds by which the several races of plants are propagated and continued, and which are always lodged in flowers or blossoms. Nature seems to hide her

principal design, and to be industrious in making the earth gay and delightful, while she is carrying on her great work, and intent upon her own preservation. The husbandman after the same manner is employed in laying out the whole country into a kind of garden or landscape, and making every thing smile about him, whilst in reality he thinks of nothing but of the harvest, and the increase which is to arise from it.

We may further observe how Providence has taken care to keep up this cheerfulness in the mind of man, by having formed it after such a manner, as to make it capable of conceiving delight from several objects which seem to have very little use in them; as from the wildness of rocks and deserts, and the like grotesque parts of nature. Those who are versed in philosophy may still carry this consideration higher, by observing that if matter had appeared to us endowed only with those real qualities which it actually possesses, it would have made but a very joyless and uncomfortable figure: and why has Providence given it a power of producing in us such imaginary qualities, as tastes and colours, sounds and smells, heat and cold, but that man, while he is conversant in the lower stations of nature, might have his mind cheered and delighted with agreeable sensations? In short, the whole universe is a kind of theatre filled with objects that either raise in us pleasure, amusement, or admiration.

The reader's own thoughts will suggest to him the vicissitude of day and night, the change of seasons, with all that variety of scenes which diversify the face of nature, and fill the mind with a perpetual succession of beautiful and pleasing images.

I shall not here mention the several entertainments of art, with the pleasures of friendship, books, conversation, and other accidental diversions of life, because I would only take notice of such incitements to a cheerful temper as offer themselves to persons of all ranks and conditions, and which may sufficiently show us that Providence did not design this world should be filled with murmurs and repinings, or that the heart of man should be involved in gloom and melancholy.

If the more inclement this cheerfulness of temper, as it is a virtue in which our countrymen are observed to be more deficient than any other nation. Melancholy is a kind of demon that haunts our island, and often conveys herself to us in an easterly wind. A celebrated French novelist, in opposition to those who begin their romances with the flowery season of the year, enters on his story thus: 'In the gloomy month of November, when the people of England hang and drown themselves, a disconsolate lover walked out into the fields,' &c.

Every one ought to fence against the temper of his climate or constitution, and frequently to indulge in himself those considerations which may give him a serenity of mind, and enable him to bear up cheerfully against those little evils and misfortunes which are common to human nature, and which by a right improvement of them will produce a satiety of joy, and an uninterrupted happiness.

At the same time that I would engage my reader to consider the world in its most agreeable lights, I must own there are many evils which naturally spring up amidst the entertainments that are provided for us; but these, if rightly considered, should be far from overcasting the mind with sorrow, or destroying that cheerfulness of temper which I have been recommending. interspersed with

\* Sir Isaac Newton.

evil with good, and pain with pleasure, in the works of nature, is very truly ascribed by Mr. Locke, in his Essay on Human Understanding, to a moral reason, in the following words:

"Beyond all this we may find another reason why God hath scattered up and down several degrees of pleasure and pain, in all the things that environ and affect us, and blended them together, in almost all that our thoughts and senses have to do with; that we, finding imperfection, dissatisfaction, and want of complete happiness in all the enjoyments which the creatures can afford us, might be led to seek it in the enjoyment of Him with whom "there is fulness of joy, and at whose right hand are pleasures for evermore."

ADDISON.

L.

N<sup>o</sup> 388. MONDAY, MAY 26, 1712.—*Tibi res antequam laudis et artis**Ingratior: sacculus aureus rectioris foveat.*

VIRG. Georg. II. ver. 174.

For thee I dare unlock the sacred spring,  
And arts dictator'd by sweetest segna sing.

"MR. SPECTATOR,

It is my custom, when I read your papers, to read over the quotations in the authors from whence you take them. As you mentioned a passage lately out of the second chapter of Solomon's Song\*, it occasioned my looking into it; and upon reading it, I thought the ideas so exquisitely soft and tender, that I could not help making this paraphrase of it; which, now it is done, I can no little forbear sending to you. Some marks of your approbation, which I have already received, have given me so sensible a taste of them, that I cannot forbear endeavouring after them as often as I can with any appearance of success.

"I am, sir,

"Your most obedient humble servant".

## THE SECOND CHAPTER OF SOLOMON'S SONG.

"As when in Sharon's field the blushing rose  
Tears its choice blossoms to the morning dew,  
Whilst all around the Zephyrs bear  
The fragrant odours through the air;  
Or as the Lily on the shady vale,  
Does o'er each dewy with breastless pride prevail,  
And stands with dew and blindest occasion blest;  
In fit pre-eminence, superior to the rest;  
So if my Love, with happy informance, shed  
His eyes' bright sunshine on his lover's head,  
Then shall the rose of Sharon's field  
And whitest lily, to my beauties yield.  
Then forest flowers with violas art combine,  
The rose with the lily join,  
And their united charms are less than mine."

"As much as fairest lilies can surpass  
A flower in beauty, or in right the grass;  
As does my Love, among the virgin, share,  
Adorn'd with graces more than half divine;  
Or as a Tree, that, glorious to behold,  
Is hung with apples all of ruby gold,  
Herpursued fruit, and beautifully built,  
Furnishes its branches to the sky;  
As does my Love the virgin's eyes beseege:  
Till he alone can fix the wand'ring light,  
Among less thousand excellently bright."

"Breasts be pleasing as the  
My wished kisses at once I find,  
And on his breast I hang his head;  
I put the golden fruit with eager hand;  
Sweet was the fruit, and I am to the taste."

With sparkling wine he crown'd the bowl,  
With gentle embraces he fill'd my soul;  
Joyous we sat beneath the shady grove,  
And o'er my head he hung the banners of his love."

"I sigh! I die! my lab'ring breast  
Is with the mighty weight of love oppress'd!  
I feel the fire possess my heart,  
And pain convey'd to every part.  
Thro' all my veins the passion flows,  
My feeble soul forsakes its place,  
A trembling fulsome seals my eyes,  
And pale and dwells upon my face!  
Oh! let my love with powerful odours stay  
My fainting loveless soul, that does away;  
One hand beneath me let him place,  
With 'other press me in a chaste embrace."

"I charge you, nymphs of Mom, as you go  
Awa'd with the sounding quiver and the bow,  
Whilst thro' the moonbeam woods you rove,  
You ne'er disturb my sleeping love.  
Be only gentle Zephyrs there,  
With downy wings to fan the air;  
Let secret silence dwell around,  
To keep off each intruding sound!  
And when the balmy slumber leaves his eyes,  
May he to joy, unknown till then, arise."

"But see! he comes! with what majestic gait  
He onward bears his lovely state!  
Now through the lattice he appears,  
With softest words dispels my fears.  
Arise, my fair one, and receive  
All the pleasures love can give,  
For now the softer winter's past,  
No more we fear the northern blast!  
No storm nor threatening clouds appear,  
No falling rains deform the year.  
My love admits of no delay,  
Arise, my fair, and come away."

"Already, see! the twinkling earth  
Betags forth the flower, her breastless birth.  
The dew, and soft-descending shower's,  
Nurse the new-born tender flower.  
Hark! the birds exulting sing,  
And sweetly usher in the spring.  
Clear by his fellow sits the dove,  
And hallow whispers bet his love.  
The spreading roses with blossoms swell,  
Dissealing round a grateful smell.  
Arise, my fair one, and receive  
All the pleasures love can give;  
For love admits of no delay,  
Arise, my fair, and come away."

"As to its mate the constant dove  
Flies thro' the covert of the spicy grove,  
So let us hasten to some lonely shade,  
There let me safe in thy lov'd arms be laid,  
Where no intruding hateful noise  
Shall damp the sound of thy melodious voice!  
Where I may gaze, and mark each breastless grace!  
For sweet thy voice, and lovely is thy face."

"As all of me, my Love, is thine,  
Let all of thee be ever mine,  
Among the lilies we will play,  
Fairest, my Love, thou art than they!  
Till the purple morn arise,  
And balmy sleep forsake (thine eyes)  
Till the glad sunbeams of day  
Remove the shades of night away!  
Then when soft sleep shall from thy eyes depart,  
Rise like the bounding roe, or fusty hart,  
Glad to behold the light again  
From Bethel's mountains darting o'er the plain."

STEELE.

T.

N<sup>o</sup> 389. TUESDAY, MAY 27, 1712.

— *Meliora pii docuere parentes.* HOR.

Their pious sires a better lesson taught.

NOTHING has more surprised the learned in England, than the price of which a small book, entitled, 'Spaccio della Bestia trionfante,' bore in a late auction\*. This book was sold for thirty pounds. As it was written by one Jordanus Brunus, a professed atheist, with a design to depreciate religion, every one was apt to fancy, from the extravagant price it bore, that there must be something in it very formidable.

I must confess that, happening to get a sight of one of them myself, I could not forbear perusing it with this apprehension; but found there was so very little danger in it, that I shall venture to give my readers a fair account of the whole plan upon which this wonderful treatise is built.

The author pretends that Jupiter, once upon a time, resolved upon a reformation of the constellations: for which purpose, having summoned the stars together, he complains to them of the great decay of the worship of the gods, which he thought so much the harder, having called several of those celestial bodies by the names of the heathen deities, and by that means made the heavens as it were a book of the pagan theology. Momus tells him, that this is not to be wondered at, since there were so many scandalous stories of the deities. Upon which the author takes occasion to cast reflections upon all other religions, concluding that Jupiter, after a full hearing, discarded the deities out of heaven, and called the stars by the names of the moral virtues.

This short fable, which has no pretence in it to reason or argument, and but a very small share of wit, has however recommended itself wholly by its impiety, to those weak men who would distinguish themselves by the singularity of their opinions.

\* Of the library of Charles Barnard, Esq. in 1711, for 28*l*. It is now very scarce, and has fetched the exorbitant price of 50*l*. The author of this book, Giordano Bruno, was a native of Nola, in the kingdom of Naples, and published his *Spaccio*, &c. at Sir Philip Sidney's request, at London, whither he came after being expelled Geneva, and continued about two years in the house of Mr. Castlenau, King Henry III.'s ambassador to Queen Elizabeth. He was very well known to her majesty, and beloved by the most polite part of the court; but his best friends were Sir Philip Sidney and Foulkes Greville, who were very intimate together, and then the most learned and witty gentlemen in England. With these, and some others of their club, Bruno held assemblies; but as they treated of subjects of a very delicate nature, which could not suit the taste or capacity of every body, they kept the door always shut, and none but select persons were admitted into the company. There were but twenty copies printed of his book, which is an odd composition; for he treats all kinds of miracles as fables, and maintains that the heathen theology is not by far so unintelligible, absurd, and monstrous, as the Jewish and Christian theology. He wishes that men, laying aside all prejudices, would admit of no other rule of their conduct but the law of nature, which he divides into forty-eight articles, according to the number of the constellations in heaven, to each of which he gives the name of one of these virtues. Morhoff, Polyhist. l. 1, 8, 22. speaking of atheists, says, '*Jordanum tamen Brunnum huic classi non unnumerarem, — manifesto in illo atheismi vestigia non deprehendo.*' Bruno published many other writings said to be atheistical. The book spoken of here, was printed, not at Paris, as is said in the title-page, nor in 1544; but at London, and in 1584, 12mo. and dedicated to Sir Philip Sidney. There was an edition of it in English, 1713.—Bruno at length fell into the hands of the Inquisition at Venice; and, refusing to retract, was burnt at the stake, Feb. 17, 1600.

There are two considerations which have been often urged against atheists, and which they never yet could get over. The first is, that the greatest and most eminent persons of all ages have been against them, and always complied with the public forms of worship established in their respective countries, when there was nothing in them either derogatory to the honour of the Supreme Being, or prejudicial to the good of mankind.

The Platos and Ciceros among the ancients; the Bacons, the Boyles, and the Lockes, among our own countrymen, are all instances of what I have been saying; not to mention any of the divines however celebrated, since our adversaries challenge all those, as men who have too much interest in this case to be impartial evidences.

But what has been often urged as a consideration of much more weight, is not only the opinion of the better sort, but the general consent of mankind to this great truth; which I think could not possibly have come to pass, but from one of the three following reasons: either that the idea of a God is innate and coexistent with the mind itself; or, that this truth is so very obvious, that it is discovered by the first exertion of reason in persons of the most ordinary capacities; or lastly, that it has been delivered down to us through all ages by a tradition from the first man.

The atheists are equally confounded, to whichever of these three causes we assign it; they have been so pressed by this last argument from the general consent of mankind, that after great search and pains they pretend to have found out a nation of atheists, I mean that polite people the Hottentots.

I dare not shock my readers with the description of the customs and manners of these barbarians, who are in every respect scarce one degree above brutes, having no language among them but a confused gabble, which is neither well understood by themselves nor others.

It is not however to be imagined how much the atheists have gloried in these their good friends and allies.

If we boast of a Socrates or a Seneca, they may now confront them with these great philosophers the Hottentots.

Though even this point has, not without reason, been several times controverted, I see no manner of harm it could do to religion, if we should entirely give them up this elegant part of mankind.

Methinks nothing more shows the weakness of their cause, than that no division of their fellow-creatures join with them, but those among whom they themselves own reason is almost defaced, and who have little else but their shape which can entitle them to any place in the species.

Besides these poor creatures, there have now and then been instances of a few crazed people in several nations, who have denied the existence of a deity.

The catalogue of these is however very short: even Vanini\*, the most celebrated champion for

\* Lucillo Vanini was born at Taurisano, in the kingdom of Naples, in 1585. He was a great lover of learning from his infancy, and applied himself to the study of philosophy, physics, and astronomy, which insensibly led him into the whims of astrology. But the greatest part of his time he bestowed upon divinity: he also understood the civil and canon law. When he had finished his studies at Padua, he was ordained priest, and soon became a preacher. He nevertheless devoted part of his time to the reading of Aristotle, Averroes, Cardan, and Pomponatius, which were his favourite authors. It is said, that he received from them the seeds of atheism, and drew thence those monstrous doctrines which he afterwards taught others. After he had travelled through



Instead of this care over their words and actions, recommended by a poet in old Queen Bess's days, the modern way is to say and do what you please, and yet be the prettiest sort of woman in the world. If fathers and brothers will defend a lady's honour, she is quite as safe as in her own innocence. Many of the distressed, who suffer under the malice of evil tongues, are so harmless that they are every day they live asleep till twelve at noon; concern themselves with nothing but their own persons till two; take their necessary food between that time and four; visit, go to the play, and sit up at cards till towards the ensuing morn; and the malicious world shall draw conclusions from innocent glances, short whispers, or pretty familiar raileries with fashionable men, that these fair ones are not as rigid as vestals. It is certain, say these 'goodest' creatures, very well, that virtue does not consist in constrained behaviour and wry faces: that must be allowed; but there is a decency in the aspect and manner of ladies, contracted from a habit of virtue, and from general reflections that regard a modest conduct, all which may be understood, though they cannot be described. A young woman of this sort claims an esteem mixed with affection and honour, and meets with no defamation: or, if she does, the wild malice is overcome with an undisturbed perseverance in her innocence. To speak freely, there are such coveys of coquettes about this town, that if the peace were not kept by some impertinent tongues of their own sex, which keep them under some restraint, we should have no manner of engagement upon them to keep them in any tolerable order.

As I am a Spectator, and behold how plainly one part of womankind balance the behaviour of the other, whatever I may think of tale-bearers or slanderers, I cannot wholly suppress them, no more than a general would discourage spies. The enemy would easily surprise him who they knew had no intelligence of their motions. It is so far otherwise with me, that I acknowledge I permit a she-slandrer or two in every quarter of the town, to live in the characters of coquettes, and take all the innocent freedoms of the rest, in order to send me information of the behaviour of their respective sisterhoods.

But as the matter of respect to the world which looks on, is carried on, methinks it is so very easy to be what is in the general called virtuous, that it need not cost one hour's reflection in a month to preserve that appellation. It is pleasant to hear the pretty rogues talk of virtue and vice among each other. 'She is the laziest creature in the world; but, I must confess, strictly virtuous: the peevishest hussy breathing; but as to her virtue, she is without blemish. She has not the least charity for any of her acquaintance; but I must allow her rigidly virtuous.' As the unthinking part of the male world call every man a man of honour who is not a coward; so the crowd of the other sex terms every woman who will not be a wench, virtuous.

STEELE.

T.

Nº 391. THURSDAY, MAY 29, 1712.

Non tu precce potes emaci,  
Quæ nisi seductis nequens committere divi:  
At bona pars procerum tacita libabit acerba.  
Haud cubis promptum est, murmurque humilisque au-  
surus

Tollere detemplis; et aperto vivere voto.  
Mens bona, fama, fides; hæc clare, et ut audiat hospes,  
Illi sibi introrsum, et sub lingua immurmurat: O si  
Ebullit patru præclarum funus! Et O si  
Sub rastro crepet argenti mihi seria dextro  
Hercule! pupillumve utinam, quem proximus hæres  
Impello, expungam! —

PERS. Sat. il. ver. 3.

Thy pray'rs the test of heav'n will bear;  
Nor need'st thou take the gods aside, to hear:  
While others, e'en the mighty men of Rome,  
Big-swell'd with mischief, to the temples come:  
And in low murmurs, and with costly smoke,  
Heav'n's help, to prosper their black vows, invoke.  
So boldly to the gods mankind reveal  
What from each other they, for shame, conceal.  
'Give me good fame, ye pow'rs, and make me just:'  
Thus much the rogue to public ears will trust.  
In private then — 'When wilt thou, mighty Jove,  
My wealthy uncle from this world remove?'  
Or — 'O thou thund'rer's son, great Hercules,  
That once thy bounteous deity would please  
To guide my rake upon the chinking sound  
Of some vast treasure, hidden under ground!  
'O were my pupil fairly knock'd o'th' head!  
I shou'd possess th' estate if he were dead.'

DRYDEN.

WHERE Homer represents Phoenix, the tutor of Achilles, as persuading his pupil to lay aside his resentment, and give himself up to the entreaties of his countrymen, the poet, in order to make him speak in character, ascribes to him a speech full of those fables and allegories which old men take delight in relating, and which are very proper for instruction. 'The gods,' says he, 'suffer themselves to be prevailed upon by entreaties. When mortals have offended them by their transgressions, they appease them by vows and sacrifices. You must know, Achilles, that Prayers are the daughters of Jupiter. They are crippled by kneeling, have their faces full of scars and wrinkles, and their eyes always cast towards heaven. They are constant attendants on the goddess Atë, and march behind her. This goddess walks forward with a bold and haughty air, and, being very light of foot, runs through the whole earth, grieving and afflicting the sons of men. She gets the start of Prayers, who always follow her, in order to heal those persons whom she wounds. He who honours these daughters of Jupiter, when they draw near to him, receives great benefits from them; but as for him who rejects them, they entreat their father to give his orders to the goddess Atë, to punish him for his hardness of heart.' This noble allegory needs but little explanation; for whether the goddess Atë signifies injury, as some have explained it; or guilt in general, as others; or divine justice, as I am the more apt to think; the interpretation is obvious enough.

I shall produce another heathen fable relating to prayers, which is of a more diverting kind. One would think by some passages in it, that it was composed by Lucian, or at least by some author who has endeavoured to imitate his way of writing; but as dissertations of this nature are more curious than useful, I shall give my reader the fable, without any further inquiries after the author.

'Menippus the philosopher was a second time taken up into heaven by Jupiter, when for his entertainment he lifted up a trap-door that was placed by his foot-stool. At its risi —'

it such a din of cries as astonished the philosopher. Upon his asking what they meant, Jupiter told him they were the prayers that were sent up to him from the earth. Menippus, amidst the confusion of voices, which was so great that nothing less than the ear of Jove could distinguish them, heard the words "riches, honour," and "long life," repeated to several different tones and languages. When the first hubbub of sounds was over, the trap-door being left open, the voices came up more separate and distinct. The first prayer was a very odd one; it came from Athens, and desired Jupiter to increase the wisdom and the beard of his humble supplicant. Menippus knew it by the voice to be the prayer of his friend Alexander the philosopher. This was succeeded by the petition of one who had just laden a ship, and promised Jupiter, if he took care of it, and returned it home again, full of riches, he would make him an offering of a silver cup. Jupiter thanked him for nothing; and bending down his ear more attentively than ordinary, heard a voice complaining to him of the cruelty of an Ephesian widow, and begging him to breed compassion in her heart. "This," says Jupiter, "is a very honest fellow. I have received a great deal of income from him; I will not be so cruel to him as not to hear his prayers." He was then interrupted with a whole volley of vows, which were made for the health of a tyrannical prince by his subjects who prayed for him in his presence. Menippus was surprised, after having listened to prayers offered up with so much ardour and devotion, to hear low whisperers from the same assembly, expostulating with Jove for suffering such a tyrant to live, and asking him how his thunder could be idle? Jupiter was so offended at these pretentious mutins, that he took down the first vows, and passed away the last. The philosopher seeing a great cloud mounting upwards, and making its way directly to the trap-door, inquired of Jupiter what it meant. "This," says Jupiter, "is the smoke of a whole battalion that is offered me by the general of an army, who is very fortunate with me to let him cut off an hundred thousand men that are drawn up to array against him. What does the impudent wretch think I see in him, to believe that I will make a sacrifice of so many mortals as good as himself, and all this to his glory forsooth? But hark," says Jupiter, "there is a voice I never heard but in time of dangers: 'tis a rogue that is shipwrecked to the Ionian sea. I saved him on a plank but three days ago, upon his promise to mend his manners; the scoundrel is not worth a groat, and yet has the impudence to offer me a temple if I will keep him from sinking.—But yonder," says he, "is a special youth for you; he desires me to take his father, who keeps a great estate from him, out of the miseries of human life. The old fellow shall live till he makes his heart ache, I can tell him that by his pale." This was followed up by the soft voice of a pious lady, desiring Jupiter that she might appear amiable and charming in the sight of her emperor. As the philosopher was reflecting on this extraordinary petition, there blew a gentle wind through the trap-door, which he at first mistook for a gentle gale of Zephyrus, but afterwards found it to be a breeze of sighs. They were strong of tears and income, and were succeeded by most passionate complaints of wounds and torments, fire and arrows, cruelty, despair, and death. Menippus feared that such lamentable cries arose from some general execution, or from wretches lying under the tortures; but Jupiter told him that they came up to him from the hole of Paphos,

and that he every day received complaints of the same nature from that wretched tribe of mortals who are called lovers. "I am so trifled with," says he, "by this generation of both sexes, and find it so impossible to please them, whether I grant or refuse their petitions, that I shall order a western wind for the future to intercept them in their passage, and blow them at random upon the earth." The last petition I heard was from a very aged man of near an hundred years old, begging but for one year more of life, and then promising to die contented. "This is the rarest old fellow!" says Jupiter; "he has made this prayer to me for above twenty years together. When he was but fifty years old, he desired only that he might live to see his son settled in the world. I granted it. He then begged the same favour for his daughter, and afterwards that he might see the education of a grandson. When all this was brought about, he puts up a petition that he might live to finish a house he was building. In short, he is an unreasonable old car, and never wants an excuse; I will hear no more of him." Upon which he flung down the trap-door in a passion, and was resolved to give no more audiences that day.

Notwithstanding the levity of this fable, the moral of it very well deserves our attention, and is the same with that which has been inculcated by Socrates and Plato, not to mention Juvenal and Persius, who have each of them made the finest satire in their whole works upon this subject. The vanity of men's wishes, which are the natural prayers of the mind, as well as many of those secret devotions which they offer to the Supreme Being, are sufficiently exposed by it. Among other reasons for set forms of prayer, I have often thought it a very good one, that by this means the folly and extravagance of men's desires may be kept within due bounds, and not break out in absurd ridiculous petitions on so great and solemn an occasion.

ANDROS.

I.

N° 302. FRIDAY, MAY 30, 1712.

*Per ambages ministeris decorum  
Fructulantes ut et liber spiritus.*

PETRON.

By fable's aid we press'd his fancy more,  
And claim the mimicry of heavenly powers.

*The Transformation of Fidelity into a Looking-glass.*

"MR. SPECTATOR, I  
"I WAS lately at a tea-table, where some young ladies entertained the company with a relation of a quack in the neighbourhood, who had been discovered practising before her glass. To turn the discourse, which from being witty grew to be malicious, the mistress of the family took occasion from the subject to wish that there were to be found amongst men such faithful monitors to draw the mind by, as we consult to adorn the body. She added, that if a sincere friend were miraculously changed into a looking-glass, she should not be ashamed to ask its advice very often. This whimsical thought worked so much upon my fancy the whole evening, that it produced a very odd dream.









# THE SPECTATOR.

VOL. VI.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

CHARLES, EARL OF SUNDERLAND\*.

MY LORD,

VERY many favours and civilities (received from you in a private capacity) which I have no other way to acknowledge, will, I hope, excuse this presumption; but the justice I, as a Spectator, owe your character, places me above the want of an excuse. Candour and openness of heart, which shine in all your words and actions, exact the highest esteem from all who have the honour to know you; and a winning condescension to all subordinate to you, made business a pleasure to those who executed it under you, at the same time that it heightened her majesty's favour to all who had the happiness of having it conveyed through your hands. A secretary of state, in the interest of mankind, joined with that of his fellow-subjects, accomplished with a great facility and elegance in all the modern as well as ancient languages, was a happy and proper member of a ministry, by whose services your sovereign and country are in so high and flourishing a condition, as makes all other priors and potentates powerful or inconsiderable in Europe, as they are friends or enemies to great Britain. The importance of those great events which happened during that administration in which your lordship bore so important a charge, will be acknowledged as long as time shall endure. I shall not therefore attempt to rehearse those illustrious passages; but give this application a more private and particular turn, in desiring your lordship would continue your favour and patronage to me, as you are a gentleman of the most polite literature, and perfectly accomplished in the knowledge of books and men, which makes it necessary to beseech your indulgence to the following leaves, and the author of them; who is, with the greatest truth and respect, MY LORD,

Your Lordship's  
obliged, obedient,  
and humble servant,

THE SPECTATOR.

\* This was the Right Hon. Charles Spencer, Earl of Sunderland, who was appointed secretary of state December 3, 1714, from which office he was dismissed June 14, 1715. On the 1st of September, 1715, he had a pension of £2000, per annum settled on him; on the 1st of April, 1717, he was again made secretary of state; on the 2nd of March, 1717, he was appointed and proclaimed of the council; on the 2nd of February, 1718, he became of the club; and died on the 1st of April, 1718. He married Lady Anne Churchill, second daughter of John Duke of Devonshire.

Nº 395. TUESDAY, JUNE 2, 1712.

—Quod namque ratio est, appetitus ante fuit OVID.

'Tis reason now, 'twas appetite before.

'Edward of the Ides of March,' said the Romans angry to Julius Caesar; 'Beware of the month of May,' says the British Spectator to his fair countrywomen. The caution of the first was un happily neglected, and Caesar's confidence cost him his life. I am apt to flatter myself that my pretty readers had much more regard to the advice I gave them\*, since I have yet received very few accounts of any notorious trips made in the last month.

But though I hope for the best, I shall not pronounce too positively on this point, till I have seen forty weeks well over, at which period of time, as my good friend Sir Roger has often told me, he has more business as a justice of peace, among the dissolute young people in the country, than at any other season of the year.

Neither must I forget a letter which I received near a fortnight since from a lady, who, it seems, could hold out no longer, telling me she looked upon the month as then out, for that she had all along reckoned by the new stile.

On the other hand, I have great reason to believe, from several angry letters which have been sent to me by disappointed lovers, that my advice has been of very signal service to the fair sex, who, according to the old proverb, were 'forewarned, forearmed.'

One of these gentlemen tells me, that he would have given me an hundred pounds, rather than I should have published that paper; for that his mistress, who had promised to explain herself to him about the beginning of May, upon reading that discourse told him, that she would give him her answer in June.

Thyrs's acquaints me, that when he desired Sylvia to take a walk in the fields, she told him, the Spectator had forbidden her.

Another of my correspondents, who writes himself Mat Binger, complains that whereas he constantly used to breakfast with his mistress upon chocolate, going to wait upon her the first of May he found his usual treat very much changed for the worse, and has been forced to feed ever since upon green tea.

As I begin this critical season with a caveat to the ladies, I shall conclude it with a congratulation, and do most heartily wish them joy of their happy deliverance.

They may now reflect with pleasure on the dangers they have escaped, and look back with as much satisfaction on the perils that threatened them, as their great grandmothers did formerly on the burning ploughshares, after having passed through the ordeal trial. The longest two of the spring are now abated. The oblique gives over

her 'love-labour'd song,' as Milton phrases it; the blossoms are fallen, and the beds of flowers swept away by the scythe of the mower.

I shall now allow my fair readers to return to their romances and chocolate, provided they make use of them with moderation, till about the middle of the month, when the sun shall have made some progress in the Crab. Nothing is more dangerous than too much confidence and security. The Trojans, who stood upon their guard all the while the Grecians lay before their city, when they fancied the siege was raised, and the danger past, were the very next night burnt in their beds. I must also observe, that as in some climates there is a perpetual spring, so in some female constitutions there is a perpetual May. These are a kind of valetudinarians in chastity, whom I would continue in a constant diet. I cannot think these wholly out of danger, till they have looked upon the other sex at least five years through a pair of spectacles. Will Honeycomb has often assured me, that it is much easier to steal one of this species, when she has passed her grand climacteric, than to carry off an icy girl on this side five-and-twenty; and that a rake of his acquaintance, who had in vain endeavoured to gain the affections of a young lady of fifteen, had at last made his fortune by running away with her grandmother.

But as I do not design this speculation for the evergreens of the sex, I shall again apply myself to those who would willingly listen to the dictates of reason and virtue, and can now hear me in cold blood. If there are any who have forfeited their innocence, they must now consider themselves under that melancholy view in which Chamont regards his sister, in those beautiful lines:

'———Long she flourish'd,  
Grew sweet to sense, and lovely to the eye:  
Till at the last a cruel spoiler came,  
Cropt this fair rose, and rifled all its sweetness,  
Then cast it like a loathsome weed away.'

On the contrary, she who has observed the timely cautions I gave her, and lived up to the rules of modesty, will now flourish like 'a rose in June,' with all her virgin blushes and sweetness about her. I must, however, desire these last to consider, how shameful it would be for a general, who has made a successful campaign, to be surprised in his winter quarters. It would be no less dishonourable for a lady to lose, in any other month of the year, what she has been at the pains to preserve in May.

There is no charm in the female sex, that can supply the place of virtue. Without innocence, beauty is unlovely, and quality contemptible; good-breeding degenerates into wantonness, and wit into impudence. It is observed, that all the virtues are represented by both painters and statuarles under female shapes; but if any one of them has a more particular title to that sex, it is modesty. I shall leave it to the divines to guard them against the opposite vice, as they may be overpowered by temptations. It is sufficient for me to have warned them against it, as they may be led astray by instinct.

I desire this paper may be read with more than ordinary attention, at all tea-tables within the cities of London and Westminster.

RUDGE.

X.

Nº 396. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 4, 1712,

*Barbara, Celarent, Darii, Ferio, Baraliphton\*.*

HAVING a great deal of business upon my hands at present, I shall beg the reader's leave to present him with a letter that I received about half a year ago from a gentleman at Cambridge, who styles himself Peter de Quir†. I have kept it by me some months; and, though I did not know at first what to make of it, upon my reading it over very frequently I have at last discovered several conceits in it: I would not therefore have my reader discouraged if he does not take them at the first perusal.

'TO THE SPECTATOR.

*'From St. John's College, Cambridge, Feb. 3, 1712.*

SIR,

'THE monopoly of puns in this university has been an immemorial privilege of the Johnians‡; and we can't help resenting the late invasion of our ancient right as to that particular, by a little pretender to elenching in a neighbouring college, who in an application to you by way of letter, awhile ago, stiled himself Philobrunes§. Dear sir, as you are by character a professed well-wisher to speculation, you will excuse a remark which this gentleman's passion for the brunette has suggested to a brother theorist: it is an offer towards a mechanical account of his lapse to punning, for he belongs to a set of mortals who value themselves upon an uncommon mastery in the more humane and polite part of letters.

'A conquest by one of this species of females gives a very odd turn to the intellectuals of the captivated person, and very different from that way of thinking which a triumph from the eyes of another, more emphatically of the fair sex, does generally occasion. It fills the imagination with an assemblage of such ideas and pictures as are hardly any thing but shade, such as night, the devil, &c. These portraitures very near overpower the light of the understanding, almost benight the faculties, and give that melancholy tincture to the most sanguine complexion, which this gentleman calls an inclination to be in a brown-study, and is usually attended with worse consequences, in case of a repulse. During this twilight of intellects, the patient is extremely apt, as love is the most witty passion in nature, to offer at some pert sallies now and then, by way of flourish, upon the amiable enchantress, and unfortunately stumbles upon that mongrel miscreant (to speak in Miltonic) kind of wit, vulgarly termed the pun. It would not be much amiss to consult Dr. T——W—— (who is certainly a very able projector, and whose system of divinity and spiritual mechanics obtains very much among the better part of our undergraduates) whether a general inter-marriage, enjoined by parliament, between this sisterhood of the olive-beauties, and the fraternity of the people called quakers, would not be a very serviceable expedient, and abate that overflow of light which shines within them so powerfully, that it dazzles their eyes, and dances them into a thousand vagaries of

\* A barbarous verse, invented by the logicians.

† The writer of this letter was the noted orator Henley.

‡ The students of St. John's College. See the Gentleman's Magazine, vol. lxx.

§ The second letter in Nº 286.



time so far forget myself in my exaltation or received queenship, but that I always looked for such an alteration as I now find; for the ground of my preference being on no surer foundation than your grace's fancy, the least alteration I knew was fit and sufficient to draw that fancy to some other object. You have chosen me from a low estate to be your queen and companion, far beyond my desert or desire. If then you found me worthy of such honour, good your grace, let not any light fancy, or bad counsel of mine enemies, withdraw your princely favour from me; neither let that stain, that unworthy stain, of a disloyal heart towards your good grace, ever cast so foul a blot on your most dutiful wife, and the infant princess your daughter. Try me, good king, but let me have a lawful trial, and let not my sworn enemies sit as my accusers and judges; yea, let me receive an open trial, for my truth shall fear no open shame; then shall you see either mine innocence cleared, your suspicion and conscience satisfied, the ignominy and slander of the world stopped, or my guilt openly declared. So that whatsoever God or you may determine of me, your grace may be freed from an open censure; and mine offence being so lawfully proved, your grace is at liberty, both before God and man, not only to execute worthy punishment on me as an unlawful wife, but to follow your affection, already settled on that party, for whose sake I am now as I am, whose name I could some good while since have pointed unto, your grace not being ignorant of my suspicion therein.

'But if you have already determined of me, and that not only my death, but an infamous slander must bring you the enjoying of your desired happiness, then I desire of God, that he will pardon your great sin therein, and likewise mine enemies, the instruments thereof, and that he will not call you to a strict account for your unprincely and cruel usage of me, at his general judgment-seat, where both you and myself must shortly appear, and in whose judgment I doubt not (whatsoever the world may think of me) mine innocence shall be openly known, and sufficiently cleared.

'My last and only request shall be, that myself may only bear the burden of your grace's displeasure, and that it may not touch the innocent souls of those poor gentlemen, who (as I understand) are likewise in strait imprisonment for my sake. If ever I have found favour in your sight, if ever the name of Ann Boleyn hath been pleasing in your ears, then let me obtain this request, and I will so leave to trouble your grace any further, with mine earnest prayers to the Trinity, to have your grace in his good keeping, and to direct you in all your actions. From my doleful prison in the Tower, this sixth of May;

'Your most loyal

'and ever-faithful wife,

'ANN BOLEYN.'

ADDISON.

L.

Nº 398. FRIDAY, JUNE 6, 1712.

*Insanire pares certa ratione modoque.*

HOR. Sat. lib. 1. 2. ver. 271.

———You'd be a fool  
With art and wisdom, and be mad by rule.  
CREECH.

CYNTHIO and Flavia are persons of distinction in this town, who have been lovers these ten months last past, and writ to each other for gallantry sake, under those selgued names; Mr. Such-a-one and Mrs. Such-a-one not being capable of raising the soul out of the ordinary tracts and passages of life, up to that elevation which makes the life of the enamoured so much superior to that of the rest of the world. But ever since the beauteous Cecilia has made such a figure as she now does in the circle of charming women, Cynthia has been secretly one of her adorers. Lætitia has been the finest woman in town these three months, and so long Cynthia has acted the part of a lover very awkwardly in the presence of Flavia. Flavia has been too blind towards him, and has too sincere an heart of her own, to observe a thousand things which would have discovered this change of mind to any one less engaged than she was. Cynthia was musing yesterday in the piazza in Covent-garden, and was saying to himself that he was a very ill man to go on in visiting and professing love to Flavia, when his heart was enthralled to another. It is an infirmity that I am not constant to Flavia; but it would be still a greater crime, since I cannot continue to love her, to profess that I do. To marry a woman with the coldness that usually indeed comes on after marriage, is ruining one's self with one's eyes open; besides it is really doing her an injury. This last consideration forsooth, of injuring her in persisting, made him resolve to break off upon the first favourable opportunity of making her angry. When he was in this thought, he saw Robin the porter, who waits at Will's coffee-house, passing by. Robin, you must know, is the best man in town for carrying a billet; the fellow has a thin body, swift step; demure looks, sufficient sense, and knows the town. This man carried Cynthia's first letter to Flavia, and, by frequent errands ever since, is well known to her. The fellow covers his knowledge of the nature of his messages with the most exquisite low humour imaginable. The first he obliged Flavia to take, was by complaining to her that he had a wife and three children, and if she did not take that letter, which he was sure there was no harm in, but rather love; his family must go supperless to bed, for the gentleman would pay him according as he did his business. Robin therefore Cynthia now thought fit to make use of, and gave him orders to wait before Flavia's door, and if she called him to her, and asked whether it was Cynthia who passed by, he should at first be loth to own it was, but upon importunity confess it. There needed not much search into that part of the town to find a well-dressed hussey fit for the purpose Cynthia designed her. As soon as he believed Robin was posted, he drove by Flavia's lodgings in a hackney-coach and a woman in it. Robin was at the door talking with Flavia's maid, and Cynthia pulled up the glass as surprised, and hid his associate. The report of this circumstance soon flew up stairs, and Robin could not deny but the gentleman 'favoured' his master;



time so far forget myself in my exaltation or received queenship, but that I always looked for such an alteration as I now find; for the ground of my preferment being on no surer foundation than your grace's fancy, the least alteration I knew was fit and sufficient to draw that fancy to some other object. You have chosen me from a low estate to be your queen and companion, far beyond my desert or desire. If then you found me worthy of such honour, good your grace, let not any light fancy, or had counsel of mine enemies, withdraw your princely favour from me; neither let that stain, that unworthy stain, of a disloyal heart towards your good grace, ever cast so foul a blot on your most dutiful wife, and the infant princess your daughter. Try me, good king, but let me have a lawful trial, and let not my sworn enemies sit as my accusers and judges; yea, let me receive an open trial, for my truth shall fear no open shame; then shall you see either mine innocence cleared, your suspicion and conscience satisfied, the ignominy and slander of the world stopped, or my guilt openly declared. So that whatsoever God or you may determine of me, your grace may be freed from an open censure; and mine offence being so lawfully proved, your grace is at liberty, both before God and man, not only to execute worthy punishment on me as an unlawful wife, but to follow your affection, already settled on that party, for whose sake I am now as I am, whose name I could some good while since have pointed unto, your grace not being ignorant of my suspicion therein.

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yet if it was he, he was sure the lady was but his cousin whom he had seen ask for him; adding, that he believed she was a poor relation; because they made her wait one morning till he was awake. Flavia immediately writ the following epistle, which Robin brought to Will's:

'SIR,  
'It is in vain to deny it, basest, falsest of mankind; my maid, as well as the bearer, saw you.  
'THE INJURED FLAVIA.'

After Cynthia had read the letter, he asked Robin how she looked, and what she said at the delivery of it. Robin said she spoke short to him, and called him back again, and had nothing to say to him, and bid him and all the men in the world go out of her sight; but the maid followed, and bid him bring an answer.

Cynthia returned as follows:

'MADAM,  
'June 4, Three afternoon, 1712.  
'THAT your maid and the bearer have seen me very often is very certain; but I desire to know, being engaged at piquet, what your letter means by "it is vain to deny it." I shall stay here all the evening.  
'YOUR ANGRY CYNTHIA.'

As soon as Robin arrived with this, Flavia answered:

'DEAR CYNTHIA,  
'I HAVE walked a turn or two in my anti-chamber since I writ to you, and have recovered myself from an impatient fit which you ought to forgive me, and desire you would come to me immediately to laugh off a jealousy that you and a creature of the town went by in a hackney-coach an hour ago.  
'I am your most humble servant,  
'FLAVIA.'

'I will not open the letter which my Cynthia writ upon the misapprehension you must have been under, when you writ, for want of hearing the whole circumstance.'

Robin came back in an instant, and Cynthia answered—

'MADAM,  
'Half an hour six minutes after three, June 4, Will's coffee-house.  
'It is certain I went by your lodgings with a gentleman to whom I have the honour to be known; she is indeed my relation, and a pretty sort of a woman. But your starting manner of writing, and saying you had not done me the honour so much as to open my letter, has in it something very unaccountable, and alarms one that has had thoughts of passing his days with you. But I am born to advise you with all your little imperfections.  
'CYNTHIA.'

Robin ran back, and brought for answer—

'THAT sir, that one at Will's coffee-house six minutes after three, June 4; one that has had thoughts, and all my little imperfections. But, come to me immediately, or I shall determine what may perhaps not be very pleasing to you.  
'FLAVIA.'

Robin gave no account that she looked extremely angry when she gave him the letter; and that he said, for she asked, that Cynthia only looked

at the clock, taking snuff, and writ two or three words on the top of the letter when he gave him his.

Now the plot thickened so well, as that Cynthia saw he had not much more to accomplish being irreconcilably bankrupt; he writ—

'MADAM,  
'I HAVE that prejudice in favour of all you do, that it is not possible for you to determine upon what will not be very pleasing to  
'Your obedient servant,  
'CYNTHIA.'

This was delivered, and the answer returned, in a little more than two seconds.

'SIR,  
'Is it come to this? You never loved me, and the creature you were with is the properest person for your associate. I despise you, and hope I shall soon hate you as a villain to  
'THE CREDULOUS FLAVIA.'

Robin ran back with—

'MADAM,  
'YOUR credulity when you are to gain you point, and suspicion when you fear to lose it, make it a very hard part to behave as becomes  
'Your humble slave,  
'CYNTHIA.'

Robin whipt away, and returned with

'MR. WILLIAMS,  
'FLAVIA and Cynthia are no more. I relieve you from the hard part of which you complain, and banish you from my sight for ever.  
'ANY HEART.'

Robin had a crown for his afternoon's work; and this is published to amuse Cecilia to avenge the injury done to Flavia.

STILES.

T.

N<sup>o</sup> 599. SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1712.

It seems to me (said de la Roche)

FEEL, but in ver. 11.

Now, some down is into himself, to find  
The secret imperfections of his mind.

DRYDEN.

Hypocrisy at the fashionable end of the town, is very different from hypocrisy in the city. The modish hypocrite endeavours to appear more virtuous than he really is, the other kind of hypocrite more virtuous. The former is afraid of every thing that has the show of religion in it, and would be thought engaged in many criminal gallantries and amours, which he is not guilty of. The latter assumes a face of sanctity, and covers a multitude of vices under a seeming religious deportment.

But there is another kind of hypocrisy, which differs from both these, and which I intend to make the subject of this paper: I mean that hypocrisy, by which a man does not only deceive the world, but very often imposes on himself that hypocrisy which conceals his own heart from him, and makes him believe he is more virtuous than he really is, and either not attend to his vices, or mistake even his vices for virtues. It is this fatal hy-

poerisy, and self-deceit, which is taken notice of in those words, 'Who can understand his errors? cleanse thou me from secret faults.'

If the open professors of impiety deserve the utmost application and endeavours of moral writers to recover them from vice and folly, how much more may those lay a claim to their care and compassion, who are walking in the paths of death, while they fancy themselves engaged in a course of virtue! I shall endeavour therefore to lay down some rules for the discovery of those vices that lurk in the secret corners of the soul, and to show my reader those methods by which he may arrive at a true and impartial knowledge of himself. The usual means prescribed for this purpose, are to examine ourselves by the rules which are laid down for our direction in sacred writ, and to compare our lives with the life of that person who acted up to the perfection of human nature, and is the standing example, as well as the great guide and instructor, of those who receive his doctrines. Though these two heads cannot be too much insisted upon, I shall but just mention them, since they have been handled by many great and eminent writers.

I would therefore propose the following methods to the consideration of such as would find out their secret faults, and make a true estimate of themselves.

In the first place, let them consider well what are the characters which they hear among their enemies. Our friends very often flatter us, as much as our own hearts. They either do not see our faults, or conceal them from us, or soften them by their representations, after such a manner, that we think them too trivial to be taken notice of. An adversary, on the contrary, makes a stricter search into us, discovers every flaw and imperfection in our tempers; and though his malice may set them in too strong a light, it has generally some ground for what it advances. A friend exaggerates a man's virtues, an enemy inflames his crimes. A wise man should give a just attention to both of them, so far as they may tend to the improvement of one, and the diminution of the other. Pinitarch has written an essay on the benefits which a man may receive from his enemies, and, among the good fruits of enmity, mentions this in particular, that by the reproaches which it casts upon us we see the worst side of ourselves, and open our eyes to several blemishes and defects in our lives and conversations, which we should not have observed without the help of such ill-natured monitors.

In order likewise to come at a true knowledge of ourselves, we should consider on the other hand how far we may deserve the praises and approbations which the world bestow upon us; whether the actions they celebrate proceed from laudable and worthy motives; and how far we are really possessed of the virtues which gain us applause among those with whom we converse. Such a reflection is absolutely necessary, if we consider apt we are either to value or condemn ourselves by the opinions of others, and to sacrifice of our own hearts to the judgment of

that we may not deceive ourselves so much importance, we should stress on any supposed virtues of a doubtful nature: and all those in which multitudes of us, who are as good and wise could always act with great inspection in points where

it is not impossible that we may be deceived. Intemperate zeal, bigotry, and persecution for any party or opinion, how praiseworthy soever they may appear to weak men of our own principles, produce infinite calamities among mankind, and are highly criminal in their own nature: and yet how many persons eminent for piety suffer such monstrous and absurd principles of action to take root in their minds under the colour of virtues! For my own part, I must own, I never yet knew any party so just and reasonable, that a man could follow it in its height and violence, and at the same time be innocent.

We should likewise be very apprehensive of those actions which proceed from natural constitutions, favourite passions, particular education, or whatever promotes our worldly interest or advantage. In these and the like cases, a man's judgment is easily perverted, and a wrong bias hung upon his mind. These are the inlets of prejudice, the unguarded avenues of the mind, by which a thousand errors and secret faults find admission, without being observed or taken notice of. A wise man will suspect those actions to which he is directed by something besides reason, and always apprehend some concealed evil in every resolution that is of a disputable nature, when it is conformable to his particular temper, his age, or way of life, or when it favours his pleasure, or his profit.

There is nothing of greater importance to us than thus diligently to sift our thoughts, and examine all these dark recesses of the mind, if we would establish our souls in such a solid and substantial virtue, as will turn to account in that great day when it must stand the test of infinite wisdom and justice.

I shall conclude this essay with observing, that the two kinds of hypocrisy I have here spoken of, namely, that of deceiving the world, and that of imposing on ourselves, are touched with wonderful beauty in the hundred and thirty-ninth psalm. The folly of the first kind of hypocrisy is there set forth by reflections on God's omniscience and omnipresence, which are celebrated in as noble strains of poetry as any other I ever met with either sacred or profane. The other kind of hypocrisy, whereby a man deceives himself, is intimated in the two last verses, where the psalmist addresses himself to the great Searcher of hearts in that emphatical petition, 'Try me, O God, and seek the ground of my heart; prove me, and examine my thoughts. Look well if there be any way of wickedness in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.'

ADDISON.

L.

Nº 400. MONDAY, JUNE 9, 1712.

—*Latet anguis in herba.*

VIRG. Ecl. iii. ver. 93.

There's a snake in the grass. [English Proverb.]

It should, methinks, preserve modesty and its interests in the world, that the transgression of it always creates offence; and the very purposes of wantonness are defeated by a carriage which has in it so much boldness, as to intimate that fear and reluctance are quite extinguished in an object which would be otherwise desirable. It was said of a wit of the last age \*

\* Sir Charles Sedley.

'Bedley has that prevailing gentle art  
Which can with a rowthes charm impart  
The lowest wishes to the chastest heart;  
Rales such a conflict, kindle such a fire,  
Between declining virtue and desire,  
That the poor ransack'd soul divides away  
In dreams all night, in sighs and tears all day.'

This 'prevailing gentle art' was made up of complaisance, courtship, and artful conformity to the modesty of a woman's manners. Rascality, broad expression, and forward obtrusion, offend those of education, and make the transgressors odious to all who have merit enough to attract regard. It is in this taste that the scenery is so beautifully ordered in the description which Ansony makes in the dialogue between him and Dolabella, of Cleopatra in her barge:

'Her galley down the silver Cydnos row'd;  
The tackling silk, the streamers wav'd with gold;  
The gentle winds were lodg'd in purple sails;  
Her symphs, like Mercede, round her couch were plac'd,  
Where she, another sea-born Venus, lay;  
She lay, and leaz'd her cheek upon her hand,  
And cast a look so languishingly sweet,  
As if secure of all beholders' hearts,  
Reflecting she could take them. Boys, like cupids,  
Stood gazing with their painted wings the winds  
That play'd about her face; but if she smil'd,  
A darting glory seem'd to blaze about;  
That men's desiring eyes were never weary'd,  
But burst upon the object. To soft lutes  
The silver ears kept time; and while they play'd,  
The listening ears new pleasure to the sight;  
And both to thought—'

Here the imagination is warmed with all the objects presented, and yet there is nothing that is lascivious, or what raises any idea more loose than that of a beautiful woman set off to advantage. The like, or a more delicate and careful spirit of modesty, appears in the following passage in one of Mr. Phillips's pastorals:

'Breathe soft ye winds, ye waters gently flow,  
Shroud her ye trees, ye flowers around her grow;  
Ye swains, I beg you, pass in silence by,  
My love in yonder vale asleep does lie.'

Discreet is corrected when there is a tenderness or admiration expressed which partakes the passion. Lascivious language has something brutal to it, which disgraces humanity, and leaves in the condition of the savages in the field. But it may be asked, to what good use can tend a discourse of this kind at all? It is in alarm chaute ears against such as have, what is above called, the 'prevailing gentle art.' Masters of that talent are capable of clothing their thoughts in so soft a dress, and something so distant from the secret purpose of their heart, that the imagination of the unguarded is touched with a tenderness, which grows too insensibly to be resisted. Much care and concern for the lady's welfare, to seem afraid lest she should be swayed by the very air which surrounds her, and she uttered rather with kind looks, and expressed by an interjection, an 'ah,' or an 'oh,' at some little hazard in moving or making a step, than in any direct profession of love, are the methods of skillful adulterers. They are honest arts when their purpose is such, but infamous when misapplied. It is certain, that many a young woman in this town has had her heart irretrievably won, by men who have but made one advance which turns their admirers, though the females languish with the utmost anxiety. I have often, by way of admonition to my friend's readers, given them warning against

agreeable company of the other sex, except they are well acquainted with their characters. Women may disguise it if they think fit; and the more to do it, they may be angry at me for saying it; but I say it is natural to them, that they have no manner of approbation of men, without some degree of love. For this reason he is dangerous to be entertained as a friend or visitant, who is capable of gaining any esteem or observation, though it be never so remote from pretensions as a lover. If a man's heart has not the abhorrence of any treacherous design, he may easily improve approbation into kindness, and kindness into passion. There may possibly be no manner of love between them, in the eyes of all their acquaintances; no, it is all friendship; and yet they may be as fond as shepherd and shepherdess to a pastoral; but still the nymph and the swain may be to each other, no other, I warrant you, than Py-lades and Orestes.

'When Lucy decks with flow'rs her swelling breast,  
And on her elbow leans, dissembling rest;  
Unable to refrain my wandering mind,  
Her sheep nor pasture worth my care I find.'

'Once Debra slept, on easy moss reclin'd,  
Her ivory limbs half bare, and rode the wind.  
I smooth'd her coat, and stole a silent kiss;  
Condemn me, shepherds, if I did amiss.'

Such good officers as these, and such friendly thoughts and concerns for one another, are what make up the amity, as they call it, between man and woman.

It is the permissiveness of such intercourse, that makes a young woman come to the arms of her husband, after the disappointment of four or five passions which she has successively had for different men, before she is prudentially given to him for whom she has neither love nor friendship. For what should a poor creature do that has lost all her friends! There's Marinet the agreeable has, to my knowledge, had a friendship for Lord Welford, which had like to break her heart; then she had so great a friendship for Colonel Hardy, that she could not endure any woman else should do any thing but rail at him. Many and fatal have been disasters between friends who have fallen out, and these resentments are more keen than ever those of other men can possibly be but in this it happens unfortunately, that as there ought to be nothing concealed from one friend to another, the friends of different sexes very often find fatal effects from their unanimity.

For my part, who study to pass life in as much innocence and tranquillity as I can, I shun the company of agreeable women as much as possible; and must confess that I have, though a tolerable good philosopher, but a low opinion of 'Platonic love' for which reason I thought it necessary to give my fair readers a caution against it, having, to my great concern, observed the want of a Platonist lately swell to a roadster which is inconsistent with that philosophy.

FINIS.

T.

N<sup>o</sup> 401. TUESDAY, JUNE 10, 1712.

*In amore hæc omnia insunt vitia: Injuriam,  
Suspicionem, inimicitiam, induciam,  
Bellum, pax rursum—*

TER. ERM. act 1. sc. 1.

It is the capricious state of love, to be attended with injuries, suspicions, enmities, truces, quarrelling, and reconciliation.

I SHALL publish, for the entertainment of this day, an odd sort of a packet, which I have just received from one of my female correspondents.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘SINCE you have often confessed that you are not displeased your papers should sometimes convey the complaints of distressed lovers to each other, I am in hopes you will favour one who gives you an undoubted instance of her reformation, and at the same time a convincing proof of the happy influence your labours have had over the most incorrigible part of the most incorrigible sex. You must know, sir, I am one of that species of women, whom you have often characterised under the name of “Jilts,” and that I send you these lines as well to do public penance for having so long continued in a known error, as to beg pardon of the party offended. I rather choose this way, because it in some measure answers the terms on which he intimated the breach between us might possibly be made up, as you will see by the letter he sent me the next day after I had discarded him; which I thought fit to send you a copy of, that you might the better know the whole case.

‘I must further acquaint you, that before I jilted him, there had been the greatest intimacy between us for a year and a half together, during all which time I cherished his hopes, and indulged his flame. I leave you to guess, after this, what must be his surprise, when, upon his pressing for my full consent one day, I told him I wondered what could make him fancy he had ever any place in my affections. His own sex allow him sense, and all ours good breeding. His person is such as might, without vanity, make him believe himself not incapable to be beloved. Our fortunes indeed, weighed in the nice scale of interest, are not exactly equal, which by the way was the true cause of my jilting him; and I had the assurance to acquaint him with the following maxim, that I should always believe that man’s passion to be the most violent, who could offer me the largest settlement. I have since changed my opinion, and have endeavoured to let him know so much by several letters, but the barbarous man has refused them all; so that I have no way left of writing to him but by your assistance. If you can bring him about once more, I promise to send you all gloves and favours, and shall desire the favour of Sir Roger and yourself to stand as godfathers to my first boy.

‘I am, sir,

‘Your most obedient, most humble servant,

‘AMORET.’

‘PHILANDER TO AMORET.

‘MADAM,

‘I AM so surprised at the question you were pleased to ask me yesterday, that I am still at a loss what to say to it. At least my answer would be too long to trouble you with, as it would come from a person, who, it seems, is so very indifferent to you.

Instead of it, I shall only recommend to your consideration the opinion of one whose sentiments on these matters I have often heard you say are extremely just. “A generous and constant passion,” says your favourite author, “in an agreeable lover, where there is not too great a disparity in their circumstances, is the greatest blessing that can befall a person beloved; and if overlooked in one, may perhaps never be found in another.”

‘I do not, however, at all despair of being very shortly much better beloved by you than Antenor is at present; since, whenever my fortune shall exceed his, you were pleased to intimate your passion would increase accordingly.

‘The world has seen me shamefully lose that time to please a fickle woman, which might have been employed much more to my credit and advantage in other pursuits. I shall therefore take the liberty to acquaint you, however harsh it may sound in a lady’s ears, that though your love-fit should happen to return, unless you could contrive a way to make your recantation as well known to the public, as they are already apprised of the manner with which you have treated me, you shall never more see

‘PHILANDER.’

‘AMORET TO PHILANDER.

‘SIR,

‘UPON reflection, I find the injury I have done both to you and myself to be so great, that, though the part I now act may appear contrary to that decorum usually observed by our sex, yet I purposely break through all rules, that my repentance may in some measure equal my crime. I assure you, that in my present hopes of recovering you, I look upon Antenor’s estate with contempt. The fop was here yesterday in a gilt chariot and new liveries, but I refused to see him. Though I dread to meet your eyes, after what has passed, I flatter myself, that, amidst all their confusion, you will discover such a tenderness in mine, as none can imitate but those who love. I shall be all this month at Lady D——’s in the country; but the woods, the fields, and gardens, without Philander, afford no pleasures to the unhappy

‘AMORET.’

‘I must desire you, dear Mr. Spectator, to publish this my letter to Philander as soon as possible, and to assure him that I know nothing at all of the death of his rich uncle in Gloucestershire.’

BUDGELL.

X.

N<sup>o</sup> 402. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 11, 1712.

*quæ  
Ipse sibi tradit Spectator*

HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 181.

By the Spectator given to himself.

WERE I to publish all the advertisements I receive from different hands, and persons of different circumstances and quality, the very mention of them, without reflections on the several subjects, would raise all the passions which can be felt by human minds. As instances of this, I shall give you two or three letters; the writers of which can have no recourse to any legal power for redress, and seem to have written rather to vent their sorrow than to receive consolation.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I AM a young woman of beauty and quality, and suitably married to a gentleman who doats on me. But this person of mine is the object of an unjust passion in a nobleman who is very intimate with my husband. This friendship gives him very easy access, and frequent opportunities of entertaining me apart. My heart is in the utmost anguish, and my face is covered over with confusion, when I impart to you another circumstance, which is, that my mother, the most mercenary of all women, is gained by this false friend of my husband's to solicit me for him. I am frequently chid by the poor believing man my husband, for showing an impatience of his friend's company; and I am over-ruled by my mother, but she tells me stories of the dissipated part of the world, and such a one, and such a one, who are guilty of as much as she advises me to. She laughs at my astonishment, and seems to hint to me, that as virtuous as she has always appeared I am not the daughter of her husband. It is possible that printing this letter may relieve me from the unnatural importunity of my mother, and the pernicious courtship of my husband's friend. I have an unfeigned love of virtue, and am resolved to preserve my innocence. The only way I can think of to avoid the fatal consequences of the discovery of this matter, is to fly away for ever, which I must do to avoid my husband's fatal resentment against the man who attempts to abuse him, and the shame of exposing a parent to infamy. The persons concerned will know these circumstances relate to them; and, though the regard to virtue is dead in them, I have some hopes from their fear of shame upon reading this to your paper, which I conjure you to publish, if you have any compassion for injured virtue.

'SYLVIA.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I AM the husband of a woman of merit, but am ill in love, as they call it, with a lady of her acquaintance, who is going to be married to a gentleman who deserves her. I am in a cruel relating to this matter necessary; but I have so irretrievable a rage and envy rise in me when I consider his future happiness, that against all reason, equity, and common justice, I am ever playing mean tricks to suspend the nuptials. I have no number of hopes for myself; I am, for so I'll call her, a woman of the most strict virtue; her lover is a gentleman whom of all others I could wish my friends; but ever and jealousy, though placed so unjustly, wate my very being; and, with the torment and scorch of a demon, I am ever cursing what I cannot but approve. I wish it were the beginning of repentance, that I sit down and describe my present disposition with so hellish an aspect; but at present the destruction of these two excellent persons would be more welcome to me than their happiness. Mr. Spectator, pray let me have a paper on these terrible groundless malignity, and do all you can to satisfy friends who are in some degree pained as I am.

'CAROL.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I HAVE no other means but this to express my thanks to our man, and my resentment against my enemy. My circumstances are as follow: I have been for his years last past courted by a gentle-

man of greater fortune than I ought to expect, as the market for women goes. You must, to be sure, have observed people who live in that sort of way, as all their friends reckon it will be a match, and are marked out by all the world for each other. In this view we have been regarded for some time, and I have above these three years loved him tenderly. As he is very careful of his fortune, I always thought he lived in a neat manner, to lay up what he thought was wanting in my fortune to make up what he might expect in another. Within these few months I have observed his carriage very much altered, and he has affected a certain air of getting me alone, and talking with a mighty profusion of passionate words, how I am not to be resisted longer, how irresistible his wishes are, and the like. As long as I have been acquainted with him, I could not on such occasions my downright to him, "You know you may make me yours when you please." But the other night he with great frankness and impudence explained to me, that he thought of me only as a mistress. I answered this declaration as it deserved; upon which he only doubled the terms on which he proposed my yielding. When my anger heightened upon him, he told me he was sorry he had made so little use of the unguarded hours we had been together to remove from company, "as I said," continued he, "so we are at present." I flew from him to a neighbouring gentleman's house, and, though her husband was in the room, threw myself on a couch, and burst into a passion of tears. My friend desired her husband to leave the room. "But," said he, "there is something so extraordinary in this, that I will partake in the affliction; and, be it what it will, she is so much your friend, that she knows you may command what services I can do her." The man sat down by me, and spoke so like a brother, that I told him my whole affliction. He spoke of the injury done me with so much indignation, and animated me against the love he said he saw I had for the wretch who would have betrayed me, with so much reason and humanity to my weakness, that I doubt not of my perseverance. His wife and he are my comforters, and I am under no more restraint in their company than if I were alone; and I doubt not but in a small time contempt and hatred will take place of the remains of affection to a rival.

'I AM, MR.

'Your affectionate reader,

'MORIEL.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I WAS the misfortune to be an uncle before I knew my nephews from my nieces; and now we are grown up to better acquaintance, they deny me the respect they owe. One upbraid me with being their familiar, another will hardly be persuaded that I am an uncle, a third calls me little uncle, and a fourth tells me there is no duty at all to an uncle. I have a brother-in-law, whose son will win all my affection, unless you shall think this worthy of your cognizance, and will be pleased to preserve some rules for our future reciprocal behaviour. It will be worthy the particularity of your genius to lay down rules for his conduct, who was, as it were, born an old man; to which you will much oblige me,

'Your most obedient servant,

'CORNELIUS WORM.'

STAY.

T.

N<sup>o</sup> 403. THURSDAY, JUNE 12, 1712.

*Qui mores hominum multorum vidit* —  
 HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 142.  
 Who many towns, and change of manners saw.  
 ROSCOMMON.

WHEN I consider this great city in its several quarters and divisions, I look upon it as an aggregate of various nations distinguished from each other by their respective customs, manners, and interests. The courts of two countries do not so much differ from one another, as the court and city, in their peculiar ways of life and conversation. In short, the inhabitants of St. James's, notwithstanding they live under the same laws, and speak the same language, are a distinct people from those of Cheapside, who are likewise removed from those of the Temple on the one side, and those of Smithfield on the other, by several climates and degrees in their way of thinking and conversing together.

For this reason, when any public affair is upon the anvil, I love to hear the reflections that arise upon it in the several districts and parishes of London and Westminster, and to ramble up and down a whole day together, in order to make myself acquainted with the opinions of my ingenious countrymen. By this means I know the faces of all the principal politicians within the bills of mortality: and as every coffee-house has some particular statesman belonging to it, who is the mouth of the street where he lives, I always take care to place myself near him, in order to know his judgment on the present posture of affairs. The last progress that I made with this intention was about three months ago, when we had a current report of the King of France's death. As I foresaw this would produce a new face of things in Europe, and many curious speculations in our British coffee-houses, I was very desirous to learn the thoughts of our most eminent politicians on that occasion.

That I might begin as near the fountain-head as possible, I first of all called in at St. James's, where I found the whole outward room in a buzz of politics. The speculations were but very indifferent towards the door, but grew finer as you advanced to the upper end of the room, and were so very much improved by a knot of theorists, who sat in the inner room, within the steams of the coffee-pot, that I there heard the whole Spanish monarchy disposed of, and all the line of Bourbon provided for in less than a quarter of an hour.

I afterwards called in at Giles's, where I saw a board of French gentlemen sitting upon the life and death of their grand monarch. Those among them who had espoused the whig interest, very positively affirmed, that he departed this life about a week since, and therefore proceeded without any further delay to the release of their friends in the galleys, and to their own re-establishment; but, finding they could not agree among themselves, I proceeded on my intended progress.

Upon my arrival at Jenny Man's, I saw an alert young fellow that cocked his hat upon a friend of his, who entered just at the same time with myself, and accosted him after the following manner: 'Well, Jack, the old prig is dead at last. Sharp's the word. Now or never, boy. Up to the walls of Paris directly.' With several other deep reflections of the same nature.

I met with very little variation in the politics be-

tween Charing-cross and Covent-garden. And upon my going into Will's, I found their discourse was gone off from the death of the French king to that of Monsieur Boileau, Racine, Corneille, and several other poets, whom they regretted on this occasion, as persons who would have obliged the world with very noble elegies on the death of so great a prince, and so eminent a patron of learning.

At a coffee-house near the Temple, I found a couple of young gentlemen engaged very smartly in a dispute on the succession to the Spanish monarchy. One of them seemed to have been retained as advocate for the Duke of Anjou, the other for his Imperial majesty. They were both for regulating the title to that kingdom by the statute laws of England: but finding them going out of my depth, I passed forward to Paul's Church-yard, where I listened with great attention to a learned man who gave the company an account of the deplorable state of France during the minority of the deceased king.

I then turned on my right hand into Fish-street, where the chief politician of that quarter, upon hearing the news, (after having taken a pipe of tobacco, and ruminated for some time) 'If,' says he, 'the King of France is certainly dead, we shall have plenty of mackarel this season: our fishery will not be disturbed by privateers, as it has been for these ten years past.' He afterwards considered how the death of this great man would affect our pitchards, and by several other remarks infused a general joy into his whole audience.

I afterwards entered a by-coffee-house, that stood at the upper end of a narrow lane, where I met with a non-juror, engaged very warmly with a laceman who was the great support of a neighbouring conventicle. The matter in debate was, whether the late French king was most like Augustus Cæsar, or Nero. The controversy was carried on with great heat on both sides, and as each of them looked upon me very frequently during the course of their debate, I was under some apprehension that they would appeal to me, and therefore hid down my penny at the bar, and made the best of my way to Cheapside.

I here gazed upon the signs for some time before I found one to my purpose. The first object I met in the coffee-room, was a person who expressed a great grief for the death of the French king; but, upon his explaining himself, I found his sorrow did not arise from the loss of the monarch, but for his having sold out of the Bank about three days before he heard the news of it. Upon which a haberdasher, who was the oracle of the coffee-house, and had his circle of admirers about him, called several to witness that he had declared his opinion above a week before, that the French king was certainly dead; to which he added, that, considering the late advices we had received from France, it was impossible that it could be otherwise. As he was laying these together, and dictating to his hearers with great authority, there came in a gentleman from Garraway's, who told us that there were several letters from France just come in, with advice that the king was in good health, and was gone out a hunting the very morning the post came away: upon which the haberdasher stole off his hat that hung upon a wooden peg by him, and retired to his shop with great confusion. This intelligence put a stop to my travels, which I had prosecuted with so much satisfaction; not being a little pleased to hear so many different

opinions upon so great an event, and to observe how naturally upon such a piece of news every one is apt to consider it with regard to his particular interest and advantage.

ADDISON.

L.

N° 404. FRIDAY, JUNE 13, 1712.

Non omnia possumus omnes.

VIRG. Eccl. viii. ver. 23.

With different talents form'd, we variously excel.

Nature does nothing in vain: the Creator of the universe has appointed every thing to a certain use and purpose, and determined it to a settled course and sphere of action, from which if it in the least deviates, it becomes unfit to answer those ends for which it was designed. In like manner it is in the dispositions of society; the civil economy is formed in a like manner, as well as the natural: and in either case the breach but of one link puts the whole in some disorder. It is, I think, pretty plain, that most of the absurdity and ridicule we meet with in the world, is generally owing to the impertinent affectation of excelling in characters men are not fit for, and for which nature never designed them.

Every man has one or more qualities which may make him useful both to himself and others. Nature never fails of pointing them out; and while the infant continues under her guardianship, she brings him on in his way, and then offers herself for a guide in what remains of the journey; if he proceeds in that course he can hardly miscarry. Nature makes good her engagements; for, as she never promises what she is not able to perform, so she never fails of performing what she promises. But the misfortune is, men drop what they may be masters of, and affect what they are not fit for; they reckon themselves already possessed of what their genius inclined them to, and so breed all their ambition to excel in what is out of their reach. Thus they destroy the use of their natural talents, in the same manner as covetous men do their quiet and repose; they can enjoy no satisfaction in what they have, because of the absurd inclination they are possessed with for what they desire not.

Cleantes had good sense, a great memory, and a constitution capable of the closest application. In a word, there was no profession in which Cleantes might not have made a very good figure; yet this won't satisfy him; he takes up an unreasonable fondness for the character of a fine gentleman; all his thoughts are bent upon this: instead of attending a diversion, frequenting the courts of justice, or studying the law, Cleantes reads plays, dances, drowns, and spends his time in travelling; instead of being a good lawyer, divine, or physician, Cleantes is a downright rascal, and will remain to all that know him a rectifiable example of talents misapplied. It is to this affectation the world owes its whole race of customs. Nature in her whole design never drew such a party; she has sometimes made a fool, but a fool is always of a man's own making, by applying his talents otherwise than Nature designed, who ever bears a high resentment for being put out of her course, and never fails of taking her revenge on those that do so. Opposing her tendency to the application of a man's parts, has the same manner as deviating from her course in the production of vegetables, by the assistance of art and an hot-bed. We may possibly extract an un-

willful plant, or an untimely salad; but how weak, how tasteless and insipid! Just as insipid as the poetry of Valerio. Valerio had an universal character, was genteel, had learning, thought justly, spoke correctly; it was believed there was nothing in which Valerio did not excel; and it was so far true, that there was but one; Valerio had no genius for poetry, yet he is resolved to be a poet; he writes verses, and takes great pains to convince the town that Valerio is not that extraordinary person he was taken for.

If men would be content to graft upon Nature, and assist her operations, what mighty effects might we expect! Tully would not stand so much alone in oratory, Virgil in poetry, or Caesar in war. To build upon Nature, is laying the foundation upon a rock; every thing disposes itself into order as it were of course, and the whole work is half done as soon as undertaken. Cicero's genius inclined him to oratory, Virgil's to follow the train of the Muses; they pliously obeyed the admonition, and were rewarded. Had Virgil attended the bar, his modest and ingenuous virtues would surely have made but a very indifferent figure; and Tully's declamatory inclination would have been as useless in poetry. Nature, if left to herself, leads us on in the best course, but will do nothing by compulsion and constraint; and if we are not satisfied to go her way, we are always the greatest sufferers by it.

Wherever Nature designs a production, she always disposes seeds proper for it, which are as absolutely necessary to the formation of any moral or intellectual excellence, as they are to the being and growth of plants; and I know not by what fate and folly it is, that men are taught not to reckon him equally absurd that will write verses in spite of Nature, with that gardener that should undertake to raise a jonquil or tulip without the help of their respective seeds.

As there is no good or bad quality that does not affect both sexes, so it is not to be imagined but the fair sex must have suffered by an affection of this nature, at least as much as the other. The ill effect of it is in none so conspicuous as in the two opposite characters of Celia and Iris; Celia has all the charms of person, together with an abundant sweetness of nature, but wants wit, and has a very ill voice; Iris is ugly and ungoverned, but has wit and good sense. If Celia would be silent, her beholders would adore her; if Iris would talk, her hearers would admire her; but Celia's tongue runs incessantly, while Iris gives herself silent airs and soft language, so that it is difficult to persuade one's self that Celia has beauty, and Iris with such neglects her own excellence, and is ambitious of the other's character; Iris would be thought to have as much beauty as Celia, and Celia as much wit as Iris.

The great misfortune of this affection is, that men not only lose a good quality, but also contract a bad one. They not only are unfit for what they were designed, but they assign themselves to what they are not fit for; and, instead of making a very good figure one way, make a very ridiculous one another. If Semasie would have been satisfied with her natural complexion, she might still have been celebrated by the name of the olive beauty; but Semasie has taken up an affection to white and red, and is now distinguished by the character of the lady that paints so well. In a word, could the world be reformed to the abundance of that famed virtue, 'Follow Nature,' which the Oracle of Delphos pronounced to Cicero when he con-

sulted what course of studies he should pursue, we should see almost every man as eminent in his proper sphere as Tully was in his, and should in a very short time find impertinence and affectation banished from among the women, and coxcombs and false characters from among the men. For my part, I could never consider this preposterous repugnancy to nature any otherwise, than not only as the greatest folly, but also one of the most heinous crimes, since it is a direct opposition to the disposition of Providence, and (as Tully expresses it) like the sin of the giants, an actual rebellion against heaven.

[Supposed to be POPE.]

2.

Nº 405. SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1712.

Οἱ δὲ πρῆμειροι μολπῇ Θεῶν ἱλασμένοι,  
Καλὸν αὐδῶντες Παιήσια κῆροι Ἀχαιῶν,  
Μέλποντες Ἐσπεργον· ὃ δὲ φρενὶ τέρπειτ' αἰώνων.

HOM. Iliad i. ver. 472.

With hymns divine the joyous banquet ends;  
The Pæans lengthen'd till the sun descends:  
The Greeks restor'd the grateful notes prolong;  
Apollo listens, and approves the song.

POPE.

I AM very sorry to find, by the opera bills for this day, that we are likely to lose the greatest performer in dramatic music that is now living, or that perhaps ever appeared upon a stage. I need not acquaint my reader, that I am speaking of Signior Nicolini. The town is highly obliged to that excellent artist, for having shown us the Italian music in its perfection, as well as for that generous approbation he lately gave to an opera \* of our own country, in which the composer endeavoured to do justice to the beauty of the words, by following that noble example, which has been set him by the greatest foreign masters in that art.

I could heartily wish there was the same application and endeavours to cultivate and improve our church-music, as have been lately bestowed on that of the stage. Our composers have one very great incitement to it. They are sure to meet with excellent words, and at the same time a wonderful variety of them. There is no passion that is not finely expressed in those parts of the inspired writings which are proper for divine songs and anthems.

There is a certain coldness and indifference in the phrases of our European languages, when they are compared with the oriental forms of speech; and it happens very luckily, that the Hebrew idioms run into the English tongue with a particular grace and beauty. Our language has received innumerable elegancies and improvements, from that infusion of Hebraisms, which are derived to it out of the poetical passages in holy writ. They give a force and energy to our expression, warm and animate our language, and convey our thoughts in more ardent and intense phrases, than any that are to be met with in our own tongue. There is something so pathetic in this kind of diction, that it often sets the mind in a flame, and makes our hearts burn within us. How cold and dead does a prayer appear, that is composed in the most elegant and polite forms of speech, which are natural

to our tongue, when it is not heightened by that solemnity of phrase which may be drawn from the sacred writings! It has been said by some of the ancients, that if the gods were to talk with men, they would certainly speak in Plato's style; but I think we may say with justice, that when mortals converse with their Creator, they cannot do it in so proper a style as in that of the holy scriptures.

If any one would judge of the beauties of poetry that are to be met with in the divine writings, and examine how kindly the Hebrew manners of speech mix and incorporate with the English language; after having perused the book of Psalms, let him read a literal translation of Horace or Pindar. He will find in these two last such an absurdity and confusion of style, with such a comparative poverty of imagination, as will make him very sensible of what I have been here advancing.

Since we have therefore such a treasury of words, so beautiful in themselves, and so proper for the airs of music, I cannot but wonder that persons of distinction should give so little attention and encouragement to that kind of music, which would have its foundation in reason, and which would improve our virtue in proportion as it raises our delight. The passions that are excited by ordinary compositions generally flow from such silly and absurd occasions, that a man is ashamed to reflect upon them seriously; but the fear, the love, the sorrow, the indignation that are awakened in the mind by hymns and anthems, make the heart better, and proceed from such causes as are altogether reasonable and praise-worthy. Pleasure and duty go hand in hand, and the greater our satisfaction is, the greater is our religion.

Music among those who were styled the chosen people was a religious art. The songs of Sion, which we have reason to believe were in high repute among the courts of the eastern monarchs, were nothing else but psalms and pieces of poetry that adored or celebrated the Supreme Being. The greatest conqueror in this holy nation, after the manner of the old Grecian lyrics, did not only compose the words of his divine odes, but generally set them to music himself: after which, his works, though they were consecrated to the tabernacle, became the national entertainment, as well as the devotion of his people.

The first original of the drama was a religious worship consisting only of a chorus, which was nothing else but a hymn to a deity. As luxury and voluptuousness prevailed over innocence and religion, this form of worship degenerated into tragedies; in which, however, the chorus so far remembered its first office, as to brand every thing that was vicious, and recommend every thing that was laudable, to intercede with heaven for the innocent, and to implore its vengeance on the criminal.

Homer and Hesiod intimate to us how this art should be applied, when they represent the muses as surrounding Jupiter, and warbling their hymns about his throne. I might show, from innumerable passages in ancient writers, not only that vocal and instrumental music were made use of in their religious worship, but that their most favourite diversions were filled with songs and hymns to their respective deities. Had we frequent entertainments of this nature among us, they would not a little purify and exalt our passions, give our thoughts a proper turn, and cherish those divine impulses in the soul, which every one feels that has not stifled them by sensual and immoderate pleasures.

Music, when thus apply'd

\* Calypso and Telemachus, written by Mr. Hughes, and composed by Galliard.



the mind of the hearer, and fills it with great conceptions. It strengthens devotion, and advances praise into rapture, lengthens out every act of worship, and produces more lasting and permanent impressions in the mind, than those which accompany any transient form of words which are uttered in the ordinary method of religious worship.

ADDISON.

O\*

N<sup>o</sup> 400. MONDAY, JUNE 16, 1712.

*Hec studia adolescentium alunt, senectutem oblectant,  
accendunt vigorem, veterales solant in periphrasi  
probus; delectant domi, non impudicus furor;  
per-  
vocat mollescentia, peregretantur, rusticantur.*

TULL.

These studies improve youth; delight old age; are the ornament of prosperity, and refuge of adversity; please at home; are no incommode abroad; lodge with us; travel with us, and retire into the country with us.

THE following letters bear a pleasing image of the joys and satisfactions of a private life. The first is from a gentleman to a friend, for whom he has a very great respect, and to whom he communicates the satisfaction he takes in retirement; the other is a letter to me, occasioned by an ode written by my Lapland lover; this correspondent is so kind as to translate another of Scheffer's songs in a very agreeable manner. I publish them together, that the young and old may find something in the same paper which may be suitable to their respective tastes in solitude; for I know no fault in the description of ardent desires, provided they are reasonable.

DEAR SIR,

You have obliged me with a very kind letter, by which I find you shift the scene of your life from the town to the country, and enjoy that mixed state which wise men both delight in, and are qualified for. Methinks most of the philosophers and moralists have run too much into extremes, in praising entirely either solitude or public life; in the former men generally grow useless by too much rest, and in the latter are destroyed by too much precipitation; as waters lying still, putrify and are good for nothing; and running violently out, do but the more mischief in their passage to others, and are swallowed up and lost the sooner themselves. Those who, like you, can make themselves useful to all states, should be like gentle streams, that not only glide through lovely vales and forests amidst the flocks and shepherds, but visit populous towns in their course, and are at once of ornament and service to them. But there is another sort of people who seem designed for solitude, those I mean who have more to hide than to show. As for my own part, I am one of those of whom Spenser says, *"Tern untroublesome soul, as patient to torments as gold in lace set."* Some men, like pictures, are fitter for a corner than a full light; and I believe such as have a natural bent to solitude are like waters which may be forced into fountains, and exalted to a great height, may make a much nobler figure, and a much louder noise, but after all run away smoothly, equally and peacefully, in their own natural course upon the ground. The curi-

osity of this world makes me very well contented with the possession only of that quiet which Cowley calls the companion of obscurity; but whoever has the mores too for his companions, can never be idle enough to be uneasy. Thus, sir, you see I would flatter myself into a good opinion of my own way of living; Parnassus just now told me, that it is in human life as in a game at tables, one may wish he had the highest card, but if his chance be otherwise, he is even to play it as well as he can, and make the best of it.

I am, sir,

Your most obliged,  
'and most humble servant.'

MR. SPECTATOR,

THE town being so well pleased with the due picture of artless love, which Nature inspired the Laplander to paint in the ode you lately printed; we were in hopes that the ingenious translator would have obliged it with the other also which Scheffer has given us; but since he has not, a much kinder hand has ventured to send you this.

It is a custom with the northern lovers to divert themselves with a song, whilst they journey through the fenmy moors to pay a visit to their mistresses. This is addressed by the lover to his reindeer, which is the creature that in that country supplies the want of horses. The circumstances which successively present themselves to him in his way, or, I believe you will think, naturally interwoven. The anxiety of absence, the gloominess of the roads, and his resolution of frequenting only those, since those only can carry him to the object of his desire; the dissatisfaction he expresses even at the greatest swiftness with which he is carried, and his joyful surprise at an unexpected sight of his mistress as she is bathing, seems beautifully described in the original.

If all those pretty images of rural nature are lost in the imitation, yet possibly you may think it to let this supply the place of a long letter, when want of leisure or disposition for writing will not permit our being entertained by your own hand. I propose such a time, because, though it is natural to have a fondness for what one does one's self, yet I assure you I would not have anything of mine displace a single line of yours.

\* Haste, my rein-deer, and let us swiftly go  
Our summer journey through this dreary waste  
Haste, my rein-deer! still, still thou art too slow.  
Impetuous love demands the lightning's haste.

\* Around us far the rocky moors are spread;  
None with the sun withdrawn has cheerful rays  
Darkling and cold we kill the summer birds,  
No lay among the rocks the tedious way.

\* The weary length of these unjoyous moors  
Thou all the day thy mistress's pride curst  
Through these I fly to her my soul address  
To thy mistress, empty heart, farewell.

\* Each moment from the charmer I'm ravish'd,  
My heart is hurried with impatient love;  
Fly, my reindeer, fly as fast thou canst  
To thy dear mistress with my three desires.

\* Our pleasing toil will there be soon rewarded,  
And thou, my wanderer, shalt find your way;  
Adieu to all distress of the lonely road,  
Thou art a charmer, my reindeer, but sprightly ad.

\* But let not proud! presume they she should  
Sweetly pursuing with his three desires  
The crowd of stars transported sleep her heart  
Where, where, oh where she is, and I am fondly lost.

\* The letter O is supposed to have been sent by Addison, in the expectation of some of these papers to come and from the office, or perhaps this is a mistake, as the letter is not in the hand of Addison.

† See N<sup>o</sup> 24.\* See N<sup>o</sup> 24.

"In vain, ye envious streams, so fast ye flow,  
To hide her from a lover's ardent gaze:  
From every touch you more transparent grow,  
And all reveal'd the beauteous wanton plays."

STEELE.

7.

N<sup>o</sup> 407. TUESDAY, JUNE 17, 1712.— *abest facundis gratia dictis.*

OVID. Met. xiii. ver. 127.

Eloquent words a graceful manner want.

Most foreign writers, who have given any character of the English nation, whatever vices they ascribe to it, allow, in general, that the people are naturally modest. It proceeds perhaps from this our national virtue, that our orators are observed to make use of less gesture or action than those of other countries. Our preachers stand stock still in the pulpit, and will not so much as move a finger to set off the best sermons in the world. We meet with the same speaking statues at our bars, and in all public places of debate. Our words flow from us in a smooth continued stream, without those strainings of the voice, motions of the body, and majesty of the hand, which are so much celebrated in the orators of Greece and Rome. We can talk of life and death in cold blood, and keep our temper in a discourse which turns upon every thing that is dear to us. Though our zeal breaks out in the finest tropes and figures, it is not able to stir a limb about us. I have heard it observed more than once, by those who have seen Italy, that an untravell'd Englishman cannot relish all the beauties of Italian pictures, because the postures which are expressed in them are often such as are peculiar to that country. One who has not seen an Italian in the pulpit, will not know what to make of that noble gesture in Raphael's picture of St. Paul preaching at Athens, where the apostle is represented as lifting up both his arms, and pouring out the thunder of his rhetoric amidst an audience of pagan philosophers.

It is certain, that proper gestures and vehement exertions of the voice cannot be too much studied by a public orator. They are a kind of comment to what he utters, and enforce every thing he says, with weak hearers, better than the strongest argument he can make use of. They keep the audience awake, and fix their attention to what is delivered to them, at the same time that they show the speaker is in earnest, and affected himself with what he so passionately recommends to others. Violent gesture and vociferation naturally shake the hearts of the ignorant, and fill them with a kind of religious horror. Nothing is more frequent than to see women weep and tremble at the sight of a moving preacher, though he is plac'd quite out of their hearing; as in England we very frequently see people lulled asleep with solid and elaborate discourses of piety, who would be warmed and transported out of themselves by the bellowing and distortions of enthusiasm.

If nonsense, when accompanied with such an emotion of voice and body, has such an influence on men's minds, what might we not expect from many of those admirable discourses which are printed in our tongue, were they delivered with a becoming fervour, and with the most agreeable graces of voice and gesture?

We are told that the great Latin orator very much impaired his health by this *laterum contentio*, this vehemence of action, with which he used to

deliver himself. The Greek orator was likewise so very famous for this particular in rhetoric, that one of his antagonists, whom he had banished from Athens, reading over the oration which had procured his banishment, and seeing his friends admire it, could not forbear asking them, if they were so much affected by the bare reading of it, how much more they would have been alarmed, had they heard him actually throwing out such a storm of eloquence?

How cold and dead a figure, in comparison of these two great men, does an orator often make in the British bar, holding up his head with the most insipid serenity, and stroking the sides of a long wig that reaches down to his middle! The truth of it is, there is often nothing more ridiculous than the gestures of an English speaker; you see some of them running their hands into their pockets as far as ever they can thrust them, and others looking with great attention on a piece of paper that has nothing written in it; you may see many a smart rhetorician turning his hat in his hands, moulding it into several different cocks, examining sometimes the lining of it, and sometimes the button, during the whole course of his harangue. A deaf-man would think he was cheapening a beaver, when perhaps he is talking of the fate of the British nation. I remember, when I was a young man, and used to frequent Westminster-hall, there was a counsellor who never pleaded without a piece of packthread in his hand, which he used to twist about a thumb or a finger all the while he was speaking: the wags of those days used to call it 'the thread of his discourse,' for he was unable to utter a word without it. One of his clients, who was more merry than wise, stole it from him one day in the midst of his pleading; but he had better have let it alone, for he lost his cause by his jest.

I have all along acknowledged myself to be a dumb man, and therefore may be thought a very improper person to give rules for oratory; but I believe every one will agree with me in this, that we ought either to lay aside all kinds of gesture (which seems to be very suitable to the genius of our nation), or at least to make use of such only as are graceful and expressive.

ADDISON.

O.

N<sup>o</sup> 408. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 18, 1712.

*Decet affectus animi neque se nimium erigere, nec subjacere serviliter.*

TULL. de Finibus.

We should keep our passions from being exalted above measure, or servilely depressed.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'I HAVE always been a very great lover of your speculations, as well in regard to the subject, as to your manner of treating it. Human nature I always thought the most useful object of human reason, and to make the consideration of it pleasant and entertaining, I always thought the best employment of human wit: other parts of philosophy may perhaps make us wiser, but this not only answers that end, but makes us better too. Hence it was that the oracle pronounced Socrates the wisest of all men living, because he judiciously made choice of human nature for the object of his thoughts; an inquiry into which as much exceeds all other learning, as it is of more consequence to adjust the true nature of

wrong, than to settle the distance of the planets and compute the times of their circulations.

'One good effect that will immediately arise from a near observation of human nature, is, that we shall cease to wonder at those actions which men are used to reckon wholly unaccountable; for, as nothing is produced without a cause, so, by observing the nature and course of the passions, we shall be able to trace every action from its first conception to its death. We shall no more admire the proceedings of Catiline or Tiberius, when we knew the one was actuated by a cruel jealousy, the other by a furious ambition; for the actions of men follow their passions as naturally as light does heat, or as any other effect flows from its cause; reason must be employed in adjusting the passions, but they must ever remain the principles of action.

'The strange and absurd variety that is so apparent to men's actions, shows plainly they can never proceed immediately from reason; no pure a fountain emits no such troubled waters. They must necessarily arise from the passions, which are to the mind as the winds to a ship; they only can move it, and they too often destroy it: if fair and gentle, they guide it into the harbour; if contrary and furious, they overset it in the waves. In the same manner is the mind assailed or endangered by the passions; reason must then take the place of pilot, and can never fall of securing her charge if she be not wanting to herself. The strength of the passions will never be accepted as an excuse for complying with them; they were designed for subjection; and if a man suffers them to get the upper hand, he then betrays the liberty of his own soul.

'As nature has framed the several species of beings as it were in a chain, so man seems to be placed as the middle link between angels and brutes. Hence he participates both of flesh and spirit by an admirable tie, which in him occasions perpetual war of passions; and as a man inclines to the angelic or brute part of his constitution, he is then deominated good or bad, virtuous or wicked: If love, mercy, and good-nature prevail, they speak him of the angels; if hatred, cruelty, and envy predominate, they declare his kindred to the brute. Hence it was that some of the ancients imagined, that all men in this life inclined more to the angel or the brute, so after their death they should transigrate into the one or the others; and it would be no unpleasant notion to consider the several species of brutes, into which we may imagine that (1) ranc, pher, the proud, malicious, and ill-natured, might be changed.

'As a consequence of this original, all passions are in all men, but appear not in all; constitution, education, custom of the country, reason, and the like causes, may improve or abate the strength of them; but still the seeds remain, which are ever ready to sprout forth upon the least encouragement. I have heard a story of a good religious man, who, having been bred with the milk of a goat, was very modest to public by a careful re-lection he made on his actions; but he frequently had an hour to secret, wherein he had his frisks and capers; and if we had an opportunity of ex-posing the retirement of the strictest philosophers, we don't but we should find perpetual returns of those passions they so artfully conceal from the public. I remember Macblane observed, that every state should entertain a perpetual jealousy of its neighbours, that is it should never be unprovided when an emergency happens to the matter, should it

the reason be perpetually on his guard against the passions, and never suffer them to carry on any design that may be destructive of its security; yet at the same time it must be careful, that it don't so far break their strength as to render them contemptible, and consequently itself ungarded.

'The understanding being of itself too slow and lazy to exert itself into action, it is necessary it should be put in motion by the gentle gales of the passions, which may preserve it from stagnating and corruption; for they are necessary to the health of the mind, as the circulation of the animal spirits is to the health of the body; they keep it in life, and strength, and vigour; nor is it possible for the mind to perform its office without their assistance. These motions are given us with our being; they are little spirits that are born and die with us; to some they are mild, easy, and gentle; to others, wayward and unruly, yet never too strong for the reins of reason, and the guidance of judgment.

'We may generally observe a pretty nice proportion between the strength of reason and passion; the greatest geniuses have commonly the strongest affections, as, on the other hand, the weaker understandings have generally the weaker passions; and it is fit the fury of the coarser should not be too great for the strength of the character. Young men, whose passions are not a little unruly, give small hopes of their ever being considerable; the fire of youth will of course abate, and is a fault, if it be a fault, that mends every day; but surely, unless a man has fire in youth, he can hardly have warmth in old age. We must therefore be very cautious lest, while we think to regulate the passions, we should quite extinguish them, which is putting out the light of the soul; for to be without passion, or to be hurried away with it, makes a man equally blind. The extraordinary severity used in most of our schools has this fatal effect, it breaks the spring of the mind, and must certainly destroy more good geniuses than it can possibly improve. And surely it is a mighty mistake that the passions should be so railleily subdued; for little irregularities are sometimes not only to be borne with, but to be cultivated too, since they are frequently attended with the greatest perfections. All great geniuses have faults mixed with their virtues, and resemble the flaming torch which has thorns amongst lights.

'Since therefore the passions are the principles of human actions, we must endeavour to manage them so as to retain their vigour, yet keep them under strict command; we must govern them rather like free subjects than slaves, lest, while we intend to make them obedient, they become seditious, and wait for those great purposes to which they were designed. For my part, I must confess I could never have any regard to that sort of philosophers, who so much limited upon an absolute indifference and vacancy from all passion; for it seems to me a thing very inconsistent, for a man to direct himself of humanity, in order to acquire tranquillity of mind; and to eradicate the very principles of action, because it is possible they may produce ill effects.

I am, &c.

Your affectionate admirer,

T. P.

[\*supposed to be by Ford]

2.



writes of time, place, and action, with other points of the same nature, should be thoroughly explained and understood; there is still something more essential to the art, something that elevates and astonishes the fancy, and gives a greatness of mind to the reader, which few of the critics besides Longinus have considered.

Our general taste in England is for epigram, turns of wit, and forced conceits, which have no manner of influence, either for the bettering or enlarging the mind of him who reads them, and have been carefully avoided by the greatest writers, both among the ancients and moderns. I have endeavoured, in several of my speculations, to banish this Gothic taste, which has taken possession among us. I entertained the town for a week together with an essay upon wit\*, to which I endeavoured to detect several of those false kinds which have been admired in the different ages of the world, and at the same time to show wherein the nature of true wit consists. I afterwards gave an instance of the great force which lies in a natural simplicity of thought to affect the mind of the reader, from such vulgar pieces as have little else besides this single qualification to recommend them. I have likewise examined the works of the greatest poet which our nation, or perhaps any other, has produced, and particularised most of those rational and manly beauties, which give a value to that divine work. I shall next Saturday enter upon an essay on 'The Pleasures of the Imagination,' which, though it shall consider that subject at large, will perhaps suggest to the reader what it is that gives a beauty to many passages of the finest writers both in prose and verse. As an undertaking of this nature is entirely new, I question not but it will be received with candour.

ADRIAN.

O.

N° 410. FRIDAY, JUNE 30, 1712.

*Deus spiritus sanctus nihil videtur mundum  
Nec spiritus mundum quodquidem, nec magis elegant  
Cui, cum sanctus est, cum mundus, figurat.  
Nec spiritus sanctus, nec mundus, nec spiritus  
Nec spiritus sanctus, nec mundus, nec spiritus  
Nec spiritus sanctus, nec mundus, nec spiritus  
Nec spiritus sanctus, nec mundus, nec spiritus  
Nec spiritus sanctus, nec mundus, nec spiritus*

TTR. LAM. A. C. 4.

When they are abroad, nothing is so clean, and nicely dressed; and when at supper with a gallant, they do but piddle, and put the richest bits; but, in their own country, and poverty at home, their gluttony, and how they devour black crabs dipped in yesterday's broth, is a perfect antidote against weakness.

WILL HONEYCOMB, who digresses his present decay by visiting the wretches of the town only by way of humour, told us, that the last rainy night he, with Sir Roger de Coverley, was driven into the Temple cloister, whither had escaped also a lady now exactly dressed from head to foot. Will made no scruple to acquaint us, that she satisfied him very familiarly by his name, and, turning immediately to the knight, she said, she supposed that was his good friend Sir Roger de Coverley; upon which smiling he could follow them Sir Roger's approach to aristocracy, with 'Madam, the name, at your service.' He was dressed in a black taffety waistcoat and petticoats, without ribbons; his hair

stripped small, and in the whole an agreeable second mourning; decent dresses being often affected by the creatures of the town, at once consulting cheapness and the pretensions to modesty. She went on with a familiar easy air, 'Your friend, Mr. Honeycomb, is a little surprised to see a woman here alone and unattended; but I dismissed my coach at the gate, and tripped it down to my counsel's chambers; for lawyers' fees take up too much of a small disputed jointure to admit any other expenses but mere necessities.' Mr. Honeycomb begged they might have the honour of sitting her down, for Sir Roger's servant was gone to call a coach. In the interim the footman returned, with 'no coach to be had'; and there appeared nothing to be done but trusting herself with Mr. Honeycomb and his friend, or to be subjected to all the impertinence she must meet with in that public place. Mr. Honeycomb being a man of honour determined the choice of the first, and Sir Roger, as the better man, took the lady by the hand, leading her through all the shower, covering her with his hat, and gallanting a familiar acquaintance through rows of young fellows, who looked at Sakey in the state she marched off, Will Honeycomb bringing up the rear.

Much importunity prevailed upon the fair one to admit of a collation, where, after declaring she had no stomach, and having eaten a couple of chickens, devoured a truss of salad, and drunk a full bottle to her share, she sang the Old Man's Wish\* to Sir Roger. The knight left the room for some time after supper, and writ the following billet, which he conveyed to Sakey, and Sakey to her friend Will Honeycomb. Will has given it to Sir Andrew Freeport, who read it last night to the club.

MADAM,

I AM not so mere a country gentleman, but I care not at the law-business you had at the Temple. If you would go down to the country, and leave all your vanities but your slings, let me know at my lodgings in Bowstreet, Covent-garden, and you shall be encouraged by

Your humble servant,

ROGER DE COVERLEY.

My good friend could not well stand the raillery which was rising upon him; but, to put a stop to it, I delivered Will Honeycomb the following letter, and desired him to read it to the board:

MR. SECRETARY,

HAVING seen a translation of one of the chapters in the Canticles into English verse inserted among your late papers: I have ventured to send you the sixth chapter of the Proverbs in a poetical dress. If you think it worthy of appearing among your speculations, it will be a sufficient reward for the trouble of

Your obedient reader,

A. B.

\* My own is, I suppose, that my words import, I am not so mere a country gentleman, but I care not at the law-business you had at the Temple. If you would go down to the country, and leave all your vanities but your slings, let me know at my lodgings in Bowstreet, Covent-garden, and you shall be encouraged by

\* See a paper of other poems, by Alexander Pope &c. in the Spectator, which may be compared, to what I send you the sixth chapter of the Proverbs in a poetical dress.

O. J. 24.

\* See the Spectator.

\* See the Spectator, N° 377, and the other papers, Saturday papers.

"Let all thy homage be to Wisdom paid,  
Seek her protection, and implore her aid;  
That she may keep thy soul from harm secure,  
And turn thy footsteps from the harlot's door;  
Who with curs'd charms lures the unwary in,  
And sooths with flattery their souls to sin.

"Once from my window as I cast mine eye  
On those that pass'd in giddy numbers by,  
A youth among the foolish youths I spy'd,  
Who took not sacred Wisdom for his guide.

"Just as the sun withdrew his cooler light,  
And evening soft led on the shades of night,  
He stole in covert twilight to his fate,  
And pass'd the corner near the harlot's gate!

When lo, a woman comes!—  
Loose her attire, and such her glaring dress,  
As aptly did the harlot's mind express:  
Subtle she is, and practis'd in the arts  
By which the wanton conquer heedless hearts:  
Stubborn and loud she is; she hates her home,  
Varying her place and form, she loves to roam:  
Now she's within, now in the street does stray,  
Now at each corner stands, and waits her prey.  
The youth she seiz'd; and, laying now aside  
All modesty, the female's justest pride,  
She said with an embrace, 'Here at my house  
Peace-offerings are, this day I paid my vows.  
I therefore came abroad to meet my dear,  
And lo, in happy hour, I find thee here.  
My chamber I've adorn'd, and o'er my bed  
Are coverings of the richest tapestry spread,  
With linen it is deck'd from Egypt brought,  
And carvings by the curious artist wrought:  
It wants no glad perfume Arabia yields  
In all her citron groves, and spicy fields;  
Here all her store of richest odours meets,  
I'll lay thee in a wilderness of sweets,  
Whatever to the sense can grateful be,  
I have collected there—I want but thee.  
My husband's gone a journey far away,  
Much gold he took abroad, and long will stay,  
He nam'd for his return a distant day.

"Upon her tongue did such smooth mischief dwell,  
And from her lips such welcome flattery fell,  
Th' unguarded youth, in silken fetters ty'd,  
Resign'd his reason, and with ease comply'd.  
Thus does the ox to his own slaughter go,  
And thus is senseless of th' impending blow.  
Thus flies the simple bird into the snare,  
That skillful fowlers for his life prepare.  
But let my sons attend. Attend may they  
Whom youthful vigour may to sin betray;  
Let them false charmers fly, and guard their hearts  
Against the wily wanton's pleasing arts;  
With care direct their steps, nor turn astray  
To tread the paths of her deceitful way;  
Lest they too late of her fell power complain,  
And fall, where many mightier have been slain."

STEELE.

T.

Nº 411. SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1712.

PAPER I.

ON THE PLEASURES OF THE IMAGINATION.

CONTENTS.

The perfection of our sight above our other senses. The pleasures of the Imagination arise originally from sight. The pleasures of the Imagination divided under two heads. The pleasures of the Imagination in some respects equal to those of the understanding. The extent of the pleasures of the Imagination. The advantages a man receives from a relish of these pleasures. In what respect they are preferable to those of the understanding.

*Avia Pieridum peragro loca, nullius ante  
Trita solo: juvat integros accedere fontes,  
Atque haurire—*

LUCR. lib. i. ver. 925.

— Inspired I trace the Muses' seats,  
Untrodden yet: 'tis sweet to visit first  
Untouch'd and virgin streams, and quench my thirst.  
CREECH.

Our sight is the most perfect and most delightful of all our senses. It fills the mind with the largest variety of ideas, converses with its objects at the

greatest distance, and continues the longest in action without being tired or satiated with its proper enjoyments. The sense of feeling can indeed give us a notion of extension, shape, and all other ideas that enter at the eye, except colours; but at the same time it is very much straitened and confined in its operations, to the number, bulk, and distance of its particular objects. Our sight seems designed to supply all these defects, and may be considered as a more delicate and diffusive kind of touch, that spreads itself over an infinite multitude of bodies, comprehends the largest figures, and brings into our reach some of the most remote parts of the universe.

It is this sense which furnishes the imagination with its ideas; so that by 'the pleasures of the imagination,' or 'fancy,' (which I shall use promiscuously) I here mean such as arise from visible objects, either when we have them actually in our view, or when we call up their ideas into our minds by paintings, statues, descriptions, or any the like occasion. We cannot indeed have a single image in the fancy that did not make its first entrance through the sight; but we have the power of retaining, altering, and compounding those images, which we have once received, into all the varieties of picture and vision that are most agreeable to the imagination: for by this faculty a man in a dungeon is capable of entertaining himself with scenes and landscapes more beautiful than any that can be found in the whole compass of nature.

There are few words in the English language which are employed in a more loose and uncircumscribed sense than those of the fancy and the imagination. I therefore thought it necessary to fix and determine the notion of these two words, as I intend to make use of them in the thread of my following speculations, that the reader may conceive rightly what is the subject which I proceed upon. I must therefore desire him to remember, that by 'the pleasures of the imagination,' I mean only such pleasures as arise originally from sight; and that I divide these pleasures into two kinds: my design being first of all to discourse of those primary pleasures of the imagination, which entirely proceed from such objects as are before our eyes; and in the next place to speak of those secondary pleasures of the imagination which flow from the ideas of visible objects, when the objects are not actually before the eye, but are called up into our memories, or formed into agreeable visions of things that are either absent or fictitious.

The pleasures of the imagination, taken in the full extent, are not so gross as those of sense, nor so refined as those of the understanding. The last are indeed more preferable, because they are founded on some new knowledge or improvement in the mind of man; yet it must be confessed, that those of the imagination are as great and as transporting as the other. A beautiful prospect delights the soul, as much as a demonstration; and a description in Homer has charmed more readers than a chapter in Aristotle. Besides, the pleasures of the imagination have this advantage above those of the understanding, that they are more obvious, and more easy to be acquired. It is but opening the eye, and the scene enters. The colours paint themselves on the fancy, with very little attention of thought or application of mind in the beholder. We are struck, we know not how, with the symmetry of any thing we see, and immediately assent to the beauty of an object, without inquiring into the principles or causes of it.

A man of a polite imagination is let into a great many pleasures that the vulgar are not capable of receiving. He can converse with a picture, and find an agreeable companion in a statue. He meets with a secret refreshment in a description, and often feels a greater satisfaction in the prospect of fields and meadows, than another does in the possession. It gives him, indeed, a kind of property in every thing he sees, and makes the most rude uncultivated parts of nature administer to his pleasures: so that he looks upon the world as it were in another light, and discovers in it a multitude of charms, that conceal themselves from the generality of mankind.

There are indeed but very few who know how to be idle and innocent, or have a relish of any pleasures that are not criminal; every diversion they take is at the expense of some one virtue or another, and their very first step out of business is into vice or folly. A man should endeavour, therefore, to make the sphere of his innocent pleasures as wide as possible, that he may retire into them with safety, and find in them such a satisfaction as a wise man would not blush to take. Of this nature are those of the imagination, which do not require such a bent of thought as is necessary to our more serious employments, nor, at the same time, suffer the mind to sink into that negligence and remissness, which are apt to accompany our more sensual delights; but like a gentle exercise to the faculties, awaken them from sloth and stupidity, without putting them upon any labour or difficulty.

We might here add, that the pleasures of the fancy are more conducive to health, than those of the understanding, which are worked out by dint of thinking, and attended with too violent a labour of the brain. Delightful scenes, whether in nature, painting, or poetry, have a kindly influence on the body, as well as the mind; and not only serve to clear and brighten the imagination, but are able to disperse grief and melancholy, and to set the animal spirits in pleasing and agreeable motion. For this reason, Sir Francis Bacon, in his *Essay upon Health*, has not thought it improper to prescribe to his reader a poem or a prospect, where he particularly dwonders him from Linty and subtle disquisitions, and advises him to pursue studies that fill the mind with splendid and illustrious objects, as histories, fables, and contemplations of nature.

I have in this paper, by way of introduction, settled the notion of those pleasures of the imagination which are the subject of my present undertaking, and endeavoured, by several considerations, to recommend to my reader the pursuit of those pleasures. I shall in my next paper examine the several sources from whence these pleasures are derived.

AMSTON.

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Nº 412. MONDAY, JUNE 23, 1712.

PAPER II.

ON THE PLEASURES OF THE IMAGINATION.

CONTENTS.

Three sources of all the pleasures of the imagination, to our survey of outward objects. How what is great pleases the imagination. How what is new pleases the imagination. How what is beautiful in our own species pleases the imagination. How what is beautiful in general pleases the imagination. What other accidental causes may contribute to the brightening of those pleasures.

— *Dichæus sic bene sit opus.*

MART. Ep. LXXIII. lib. 4.

The work, divided aptly, shorter grows.

I shall first consider those pleasures of the imagination which arise from the actual view and survey of outward objects; and these, I think, all proceed from the sight of what is great, uncommon, or beautiful. There may, indeed, be something so terrible or offensive, that the horror or loathsomeness of an object may overbear the pleasure which results from its greatness, novelty, or beauty; but still there will be such a mixture of delight in the very disgust it gives us, as any of these three qualifications are most conspicuous and prevailing.

By greatness, I do not only mean the bulk of any single object, but the largeness of a whole view, considered as one entire piece. Such are the prospects of an open champaign country, a vast uncultivated desert of huge heaps of mountains, high rocks, and precipices, or a wide expanse of water, where we are not struck with the novelty or beauty of the sight, but with that rude kind of magnificence which appears in many of these stupendous works of nature. Our imagination loves to be filled with an object, or to grasp at any thing that is too big for its capacity. We are struck into a pleasing astonishment at such unbounded views, and feel a delightful stillness and amazement in the soul at the apprehensions of them. The mind of man naturally hates every thing that looks like a restraint upon it, and is apt to fancy itself under a sort of confinement, when the sight is pent up by a narrow compass, and shortened on every side by the neighbourhood of walls or mountains. On the contrary, a spacious horizon is an image of liberty, where the eye has room to range abroad, to expatiate at large on the immensity of its views, and to lose itself amidst the variety of objects that offer themselves in its observation. Each wide and undetermined prospect is as pleasing in the fancy, as the speculations of eternity or infinity are to the understanding. But if there be a beauty or uncommonness joined with this grandeur, as in a troubled ocean, a heaven adorned with stars and meteors, or a spacious landscape cut out into rivers, woods, rocks, and meadows, the pleasure will grow upon us, as it arises from more than a single principle.

Every thing that is new or uncommon raises a pleasure in the imagination, because it strikes the soul with an agreeable surprise, gratifies its curiosity, and gives it an idea of which it was not before possessed. We are indeed so often conversant with our set of objects, and tired out with so many repeated shows of the same things, that whatever is new or uncommon contributes a little to vary human life, and to direct our minds, for a while, with the strangeness of its appearance. It serves

us for a kind of refreshment, and takes off from that satiety we are apt to complain of, in our usual and ordinary entertainments. It is this that bestows charms on a monster, and makes even the imperfections of nature please us. It is this that recommends variety, where the mind is every instant called off to something new, and the attention not suffered to dwell too long, and waste itself on any particular object. It is this, likewise, that improves what is great or beautiful, and makes it afford the mind a double entertainment. Graves, fields, and meadows, are at any season of the year pleasant to look upon, but never so much as in the opening of the spring, when they are all new and fresh, with their first gloss upon them, and not yet too much accustomed and familiar to the eye. For this reason there is nothing that more enlivens a prospect than rivers, jetties, or falls of water, where the scene is perpetually shifting and entertaining the sight every moment with something that is new. We are quickly tired with looking upon hills and valleys, where every thing continues fixed and settled in the same place and posture, but find our thoughts a little agitated and relieved at the sight of such objects as are ever in motion, and sliding away from beneath the eye of the beholder.

But there is nothing that makes its way more directly to the soul than beauty, which immediately diffuses a secret satisfaction and complacency through the imagination, and gives a finishing to any thing that is great or uncommon. The very first discovery of it strikes the mind with an inward joy, and spreads a cheerfulness and delight through all its faculties. There is not perhaps any real beauty or deformity more in one piece of matter than another, because we might have been so made, that whatsoever now appears loathsome to us, might have shown itself agreeable; but we find by experience that there are several modifications of matter which the mind, without any previous consideration, pronounces at first sight beautiful or deformed. Thus we see that every different species of sensible creatures has its different notions of beauty, and that each of them is most affected with the beauties of its own kind. This is no where more remarkable than in birds of the same shape and proportion, where we often see the mate determined in his courtship, by the single grain or tincture of a feather, and never discovering any charms but in the colour of its species.

*Scit thalamo serare fidem, sanctasque recur  
Connubii leges; non illum in pectore candor  
Solicitat nectus; neque praeuam accendit amorẽ  
Splendida larigo, vel honesta in vertice crista,  
Purpurascens nilor pennarum; ast agmina late  
Feminea explorat cautus, maculasque requirit  
Cognatas, paribusque interlita corpora guttis:  
Nisi faceret, pictis syleam circum undique monstria  
Confusam aspiceret vulgo, partusque bifformes.  
El genus ambiguum, et veneris monumenta nefanda.  
Hinc merula in nigro se oblectat nigra marito,  
Hinc socium lasciva petit philomela canorum,  
Agnoſcitque parces sonitus, hinc noctua tetram  
Canitiem alarum, et glaucos miratur ocellos.  
Nempe sibi semper constat, crescitque quotannis  
Lucida progenies, castos confessa parentes;  
Dum virides inter saltus lucosque sonoros  
Vere novo exultat, plumasque decora iuventus  
Explicat ad soleni patrisque coloribus ardet.*

‘The feather’d husband, to his partner true;  
Preserves connubial rites inviolate.  
With cold indifference every charm he sees,  
The milky whiteness of the stately neck,  
The shining down, proud crest, and purple wings:  
But cautious with a searching eye explores  
The female tribes, his proper mate to find,  
With kindred colours mark’d: did he not so,

The grove with painted monsters would abound,  
Th’ ambiguous product of unnatural love.  
The blackbird hence selects her sooty spouse;  
The nightingale, her musical compeer,  
Lur’d by the well-known voice: the bird of night,  
Sift with her dusky wings and greenish eyes,  
Wooes his dun paramour. The beauteous race  
Speak the chaste loves of their progenitors;  
When, by the spring invited, they exult  
In woods and fields, and to the sun unfold  
Their plumes, that with paternal colours glow.’

There is a second kind of beauty that we find in the several products of art and nature, which does not work in the imagination with that warmth and violence as the beauty that appears in our proper species, but is apt however to raise in us a secret delight, and a kind of fondness for the places or objects in which we discover it. This consists either in the gaiety or variety of colours, in the symmetry and proportion of parts, in the arrangement and disposition of bodies, or in a just mixture and concurrence of all together. Among these several kinds of beauty the eye takes most delight in colours. We are where meet with a more glorious or pleasing show in nature, than what appears in the heavens at the rising and setting of the sun, which is wholly made up of those different stains of light that show themselves in clouds of a different situation. For this reason we find the poets, who are always addressing themselves to the imagination, borrowing more of their epithets from colours than from any other topic.

As the fancy delights in every thing that is great, strange, or beautiful, and is still more pleased the more it finds of these perfections in the same object; so it is capable of receiving a new satisfaction by the assistance of another sense. Thus any continued sound, as the music of birds, or a fall of water, awakens every moment the mind of the beholder, and makes him more attentive to the several beauties of the place that lie before him. Thus if there arises a fragrant of smells or perfumes, they heighten the pleasures of the imagination, and make even the colours and verdure of the landscape appear more agreeable; for the ideas of both senses recommend each other, and are pleasanter together, than when they enter the mind separately: as the different colours of a picture, when they are well disposed, set off one another, and receive an additional beauty from the advantage of their situation.

ADDISON.

O.

Nº 413. TUESDAY, JUNE 24, 1712.

## PAPER III.

ON THE PLEASURES OF THE IMAGINATION.

## CONTENTS.

Why the necessary cause of our being pleased with what is great, new, or beautiful, unknown. Why the final cause more known and more useful. The final cause of our being pleased with what is great. The final cause of our being pleased with what is new. The final cause of our being pleased with what is beautiful in our own species. The final cause of our being pleased with what is beautiful in general.

Causa latet, vis est notissima—

OVID. Met. l. iv. ver. 207.

The cause is secret, but th’ effect is known.  
ADDISON.

THOUGH in yesterday’s paper we considered how every thing that is great, new, or beautiful, is apt to affect the imagination with pleasure; we must





design is, by giving out receipts for half guineas received, which shall entitle the fortunate bearer to certain sums in the table, as is set forth at large in the proposals printed the 23d instant. There is another circumstance in this design which gives me hopes of your favour to it, and that is what Tully advises, to wit, that the benefit is made as diffusive as possible. Every one that has half a guinea is put into the possibility, from that small sum, to raise himself an easy fortune: when these little parcels of wealth are, as it were, thus thrown back again into the redonation of Providence, we are to expect that some who live under hardships or obscurity, may be produced to the world in the figure they deserve by this means. I doubt not but this last argument will have force with you, and I cannot add another to it, but what your severity will, I fear, very little regard; which is, that I am,

SIR,  
'Your greatest admirer,  
'RICHARD STEELE.'

\* \* See the Advertisement at the end of N<sup>o</sup> 417.

N<sup>o</sup> 414. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 25; 1712.

PAPER IV.

ON THE PLEASURES OF THE IMAGINATION.

CONTENTS.

The works of nature more pleasant to the Imagination than those of art. The works of nature still more pleasant, the more they resemble those of art. The works of art more pleasant, the more they resemble those of nature. Our English plantations and gardens considered in the foregoing light.

——— *Alterius sic  
Altera poscit opem res, et conjurat amice.*  
HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 411.

But mutually they need each other's help.  
ROSCOMMON.

If we consider the works of nature and art, as they are qualified to entertain the imagination, we shall find the last very defective, in comparison of the former; for though they may sometimes appear as beautiful or strange, they can have nothing in them of that vastness and immensity, which afford so great an entertainment to the mind of the beholder. The one may be as polite and delicate as the other, but can never show herself so august and magnificent in the design. There is something more bold and masterly in the rough careless strokes of nature, than in the nice touches and embellishments of art. The beauties of the most stately garden or palace lie in a narrow compass, the imagination immediately runs them over, and requires something else to gratify her; but in the wide fields of nature, the sight wanders up and down without confinement, and is fed with an infinite variety of images, without any certain stint or number. For this reason we always find the poet in love with the country life, where nature appears in the greatest perfection, and furnishes out all those scenes that are most apt to delight the imagination.

'Scriptorum chorus omnis amat nemus, et fugit urbes.'  
HOR. Ep. ii. l. 2. ver. 77.

'——— To grottos and to groves we run,  
To ease and silence, ev'ry muse's son.'  
POPE.

'Hic securâ quies, et nescia fallere vita,  
Dices opum variarum; hic latet otia fundis,  
Spelunca, rivi que lacus; hic frigida Tempe,  
Mugitusque bouum, mollesque sub arbore somni.'  
VIRG. Georg. ii. ver. 467.

'Here easy quiet, a secure retreat,  
A harmless life that knows not how to cheat,  
With home-bred plenty the rich owner blesses,  
And rural pleasures crown his happiness.'

Unvex'd with quarrels, undisturb'd with noise,  
The country kins his peaceful realm enjoys:  
Cool grots, and living lakes, the flow'ry pride  
Of meads, and streams that through the valley glide;  
And shady groves that easy sleep invite,  
And, after toilsome days, a short repose at night.'

DRYDEN.

But though there are several of these wild scenes, that are more delightful than any artificial shows; yet we find the works of nature still more pleasant, the more they resemble those of art: for in this case our pleasure rises from a double principle; from the agreeableness of the objects to the eye, and from their similitude to other objects. We are pleased as well with comparing their beauties, as with surveying them, and can represent them to our minds, either as copies or originals. Hence it is that we take delight in a prospect which is well laid out, and diversified with fields and meadows, woods, and rivers; in those accidental landscapes of trees, clouds, and cities, that are sometimes found in the veins of marble, in the curious fret-work of rocks and grottos; and, in a word, in any thing that hath such a variety or regularity as may seem the effect of design in what we call the works of chance.

If the products of nature rise in value according as they more or less resemble those of art, we may be sure that artificial works receive a greater advantage from their resemblance of such as are natural; because here the similitude is not only pleasant, but the pattern more perfect. The prettiest landscape I ever saw, was one drawn on the walls of a dark room, which stood opposite on one side to a navigable river, and on the other to a park. The experiment is very common in optics\*. Here you might discover the waves and fluctuations of the water in strong and proper colours, with the picture of a ship entering at one end, and sailing by degrees through the whole piece. On another there appeared the green shadows of trees, waving to and fro with the wind, and herds of deer among them in miniature, leaping about upon the wall. I must confess, the novelty of such a sight may be one occasion of its pleasantness to the imagination; but certainly the chief reason is its near resemblance to nature, as it does not only, like other pictures, give the colour and figure, but the motion, of the things it represents.

We have before observed, that there is generally in nature something more grand and august, than what we meet with in the curiosities of art. When, therefore, we see this imitated in any measure, it gives us a nobler and more exalted kind of pleasure than what we receive from the nicer and more accurate productions of art. On this account our English gardens are not so entertaining to the fancy as those in France and Italy, where we see a large extent of ground covered over with an agreeable mixture of garden and forest, which represent every where an artificial rudeness, much more charming than that neatness and elegance which we meet with in those of our own country. It might indeed be of ill consequence to the public, as well as unprofitable to private persons, to alienate so much ground from pasturage, and the plough, in many parts of a country that is so well peopled, and cultivated to a far greater advantage. But why may not a whole estate be thrown into a kind of garden by frequent plantations, that may turn as much to the profit as the pleasure of the owner? A marsh overgrown with willows, or a

\* Alluding to the representations of nature prod. by the camera obscura, &c. in a



ings that have adorned the several countries of the world. It is this which has set men at work on temples and public places of worship, not only that they might, by the magnificence of the building, invite the Deity to reside within it, but that such stupendous works might, at the same time, open the mind to vast conceptions, and fit it to converse with the divinity of the place. For every thing that is majestic imprints an awfulness and reverence on the mind of the beholder, and strikes in with the natural greatness of the soul.

In the second place we are to consider greatness of manner in architecture, which has such force upon the imagination, that a small building, where it appears, shall give the mind nobler ideas than one of twenty times the bulk, where the manner is ordinary or little. Thus, perhaps, a man would have been more astonished with the majestic air that appeared in one of Lysippus's statues of Alexander, though no bigger than the life, than he might have been with mount Athos, had it been cut into the figure of the hero, according to the proposal of Phidias, with a river in one hand, and a city in the other.

Let any one reflect on the disposition of mind he finds in himself, at his first entrance into the Pantheon at Rome, and how the imagination is filled with something great and amazing; and, at the same time, consider how little, in proportion, he is affected with the inside of a gothic cathedral, though it be five times larger than the other; which can arise from nothing else but the greatness of the manner in the one, and the meanness in the other.

I have seen an observation upon this subject in a French author, which very much pleased me. It is in Monsieur l'ecart's *Parallel of the Ancient and Modern Architecture*. I shall give it the reader with the same terms of art which he has made use of. 'I am observing,' says he, 'a thing which, in my opinion, is very curious; whence it proceeds, that in the same quantity of superficies, the one manner seems great and magnificent, and the other poor and trifling; the reason is fine and uncommon. I say then, that to introduce into architecture this grandeur of manner, we ought so to proceed, that the division of the principal member of the order may consist but of few parts, that they be all great, and of a bold and ample relief and swelling; and that the eye beholding nothing little and mean, the imagination may be more vigorously touched and affected with the work that stands before it. For example; in a cornice, if the gola or cymatium of the corona, the coping, the modillions or dentelli, make a noble show by their graceful projections, if we see none of that ordinary confusion which is the result of those little cavities, quarter rounds of the astragal, and I know not how many other intermingled particulars, which produce no effect in great and massy works, and which very unprofitably take up place to the prejudice of the principal member, it is most certain that this manner will appear solemn and great; as, on the contrary, that it will have but a poor and mean effect, where there is a redundancy of those smaller ornaments, which divide and scatter the angles of the sight into such a multitude of rays, so pressed together that the whole will appear but a confusion.'

Among all the figures of architecture, there are none that have a greater air than the concave and the convex; and we find in all the ancient and modern architecture, as well in the remote parts of China, as in countries nearer home, that round pillars and vaulted roofs make a great part of those buildings which are designed for pomp and

magnificence. The reason I take to be, because, in these figures we generally see more of the body, than in those of other kinds. There are, indeed, figures of holies, where the eye may take in two-thirds of the surface; but as in such holies the sight must split upon several angles, it does not take in one uniform idea, but several ideas of the same kind. Look upon the outside of a dome, your eye half surrounds it; look upon the inside, and at one glance you have all the prospect of it; the entire concavity falls into your eye at once, the sight being as the centre that collects and gathers into it the lines of the whole circumference: in a square pillar, the sight often takes in but a fourth part of the surface; and in a square concave, must move up and down to the different sides, before it is master of all the inward surface. For this reason, the fancy is infinitely more struck with the view of the open air, and skies, that passes through an arch, than what comes through a square, or any other figure. The figure of the rainbow does not contribute less to its magnificence, than the colours to its beauty, as it is very poetically described by the son of Sirach: 'Look upon the rainbow, and praise him that made it; very beautiful it is in its brightness; it encompasses the heavens with a glorious circle, and the hands of the Most High have bended it.'

Having thus spoken of that greatness which affects the mind in architecture, I might next show the pleasure that rises in the imagination from what appears new and beautiful in this art; but as every beholder has naturally a greater taste of these two perfections in every building which offers itself to his view, than of that which I have hitherto considered, I shall not trouble my reader with any reflections upon it. It is sufficient for my present purpose to observe, that there is nothing in this whole art which pleases the imagination, but as it is great, uncommon, or beautiful.

ADAMSON.

O.

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Nº 416. FRIDAY, JUNE 27, 1712.

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## PAPER VI.

## ON THE PLEASURES OF THE IMAGINATION.

## CONTENTS.

The secondary pleasures of the imagination. The several sources of these pleasures (statuary, painting, description, and music) compared together. The final cause of our receiving pleasure from these several sources. Of descriptions in particular. The power of words over the imagination. Why one reader more pleased with descriptions than another.

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*Quatenus hoc simile est oculis, quod mente videmus.*

LUCR. l. iv. ver. 754.

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Objects still appear the same  
To mind and eye, in colour and in frame.

CREECH.

I AT first divided the pleasures of the imagination into such as arise from objects that are actually before our eyes, or that once entered in at our eyes, and are afterwards called up into the mind either barely by its own operations, or on occasion of something without us, as statues, or descriptions. We have already considered the first division, and shall therefore enter on the other, which, for distinction sake, I have called 'The Secondary Pleasures of the Imagination.' When I say the ideas we receive from statues, descriptions, or such like occasions, are the same that were once actually in

our view, it must not be understood that we had once seen the very place, action, or person, which are carved or described. It is sufficient that we have seen places, persons, or actions in general, which bear a resemblance, or at least some remote analogy, with what we find represented; since it is in the power of the imagination, when it is once stocked with particular ideas, to enlarge, compound, and vary them at her own pleasure.

Among the different kinds of representation, statuary is the most natural, and shows us something like the object that is represented. To make use of a common instance, let one who is born blind, take an image in his hands, and trace out with his fingers the different furrows and impressions of the chisel, and he will easily conceive how the shape of a man, or beast, may be represented by it; but should he draw his hand over a picture, where all is smooth and uniform, he would never be able to imagine how the several prominences and depressions of a human body could be shown on a plain piece of canvas, that has to it an unevenness or irregularity. Description runs yet farther from the thing it represents than painting; for a picture bears a real resemblance to its original, which letters and syllables are wholly void of. Colours speak all languages, but words are understood only by such a people or nation. For this reason, though men's necessities quickly put them on finding out speech, writing is probably of a later invention than painting; particularly we are told that in America, when the Spaniards first arrived there, expressions were sent to the emperor of Mexico in paint, and the news of his country delineated by the strokes of a pencil, which was a more natural way than that of writing, though at the same time much more imperfect, because it is impossible to draw the little connections of speech, or to give the picture of a conjunction or an adverb. It would be yet more strange to represent visible objects by sounds that have no ideas annexed to them, and to make something like description in music. Yet it is certain, there may be confused imperfect notions of this nature raised in the imagination by an artificial composition of notes; and we find that great masters in the art are able, sometimes, to set their hearers in the heat and hurry of a battle, to overcast their minds with melancholy scenes and apprehensions of deaths and funerals, or to lull them into pleasing dreams of groves and elysiums.

To all these instances, this secondary pleasure of the imagination proceeds from that action of the mind, which compares the ideas arising from the original objects with the ideas we receive from the statue, picture, description, or sound, that represents them. It is impossible for us to give the necessary reason why this operation of the mind is attended with so much pleasure, as I have before observed on the same occasion; but we find a great variety of entertainments derived from this single principle; for it is this that not only gives us a relish of statuary, painting, and description, but makes us delight in all the actions and arts of humanity. It is this that makes the several kinds of wit pleasant, which consists, as I have formerly shown, in the affinity of ideas; and we may add, it is this also that raises the little satisfaction we sometimes find in the different sorts of false wit, whether it consists in the affinity of letters, as in anagrams, acrostics, or of syllables, as in dactyl rhimes, echoes; or of words, as in puns, quibbles; or of a whole sentence or poem, as in wings and allans. The final cause, probably, of annexing

pleasure to this operation of the mind, was to quicken and encourage us in our searches after truth, since the distinguishing any thing from another, and the right discerning betwixt our ideas, depends wholly upon our comparing them together, and observing the congruity or disagreement that appears among the several works of nature.

But I shall here confine myself to those pleasures of the imagination, which proceed from ideas raised by words, because most of the observations that agree with descriptions, are equally applicable to painting and statuary.

Words, when well chosen, have so great a force in them, that a description often gives us more lively ideas than the sight of things themselves. The reader finds a scene drawn in stronger colours, and painted more to the life in his imagination, by the help of words than by an actual survey of the scene which they describe. In this case the poet seems to get the better of nature; he takes, indeed, the landscape after her, but gives it more vigorous touches, heightens its beauty, and collects the whole piece, that the images which flow from the objects themselves appear weak and faint, in comparison of those that come from the expressions. The reason, probably, may be, because, in the survey of any object, we have only so much of it painted on the imagination as comes to at the eyes; but in its description, the poet gives us as free a view of it as he pleases, and discovers to us several parts, that either we did not attend to, or that lay out of our sight when we first beheld it. As we look on any object, our idea of it is, perhaps, made up of two or three simple ideas; but when the poet represents it, he may either give us a more complex idea of it, or only raise in us such ideas as are most apt to affect the imagination.

It may be here worth our while to examine how it comes to pass that several readers, who are all acquainted with the same language, and know the meaning of the words they read, should nevertheless have a different relish of the same descriptions. We find one transported with a passage, which another runs over with coldness and indifference; or finding the representation extremely natural, where another can perceive nothing of likeness and conformity. This different taste must proceed either from the perfection of imagination in one more than in another, or from the different ideas first several readers affix to the same words. For, to have a true relish, and form a right judgment of a description, a man should be born with a good imagination, and must have well weighed the force and energy that lie in the several words of a language, so as to be able to distinguish which are most significant and expressive of their proper ideas, and what additional strength and beauty they are capable of receiving from conjunction with others. The fancy must be warm, to retain the print of those images it hath received from outward objects; and the judgment discerning, to know what expressions are most proper to clothe and adorn them in the best advantage. A man who is deficient in either of these respects, though he may receive the general notion of a description, can never see distinctly all its particular beauties; as a person with a weak sight may have the confused prospect of a place that lies before him, without entering into its several parts, or discerning the variety of its colours in their full glory and perfection.

N<sup>o</sup> 417. SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1712.

## PAPER VII.

## ON THE PLEASURES OF THE IMAGINATION.

## CONTENTS.

How a whole set of ideas hang together, &c. A natural cause assigned for it. How to perfect the imagination of a writer. Who among the ancient poets had this faculty in its greatest perfection. Homer excelled in imagining what is great; Virgil in imagining what is beautiful; Ovid in imagining what is new. Our own countryman Milton very perfect in all three respects.

*Quem tu, Melpomene, senect  
Nascentem placido lumine videris,  
Non illum labor Ichonius  
Clamabit pugilem, non equus impiger, &c.*

*Sed quæ Tibur aquæ fertile perfluunt,  
Et spæcæ nemorum comæ  
Turgent Dolio carmine nobilem.*

HOR. OD. III. l. 4. ver. 1.

At whose bless'd birth propitious rays  
The Muses shed, on whom they smile,

No dusty Ichonius game  
Shall stoutest of the ring proclaim,

Or, to reward his toil,

Wreath thy crown, and grace his head with bays, &c.

But fruitful Tibur's shady groves,  
Its pleasant springs and purling streams,

Shall raise a lasting name,  
And set him high in sounding fame  
For Lyric verse.

CREECH.

We may observe, that any single circumstance of what we have formerly seen, often raises up a whole scene of imagery, and awakens numberless ideas that before slept in the imagination; such a particular smell or colour is able to fill the mind, on a sudden, with the picture of the fields or gardens where we first met with it, and to bring up into view all the variety of images that once attended it. Our imagination takes the hint, and leads us unexpectedly into cities or theatres, plains or meadows. We may further observe, when the fancy thus reflects on the scenes that have passed in it formerly, those which were at first pleasant to behold, appear more so upon reflection, and that the memory heightens the delightfulness of the original. A Cartesian would account for both these instances in the following manner:

The set of ideas which we received from such a prospect or garden, having entered the mind at the same time, have a set of traces belonging to them in the brain, bordering very near upon one another; when, therefore, any one of these ideas arises in the imagination, and consequently dispatches a flow of animal spirits to its proper trace, these spirits, in the violence of their motion, run not only into the trace to which they were more particularly directed, but into several of those that lie about it. By this means they awaken other ideas of the same set, which immediately determine a new dispatch of spirits, that in the same manner open other neighbouring traces, till at last the whole set of them is blown up, and the whole prospect or garden flourishes in the imagination. But because the pleasure we receive from these places far surmounted, and overcame the little disagreeableness we found in them; for this reason there was at first a wider passage worn in the pleasure traces, and, on the contrary, so narrow a one in those which belonged to the disagreeable ideas, that they were quickly stopped up, and rendered incapable of receiving any animal spirits,

and consequently of exciting any unpleasant ideas in the memory.

It would be in vain to inquire, whether the power of imagining things strongly proceeds from any greater perfection in the soul, or from any nicer texture in the brain of one man than of another. But this is certain, that a noble writer should be born with this faculty in its full strength and vigour, so as to be able to receive lively ideas from outward objects, to retain them long, and to range them together, upon occasion, in such figures and representations, as are most likely to hit the fancy of the reader. A poet should take as much pains in forming his imagination, as a philosopher in cultivating his understanding. He must gain a due relish of the works of nature, and be thoroughly conversant in the various scenery of a country life.

When he is stored with country images, if he would go beyond pastoral, and the lower kinds of poetry, he ought to acquaint himself with the pomp and magnificence of courts. He should be very well versed in every thing that is noble and stately in the productions of art, whether it appear in painting or statuary, in the great works of architecture which are in their present glory, or in the ruins of those which flourished in former ages.

Such advantages as these help to open a man's thoughts, and to enlarge his imagination, and will therefore have their influence on all kinds of writing, if the author knows how to make right use of them. And among those of the learned languages who excel in this talent, the most perfect in their several kinds are perhaps Homer, Virgil, and Ovid. The first strikes the imagination wonderfully with what is great, the second with what is beautiful, and the last with what is strange. Reading the *Iliad*, is like travelling through a country uninhabited, where the fancy is entertained with a thousand savage prospects of vast deserts, wild uncultivated marshes, huge forests, misshapen rocks and precipices. On the contrary, the *Æneid* is like a well-ordered garden, where it is impossible to find out any part unadorned, or to cast our eyes upon a single spot that does not produce some beautiful plant or flower. But when we are in the *Metamorphoses*, we are walking on enchanted ground, and see nothing but scenes of magic lying round us.

Homer is in his province, when he is describing a battle or a multitude, a hero or a god. Virgil is never better pleased than when he is in his *elysium*, or copying out an entertaining picture. Homer's epithets generally mark out what is great; Virgil's, what is agreeable. Nothing can be more magnificent than the figure Jupiter makes in the first *Iliad*, nor more charming than that of Venus in the first *Æneid*.

*Ἦ' καὶ πρῶτον τῷ ὄφρ' οὖσι πρὸς Κρονίῳ,  
Ἀμβροσίαι δ' ἀρὰ χεῖρας ἐπιρρυσσάντο ἀνακλός  
Κροῦτος ἀπ' ἀθανάτοιο μέγαν δ' ἐκάλειν Ὀλύμπου.*

Iliad. lib. i. ver. 528.

'He spoke, and awful bends his sable brows;  
Shakes his ambrosial curls, and gives the nod,  
The stamp of fate, and sanction of the god:  
High heav'n with trembling the dread signal took,  
And all Olympus to the centre shook.'

POPE.

*'Dirit et advertens rosea cervice refulsit:  
Ambrosiaque comæ divinum vertice odorem  
Spiravere; pedes vestis defluxit ad imos,  
Et vera incessu patuit dea—'*

Æn. l. ver. 406.

'Thus having said, she turn'd and made appear  
Her neck refulgent, and dishevel'd hair;

Which, bowing from her shoulders, reach'd the ground,  
And widely spread her bushy accents round;  
In length of train descends her cringing gown,  
And by her graceful walk the queen of love is known.  
DARYDEN.

Homer's persons are most of them godlike and terrible; Virgil has scarce admitted any into his poem, who are not beautiful; and has taken particular care to make his hero so

*Immaculata purpuream, et lictos oculis effudit honores.*  
ÆN. L. ver. 595.

'And gave his rolling eyes a sparkling grace,  
And breath'd a youthful vigour on his face.'  
DARYDEN.

In a word, Homer fills his readers with sublime ideas, and, I believe, has raised the imagination of all the good poets that have come after him. I shall only instance Horace, who immediately takes fire at the first hint of any passage in the Iliad or Odyssey, and always rises above himself when he has Homer in his view. Virgil has drawn together, into his *Æneid*, all the pleasing scenes his subject is capable of admitting, and to his *Georgics* has given us a collection of the most delightful landscapes that can be made out of fields and woods, herds of cattle, and swarms of bees.

Ovid, in his *Metamorphoses*, has shown us how the imagination may be affected by what is strange. He describes a miracle in every story, and always gives us the sight of some new creature at the end of it. His art consists chiefly in well timing his description, before the first shape is quite worn off, and the new one perfectly settled; so that he every where entertains us with something we never saw before, and shows us monster after monster to the end of the *Metamorphoses*.

If I were to name a poet that is a perfect master in all these arts of working on the imagination, I think Milton may pass for one; and if his *Paradise Lost* falls short of the *Æneid* or *Iliad* in this respect, it proceeds rather from the fault of the language in which it is written, than from any defect of genius in the author. So divine a poem in English, is like a stately palace built of brick, where one may see architecture in as great a perfection as in one of marble, though the materials are of a coarser nature. But to consider it only as it regards our present subject, what can be conceived greater than the battle of angels, the majesty of Michael, the stature and behaviour of Satan and his peers? What more beautiful than Pandemonium, Paradise, Heaven, Angels, Adam and Eve? What more strange than the creation of the world, the several metamorphoses of the fallen angels, and the surprising adventures their leader meets with in his search after Paradise? No other subject could have furnished a poet with scenes so proper to strike the imagination, as no other poet could have painted those scenes in more strong and lively colours.

ADDISON.

O.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

"Whereas the proposal called the Multiplication Table is under an information from the attorney-general, in humble submission and duty to her majesty the said undertaking is laid down, and attendance is this day given, at the last house on the left hand in Ship Lane, Bartholomew Lane, in order to repay such sums as have been paid in the said table, without deduction."

See the letter answered to N<sup>o</sup> 413, and *Self's Works*, vol. iv. p. 312. 8vo. edit. 1601. "Steele was arrested the other day for making a letter, directly against an act of parliament. He is now under prosecution; but they think it will be dropped out of pity. I believe he will very soon lose his employment, for he has been mighty impertinent of late to his Spectators; and I will never offer a word in his behalf."

N<sup>o</sup> 418. MONDAY, JUNE 30, 1712.

## PAPER VIII.

ON THE PLEASURES OF THE IMAGINATION.

## CONTENTS.

Why any thing that is unpleasant to behold pleases the imagination when well described. Why the imagination receives a more exquisite pleasure from the description of what is great, new, or beautiful. The pleasure still heightened, if what is described raises passions in the mind. Disagreeable passions pleasing when raised by apt descriptions. Why terror and grief are pleasing to the mind when excited by description. A particular advantage the writers in poetry and fiction have to please the imagination. What liberties are allowed them.

— *fit et c. rubet super amorem.*  
VIRG. ÆN. lib. vi.

The rugged thorn shall bear the fragrant rose.

THE pleasures of these secondary views of the imagination are of a wider and more universal nature than those it has when joined with sight; for not only what is great, strange, or beautiful, but any thing that is disagreeable when looked upon, pleases us in an apt description. Here, therefore, we must inquire after a new principle of pleasure, which is nothing else but the action of the mind, which compares the ideas that arise from words with the ideas that arise from the objects themselves; and why this operation of the mind is attended with so much pleasure, we have before considered. For this reason, therefore, the description of a delightful is pleasing to the imagination, if the image be represented to our minds by suitable expressions; though, perhaps, this may be more properly called the pleasure of the understanding than of the fancy, because we are not so much delighted with the image that is contained in the description, as with the aptness of the description to excite the image.

But if the description of what is little, common, or deformed, be acceptable to the imagination, the description of what is great, surprising, or beautiful, is much more so; because here we are not only delighted with comparing the representation with the original, but are highly pleased with the original itself. Most readers, I believe, are more charmed with Milton's description of Paradise, than of bells; they are both, perhaps, equally perfect in their kind; but in the one the brightness and sulphur are not so refreshing to the imagination, as the beds of flowers and the wilderness of sweets in the other.

There is yet another circumstance which recommends a description more than all the rest; and that is, if it represents to us such objects as are apt to raise a secret ferment in the mind of the reader and to work with violence upon his passions. For in this case, we are at once warmed and enlightened, so that the pleasure becomes more universal and is several ways qualified to entertain us. This in painting, it is pleasant to look on the picture.

any face where the resemblance is hit; but the pleasure increases if it be the picture of a face that is beautiful, and is still greater, if the beauty be softened with an air of melancholy or sorrow. The two leading passions which the more serious parts of poetry endeavour to stir up in us, are terror and pity. And here, by the way, one would wonder how it comes to pass that such passions as are very unpleasant at all other times, are very agreeable when excited by proper descriptions. It is not strange, that we should take delight in such passages as are apt to produce hope, joy, admiration, love, or the like emotions, in us, because they never rise in the mind without an inward pleasure which attends them. But how comes it to pass, that we should take delight in being terrified or dejected by a description, when we find so much uneasiness in the fear or grief which we receive from any other occasion?

If we consider, therefore, the nature of this pleasure, we shall find that it does not arise so properly from the description of what is terrible, as from the reflection we make on ourselves at the time of reading it. When we look on such hideous objects, we are not a little pleased to think we are in no danger of them. We consider them, at the same time, as dreadful and harmless; so that the more frightful appearance they make, the greater is the pleasure we receive from the sense of our own safety. In short, we look upon the terrors of a description, with the same curiosity and satisfaction that we survey a dead monster.

*— Infirme cadaver  
Prostratur; nequeunt explorare corda tuenda  
Terribiles oculos, cultum, cillulosque retis  
Pectora semiferi atque extinctos faucibus ignes.*  
VIRG. *Æn.* viii. ver. 264.

*— They drag him from his den.  
The wond'ring neighbourhood, with glad surprise,  
Beheld his stagger'd breast, his giant size,  
His mouth that flames no more, and his extinguish'd eyes.*

DRYDEN.

It is for the same reason that we are delighted with the reflecting upon dangers that are past, or in looking on a precipice at a distance, which would fill us with a different kind of horror, if we saw it hanging over our heads.

In the like manner, when we read of torments, wounds, deaths, and the like dismal accidents, our pleasure does not flow so properly from the grief which such melancholy descriptions give us, as from the secret comparison which we make between ourselves and the person who suffers. Such representations teach us to set a just value upon our own condition, and make us prize our good fortune, which exempts us from the like calamities. This is, however, such a kind of pleasure as we are not capable of receiving, when we see a person actually lying under the tortures that we meet with in a description; because, in this case, the object presses too close upon our senses, and bears so hard upon us, that it does not give us time or leisure to reflect on ourselves. Our thoughts are so intent upon the miseries of the sufferer, that we cannot turn them upon our own happiness. Whereas, on the contrary, we consider the misfortunes we read in history or poetry, either as past, or as fictitious; so that the reflection upon ourselves rises in us insensibly, and overhears the sorrow we conceive for the sufferings of the afflicted.

But because the mind of man requires something more perfect in matter than what it finds there, and can never meet with any sight in nature which

sufficiently answers its highest ideas of pleasantness; or, in other words, because the imagination can fancy to itself things more great, strange, or beautiful, than the eye ever saw, and is still sensible of some defect in what it has seen; on this account it is the part of a poet to humour the imagination in our own notions, by mending and perfecting nature where he describes a reality, and by adding greater beauties than are put together in nature, where he describes a fiction.

He is not obliged to attend her in the slow advances which she makes from one season to another, or to observe her conduct in the successive production of plants and flowers. He may draw into his description all the beauties of the spring and autumn, and make the whole year contribute something to render it the more agreeable. His rose-trees, woodbines, and jessamines, may flower together, and his beds be covered at the same time with lilies, violets, and amaranths. His soil is not restrained to any particular set of plants, but is proper either for oaks or myrtles, and adapts itself to the products of every climate. Oranges may grow wild in it; myrrh may be met with in every hedge; and if he thinks it proper to have a grove of spices, he can quickly command sun enough to raise it. If all this will not furnish out an agreeable scene, he can make several new species of flowers, with richer scents and higher colours than any that grow in the gardens of nature. His concerts of birds may be as full and harmonious, and his woods as thick and gloomy, as he pleases. He is at no more expence in a long vista than a short one, and can as easily throw his cascades from a precipice of half a mile high, as from one of twenty yards. He has his choice of the winds, and can turn the course of his rivers in all the variety of meanders, that are most delightful to the readers' imagination. In a word, he has the modelling of nature in his own hands, and may give her what charms he pleases, provided he does not reform her too much, and run into absurdities by endeavouring to excel.

ADDISON.

O.

Nº 419. TUESDAY, JULY 1, 1712.

PAPER IX.

ON THE PLEASURES OF THE IMAGINATION.

CONTENTS.

Of that kind of poetry which Mr. Dryden calls, 'The Fairy Way of Writing.' How a poet should be qualified for it. The pleasures of the imagination that arise from it. In this respect why the moderns excel the ancients. Why the English excel the moderns. Who the best among the English. Of emblematical persons.

*— mentis gratissimus error.*

HOR. *Ep.* ii. l. 2. ver. 140.

In pleasing error lost, and charmingly deceiv'd.

THERE is a kind of writing, wherein the poet quite loses sight of nature, and entertains his reader's imagination with the characters and actions of such persons as have many of them no existence, but what he bestows on them. Such are fairies, witches, magicians, demons, and departed spirits. This Mr. Dryden calls 'the fairy way of writing,' which is indeed more distant than any other that depends on the poet's fancy, because he has no pattern to follow in it, and must work together out of his own invention.



There is a very odd turn of thought required for this sort of writing; and it is impossible for a poet to succeed in it, who has not a particular cast of fancy, and an imagination naturally fruitful and superstitious. Besides this, he ought to be very well versed in legends and fables, antiquated romances, and the traditions of nurses and old women, that he may fall in with our natural prejudices, and humour those notions which we have imbibed in our infancy. For otherwise he will be apt to make his fables talk like people of his own species, and not like other acts of beings, who converse with different objects, and think in a different manner from that of mankind.

*'Spirits deducti carment, sua iudicia, fœdus,  
Ne rebus tamali fructus, eo pœne perirent,  
And nimium teneris iusticiam cunctibus'——*

ROSE. Ars Poet. ver. 515.

*A wisp, that comes starting from the weeds,  
Must not at first speak like an oracle*

ROSCOMMON.

I do not say, with Mr. Baye in the *Rehearsal*, that spirits must not be confined to speak scenes; but it is certain their scenes ought to be a little discoloured, that it may seem particular, and proper to the person and condition of the speaker.

These descriptions raise a pleasing kind of horror in the mind of the reader, and amuse his imagination with the strangeness and novelty of the persons who are represented in them. They bring up into our memory the stories we have heard in our childhood, and favour those secret terrors and apprehensions to which the mind of man is naturally subject. We are pleased with surveying the different habits and behaviours of foreign countries; how much more must we be delighted and surprised when we are led, as it were, into a new creation, and see the persons and manners of another species! Men of cold fancies, and philosophical dispositions, object to this kind of poetry, that it has not probability enough to affect the imagination. But to this it may be answered, that we are sure, in general, there are many intellectual beings in the world beside ourselves, and several species of spirits, who are subject to different laws and economies from those of mankind: when we see, therefore, any of these represented naturally, we cannot look upon the representation as altogether impossible; nay, many are prepossessed with such false opinions, as dispose them to believe these particular delusions; at least we have all heard so many pleasing relations in favour of them, that we do not care for seeing through the falsehood, and willingly give ourselves up to so agreeable an imposture.

The ancients had not much of this poetry among them; for, indeed, almost the whole substance of it owes its original to the darkness and superstition of later ages, when phœns were made use of to terrify mankind, and frighten them into a sense of their deity. Our forefathers looked upon nature with more reverence and horror, before the world was enlightened by learning and philosophy; and loved to astonish themselves with the apprehensions of witchcraft, prodigies, charms, and enchantments. There was not a village in England that had not a ghost in it; the churchyards were all haunted; every large common had a circle of fables belonging to it; and there was scarce a shepherd to be met with who had not seen a spirit.

Among all the poets of this kind, our English

are much the best, by what I have yet seen; whether it be that we abound with more stories of this nature, or that the genius of our country is fitter for this sort of poetry. For the English are naturally fanciful, and very often disposed, by that gloominess and melancholy of temper which is so frequent in our nation, to many wild notions and visions, to which others are not so liable.

Among the English, Shakespeare has incomparably excelled all others. That noble extravagance of fancy, which he had in so great perfection, thoroughly qualified him to touch this weak superstitious part of his reader's imagination; and made him capable of succeeding, where he had nothing to support him besides the strength of his own genius. There is something so wild, and yet so solemn, in the speeches of his ghosts, fables, witches, and the like imaginary persons, that we cannot forbear thinking them natural, though we have no rule by which to judge of them, and must confess, if there are such beings in the world, it looks highly probable they should talk and act as he has represented them.

There is another sort of imaginary beings, that we sometimes meet with among the poets, when the author represents any passion, appetite, virtue or vice, under a visible shape, and makes it a person or an actor in his poem. Of this nature are the descriptions of Hunger and Lary in Ovid, of Fame in Virgil, and of Sin and Death in Milton. We find a whole creation of the like shadowy persons in Spenser, who had an admirable talent in representations of this kind. I have discovered of these emblematical persons in former papers\*, and shall therefore only mention them in this place. Thus we see how many ways poetry addresses itself to the imagination, as it has not only the whole circle of nature for its province, but makes new worlds of its own, shows us persons who are not to be found in being, and represents even the faculties of the soul, with the several virtues and vices, in a sensible shape and character.

I shall, in my two following papers, consider, in general, how other kinds of writing are qualified to please the imagination; with which I intend to conclude this essay.

ADDITION.

Q.

Nº 420. WEDNESDAY, JULY 2, 1712.

PAPER X.

OF THE PLEASURES OF THE IMAGINATION.

CONTENTS.

What authors please the imagination. Who have nothing to do with fiction. How history pleases the imagination. How the authors of the new philosophy please the imagination. The bounds and defects of the imagination. Whether these defects are essential to the imagination.

Quædam selecta ex antiquis auctoribus agunt.  
ROSE. Ars Poet. ver. 100.

And raise men's passions to what height they will.  
ROSCOMMON.

As the writers in poetry and fiction borrow their several materials from outward objects, and join them together at their own pleasure, there are others who are obliged to follow nature more closely, and to take their scenes out of her. Such are historians, natural philosophers, travellers, &c.

\* See Nos. 110 and 116.

\* See Nº 218.

graphers, and, in a word, all who describe visible objects of a real existence.

It is the most agreeable talent of an historian to be able to draw up his armies and fight his battles in proper expressions, to set before our eyes the divisions, calals and jealousies of great men, and to lead us step by step into the several actions and events of his history. We love to see the subject unfolding itself by just degrees, and breaking upon us insensibly, that so we may be kept in a pleasing suspense, and have time given us to raise our expectations, and to side with one of the parties concerned in the relation. I confess this shows more the art than the veracity of the historinn; but I am only to speak of him as he is qualified to please the imagination. And in this respect Livy has, perhaps, excelled all who went before him, or have written since his time. He describes every thing in so lively a manner, that his whole history is an admirable picture, and touches on such proper circumstances in every story, that his reader becomes a kind of spectator, and feels in himself all the variety of passions which are correspondent to the several parts of the relation.

But among this set of writers there are none who more gratify and enlarge the imagination, than the authors of the new philosophy, whether we consider their theories of the earth or heavens, the discoveries they have made by glasses, or any other of their contemplations on nature. We are not a little pleased to find every green leaf swarm with millions of animals, that at their largest growth are not visible to the naked eye. There is something very engaging to the fancy, as well as to our reason, in the treatises of metals, minerals, plants, and meteors. But when we survey the whole earth at once, and the several planets that lie within its neighbourhood, we are filled with a pleasing astonishment, to see so many worlds hanging one above another, and sliding round their axes in such an amazing pomp and solemnity. If, after this, we contemplate those wild fields of ether, that reach in height as far as from Saturn to the fixed stars, and run abroad almost to an infinitude, our imagination finds its capacity filled with so immense a prospect, and puts itself upon the stretch to comprehend it. But if we yet rise higher, and consider the fixed stars as so many vast oceans of flame, that are each of them attended with a different set of planets, and still discover new firmaments and new lights that are sunk further in those unfathomable depths of ether, so as not to be seen by the strongest of our telescopes, we are lost in such a labyrinth of suns and worlds, and confounded with the immensity and magnificence of nature.

Nothing is more pleasant to the fancy, than to enlarge itself by degrees, in its contemplation of the various proportions which its several objects bear to each other, when it compares the body of man to the bulk of the whole earth, the earth to the circle it describes round the sun, that circle to the sphere of the fixed stars, the sphere of the fixed stars to the circuit of the whole creation, the whole creation itself to the infinite space that is every where diffused about it; or when the imagination works downward, and considers the bulk of a human body in respect of an animal a hundred times less than a mite, the particular limbs of such an animal, the different springs which actuate the limbs, the spirits which set these springs a going, and the proportionable minuteness of these several parts, before they have arrived at their full growth and perfection: but if, after all this, we take the least particle of these animal spirits, and consider

its capacity of being wrought into a world that shall contain within those narrow dimensions a heaven and earth, stars and planets, and every different species of living creatures, in the same analogy and proportion they bear to each other in our own universe; such a speculation, by reason of its nicety, appears ridiculous to those who have not turned their thoughts that way, though at the same time it is founded on no less than the evidence of a demonstration. Nay, we may yet carry it further, and discover in the smallest particle of this little world, a new inexhausted fund of matter, capable of being spun out into another universe.

I have dwelt the longer on this subject, because I think it may show us the proper limits as well as the defectiveness of our imagination; how it is confined to a very small quantity of space, and immediately stopped in its operations, when it endeavours to take in any thing that is very great or very little. Let a man try to conceive the different bulk of an animal, which is twenty, from another which is an hundred times less than a mite, or to compare in his thoughts a length of a thousand diameters of the earth, with that of a million; and he will quickly find that he has no different measures in his mind, adjusted to such extraordinary degrees of grandeur or minuteness. The understanding, indeed, opens an infinite space on every side of us; but the imagination, after a few faint efforts, is immediately at a stand, and finds herself swallowed up in the immensity of the void that surrounds it: our reason can pursue a particle of matter through an infinite variety of divisions; but the fancy soon loses sight of it, and feels in itself a kind of elusum, that wants to be filled with matter of a more sensible bulk. We can neither widen nor contract the faculty to the dimensions of either extreme. The object is too big for our capacity, when we would comprehend the circumference of a world, and dwindles into nothing, when we endeavour after the idea of an atom.

It is possible this defect of imagination may not be in the soul itself, but as it acts in conjunction with the body. Perhaps there may not be room in the brain for such a variety of impressions, or the animal spirits may be incapable of figuring them in such a manner, as is necessary to excite so very large or very minute ideas. However it be, we may well suppose, that beings of a higher nature very much excel us in this respect, as it is probable the soul of man will be infinitely more perfect hereafter in this faculty, as well as in all the rest; inasmuch that, perhaps, the imagination will be able to keep pace with the understanding, and to form in itself distinct ideas of all the different modes and quantities of space.

ADDISON.

Q.

N° 421. THURSDAY, JULY 3, 1712.

## PAPER XI

ON THE PLEASURES OF THE IMAGINATION.

## CONTENTS.

How those please the imagination, who treat of subjects abstracted from matter, by allusions taken from it. What allusions most pleasing to the imagination. Great writers how faulty in this respect. Of the art of improving in general. The improvement capable of pain as well as pleasure. In what degree the imagination is capable either of pain or pleasure.

*Ignota errant locis ignota ridetur  
Jucunda gaudibus; studiis miscuit laborum.*  
OVID. Met. l. iv. ver. 294.

He sought fresh fountains in a foreign soil  
The pleasure learn'd the attending toil.  
ADDISON.

THE pleasures of the imagination are not wholly confined to such particular authors as are conversant in material objects, but are often to be met with among the polite masters of morality, criticism, and other speculations abstracted from matter, who, though they do not directly treat of the visible parts of nature, often draw from them their similitudes, metaphors, and allegories. By these illustrations, a truth in the understanding is, as it were, reflected by the imagination; we are able to see something like colour and shape in a notion, and to discover a scheme of thoughts traced out upon matter. And here the mind receives a great deal of satisfaction, and has two of its faculties gratified at the same time, while the fancy is busy in copying after the understanding, and transcribing ideas out of the intellectual world into the material.

The great art of a writer shows itself in the choice of pleasing allusions, which are generally to be taken from the great or beautiful works of art or nature; for though whatever is new or uncommon is apt to delight the imagination, the chief design of an allusion being to illustrate and explain the passages of an author, it should be always borrowed from what is more known and common, than the passages which are to be explained.

All allusions, when well chosen, are like so many tracks of light in a discourse, that make every thing about them clear and beautiful. A noble metaphor, when it is placed to an advantage, casts a kind of glory round it, and darts a lustre through a whole sentence. These different kinds of allusions are but so many different manners of similitudes; and, that they may please the imagination, the likeness ought to be very exact or very agreeable, as we love to see a picture where the resemblance is just, or the posture and air graceful. But we often find eminent writers very faulty in this respect: great scholars are apt to fetch their comparisons and allusions from the sciences in which they are most conversant, so that a man may see the compass of their learning in a treatise on the most laid forest subject. I have read a discourse upon love, which none but a profound chemist could understand, and have heard many a sermon that should only have been preached before a congregation of Cartesian. On the contrary, your men of business usually have recourse to such instances as are too mean and familiar. They are for drawing the reader into a game of chess or

tennis, or for leading him from shop to shop, in the cant of particular trades and employments. It is certain, there may be found an infinite variety of very agreeable allusions in both these kinds; but, for the generality, the most entertaining ones lie in the work of nature, which are obvious to all capacities, and more delightful than what is to be found in arts and sciences.

It is this talent of affecting the imagination, that gives an embellishment to good sense, and makes one man's compositions more agreeable than another's. It sets off all writings in general, but is the very life and highest perfection of poetry: where it shines in an eminent degree, it has preserved several poems for many ages, that have nothing else to recommend them; and where all the other beauties are present, the work appears dry and insipid, if this single one be wanting. It has something in it like creation. It bestows a kind of existence, and draws up to the reader's view several objects which are not to be found in being. It makes additions to nature, and gives greater variety to God's works. In a word, it is able to beautify and adorn the most illustrious scenes in the universe, or to fill the mind with more glorious shows and apparitions, than can be found in any part of it.

We have now discovered the several originals of those pleasures that gratify the fancy; and here, perhaps, it would not be very difficult to cast under their proper heads those contrary objects, which are apt to fill it with distaste and terror; for the imagination is as liable to pain as pleasure. When the brain is hurt by any accident, or the mind disordered by dreams or sickness, the fancy is overrun with wild dismal ideas, and terrified with a thousand hideous monsters of its own framing.

*Exemplum tristi deserta videt agmina Fœdum,  
Et nuda gravatum, et duplicata micantem Thebes;  
Aut strecentur annis æquales Oratio  
Armatum feribus matrem et periphetis viris  
Cum Japhet, ultionisque volens in laqueo dire.*  
VIRG. Æn. l. vi. ver. 490.

Like Pentheus, when distracted with his fear,  
He saw two seas, and double Thebes appear:  
Or saw Ossa, where his mother's ghost  
Full on his face (infernal brothers' lust,  
And shook her stony locks; he shrank the sight,  
Flies o'er the stage, surprised with mortal fright:  
The Furies guard the door, and intercept his flight.  
DENTON.

There is not a sight in nature so mortifying as that of a distracted person, when his imagination is troubled, and his whole soul disordered and confused. Babylon in ruins is not so melancholy a spectacle. But to quit so disagreeable a subject, I shall only consider by way of conclusion, what an infinite advantage this faculty gives an Almighty Being over the soul of man, and how great a measure of happiness or misery we are capable of receiving from the imagination only.

We have already seen the influence that one man has over the fancy of another, and with what ease he conveys into it a variety of images; how great a power then may we suppose lodged in him, who knows all the ways of affecting the imagination, who can inspire what ideas he pleases, and fill those ideas with terror and delight to what degree he thinks fit. He can excite images in the mind without the help of words, and make scenes rise up before us, and seem present to the eye, without the assistance of body or exterior objects. He can transport the imagination with such beautiful and glorious visions, as cannot possibly enter into our

present conceptions, or haunt it with such ghastly spectres and apparitions, as would make us hope for annihilation, and think existence no better than a curse. In short, he can so exquisitely ravish or torture the soul through this single faculty, as might suffice to make the whole heaven or hell of any finite being.

ANDISON.

O.

Nº 422. FRIDAY, JULY 4, 1712.

*Hæc scripsi non otii abundantia, sed amoris erga te.*

TULL. Epist.

I have written this, not out of abundance of leisure, but of my affection towards you.

I do not know any thing which gives greater disturbance to conversation, than the false notion some people have of raillery. It ought, certainly, to be the first point to be aimed at in society, to gain the good-will of those with whom you converse: the way to that is, to show you are well inclined towards them: what then can be more absurd than to set up for being extremely sharp and biting, as the term is, in your expressions to your familiars? A man who has no good quality but courage, is in a very ill way towards making an agreeable figure in the world, because that which he has superior to other people cannot be exerted, without raising himself an enemy. Your gentleman of a satirical vein is in the like condition. To say a thing which perplexes the heart of him you speak to, or brings blushes into his face, is a degree of murder; and it is, I think, an unpardonable offence to show a man you do not care whether he is pleased or displeased. But won't you then take a jest?—Yes: but pray let it be a jest. It is no jest to put me, who am so unhappy as to have an utter aversion to speaking to more than one man at a time, under a necessity to explain myself in much company, and reducing me to shame and derision, except I perform what my infirmity of silence disables me to do.

Callisthenes has great wit, accompanied with that quality, without which a man can have no wit at all, a sound judgment. This gentleman rallies the best of any man I know, for he forms his ridicule upon a circumstance which you are in your heart not unwilling to grant him; to wit, that you are guilty of an excess in something which is in itself laudable. He very well understands what you would be, and needs not fear your anger for declaring you are a little too much that thing. The generous will bear being reproached as lavish, and the valiant as rash, without being provoked to resentment against their monitor. What has been said to be a mark of a good writer will fall in with the character of a good companion. The good writer makes his reader better pleased with himself, and the agreeable man makes his friends enjoy themselves, rather than him, while he is in their company. Callisthenes does this with inimitable pleasantry. He whispered a friend the other day, so as to be overheard by a young officer, who gave symptoms of creaking upon the company, 'That gentleman has very much of the air of a general officer.' The youth immediately put on a composed behaviour, and behaved himself suitably to the conceptions he believed the company had of him. It is to be allowed that Callisthenes will make a man run into impertinent re-

lations, to his own advantage, and express the satisfaction he has in his own dear self till he is very ridiculous; but in this case the man is made a fool by his own consent, and not exposed as such whether he will or no. I take it therefore, that, to make raillery agreeable, a man must either not know he is rallied, or think never the worse of himself if he sees he is.

Acetius is of a quite contrary genius, and is more generally admired than Callisthenes, but not with justice. Acetius has no regard to the modesty or weakness of the person he rallies; but if the quality or humility gives him any superiority to the man he would fall upon, he has no mercy on soaking the onset. He can be pleased to see his best friend out of countenance, while the laugh is loud in his own applause. His raillery always puts the company into little divisions and separate interests, while that of Callisthenes cements it, and makes every man not only better pleased with himself, but also with all the rest in the conversation.

To rally well, it is absolutely necessary that kindness must run through all you say; and you must ever preserve the character of a friend to support your pretensions to be free with a man. Acetius ought to be banished human society, because he raises his mirth upon giving pain to the person upon whom he is pleasant. Nothing but the malevolence which is too general towards those who excel, could make his company tolerated; but they with whom he converses are sure to see some man sacrificed wherever he is admitted; and all the credit he has for wit, is owing to the gratification it gives to other men's ill-nature.

Mimutius has a wit that conciliates a man's love, at the same time that it is exerted against his faults. He has an art in keeping the person he rallies in countenance, by insinuating that he himself is guilty of the same imperfection. This he does with so much address, that he seems rather to bewail himself, than fall upon his friend.

It is really monstrous to see how unaccountably it prevails among men, to take the liberty of displeasing each other. One would think sometimes that the contention is, who shall be most disagreeable. Allusions to past follies, hints which revive what a man has a mind to forget for ever, and deserves that all the rest of the world should, are commonly brought forth even in company of men of distinction. They do not thrust with the skill of fencers, but cut up with the barbarity of butchers. It is, methinks, below the character of men of humanity and good manners, to be capable of mirth while there is any one of the company in pain and disorder. They who have the true taste of conversation, enjoy themselves in a communication of each other's excellences, and not in a triumph over their imperfections. Fortius would have been reckoned a wit, if there had never been a fool in the world: he waits not foils to be a beauty, but has that natural pleasure in observing perfection in others, that his own faults are overlooked out of gratitude by all his acquaintance.

After these several characters of men who succeed or fail in raillery, it may not be amiss to reflect a little further what one takes to be the most agreeable kind of it; and that to me appears when the satire is directed against vice, with an air of contempt of the fault, but no ill-will to the criminal. Mr. Congreve's Doris is a masterpiece in this kind. It is the character of a woman utterly abandoned; but her impudence, by the finest piece of raillery, is made only a positivity:

'Precious therefore in her way,  
'Whether by nature taught,  
'I shall not undertake to say,  
Or by experience bought.

'For who e'erlight obtain'd her grace,  
She can next day devour,  
And stare upon the strange man's face,  
As one she ne'er had known.

'So well she can the truth disguise,  
Such artful wooden frame,  
The lover or detracts his eyes,  
Or thinks 'twere all a dream.

'Some censure thus as low or low,  
Who are to beauty blind;  
But to forget what we behold,  
Bespeaks a noble mind.'

STEELE.

- T.

N° 423. SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1712

— *Paper-Idleness.*  
HOR. Od. xxvi. l. 3. ver. 3  
Once fit myself.

I look upon myself as a kind of guardian to the fair, and am always watchful to observe any thing which concerns their interest. The present paper shall be employed in the service of a very fine young woman; and the admonition I give her may not be useless to the rest of her sex. Gloriana shall be the name of the heroine in to-day's entertainment; and when I have told you that she is rich, witty, young, and beautiful, you will believe she does not want admirers. She has had, since she came to town, about twenty-five of those lovers who make their addresses by way of jest and settlement; these come and go with great indifference on both sides; and as beautiful as she is, a line in a deed has had exception enough against it, to outweigh the lustre of her eyes, the readiness of her understanding, and the merit of her general character. But among the crowd of such cool adorers, she has two who are very assiduous in their attendance. There is something extraordinary and artful in their manner of application, that I think it but common justice to alarm her to it. I have done it in the following letter:

'MADAM,

'I HAVE for some time taken notice of two gentlemen who attend you in all public places, both of whom have also easy access to you at your own house. The matter is adjusted between them; and Damon, who so passionately addresses you, has no design upon you; but Strephon, who seems to be indifferent in you, is the man who is, as they have settled it, to have you. The plot was laid over a bottle of wine; and Strephon, when he first thought of you, proposed to Damon to be his rival. The manner of his breaking of it to him, I was so placed at a tavern, that I could not avoid hearing. "Damon," said he, with a deep sigh, "I have long laugh'd for that miracle of beauty, Gloriana; and if you will be very steadily my rival, I shall certainly obtain her. Do not," continued he, "be offended at this overture; for I go upon the knowledge of the temper of the woman, rather than any vanity that I should profit by an opposition of your pretensions to those of your humble servant. Gloriana has very good sense, a quick relish of the satisfactions of life, and will not give herself, as the crowd of women do, to the arms of a man to whom she is indifferent. As she is a sensible woman, she is sensible of rapture and adoration

will not move her neither; but he that has her, must be the object of her desire, not her pity. The way to this end, I take to be, that a man's general conduct should be agreeable, without addressing in particular to the woman he loves. Now, sir, if you will be so kind as to fight and die for Gloriana, I will carry it with great respect towards her, but seem void of any thoughts as a lover. By this means I shall be in the most amiable light of which I am capable; I shall be received with freedom, you with reserve." Damon, who has himself no designs of marriage at all, easily fell into the scheme; and you may observe, that wherever you are, Damon appears also. You see he carries on an unobtrusive exactness in his dress and manner, and strives always to be the very contrary of Strephon. They have already succeeded so far, that your eyes are ever in search of Strephon, and turn themselves of course from Damon. They meet and compare notes upon your carriage; and the letter which was brought to you the other day, was a continuance to remark your resentment. When you saw the billet subscribed Damon, and turned away with a scornful air, and cried, "Impertinence!" you gave hopes to him that abuses you, without mortifying him that misgives for you.

'What I am concerned for, madam, is, that in the disposal of your heart, you should know what you are doing, and examine it before it is lost. Strephon contradicts you in discourse with the civility of one who has a value for you, but gives up nothing like one that loves you. This seeming unconcern gives his behaviour the advantage of sincerity, and insensibly obtains your good opinion, by appearing disinterested in the purchase of it. If you watch these correspondents hereafter, you will find that Strephon makes his visit of civility immediately after Damon has tired you with one of love. Though you are very discreet, you will find it no easy matter to escape the talk we well laid, as when one studies to be disagreeable in passion, the other to be pleasing without it. All the turns of your temper are carefully watched, and their quick and faithful intelligence gives your lovers irresistible advantage. You will please, madam, to be upon your guard, and take all the necessary precautions against one who is unable to you before you know he is enamoured.

'I AM, MADAM,

'Your most obedient servant.'

Strephon makes great progress in this lady's good graces; for most women being actuated by some little spirit of pride and contradiction, he has the good effects of both those motives by this covert way of courtship. He received a message yesterday from Damon, in the following words, subscribed, 'With speed.'

'All goes well; she is very angry at me, and I dare say hates me in earnest. It is a good time to visit.

'Yours.'

The comparison of Strephon's galtry to Damon's laughable, strikes her imagination with a prospect of very agreeable hours with such a man as the former, and abhorrence of the insipid prospect with one like the latter. To know when a lady is displeased with another, is to know the best time of addressing yourself. This method of two persons playing into each other's hand is so dangerous, that I cannot tell how a woman could be able to withstand such a design. The condition of Gloriana,

I am afraid, is irretrievable; for Strephon has had so many opportunities of pleasing without suspicion, that all which is left for her to do is to bring him, now she is advised, in an explanation of his passion, and beginning again, if she can conquer the kind sentiments she has already conceived for him. When one shows himself a creature to be avoided, the other proper to be fled to for succour, they have the whole woman between them, and can occasionally rebound her love and hatred from one to the other, in such a manner, as to keep her at a distance from all the rest of the world, and cast lots for the conquest.

N. B. I have many other secrets which concern the empire of love; but I consider that, while I alarm my women, I instruct my men.

STEELE.

Z.

Nº 424. MONDAY, JULY 7, 1712.

*Est ululris, animus si te non deficit aqua.*

HOR. Ep. xl. l. 1. ver. 30.

'Tis not the place disgust or pleasure brings:  
From our own mind our satisfaction springs.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'London, June 24.

'A MAN who has it in his power to choose his own company, would certainly be much to blame should he not, to the best of his judgment, take such as are of a temper most suitable to his own; and where that choice is wanting, or where a man is mistaken in his choice, and yet under a necessity of continuing in the same company, it will certainly be his interest to carry himself as easily as possible.

'In this I am sensible I do but repeat what has been said a thousand times, at which however I think nobody has any title to take exception, but they who never failed to put this in practice. Not to use any longer preface, this being the season of the year in which great numbers of all sorts of people retire from this place of business and pleasure to country solitude, I think it not improper to advise them to take with them as great a stock of good-humour as they can; for though a country life is described as the most pleasant of all others, and though it may in truth be so, yet it is so only to those who know how to enjoy leisure and retirement.

'As for those who can't live without the constant helps of business or company, let them consider that in the country there is no Exchange, there are no playhouses, no variety of coffee-houses, nor many of those other amusement, which serve here as so many reliefs from the repeated occurrences in their own families; but that there the greatest part of their time must be spent within themselves, and consequently it behoves them to consider how agreeable it will be to them before they leave this dear town.

'I remember, Mr. Spectator, we were very well entertained, last year, with the advices you gave us from Sir Roger's country seat\*; which I the rather mention, because it is almost impossible not to live pleasantly, where the master of the family is such a one as you there describe your friend, who cannot therefore (I mean as to his domestic character) be too often recommended to the imitation of others. How amiable is that affability and benevolence with which he treats his neighbours,

and every one, even the meanest of his own family! and yet how seldom imitated! Instead of which we commonly meet with ill-natured expostulations, noise, and chidings—And this I hinted, because the humour and disposition of the head is what chiefly influences all the other parts of a family.

'An agreement and kind correspondence between friends and acquaintance is the greatest pleasure of life. This is an undoubted truth; and yet any man who judges from the practice of the world will be almost persuaded to believe the contrary; for how can we suppose people should be so industrious to make themselves uneasy? What can engage them to entertain and foment jealousies of one another upon every the least occasion! Yet so it is, there are people who (as it should seem) delight in being troublesome and vexatious, who (as Tully speaks) *miri sunt alacritate ad litigandum*, 'have a certain cheerfulness in wrangling.' And thus it happens, that there are very few families in which there are not feuds and animosities, though it is every one's interest, there more particularly, to avoid them, because there (as I would willingly hope) no one gives another uneasiness, without feeling some share of it. But I am gone beyond what I designed, and had almost forgot what I chiefly proposed; which was, barely to tell you how hardly we, who pass most of our time in town, dispense with a long vacation in the country, how uneasy we grow to ourselves, and to one another, when our conversation is confined; insomuch that, by Michaelmas, it is odds but we come to downright squabbling, and make us free with one another to our faces, as we do with the rest of the world behind their backs. After I have told you this, I am to desire that you would now and then give us a lesson of good-humour, a family piece, which, since we are all very fond of you I hope may have some influence upon us.

'After these plain observations, give me leave to give you an hint of what a set of company of my acquaintance, who are now gone into the country, and have the use of an absent nobleman's seat, have settled among themselves, to avoid the inconveniences above mentioned. They are a collection of ten or twelve, of the same good inclination towards each other, but of very different talents and inclinations; from hence they hope, that the variety of their tempers will only create variety of pleasures. But as there always will arise, among the same people, either for want of diversity of objects, or the like causes, a certain satiety, which may grow into ill-humour or discontent, there is a large wing of the house which they design to employ in the nature of an infirmary. Whoever says a peevish thing, or acts any thing which betrays a sourness or indisposition to company, is immediately to be conveyed to his chambers in the infirmary; from whence he is not to be relieved, till by his manner of submission, and the sentiments expressed in his petition for that purpose, he appears to the majority of the company to be again fit for society. You are to understand, that all ill-natured words or uneasy gestures are sufficient cause for banishment; speaking impatiently to servants, making a man repeat what he says, or any thing that betrays inattention or dishumour, are also criminal without reprieve. But it is provided, that whoever observes the ill-natured fit coming upon himself, and voluntarily retires, shall be received at his return from the infirmary with the highest marks of esteem. By these and other wholesome methods, it is expected that, if they

\* See Nº 107.

cannot cure one another, yet at least they have taken care that the ill-humour of one shall not be troublesome to the rest of the company. There are many other rules which the society have established, for the preservation of their ease and tranquillity, the effects of which, with the incidents that arise among them, shall be communicated to you from time to time, for the public good, by,

AIR,

‘Your most humble servant,

A. O.

STEEL.

T.

N° 423. TUESDAY, JULY 8, 1712.

*Frigora solentem Zephyris; nec proteriti aestas  
Interitum: et  
Pomifer autumnus fruges effudit; et mos  
Britannæ recurrit inertæ.*

HOR. Od. vi. l. 4. ver. 3.

The cold grows soft with western gales,  
The summer over spring prevails,  
But yields to autumn's fruitful rains,  
As thus to winter storms and lands;  
Each loss the heaving season repairs again.

AIR IV TEMPLE.

‘MR SPECTATOR,

‘There is hardly any thing gives me a more sensible delight, than the enjoyment of a cool still evening after the noisiness of a hot sultry day. Such a one I passed not long ago, which made me rejoice, when the hour was come for the sun to set, that I might enjoy the freshness of the evening in my garden, which then affords me the pleasantest hours I pass in the whole year-and-twenty. I immediately rose from my couch, and went down into it. You descend at first by twelve stone steps into a large square divided into four grass-plots, in each of which is a statue of white marble. This is separated from a large parterre by a low wall; and from thence, through a pair of iron gates, you are led into a long broad walk of the finest turf, set on each side with tall yews, and on either hand bordered by a canal, which on the right divides the walk from a wilderness parted into variety of alleys and arbours, and on the left forms a kind of amphitheatre, which is the receptacle of a great number of oranges and myrtles. The moon shone bright, and seemed then most agreeably to supply the place of the sun, obliging me with as much light as was necessary to discover a thousand pleasing objects, and at the same time directed of all power of heat. The reflection of it in the water, the fanning of the wind rustling on the leaves, the singing of the thrush and nightingale, and the coolness of the walks, all conspired to make me lay aside all displeasing thoughts, and brought me into such a tranquillity of mind, as is, I believe, the next happiness to that of hereafter. In this sweet retirement I naturally fell into the repetition of some lines out of a poem of Milton’s, which he entitles *Id Penserose*, the ideas of which were exquisitely suited to my present wanderings of thought:

‘Then let some strange mysterious dream  
Wave at his wings in airy stream  
Of truly portendous dappled,  
Softly on my eyelids laid;  
And as I wake, sweet scenes beset  
Above, about, or underneath,  
Sent by some spirits to mortals’ good,  
Or the unseen genius of the wood.”

‘I reflected then upon the sweet vicissitudes of night and day, on the charming disposition of the seasons, and their return again to a perpetual circle; and oh! said I, that I could from these my declining years return again to my first spring of youth and vigour; but that, alas! is impossible; all that remains within my power, is to soften the inconveniences I feel, with an easy contented mind, and the enjoyment of such delights as this solitude affords me. In this thought I sat me down on a bank of flowers, and dropped into a slumber, which, whether it were the effect of fumes and vapours, or my present thoughts, I know not; but methought the genius of the garden stood before me, and introduced into the walk where I lay this drama, and different scenes of the revolution of the year, which, whilst I then saw, even in my dream, I resolved to write down, and send to the Spectator.

‘The first person whom I saw advancing towards me, was a youth of a most beautiful air and shape, though he seemed not yet arrived at that exact proportion and symmetry of parts which a little more time would have given him; but, however, there was such a bloom in his countenance, such satisfaction and joy, that I thought it the most desirable form that I had ever seen. He was clothed in a flowing mantle of green silk, interwoven with flowers; he had a chaplet of roses on his head, and a garlands in his hand; primroses and violets sprang up under his feet, and all nature was cheered at his approach. Flora was on one hand, and Vertumnus on the other, in a robe of changeable silk. After this I was surprised to see the moon-beams reflected with a sudden glare from armour, and to see a man completely armed, advancing with his sword drawn. I was soon informed by the genius it was Mars, who had long usurped a place among the attendants of the Spring. He made way for a softer appearance. It was Venus, without any ornament but her own bewick, but so much as her own centre, with which she had encompassed a globe, which she held in her right hand, and in her left she had a sceptre of gold. After her followed the Graces, with their arms entwined within one another; their glories were loosed, and they moved to the sound of soft music, striking the ground alternately with their feet. Then came up the three months which belong to this season. As March advanced towards me, there was methought in his look a lowering roughness, which ill bethitted a month which was ranked in so soft a season; but as he came forward, his features became insensibly more mild and gentle; he smoothed his brow, and looked with so sweet a countenance, that I could not but lament his departure, though he made way for April. He appeared in the greatest gaiety imaginable, and had a thousand pleasures to attend him; his look was frequently clouded, but immediately returned to its first composure, and remained fixed to a smile. Then came May, attended by Cupid, with his bow strung, and in a posture to let fly an arrow; as he passed by, methought I heard a confused noise of soft complaints, gentle exclamations, and tender sighs of lovers’ vows of constancy, and as many complaints of perfidiousness; all which the winds

‘Sweet bird! that dost’st the noise of folly,  
Most musically! most sweetly!  
Thy, chaunter, oft, the woods among,  
I love to hear thy evening song;  
And running thro’ the wicket, where  
On the dry smooth charred green,  
To heed the wood-pigeon’s  
A dog heart her highest note,  
Like one that hath been led astray,  
Through the forest’s wild and low way,  
And off, as if her heart she bore,  
Slipping through a dewy cloud,

waisted away as soon as they had reached my hearing. After these I saw a man advance in the full prime and vigour of his age; his complexion was sanguine and ruddy, his hair black, and fell down in beautiful ringlets beneath his shoulders: a mantle of hair-coloured silk hung loosely upon him: he advanced with a hasty step after the Spring, and smight oht the shade and cool fountains which played in the garden. He was particularly well pleased when a troop of Zephyrs fanned him with their wings. He had two companions who walked on each side, that made him appear the most agreeable; the one was Aurora with fingers of roses, and her feet dewy, attired in grey; the other was Vesper, in a robe of azure beset with drops of gold, whose breath he caught whilst it passed over a bundle of honeysuckles and tuberoses which he held in his hand. Pan and Ceres followed them with four reapers, who danced a morrice \* to the sound of oaten pipes and cymbals. Then came the attendant months. June retained still some small likeness of the spring; but the other two seemed to step with a less vigorous tread, especially August, who seemed almost to faint, whilst, for half the steps he took, the dog-star levelled his rays full at his head. They passed on, and made way for a person that seemed to bend a little under the weight of years; his beard and hair, which were full grown, were composed of an equal number of black and grey; he wore a robe which he had girt round him, of a yellowish cast, not unlike the colour of fallen leaves, which he walked upon. I thought he hardly made amends for expelling the foregoing scene by the large quantity of fruits which he bore in his hands. Plenty walked by his side with an healthy fresh countenance, pouring out from an horn all the various products of the year. Pomona followed with a glass of cyder in her hand, with Bacchus in a chariot drawn by tigers, accompanied by a whole troop of satyrs, fauns, and sylvans. September, who came next, seemed in his looks to promise a new Spring, and wore the livery of those months. The succeeding month was all soiled with the juice of grapes, as if he had just come from the vine-press. November, though he was in this division, yet by the many stops he made seemed rather inclined to the Winter, which followed close at his heels. He advanced in the shape of an old man in the extremity of age: the hair he had was sn very white, it seemed a real snow; his eyes were red and piercing, and his beard hung with a great quantity of icicles; he was wrapped up in furs, but yet so pinched with excess of cold, that his limbs were all contracted, and his body bent to the ground, so that he could not have supported himself had it not been for Comus, the god of revels, and Necessity, the mother of Fate, who sustained him on each side. The shape and mantle of Comus was one of the things that most surprised me; as he advanced towards me, his countenance seemed the most desirable I had ever seen. On the fore-part of his mantle was pictured joy, delight, and satisfaction, with a thousand emblems of merriment, and jests with faces-looking two ways at once; but as he passed from me, I was amazed at a shape so little correspondent to his face: his head was bald, and all the rest of his limbs appeared old and deformed. On the hinder part of his mantle was represented Murder with disbelled hair and a dagger all bloody, Anger in a

robe of scarlet, and Suspicion squinting with both eyes; but, above all, the most conspicuous was the battle of the Lapithæ and the Centaurs. I detested so hideous a shape, and turned my eyes upon Saturn, who was stealing away behind him, with a scythe in one hand and an horn-glass in the other, unobserved. Behind Necessity was Vesta, the goddess of fire, with a lamp which was perpetually supplied with oil, and whose flame was eternal. She cheered the rugged brow of Necessity, and warmed her so far as almost to make her assume the features and likeness of Choice. December, January, and February, passed on after the rest, all in furs; there was little distinction to be made amongst them; and they were more or less displeasing, as they discovered more or less haste towards the grateful return of Spring.

[Supposed to be by Pope.]

2.

Nº 426. WEDNESDAY, JULY 9, 1712.

— *Quid non mortalia pectora cogis,  
Auri sacra fames!* —

VIRG. Æn. lib. ver. 56.

O sacred hunger of pernicious gold!  
What hands of faith can impious lucre hold!  
DRYDEN.

A very agreeable friend of mine, the other day, carrying me in his coach into the country to dinner, fell into discourse concerning the 'care of parents due to their children,' and the 'piety of children towards their parents.' He was reflecting upon the success of particular virtues and qualities there might be preserved from one generation to another, if these regards were reciprocally held in veneration: but as he never fails to mix an air of mirth and good-humour with his good sense and reasoning, he entered into the following relation:

'I will not be confident in what century, or under what reign it happened, that this want of mutual confidence and right understanding between father and son was fatal to the family of the Valentines in Germany. Basilus Valentinus\* was a person who had arrived at the utmost perfection in the hermetic art, and initiated his son Alexandrinus in the same mysteries: but, as you know they are not to be attained but by the painful, the pious, the chaste, and pure of heart, Basilus did not open to him, because of his youth, and the deviations too natural to it, the greatest secrets of which he was master, as well knowing that the operation would fail in the hands of a man so liable to errors in life as Alexandrinus. But believing, from a certain indisposition of mind as well as body, his dissolution was drawing nigh, he called Alexandrinus to him, and as he lay on a couch, over against which his son was seated, and prepared by sending out his servants one after another, and admonition to examine that no one overheard them, he revealed the most important of his secrets with the solemnity and language of an adept. "My son," said he, "many have been the watchings, long the lucubrations, constant the labours, of thy father, not only to gain a great and plentiful estate to his posterity, but also to take care that he should have no posterity. Be not amazed, my child, I do not mean that thou shalt

\* An account of the morrice-dance may be seen in Hawkins's History of Music, vol. ii.

\* This story of Basilus Valentinus is taken from the Ambassador's Travels of Olearius, book v.



be taken from me, but that I will never leave thee, and consequently cannot be said to have posterity. Behold, my dearest Alexandrina, the effect of what was propagated in nine months. We are not to contradict nature, but to follow and to help her; just as long as an infant is in the womb of its parent, so long are these medicines of revivification in preparing. Observe this small phial and this little gallipot; in this an unguent, in the other a liquor. In these, my child, are collected such powers, as shall revive the springs of life when they are yet but just ceased, and give new strength, new spirit, and, in a word, wholly restore all the organs and senses of the human body to as great a duration, as it had before enjoyed from its birth to the day of the application of these my medicines. But, my beloved son, care must be taken to apply them within ten hours after the breath is out of the body, while yet the clay is warm with its late life, and yet capable of reanimation. I find my frame grown crazy with perpetual toil and meditation; and I conjure you, as soon as I am dead, to anoint me with this unguent; and when you see me begin to move, pour into my lips this inestimable liquor, else the force of the ointment will be ineffectual. By this means you will give me life as I have you, and we will from that hour mutually lay aside the authority of having bestowed life on each other, but live as brethren, and prepare new medicines against each other's period of time as will demand another application of the same restoratives." In a few days after these wonderful ingredients were delivered to Alexandrina, Basilin departed this life. But such was the pious sorrow of the son as the loss of so excellent a father, and the first transports of grief had so wholly disabled him from all manner of business, that he never thought of the medicines till the time to which his father had limited their efficacy was expired. To tell the truth, Alexandrina was a man of wit and pleasure, and considered his father had lived out his natural time; his life was long and uniform, suitable to the regularity of it; but that he himself, poorer, wanted a new life, to repent of a very bad life hitherto, and in the examination of his heart, resolved to go on as he did with this natural being of his, but repent very faithfully, and spend very piously the life to which he should be restored by application of these rarities, when time should come, to his own person.

\* It has been observed, that Providence frequently punishes the selfishness of men, who would do moderately for their own offspring, with children very much below their characters and qualifications; inasmuch that they only transmit their names to be borne by those who give daily proofs of the vanity of the labour and ambition of their progenitors.

\* It happened thus in the family of Basilin; for Alexandrina began to enjoy his ample fortune in all the extremities of household expense, furniture, and insolent equipage; and this he pursued till the day of his own departure began, to be grew sensible, to approach. As Basilin was punished with a son very unlike him, Alexandrina was visited by one of her own disposition. It is natural that ill men should be suspicious; and Alexandrina, besides that jealousy, had proofs of the vicious disposition of his son Herasius, for that was his name.

\* Alexandrina, as I observed, having very good reason for thinking it unsafe to trust the real secrets of his phial and gallipot to any man living, projected to make sure work, and hope for his success

depending from the avarice, not the bonity of his benefactor.

\* With this thought he called Renatus to his bedside, and bespoke him to the most pathetic gesture and accent. "As much, my son, as you have been addicted to vanity and pleasure, as I also have been before you, you nor I could escape the fame, or the good effects of the profound knowledge of our progenitor, the renowned Basilin. His symbol is very well known in the philosophic world; and I shall never forget the venerable air of his countenance, when he let me into the profound mysteries of the marvellous table of Herasius. 'It is true,' said he, 'and far removed from all colour of deceit; that which is inferior is like that which is superior, by which are acquired and perfected all the miracles of a certain work. The father is the sun, the mother the moon, the wind is the womb, the earth is the nurse of it, and mother of all perfection. All this must be received with modesty and wisdom.' The chemical people carry, to all their jargon, a whimsical sort of plety which is ordinary with great lovers of money, and is no more but deceiving themselves, that their regularity and strictness of manners, for the ends of this world, has some affinity to the innocence of heart which must recommend them to the next." Renatus wondered to hear his father talk so like an adept, and with such a mixture of plety; while Alexandrina, observing his attention fixed, proceeded. "This phial, child, and this little earthen pot, will add to thy estate so much as to make thee the richest man in the German empire. I am going to pay long hours, but shall not return to common dust." Then he resumed a countenance of alacrity, and told him, that if within an hour after his death he anointed his whole body, and poured down his throat that liquor which he had from old Basilin, the corpse would be converted into pure gold. I will not pretend to express to you the unfeigned tenderness that passed between these two extraordinary persons; but if the father recommended the cure of his remedies with vehemence and affection, the son was not behind hand in professing that he would not eat the least bit off him, but upon the utmost extremity, as to provide for his younger brothers and sisters.

\* Well, Alexandrina died, and the heir of his body (as our term is) could not forbear, in the wantonness of his heart, to measure the length and breadth of his beloved father, and cast up the remaining value of him before he proceeded to operation. When he knew the immense reward of his pains, he began the work; but not when he had anointed the corpse all over, and begun to apply the liquor, the body stirred, and Renatus, to a fright, brake the phial.

STILL.

T.

N° 427. THURSDAY, JULY 10, 1712.

*Quotum a verum turpitudine abet, etiam in a verborum libertate utitur.*

TULL.

We should be as careful of our words, as our actions; and as far from speaking, as from doing ill.

It is a certain sign of an ill heart to be inclined to defamation. They who are harsh and insolent can have no gratification that ways but it ever arises from a neglect of what is laudable in man and self, and an impatience of seeing it in another. Why should virtue provoke? Why should

beauty displeased in such a degree, that he never let the  
 given to him, and it never let the  
 by him, without a strong  
 opinion of it? A lady of the  
 name; thickened her own  
 character by a born  
 elegant and of her  
 'Good' to be a  
 match; I prefer the  
 thing to the  
 think for  
 have of their  
 it is really the  
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 backbiting

be taken from me, but that I will never leave thee, and consequently cannot be said to have posterity. Behold, my dearest Alexandrinus, the effect of what was propagated in nine months. We are not to contradict nature, but to follow and to help her; just as long as an infant is in the womb of its parent, so long are these medicines of revivification in preparing. Observe this small phial and this little gallipot; in this an argument, in the other a liquor. In these, my child, are collected such powers, as shall revive the springs of life when they are yet but just ceased, and give new strength, new spirits, and, in a word, wholly restore all the organs and senses of the human body to as great a duration, as it had before enjoyed from its birth to the day of the application of these my medicines. But, my beloved son, care must be taken to apply them within ten hours after the breath is out of the body, while yet the clay is warm with its late life, and yet capable of resuscitation. I find my frame grown crazy with perpetual toil and meditation; and I conjure you, as soon as I am dead, to anoint me with this unguent; and when you see me begin to move, pour into my lips this last famous liquor, the force of the ointment will be ineffectual. By this means you will give me life as I have you, and we will from that hour mutually lay aside the authority of having bestowed life on each other, but live as brethren, and prepare new medicines against such another period of time as will demand another application of the same restoratives." In a few days, after these wonderful ingredients were delivered to Alexandrinus, Basilus departed this life. But such was the pious sorrow of the son at the loss of so excellent a father, and the first transports of grief had so wholly disabled him from all manner of business, that he never thought of the medicines till the time to which his father had limited their efficacy was expired. To tell the truth, Basilus was a man of wit and pleasure, and his father had lived out his natural life; but that he himself, poor fellow, wanted a new life, (a repent of a very bad libertine, and in the examination of his heart, resolved to go on as he did with this natural being if his last moment were such a gift, and spend very easily the life to which he should be restored by application of these rarities, when time should use, to his own person.

It has been observed, that Providence frequently punishes the self-love of men, who would do moderately for their own offspring, with children very much below their characters and qualifications; inasmuch that they only transmit their names to be borne by those who give daily proofs of the avarice of the labour and ambition of their progenitors.

It happened thus in the family of Basilus; for Alexandrinus began to enjoy his ample fortune in all the extremities of household expense, furniture, and violent equipages; and this he pursued till the day of his own departure began, as he grew sensible, to approach. As Basilus was punished with a son very unlike him, Alexandrinus was visited by one of his own disposition. It is natural that all men should be so jealous; and Alexandrinus, besides that great proof of the vicious disposition of his son Iteratus, for that was his name.

Alexandrinus, as I observed, having very good reason for thinking it unsafe to trust the real secret of his phial and gallipot to any man living, projected to make some work, and hope for his success

depending from the avarice, not the bounty of his benefactor.

With this thought he called Renatus to his bedside, and bespoke him in the most pathetic gesture and accent. "As much, my son, as you have been addicted to vanity and pleasure, as I also have been before you, you nor I could escape the fame, or the good effects of the profound knowledge of our progenitor, the renowned Basilus. His symbol is very well known in the philosophic world; and I shall never forget the venerable air of his countenance, when he let me into the profound mysteries of the maragrine table of Hermes. 'It is true,' said he, 'and far removed from all colour of deceit; that which is inferior is like that which is superior, by which are acquired and perfected all the miracles of a certain work. The father is the sun, the mother the moon, the wind is the womb, the earth is the name of it, and mother of all perfection. All this must be received with modesty and wisdom.' The chemical people carry, in all their jargon, a whimsical sort of piety which is ordinary with great lovers of money, and is no more but deceiving themselves, that their regularity and strictness of manners, for the ends of this world, has some affinity to the innocence of heart which must recommend them to the next." Renatus wondered to hear his father talk so like an adept, and with such a mixture of piety; while Alexandrinus, observing his attention fixed, proceeded. "This phial, child, and this little earthen pot, will add to thy estate so much as to make thee the richest man in the German empire. I am going to my long home, but shall not return to common dust." Then he renewed a certain name of alchemy, and told him, that if within an hour after his death he anointed his whole body, and poured down his throat that liquor which he had from old Basilus, the corpse would be converted into pure gold. I will not pretend to express to you the assented tenderness that passed between these two extraordinary persons; but if the father recommended the care of his remains with vehemence and affection, the son was not behind hand in professing that he would not cut the least bit off him, but upon the utmost extremity, or to provide for his younger brethren and sisters.

Well, Alexandrinus died, and the heir of his body (as our term is) could not forbear, in the wantonness of his heart, to measure the length and breadth of his beloved father, and cast up the coming value of him before he proceeded to operation. When he knew the immense reward of his pious, he began the work; but not when he had anointed the corpse all over, and began to apply the liquor, the body stirred, and Renatus, in a fright, broke the phial.

STEELE.

T.

Nº 437. THURSDAY, JULY 10, 1718.

*Quantum a verum corporis adeo, tantum a a verum  
libertate separata.*

TULL.

We should be as careful of our words, as our actions; and as far from speaking, as from doing ill.

It is a certain sign of an ill heart to be inclined to defamation. They who are harmless and innocent can have no gratification that way; but it ever arises from a neglect of what is laudable in a man's self, and an impatience of seeing it in another. Like why should virtue provoke? Why should

beauty displease in such a degree, that a man given to scandal never lets the mention of either pass by him, without offering something to the diminution of it? A lady the other day at a visit, being attacked somewhat rudely by one whose own character has been very roughly treated, answered a great deal of heat and intemperance very calmly, 'Good madam, spare me, who am none of your match; I speak ill of nobody, and it is a new thing to me to be spoken ill of.' Little minds think fame consists in the number of votes they have on their side among the multitude, whereas it is really the inseparable follower of good and worthy actions. Fame is no natural follower of merit, as a shadow is of a body. It is true, when crowds press upon you, this shadow cannot be seen; but when they separate from around you, it will again appear. The lazy, the idle, and the forward, are the persons who are most pleased with the little tales which press about the town to the disadvantage of the rest of the world. Were it not for the pleasure of speaking ill, there are numbers of people who are too lazy to go out of their own houses, and too ill-natured to open their lips in conversation. It was not a little diverting the other day to observe a lady reading a post-letter, and at these words, 'After all her airs, he has heard your story or other, and the match is broke off,' give orders in the midst of her reading, — 'Put to the horse.' That a young woman of merit had a real advantage in settlement, was news not to be delayed, but so actively she should have given her malicious acquaintance that satisfaction before her. The unwillingness to receive good tidings is a quality as inseparable from a real blazer, as the readiness to divulge bad. But, alas! how wretchedly low and contemptible is that state of mind, that cannot be pleased but by what is the subject of lamentation. This temper has ever been, in the highest degree, a lion to gallant spirits. The Persian soldier, who was heard reviling Alexander the Great, was well rebuked by his officer, 'Sir, you are paid to fight against Alexander, and not to rail at him.'

Cicero, in one of his pleadings, defending his client from general scandal, says very handsomely, and with much reason, 'There are many who have particular engagements to the prosecutor; there are many who are known to have ill-will to him for whom I appear; there are many who are naturally addicted to defamation, and envy of my good to any man, who may have contributed to spread reports of this kind: for nothing is so swift as scandal, nothing is more easily sent abroad, nothing received with more welcome, nothing diffuses itself so universally. I shall not desire, that if any report to our disadvantage has any ground for it, you would overlook or extenuate it; but if there be any thing advanced, without a person who can say whence he had it, or which is attested by one who forgot who told him it, or who had it from one of so little consideration that he did not then think it worth his notice, all such testimonies as these, I know, you will think too slight to have any credit against the innocence and honour of your fellow-citizens.' When an ill report is traced, it very often vanishes among such as the orator has here recited. And how despicable a creature must that be, who is in pain for what passes among so frivolous a people! There is a town in Warwickshire, of good note, and formerly pretty famous for much animosity and dissension, the chief families of which have now turned all their whispers, backbitings, envies, and private malices, into

mirth and entertainment, by means of a peevish old gentlewoman, known by the title of the Lady Bluemantle. This heroine had, for many years together, outdone the whole sisterhood of gossips in invention, quick utterance, and unprovoked malice. This good body is of a lasting constitution, though extremely decayed in her eyes, and decrepit in her feet. The two circumstances of being always at home, for her lameness, and very attentive, from her blindness, make her lodgings the receptacle of all that passes in town, good or bad; but for the latter she seems to have the better memory. There is another thing to be noted of her, which is, that, as it is usual with old people, she has a livelier memory of things which passed when she was very young, than of late years. Add to all this, that she does not only not love any body, but she hates every body. The statue in Rome\* does not serve to vent malice half so well, as this old lady does to disappoint it. She does not know the author of any thing that is told her, but can readily repeat the matter itself; therefore, though she exposes all the whole town, she offends no one body in it. She is so exquisitely restless and peevish, that she quarrels with all about her, and sometimes in a freak will instantly change her habitation. To indulge this humour, she is led about the grounds belonging to the same house she is in; and the persons to whom she is to remove, being in the plot, are ready to receive her at her own chamber again. At stated times, the gentleman at whose house she supposes she is at the time is sent for to quarrel with, according to her common custom. When they have a mind to drive the jest, she is immediately urged to that degree, that she will bound in a family with which she has never yet been; and away she will go this instant, and tell them all that the rest have been saying of them. By this means she has been an inhabitant of every house in the place, without stirring from the same habitation; and the many stories which every body furnishes her with to favour that descent, make her the general intelligencer of the town of all that can be said by one woman against another. The groundless stories die away, and sometimes truths are smothered under the general word, when they have a mind to discomfite a thing, 'Oh! that is in my Lady Bluemantle's Memoirs.'

Whoever receives impressions to the disadvantage of others, without examination, is to be had in no other credit for intelligence than this good Lady Bluemantle, who is subjected to have her ears imposed upon for want of other helps to better information. Add to this, that other scandal-bearers suspend the use of these faculties which she has lost, rather than apply them to do justice to their neighbours; and I think, for the service of my fair readers, to acquaint them, that there is a voluntary Lady Bluemantle at every visit in town.

STELLA.

T.

\* A statue of Pasquin in that city, to which the people fixed their papers of satirical observation, and which were thence called Pasquinades.

N° 428. FRIDAY, JULY 11, 1712.

*Occipet extremum scabietur*

HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 417

The devil take the hindmost! [English Proverb.]

It is an impertinent and unreasonable fault in conversation, for one man to take up all the discourse. It may possibly be objected to me myself, that I am guilty in this kind, in entertaining the town every day, and not giving so many able persons, who have it more in their power, and as much in their inclination, an opportunity to oblige mankind with their thoughts. 'Besides,' said one whom I overheard the other day, 'why must this paper turn altogether upon topics of learning and morality? Why should it pretend only to wit, humour, or the like? Things which are useful only to amuse men of literature and superior education. I would have it consist also of all things which may be necessary or useful to any part of society, and the mechanic arts should have their place as well as the liberal. The ways of gain, husbandry, and thrift, will serve a greater number of people, than discourses upon what was well said or done by such a philosopher, hero, general, or poet.' I no sooner heard this critic talk of my works, but I resolved what he had said; and from that instant resolved to enlarge the plan of my speculations, by giving notice to all persons of all orders, and each sex, that if they are pleased to send me discourses, with their names and places of abode to them, so that I can be satisfied the writings are authentic, such their labours shall be faithfully inserted in this paper. It will be of much more consequence to a youth, in his apprenticeship, to know by what rules and arts such a one became sheriff of the city of London, than to see the sign of one of his own quality with a lion's heart in each hand. The world, indeed, is enchanted with romantic and improbable achievements, when the plain path to respective greatness and success, in the way of life a man is in, is wholly overlooked. Is it possible that a young man at present could pass his time better, than in reading the history of stocks, or knowing by what secret springs they have had with sudden access and falls in the same day? Could he be better conducted to his way to wealth, which is the great article of life, than in a treatise dated from 'Change-alley by an able proficients there? Nothing certainly could be more useful, than to be well instructed in his hopes and fears; to be diffident when others exult, and with a secret joy buy when others think it their interest to sell. I invite all persons who have any thing to say for the prestibable information of the public, to take their terms in my paper: they are welcome, from the late noble inventor of the longitude, to the humble author of straps for razors. If to carry ships to safety, to give help to people towed in a troubled sea, without knowing to what shores they bear, what rocks to avoid, or what coast to pray for in their extremity, be a worthy labour, and an invention that deserves a statue; at the same time, be who has found a means to let the instrument which is to make your stage less horrible, and your prison more snug, easy in the operation, is worthy of some kind of good reception. If things of high moment meet with revivals, those of little consideration, since of any consideration, are not to be despised. In order that no merit may lie

hid, and no art unimproved, I repeat it, that I call artificers, as well as philosophers, to my assistance in the public service. It would be of great use, if we had an exact history of the successes of every great shop within the city walls, what tracts of land have been purchased by a constant attendance within a walk of thirty foot. If it could also be noted in the equipage of those who are ascended from the successful trade of their ancestors into figure and equipage, such accounts would quicken industry in the pursuit of such acquisitions, and discountenance luxury in the enjoyment of them.

To diversify these kinds of informations, the industry of the female world is not to be unobserved. She to whose household virtues it is owing that men do honour to her husband, should be recorded with veneration; she who has wasted his labours, with infamy. When we come into domestic life in this manner, to awaken caution and attendance to the main point, it would not be amiss to give now and then a touch of tragedy, and describe that most dreadful of all human conditions, the case of bankruptcy, how plenty, credit, cheerfulness, full hopes, and easy possessions, are in an instant turned into penury, faint aspects, diffidence, sorrow, and misery; how the man, who with an open hand the day before could administer to the extremities of others, is shunned to-day by the friend of his bosom. It would be useful to show how just this is on the negligent, how lamentable on the indolent. A paper written by a merchant, might give this island a true sense of the worth and importance of his character: it might be visible from what he could say, that no soldier entering a breach adventures more for honour, than the trader does for wealth, to his country. In both cases, the adventurers have their own advantage; but I know no cases wherein every body else is a sharer in the success.

It is objected by readers of history, that the battles in those narrations are scarce ever to be understood. This misfortune is to be ascribed to the ignorance of historians in the methods of drawing up, changing the forms of a battalion, and the enemy retreating from, as well as approaching to, the charge. But in the discourses from the correspondents whom I now invite, the danger will be of another kind; and it is necessary to caution them only against using terms of art, and describing things that are familiar to them in words unknown to their reader. I promise myself a great harvest of new circumstances, persons, and things, from this proposal; and a world, which many think they are well acquainted with, discovered as wholly new. This sort of intelligence will give a lively image of the chain and mutual dependence of human society, take off impertinent prejudices, enlarge the minds of those whose views are confined to their own circumstances; and in short, if the knowing in several arts, professions, and trades, will exert themselves, it cannot but produce a new field of diversion and instruction, more agreeable than has yet appeared.

STEELE.

T.

Nº 429. SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1712.

*Populumque falsis decolorat uli  
Vocibus*

HOR. O. L. B. L. 2. act. 19.

From cheats of words the crowd she brings  
To real estimate of things.

CURCH.

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"SINCE I gave an account of an agreeable set of company which were gone down into the country, I have received advices from thence, that the institution of an infirmary for those who should be out of humour \* has had very good effects. My letters mention particular circumstances of two or three persons, who had the good sense to retire of their own accord, and notified that they were withdrawn, with the reasons of it, to the company, in their respective memorial.

"*The Memorial of Mrs. Mary Dainty, Spinster,*

"Humbly sheweth,

"THAT, conscious of her own want of merit, accompanied with a vanity of being admired, she had gone into exile of her own accord.

"She is sensible, that a vain person is the most insufferable creature living in a well-bred assembly.

"That she desired, before she appeared in public again, she might have assurances, that though she might be thought handsome, there might not more address of compliment be paid to her, than to the rest of the company.

"That she conceived it a kind of superiority, that one person should take upon him to commend another.

"Lastly, That she went into the infirmary, to avoid a particular person, who took upon him to profess an admiration of her.

"She therefore prayed, that to applaud out of due place, might be declared an offence, and punished in the same manner with detraction, in that the latter did but report persons defective, and the former made them so.

"All which is submitted, &c."

"There appeared a delicacy and sincerity in this memorial very uncommon; but my friend informs me, that the allegations of it were groundless, inasmuch that this declaration of an aversion to being praised was understood to be no other than a secret trap to purchase it, for which reason it lies still on the table unanswered."

"*The humble Memorial of the Lady Lydia Loller,*

"Sheweth,

"THAT the Lady Lydin is a woman of quality; married to a private gentleman.

"That she finds herself neither well nor ill.

"That her husband is a clown.

"That Lady Lydia cannot see company.

"That she desires the infirmary may be her apartment during her stay in the country.

"That they would please to make merry with their equals.

"That Mr. Loller might stay with them if he thought fit."

"It was immediately resolved, that Lady Lydia was still at London."

"*The humble Memorial of Thomas Sudden, Esq. of the Inner Temple,*

"Sheweth,

"THAT Mr. Sudden is conscious that he is too much given to argumentation.

"That he talks loud.

"That he is apt to think all things matter of debate.

"That he stayed behind in Westminster-hall, when the late shake of the roof happened, only because a counsel of the other side asserted it was coming down.

"That he cannot for his life consent to any thing.

"That he stays in the infirmary to forget himself.

"That as soon as he has forgot himself, he will wait on the company."

"His indisposition was allowed to be sufficient to require a recreation from company."

"*The Memorial of Frank Jolly,*

"Sheweth,

"THAT he hath put himself into the infirmary, in regard he is sensible of a certain rustic mirth which renders him unfit for polite conversation.

"That he intends to prepare himself, by abstinence and thin diet, to be one of the company.

"That at present he comes into a room as if he were an express from abroad.

"That he has chosen an apartment with a matted anti-chamber, to practise motion without being heard.

"That he bows, talks, drinks, eats, and helps himself before a glass, to learn to act with moderation.

"That by reason of his luxuriant health, he is oppressive to persons of composed behaviour.

"That he is endeavouring to forget the word 'pshaw, pshaw.'"

"That he is also weaning himself from his cane.

"That when he has learnt to live without his said cane, he will wait on the company, &c."

"*The Memorial of John Rhubarb, Esq.*

"Sheweth,

"THAT your petitioner has retired to the infirmary, but that he is in perfect good health, except that he has, by long use, and for want of discourse, contracted an habit of complaint that he is sick.

"That he wants for nothing under the sun, but what to say, and therefore has fallen into this unhappy malady of complaining that he is sick.

"That this custom of his makes him, by his own confession, fit only for the infirmary, and therefore he has not waited for being sentenced to it.

"That he is conscious there is nothing more improper than such a complaint in good company, in that they must pity, whether they think the lamenter ill or not; and that the complainant must make a silly figure, whether he is pitied or not.

"Your petitioner humbly prays, that he may have time to know how he does, and he will make his appearance."

"The valetudinarian was likewise easily excused; and the society, being resolved not only to make it their business to pass their time agreeably for the present season, but also to commence such habits to themselves as may be of use in their future conduct in general, are very ready to give into a fancied or real incapacity to join with their measures, in order to have no humourist, proud man, impertinent, or sufficient fellow, break in upon their happiness. Great evils seldom happen to disturb company; but indulgence in particularities of humours, is the seed of making half our time hang in suspense, or waste away under real dissensions."

"Among other things it is carefully provided, that there may not be disagreeable familiarities. No one is to appear in the public rooms undressed, or enter abruptly into each other's apartment without invitation. Every one has hitherto been so careful in his behaviour, that there has but once of fender, in ten days time, been sent into the infirmary, and that was for throwing away his cards at whist."

"He has offered his submission in the following terms:

"*The humble Petition of Jeffery Hotspur, Esq*

"Sheweth,  
"That on the petitioners were, stamped, and threw down his cards, he has all imaginable respect for the ladies, and the whole company."

"That he humbly desires it may be considered, in the case of gaming, there are many motives which provoke the disorder."

"That the desire of gain, and the desire of victory, are both thwarted in losing."

"That all conversations in the world have indulged human infirmity in this case."

"Your petitioner therefore most humbly prays, that he may be restored to the company; and he hopes to bear his fortune with a good grace for the future, and to demean himself so as to be no more cheerful when he wins, than grave when he loses."

ETZEL. J

N<sup>o</sup> 430. MONDAY, JULY 14, 1712

Quare perperam eximus rursus reclamant  
HOR. Ep. XVI. L. I. ver. 62.

— The crowd replies,  
Go seek a stranger to believe thy lies.  
CRESCEL

"SIR,  
"As you are a Spectator-general, you may with authority censure whatsoever looks ill, and is offensive to the sight; the worst instance of which kind, worthles, is the scandalous appearance of poor in all parts of this wealthy city. Such miserable objects affect the compassionate beholder with dismal fears, discompose the cheerfulness of his mind, and deprive him of the pleasure that he might otherwise take in surveying the grandeur of our metropolis. Who can without remorse see a disabled soldier, the purveyor of our luxury, destitute of necessaries? Who can behold an honest

soldier, that bravely withstood the enemy, prostrate and lie want among his friends? It were endless to mention all the variety of wretchedness, and the numberless poor that not only sully, but in companies, implore your charity. Spectacles of this nature every where occur; and it is unaccountable that, amongst the many lamentable cries that infect this town, your comptroller general \* should not take notice of the most shocking, viz. the case of the needy and afflicted. I can't but think he waded it merely out of good breeding, choosing rather to stifle his resentment, than upbraid his countrymen with inhumanity; however, let not charity be sacrificed to popularity; and if his ears were deaf to their complaint, let not your eyes overlook their persons. There are, I know, many impostors among them. Lamehood and blindness are certainly very often acted; but can those that have their sight and limbs employ them better than in knowing whether they are counterfeited or not? I know not which of the two misapplies his senses most, he who pretends himself blind to move compassion, or he who beholds a miserable object without pitying it. But in order to remove such impediments, I wish, Mr Spectator, you would give us a discourse upon beggars, that we may reject by true objects of charity, or give to impostors. I looked out of my window the other morning earlier than ordinary, and saw a blind beggar, an hour before the passage he stands in is frequented, with a needle and thread, thrifflily mending his stockings. My astonishment was still greater, when I beheld a lame fellow, whose legs were too big to walk within an hour after, bring him a pot of ale. I will not mention the shakings, distortions, and convulsions, which many of them practice to gain an alms; but sure I am they ought to be taken care of in this condition, either by the bedside or the magistrate. They, it seems, relieve their pains, according to their talents. There is the voice of an old woman never begins to beg till nine in the evening; and then she is destitute of lodging, turned out for want of rest, and has the same ill fortune every night in the year. You should employ an officer to hear the distress of each beggar that is constant at a particular place, who is ever to the same tune, and succeeds because his audience is continually changing, though he does not alter his lamentation. If we have nothing else for our money, let us have more invention to be cheated with. All which is submitted to your spectatorial vigilance: and

"I am, SIR,  
"Your most humble servant."

"SIR,  
"I WAS last Sunday highly transported at our parish-church; the gentleman in the pulpit pleaded movingly in behalf of the poor children, and they for themselves much more forcibly by singing an hymn; and I had the happiness to be a contributor to this little religious institution of Isaac's, and was sure I never disposed of money more to my satisfaction and advantage. The inward joy I find in myself, and the good-will I bear to mankind, make me heartily wish these pious works may be encouraged, that the present promoters may reap the delight, and posterity the benefit of them. But whilst we are building this beautiful edifice, let not the old ruins remain in view to sully the prospect. Whilst we are cultivating and

\* See N<sup>o</sup> 21.

improving this young hopeful offspring, let not the ancient and helpless creatures be shamefully neglected. The crowds of poor, or pretended poor, in every place, are a great reproach to us, and eclipse the glory of all other charity. It is the utmost reproach to society, that there should be a poor man unrelieved, or a poor rogue unpunished. I hope you will think no part of human life out of your consideration, but will, at your leisure, give us the history of plenty and want, and the natural gradations towards them, calculated for the cities of London and Westminster.

I am, sir,

Your most humble servant,

T. D.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I am: you would be pleased to take notice of a very great indelicacy, which is extremely common, though, I think, never yet under your censure. It is, sir, the strange freedoms some ill-bred married people take in company; the unreasonable fondness of some husbands, and the ill-timed tenderness of some wives. They talk and act as if modesty was only fit for maids and bachelors, and that too before birth. I was once, Mr. Spectator, where the fault I speak of was so very flagrant, that (being, you must know, a very bashful fellow, and several young ladies in the room) I protest I was quite out of countenance. Lucina, it seems, was breeding; and she did nothing but entertain the company with a discourse upon the difficulty of reckoning to a day, and said she knew those who were certain to an hour; then fell a laughing at a silly inexperienced creature, who was a month above her time. Upon her husband's coming in, she put several questions to him; which he not caring to resolve, "Well," cries Lucina, "I shall have 'em all at night."—But lest I should see a guilty of the very fault I write against, I shall only intreat Mr. Spectator to correct such misdeemeanors.

"Let father of the genital bed lay by,  
And with my sternest reverence, I deem."

I am, sir,

Your humble servant,

T. DEANWILL.

STILLE.

T.

N<sup>o</sup> 431. TUESDAY, JULY 15, 1712.

*Quid dulcius hominum generi a natura datum est,  
quam sui cuique liberi?*

TULL.

What is there in nature so dear to a man as his own children?

I HAVE lately been casting in my thoughts the several unhappinesses of life, and comparing the infelicities of old-age to those of infancy. The calamities of children are due to the negligence and misconduct of parents; those of age, to the past life which led to it. I have here the history of a boy and girl to their wedding-day, and think I cannot give the reader a livelier image of the insipid way in which time uncultivated passes, than by entertaining him with their authentic epistles, expressing all that was remarkable in their lives, till the period of their life above mentioned. The sentence at the head of this paper, which is only a warm interrogation, 'What is there in nature so

dear as a man's own children to him?' is all the reflection I shall at present make on those who are negligent or cruel in the education of them.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I AM now entering into my one-and-twentieth year, and do not know that I had one day's thorough satisfaction since I came to years of my reflection, till the time they say others lose their liberty, the day of my marriage. I am son to a gentleman of a very great estate, who resolved to keep me out of the vices of the age; and, in order to it, never let me see any thing that he thought could give me the least pleasure. At ten years old I was put to a grammar-school, where my master received orders every post to use me very severely, and have no regard to my having a great estate. At fifteen I was removed to the university, where I lived, out of my father's great discretion, in scandalous poverty and want, till I was big enough to be married, and I was sent for to see the lady who sends you the underwritten. When we were put together, we both considered that we could not be worse than we were in taking one another, and, out of a desire of liberty, entered into wedlock. My father says I am now a man, and may speak to him like another gentleman.

I am, sir,

Your most humble servant,

RICHARD RUTHERF.

MR. SPEC,

I am tall and wild at my mother's, who is a gay widow, and did not care for shewing me, till about two years and a half ago; at which time my guardian uncle sent me to a boarding-school, with orders to contradict me in nothing, for I had been mis-used enough already. I had not been there above a month, when, being in the kitchen, I saw some oatmeal on the dresser; I put two or three ears in my mouth, liked it, stole a handful, went into my chamber, chewed it, and for two months after never failed taking toll of every pennyworth of oatmeal that came into the house; but one day playing with a tobacco-pipe between my teeth, it happened to break in my mouth, and the spitting out the pieces left such a delicious roughness on my tongue, that I could not be satisfied till I had crunched up the remaining part of the pipe. I forsook the oatmeal, and stuck to the pipes three months, in which time I had dispensed with thirty-seven foul pipes, all to the howls; they belonged to an old gentleman, father to my governess.—He locked up the clean ones. I left off eating of pipes, and fell to picking of chalk. I was soon tired of this. I then nibbled all the red wax of our last ball-tickets, and three weeks after, the black wax from the burying-tickets of the old gentleman. Two months after this I lived upon thunder-balls, a certain lung round bluish stone which I found among the gravel in our garden. I was wonderfully delighted with this; but thunder-balls growing scarce, I fastened tooth and nail up in our garden-wall, which I stuck to almost a twelvemonth, and had in that time peeled and devoured half a foot towards our neighbour's yard. I now thought myself the happiest creature in the world; and I believe, in my conscience, I had eaten quite through, had I had it in my chamber; but now I became lazy and unwilling to stir, and was obliged to seek food nearer home. I then took a strange hankering to coals; I fell to scranching 'em, and had already consumed, I am certain, as much as would have dressed my wedding-dinner,



when my uncle came for me home. He was in the parlour with my governess when I was called down. I went in, fell on my knees, for he made me call him father; and when I expected the blessing I asked, the good gentleman, in a surprise, turns himself in my governess, and asks, whether this (pointing to me) was his daughter? "This," added he, "is the very picture of death. My child was a plump-faced, hale, fresh-coloured girl; but this looks as if she was half-starved, a mere skeleton." My governess, who is really a good woman, assured my father I had wanted for nothing; and withal told him I was continually eating some trash or other, and that I was almost eaten up with the green-sickness, her orders being never to cross me. But this magnified but little with my father, who presently, in a kind of pet, paying for my board, took me home with him. I had not been long at home, but one Sunday at church (I shall never forget it), I saw a young neighbouring gentleman that pleased me hugely; I liked him of all men I ever saw in my life, and began to wish I could be as pleasing to him. The very next day he came, with his father, a visiting to our house; we were left alone together, with directions on both sides to be in love with one another, and in three weeks time we were married. I regained my former health and complexion, and am now as happy as the day is long. Now, Mr. Spec, I desire you would find out some name for these craving damsels, whether disguised or distinguished under some or all of the following denominations; to wit, "Trash-eaters, Ornamental-chewers, Pipe-champers, Chalk-chokers, Wax-nibblers, Coal-scrubbers, Wall-peelers, or Gravel-diggers;" and, good sir, do your utmost endeavour to prevent (by exposing) this unaccountable folly, so prevailing among the young ones of our sex, who may not meet with such sudden good luck, as, "sir,

Your constant reader,  
And very humble servant,  
"ALFRED GREEN,"  
"NOW SAKINA RENTREE."

WHEEL.

J

N° 492. WEDNESDAY, JULY 16, 1712.

Inter small enter clary  
VIRG. Eccl. is. ver 36.  
He gabbles like a goose, amidst the swan-like quire.  
DRYDEN.

"MR. SPECTATOR, "Oxford, July 15.  
"According to a late invitation in one of your papers to every man who pleases to write, I have sent you the following short dissertation against the vice of being prejudiced  
"Your most humble servant."

"MAN is a sociable creature, and a lover of glory; whence it is, that when several persons are united in the same society, they are studious to know the reputation of others, in order to raise their own. The wise are content to guide the springs in silence, and rejoice in secret at their regular progress. To praise and triumph is the part allotted to the trifling and superficial. The great were providentially withheld to save the trifling. Hence it is, that the invention of tricks and devices to distinguish parties, is owing to the brains

and bellies of this island. Hats, moulded into different cocks and plumes, have long bid mutual defiance; patches have been set against patches in battle-array; stocks have risen and fallen in proportion to head-dresses; and peace or war been expected, as the white or the red hood hath prevailed. There are the standard-bearers in our costedding armies, the dwarfs and squires who carry the impresses of the giants or knights, not born to fight themselves, but to prepare the way for the ensuing combat.

"It is matter of wonder to reflect how far men of weak understanding, and strong fancy, are hurried by their prejudices, even to the believing that the whole body of the adverse party are a band of villains and demons. Foreigners complain that the English are the proudest nation under heaven. Perhaps they too have their share; but be that as it will, general charges against bodies of men is the fault I am writing against. It must be owned, to our shame, that our common people, and most who have not travelled, have an irrational contempt for the language, dress, customs, and even the shape and minds, of other nations. Some men, otherwise of sense, have wondered that a great genius should spring out of Ireland; and think you mad in affirming, that fine odes have been written in Lapland.

"This spirit of rivalry, which heretofore reigned in the two universities, is extinct, and almost over betwixt college and college. To parties and schools the thirst of glory will obtain. At the seasons of foot-ball and cock-fighting, these little republics re-assume their national hatred to each other. My remark in the country is verily persuaded, that the parish of the enemy hath not one honest man in it.

"I always hated satires against women, and satires against men; I am apt to suspect a stranger who laughs at the religion of the faculty; my spleen rises at a dull rogue, who is severe upon mayors and aldermen; and was never better pleased than with a piece of justice executed upon the body of a Templar, who was very arch upon parsons.

"The necessities of mankind require various employments; and whoever excels in his province is worthy of praise. All men are not educated after the same manner, nor have all the same talents. Those who are deficient, deserve our compassion, and have a title to our assistance. All cannot be bred in the same place; but in all places there arise, at different times, such persons as do honour to their society, which may raise envy in little souls, but are admired and cherished by generous spirits.

"It is certainly a great happiness to be educated in societies of great and eminent men. Their instructions and examples are of extraordinary advantage. It is highly proper to instil such a reverence to the governing persons, and concern for the honour of the place, as may spur the growing members to worthy pursuits and honest emulation; but to swell young minds with vain thoughts of the dignity of their own brotherhood, by debasing and vilifying all others, doth them a real injury. By this means I have found that their efforts have become languid, and their prattle less sage, as thinking it sufficient praise that they are children of so illustrious and ample a family. I should think it a error as well as a more dangerous method, to set before the eyes of youth such per-

Some as have made a noble progress in fraternities less talked of; which seems tacitly to reproach their sloth, who loll so heavily in the seats of mighty improvement. Active spirits hereby would enlarge their notions; whereas, by a servile imitation of one, or perhaps two, admired men in their own body, they can only gain a secondary and derivative kind of fame. These copies of men, like those of authors or painters, run into affectations of some oddness, which perhaps was not disagreeable in the original, but sits ungracefully on the narrow-souled transcriber.

"By such early corrections of vanity, while boys are growing into men, they will gradually learn not to censure superficially; but imbibed those principles of general kindness and humanity, which alone can make them easy to themselves, and beloved by others.

"Reflections of this nature have expunged all prejudice out of my heart: in-somuch, that though I am a firm protestant, I hope to see the pope and cardinals without violent emotions; and though I am naturally grave, I expect to meet good company at Paris.

"I am, &c.

"Your obedient servant."

"MR. SPECTATOR.

"I find you are a general undertaker, and have, by your correspondents or self, an insight into most things; which makes me apply myself to you at present in the sorest calamity that ever befel man. My wife has taken something ill of me, and has not spoke one word, good or bad, to me, or any body in the family, since Friday was seven-night. What must a man do in that case? Your advice would be a great obligation to,

SIR,

"Your most humble servant,

"RALPH THUNDERBOLT."

"MR. SPECTATOR.

"July 13. 1712.

"When you want a trille to fill up a paper, in inserting this you will lay an obligation on

"Your humble servant,

"OLIVIA."

"DEAR OLIVIA,

"It is but this moment I have had the happiness of knowing to whom I am obliged for the present I received the second of April. I am heartily sorry it did not come to hand the day before; for I cannot but think it very hard upon people to lose their jest, that offer at one but once a year. I congratulate myself however upon the earnest given me of something further intended in my favour; for I am told, that the man who is thought worthy by a lady to make a fool of, stands fair enough in her opinion to become one day her husband. Till such time as I have the honour of being sworn, I take leave to subscribe myself,

"DEAR OLIVIA,

"Your fool elect,

"NICODENUNCIO."

STEEL.

T.

Nº 433. THURSDAY, JULY 17, 1712.

*Perice Meaula cantatae carmine ranas,*  
*Et fœdum nris solere dice mere.*

MART. Epig. cxxxviii. l. 14.

To bridle anxious thought, and quiet pain.  
Read Homer's *Iopæ*, or my more trailing chain.

THE moral world, as consisting of males and females, is of a mixed nature, and filled with several customs, fashions, and ceremonies, which would have no place in it, were there but one sex. Had our species no females in it, men would be quite different creatures from what they are at present: their endeavours to please the opposite sex, polishes and refines them out of those manner which are most natural to them, and often sets them upon modelling themselves, not according to the plans which they approve in their own opinions, but according to those plans which they think are most agreeable to the female world. In a word, man would not only be unhappy, but a rude unfinished creature, were he conversant with none but those of his own make.

Women, on the other side, are apt to form themselves in every thing with regard to that other half of reasonable creatures, with whom they are here blended and confused: their thoughts are ever turned upon appearing amiable to the other sex; they talk, and move, and smile, with a design upon us; every feature of their faces, every part of their dress, is filled with wares and allurements. There would be no such animals as *prudes* or *coquettes* in the world, were there not such an animal as man. In short, it is the male that gives charms to woman-kind, that produces an air in their faces, a grace in their motions, a softness in their voices, and a delicacy in their complexions.

As this mutual regard between the two sexes tends to the improvement of each of them, we may observe, that men are apt to degenerate into rough and brutal natures, who live as if there were no such things as women in the world; as, on the contrary, women who have an indifference or aversion for their counterparts in human nature, are generally sour and unamiable, chittish and censorious.

I am led into this train of thoughts by a little manuscript which is lately fallen into my hands, and which I shall communicate to the reader, as I have done some other curious pieces of the same nature, without troubling him with any inquiries about the author of it. It contains a summary account of two different states which hordered upon one another. The one was a commonwealth of Amazons, or women without men; the other was a republic of males, that had not a woman in their whole community. As these two states hordered upon one another, it was their way, it seems, to meet upon their frontiers at a certain season of the year, where those among the men who had not made their choice in any former meeting, associated themselves with particular women, whom they were afterwards obliged to look upon as their wives in every one of these yearly rencounters. The children that sprung from this alliance, if males, were sent to their respective fathers; if females, continued with their mothers. By means of this anniversary carnival, which lasted about a week, the commonwealths were recruited from time to time, and supplied with their respective subjects.

These two states were engaged together in a perpetual league, offensive and defensive; so that if any foreign potentate offered to attack either of them, both the sexes fell upon him at once, and quickly brought him to reason. It was remarkable, that for many ages this agreement continued inviolable between the two states, notwithstanding, as was said before, they were husbands and wives; but this will not appear so wonderful, if we consider that they did not live together above a week in a year.

To the account which my author gives of the male republic, there were several customs very remarkable. The men never shaved their beards, or pared their nails, above once in a twelvemonth, which was probably about the time of the great annual meeting upon their frontiers. I find the name of a minister of state in one part of their history, who was fined for appearing too frequently in clean linen; and of a certain great general, who was turned out of his post for effeminacy, it having been proved upon him by several credible witnesses that he washed his face every morning. If any member of the commonwealth had a soft voice, a smooth face, or a supple behaviour, he was banished into the commonwealth of females, where he was treated as a slave, dressed in petticoats, and set a spinning. They had no titles of honour among them, but such as denoted some bodily strength or perfection, as such an one 'the tall,' such an one 'the stocky,' such an one 'the great.' Their public debates were generally managed with kicks and cuffs, inasmuch that they often came from the council-table with broken shins, black eyes, and bloody noses. When they would reproach a man in the most bitter terms, they would tell him his teeth were white, or that he had a fair skin, and a soft hand. The greatest man I meet with in their history, was one who could lift five hundred weight, and wore such a prodigious pair of whiskers as had never been seen in the commonwealth before his time. These accomplishments it seems had rendered him so popular, that if he had not died very reasonably, it is thought he might have enslaved the republic. Having made this short extract out of the history of the male commonwealth, I shall look into the history of the neighbouring state, which consisted of females; and, if I find any thing in it, will not fail to communicate it to the public.

ADDISON.

C.

N<sup>o</sup> 431. FRIDAY, JULY 18, 1712.

*Quædam Thracia, cum Rentina Thermodontis  
Insulam, et pacis bellicemque amentem erudit;  
Cum circum illi populi, cum circa in Martia curva  
Pælonia rivæ, magnæque Phœnæe latus  
Jætonia stant, et latus ægææ pelagus.*

VIRO. ÆL. REC. 600.

So much'd the Thracian Amentem of old,  
When Thermodon with bloody billows rold;  
Such troops as there in shining arms were seen,  
When Thebes met in fight their maddest queen,  
Such to the Ælæa mountains led,  
From the fierce surge when the Grecians fled,  
With such victorious strength from the war,  
Her maids with arms attend the holy car:  
They clash with manly force their manly shields;  
With female shouts around the Phœnæa fields.

DRYDEN.

Having carefully perused the manuscript I mentioned in my yesterday's paper, so far as it relates to the republic of women, I find it in several particulars which may very well divert the reader's a taste.

The girls of quality, from six to twelve years old, were put to public schools, where they learned to box and play at cudgels, with several other accomplishments of the same nature; so that nothing was more usual than to see a little miss returning home at night with a broken pate, or two or three teeth knocked out of her head. They were afterwards taught to ride the great horse, to shoot, dart, or sling, and listed into several companies, in order to perfect themselves in military exercises. No woman was to be married till she had killed her man. The ladies of fashion used to play with young lions instead of lap-dogs; and when they made any parties of diversion, instead of entertaining themselves at ombre and piquet, they would wrestle and pitch the bar for a whole afternoon together. There was never any such thing as a blush seen, or a sigh heard, in the commonwealth. The women never dressed but to look terrible; to which end they would sometimes after a battle paint their cheeks with the blood of their enemies. For this reason likewise, the face which had the most scars was looked upon as the most beautiful. If they found lace, jewels, ribbons, or any ornaments in silver or gold, among the booty which they had taken, they used to dress their horses with it, but never entertained a thought of wearing it themselves. There were particular rights and privileges allowed to any member of the commonwealth who was a mother of three daughters. The senate was made up of old women; for, by the laws of the country, none was to be a counsellor of state that was not past child-bearing. They used to boast their republic had continued four thousand years, which is altogether improbable, unless we may suppose, what I am very apt to think, that they measured their time by lunar years.

There was a great revolution brought about in this female republic, by means of a neighbouring king, who had made war upon them several years with various success, and at length overthrew them in a very great battle. This defeat they ascribe to several causes; some say that the secretary of state, having been troubled with the vapours, had committed some fatal mistakes in several dispatches about that time. Others pretend, that the first minister, being big with child, could not attend the public affairs as so great an exigency of state required; but this I can give no instance of credit to, since it seems to contradict a fundamental maxim to their government, which I have before mentioned. My author gives the most probable reason of this great disaster; for he affirms that the general was brought to bed, or (as others say) miscarried, the very night before the battle; however it was, this single overthrow obliged them to call in the male republic to their assistance; but, notwithstanding their common efforts to repulse the victorious enemy, the war continued for many years before they could entirely bring it to a happy conclusion.

The campaigns which both sexes passed together, made them so well acquainted with one another, that at the end of the war they did not care for parting. In the beginning of it they lodged in separate camps, but afterwards, as they grew more familiar, they pitched their tents promiscuously.

From this time, the armies being checkered with both wars, they polished space. The men used to invite their fellow-soldiers into their quarters, and would dress their tents with flowers and bouquets for their reception. If they chanced to like one more than another, they would be calling her name

in the table, or chalking out her figure upon a wall, or talking of her in a kind of rapturous language, which by degrees improved into verse and sonnet. These were as the first rudiments of architecture, painting, and poetry, among this savage people. After my advantage over the enemy, both sexes used to jump together and make a clattering with their swords and shields, for joy, which in a few years produced several regular tunes and set dances.

As the two armies romped upon these occasions, the women complained of the thick bushy beards and long nails of their confederates, who thereupon took care to prune themselves into such figures as were most pleasing to their female friends and allies.

When they had taken any spoils from the enemy, the men would make a present of every thing that was rich and showy to the women whom they most admired, and would frequently dress the necks, or heads, or arms of their mistresses, with any thing which they thought appeared gay or pretty. The women observing that the men took delight in looking upon them when they were adorned with such trappings and gewgaws, set their heads at work to find out new inventions, and to outshine one another in all councils of war or the like solemn meetings. On the other hand, the men observing how the women's hearts were set upon finery, begun to embellish themselves, and look as agreeably as they could in the eyes of their associates. In short, after a few years conversing together, the women had learnt to smile, and the men to ogle, the women grew soft, and the men lively.

When they had thus insensibly formed one another, upon finishing of the war, which concluded with an entire conquest of their common enemy, the colonels in one army married the colonels in the other; the captains in the same manner took the captains to their wives: the whole body of common soldiers were matched after the example of their leaders. By this means the two republics incorporated with one another, and became the most flourishing and polite government in the part of the world which they inhabited.

ADDISON.

C.

Nº 435. SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1712.

*Nec duo sunt, at forma duplex, nec femina diri  
Nec puer ut possint, neutrumque et utrumque videntur.*  
OVID. Metam. l. 4. ver. 578.

Both bodies in a single body mix,  
A single body with a double sex.

ADDISON.

Most of the papers I give the public are written on subjects that never vary, but are for ever fixed and immutable. Of this kind are all my more serious essays and discourses; but there is another sort of speculations, which I consider as occasional papers, that take their rise from the folly, extravagance, and caprice, of the present age. For I look upon myself as one set to watch the manners and behaviour of my countrymen and contemporaries, and to mark down every absurd fashion, ridiculous custom, or affected form of speech, that makes its appearance in the world during the course of these my speculations. The petticoat no sooner begun to swell, but I observed its motions. The party-patches had not time to muster themselves before I detected them. I had intelligence of the coloured hood the very first time it appeared

in a public assembly\*. I might here mention several other the like contingent subjects, upon which I have bestowed distinct papers. By this means I have so effectually quashed those irregularities which gave occasion to them, that I am afraid posterity will scarce have a sufficient idea of them to relish those discourses which were in no little vogue at the time when they were written. They will be apt to think that the fashions and customs I attacked were some fantastic conceits of my own, and that their great grandmothers could not be so whimsical as I have represented them. For this reason, when I think on the figure my several volumes of speculations will make about a hundred years hence, I consider them as so many pieces of old plate, where the weight will be regarded, but the fashion lost.

Among the several female extravagancies I have already taken notice of, there is one which still keeps its ground. I mean that of the ladies who dress themselves in a hat and feather, a riding coat and a periwig, or at least tie up their hair in a bang or ribbon, in imitation of the smart part of the opposite sex. As in my yesterday's paper I gave an account of the mixture of two sexes in one commonwealth, I shall here take notice of this mixture of two sexes in one person. I have already shown my dislike of this immodest custom more than once; but, in contempt of every thing I have hitherto said, I am informed that the highways about this great city are still very much infested with these female cavaliers.

I remember when I was at my friend Sir Roger de Coverley's about this time twelvemonth, an equestrian lady of this order appeared upon the plains which lay at a distance from his house. I was at that time walking in the fields with my old friend; and as his tenants ran out on every side to see so strange a sight, Sir Roger asked one of them who came by us, what it was? To which the country fellow replied, 'Tis a gentlewoman, saving your worship's presence, in a coat and hat.' This produced a great deal of mirth at the knight's house, where we had a story at the same time of another of his tenants, who, meeting this gentleman-like lady on the highway, was asked by her whether that was Coverley-hall? The honest man, seeing only the male part of the querist, replied, 'Yes, sir;' but upon the second question, Whether Sir Roger de Coverley was a married man? having dropped his eye upon the petticoat, he changed his note into 'No, madam.'

Had one of these hermaphrodites appeared in Juvenal's days, with what an indignation should we have seen her described by that excellent satirist! He would have represented her in a riding habit, as a greater monster than the centaur. He would have called for sacrifices of purifying waters, to expiate the appearance of such a prodigy. He would have invoked the shades of Portia or Lucretia, to see into what the Roman ladies had transformed themselves.

For my own part, I am for treating the sex with greater tenderness, and have all along made use of the most gentle methods to bring them off from any little extravagance into which they have sometimes unwarily fallen. I think it, however, absolutely necessary to keep up the partition between the two sexes, and to take notice of the smallest encroachments which the one makes upon the other. I hope therefore that I shall not hear any more complaints on this subject: I am sure my

the disciples, who pursue these my daily lectures, have profited but little by them, if they are capable of giving into such an amphibious dress. This I should not have mentioned, had not I lately met one of these my female readers in Hyde-park, who looked upon me with a masculine assurance, and cocked her hat full in my face.

For my part, I have one general key to the behaviour of the fair sex. When I see them altogether in any part of their dress, I conclude it is not without some evil intention; and therefore question not but the design of this strange fashion is to suite more effectually their male beholders. Now to set them right in this particular, I would fain have them consider with themselves, whether we are not more likely to be struck by a figure entirely female, than with such an one as we may see every day in our glasses. Or, if they please, let them reflect upon their own hearts, and think how they would be affected should they meet a man on horseback, in his breeches and jack-boots, and at the same time dressed up in a comode and a night-gown.

I must observe that this fashion was first of all brought to us from France, a country which has infected all the nations of Europe with its levity. I speak not this in derogation of a whole people, having more than once found fault with those general reflections which strike at kingdoms or commonwealths in the gross; a piece of cruelty, which an ingenious writer of our own compares to that of Caligula, who whipped the Roman people had off but one ock, that he might behold them at a blow. I shall therefore only remark, that as liveliness and assurance are in a peculiar manner the qualifications of the French nation, the same habits and customs will not give the same offence to that people, which they produce among those of our own country. Modesty is our distinguishing character, as vivacity is theirs; and when this our national virtue appears in that female beauty, for which our British ladies are celebrated above all others in the universe, it makes up the most amiable object that the eye of man can possibly behold.

ADDRESS.

C.

N° 436. MONDAY, JULY 31, 1712.

From palace court  
Cumulat occidit populariter

JUV. Sat. lib. 1. ver. 36.

With thumbs beat back they perambulate still.  
DAYDEN.

Born a person of insatiable curiosity, I could not forbear going on Wednesday last to a place of no small renown for the gallantry of the lower order of Britons, namely, to the Bear-garden at Hockley in the Hole; where (as a whitish brown paper, put into my hand in the street, informed me) there was to be a trial of skill exhibited between two masters of the noble science of defence, of two of the clock precisely. I was not a little charmed with the solemnity of the challenge, which ran thus:

\* I JAMES MILLER, sergeant, (lately come from the frontiers of Portugal) master of the noble science of defence, leaving no more places where I have been of the great fame of Timothy Buck, of London, master of the said science, do invite him to

meet me, and exercise at the several weapons following, viz.

- |                      |                    |
|----------------------|--------------------|
| * Back sword,        | Single falchion,   |
| * Sword and dagger,  | Case of falchions, |
| * Sword and buckler, | Quarter staff.     |

If the generous ardour in James Miller to dispute the reputation of Timothy Buck, had something resembling the old heroes of romance, Timothy Buck returned answer in the same paper with the like spirit, adding a little indignation at being challenged, and seeming to condescend to fight James Miller, not to regard to Miller himself, but in that, as the same went about, he had fought Parkes, of Coventry. The acceptance of the combat ran in these words:

\* I TIMOTHY BUCK, of Clare-market, master of the noble science of defence, hearing he did fight Mr. Parker\*, of Coventry, will not fail (God willing) to meet this fair inviter at the time and place appointed, desiring a clear stage and no favour.

“ First Regius.”

I shall not here look back on the spectacles of the Greeks and Romans of this kind, but must believe this custom took its rise from the ages of knight-errantry; from those who loved one woman so well, that they hated all men and women else; from those who would fight you, whether you were or were not of their mind; from those who demanded the combat of their contemporaries, both for admiring their mistress or discommending her. I cannot therefore but lament, that the terrible part of the ancient fight is preserved, when the amorous side of it is forgotten. We have retained the barbarity, but lost the gallantry of the old combatants. I could wish, methinks, these gentlemen had consulted me to the promulgation of the conflict. I was obliged by a fair young maid, whom I understood to be called Elizabeth Preston, daughter of the keeper of the garden, with a glass of water; who I imagined might have been, for some while, the general representative of the lady sought for, and from her beauty, the proper Amourilli on these occasions. It would have run better in the challenge, \* I James Miller, sergeant, who have travelled parts abroad, and came last from the frontiers of Portugal, for the love of Elizabeth Preston, do assert, that the said Elizabeth is the fairest of women. Then the answer: \* I Timothy Buck, who have staid in Great Britain during all the war in foreign parts, for the sake of Susanna Page, do deny that Elizabeth Preston is so fair as the said Susanna Page. Let Susanna Page look on, and I desire of James Miller no favour.\*

This would give the battle quite another turn; and a proper station for the ladies, whose complexion was disputed by the sword, would animate the disputants with a more gallant incentive than

\* On a tomb in the great church-yard of Coventry is the following inscription:

\* To the memory of Mr. John Spoker, a native of this city (he was a son of a mild disposition, a gladiator by profession, who, after having fought 350 battles in the principal parts of Europe with honour and applause, at length quitted the stage, attended by a sword, and, with Christian resignation, submitted to the grave on the 31<sup>st</sup> year of his age.

— *From a letter to a friend.*

Sergeant Miller, here mentioned, was afterwards advanced to the rank of a captain in the British army, and served under the Duke of Cumberland in Scotland in 1744.

the expectation of money from the spectators; though I would not have that neglected, but thrown to that fair one whose lover was approved by the donor.

Yet, considering the thing wants such amendments, it was carried with great order. James Miller came on first; preceded by two disabled drummers, to show, I suppose, that the prospect of maimed bodies did not in the least deter him. There ascended with the daring Miller a gentleman, whose name I could not learn, with a dogged air, as unsatisfied that he was not principal. This son of anger lowered at the whole assembly, and weighing himself as he marched round from side to side, with a stiff knee and shoulder, he gave intimations of the purpose he smothered till he saw the issue of this encounter. Miller had a blue ribbon tied round the sword arm; which ornament I conceive to be the remain of that custom of wearing a mistress's favour on such occasions of old.

Miller is a man of six foot eight inches height, of a kind but bold aspect, well fashioned, and ready of his limbs; and such readiness as spoke his ease in them, was obtained from a habit of motion in military exercise.

The expectation of the spectators was now almost at its height, and the crowd pressing in, several active persons thought they were placed rather according to their fortune than their merit, and took it in their heads to prefer themselves from the open area or pit to the galleries. The dispute between desert and property brought many to the ground, and raised others in proportion to the highest seats by turns, for the space of ten minutes, till Timothy Buck came on, and the whole assembly, giving up their disputes, turned their eyes upon the champions. Then it was that every man's affection turned to one or the other irresistibly. A judicious gentleman near me said, 'I could, methinks, be Miller's second, but I had rather have Buck for mine.' Miller had an audacious look, that took the eye; Buck, a perfect composure, that engaged the judgment. Buck came on in a plain coat, and kept all his air till the instant of engaging; at which time he undressed to his shirt, his arm adorned with a bandage of red ribbon. No one can describe the sudden concern in the whole assembly; the most tumultuous crowd in nature was as still and as much engaged as if all their lives depended on the first blow. The combatants met in the middle of the stage, and shaking hands, as removing all malice, they retired with much grace to the extremities of it; from whence they immediately faced about, and approached each other, Miller with a heart full of resolution, Buck with a watchful untroubled countenance; Buck regarding principally his own defence, Miller chiefly thoughtful of annoying his opponent. It is not easy to describe the many escapes and imperceptible defences between two men of quick eyes and ready limbs; but Miller's heat laid him open to the rebuke of the calm Buck, by a large cut on the forehead\*. Much effusion of blood covered his eyes in a moment, and the huzzas of the crowd undoubtedly quickened the anguish. The assembly was divided into parties upon their different ways of fighting; while a poor nymph in one of the galleries apparently suffered for Miller, and burst into a flood of tears. As soon as his wound was wrapped up, he came on again with a little rage, which still disabled him further. But what brave man can be wounded into more pa-

tiency and caution? The next was a warm eager onset, which ended in a decisive stroke on the left leg of Miller. The lady in the gallery, during this second strife, covered her face; and for my part, I could not keep my thoughts from being mostly employed on the consideration of her unhappy circumstance that moment, hearing the clash of swords, and apprehending life or victory concerned her lover in every blow, but not daring to satisfy herself on whom they fell. The wound was exposed to the view of all who could delight in it, and sewed up on the stage. The surly second of Miller declared at this time, that he would that day fortnight fight Mr. Buck at the same weapons, declaring himself the master of the renowned Gorman; but Buck denied him the honour of that courageous disciple, and, asserting that he himself had taught that champion, accepted the challenge.

There is something in nature very unaccountable on such occasions, when we see the people take a certain painful gratification in beholding these encounters. Is it cruelty that administers this sort of delight? or is it a pleasure which is taken in the exercise of pity? It was, methought, pretty remarkable, that the business of the day being a trial of skill, the popularity did not run so high as one would have expected on the side of Buck. Is it that people's passions have their rise in self-love, and thought themselves (in spite of all the courage they had) liable to the fate of Miller, but could not so easily think themselves qualified like Buck?

Tully speaks of this custom with less horror than one would expect, though he confesses it was much abused in his time, and seems directly to approve of it under its first regulations, when criminals only fought before the people. '*Crudele gladiatorum spectaculum et inhumanum nonnullis videri solet; et haud scio annon ita sit ut nunc fit; cum verò sotes ferro depugnabant, auribus fortasse multa, oculis quidem nulla, poterat esse fortior contra dolorem et mortem disciplina.*' The shows of gladiators may be thought barbarous and inhuman, and I know not but it is so as it is now practised; but in those times, when only criminals were combatants, the ear perhaps might receive many better instructions, but it is impossible that any thing which affects our eyes, should fortify us so well against pain and death.

STEELE.

T.

Nº 437. TUESDAY, JULY 22, 1712.

*Tunc impune hæc facias? Tunc hic homines adulescentes,*

*Imperitos rerum, cductos libere, in fraudem illicius?*

*Sollicitando et pollicitando eorum animos latus?*

*Ac meretricios amores nuptus conglutinas?*

TER. And. act v. sc. 4.

Shall you escape with impunity; you who lay snares for young men, of a liberal education, but unacquainted with the world, and, by force of importunity and promises, draw them in to marry harlots?

THE other day passed by me in her chariot a lady with that pale and wan complexion, which we sometimes see in young people who are fallen into sorrow, and private anxiety of mind, which antedate age and sickness. It is not three years ago since she was gay, airy, and a little towards libertine in her carriage; but, methought, I easily forgave her that little insolence, which she so severely pays for in her present condition. Flavilla, of whom I am speaking, is married to a sullen fool with wealth. Her beauty are 1

\* See the last letter in Nº 449.

the doll, who is insensible of perfection in any thing. Their hours together are either painful or insipid. The minutes she has to herself in his absence are not sufficient to give vent to her eyes, to the grief and torment of his last conversion. This poor creature was sacrificed with a temper (which, under the cultivation of a man of sense, would have made the most agreeable companion) into the arms of this loathsome yoke-fellow by Sempronius. Sempronius is a good lady, who supports herself in an affluent condition, by contracting friendship with rich young widows, and maids of plentiful fortunes at their own disposal, and bestowing her friends upon worthless indigent fellows; on the other side, she ensures inconsiderate and rash youths of great estates into the arms of vicious women. For this purpose, she is accomplished in all the arts which can make her acceptable at impertinent visits; she knows all that passes in every quarter, and is well acquainted with all the favourite servants, busy bodies, dependants, and poor relations, of all persons of condition in the whole town. At the price of a good sum of money, Sempronius, by the instigation of Flavilla's mother, brought about the match for the daughter; and the reputation of this, which is apparently, in point of fortune, more than Flavilla could expect, has gained her the visits and frequent attendance of the crowd of mothers, who had rather see their children miserable in great wealth, than the happiest of the race of mankind in a low conspicuous state of life. When Sempronius is so well acquainted with a woman's temper and circumstances, that she believes marriage would be acceptable to her, and advantageous to the man who shall get her, her next step is to look out for some one, whose condition has some secret wound in it, and wants a cure, yet, in the eye of the world, not amenable to her. If such is not easily had, she immediately adorns a worthless fellow with what estate she thinks convenient, and adds as great a share of good humour and sobriety as is requisite. After this is settled, no importunities, arts, and devices, are omitted, to hasten the lady to her happiness. In the general, indeed, she is a person of so strict justice, that she marries a poor gallant to a rich wench, and a moneyless girl to a man of fortune. But then she has no manner of conscience in the disparity, when she has a mind to impose a poor rogue for one of an estate; she has no remorse in adding to it, that he is illiterate, ignorant, and unfashioned; but makes these imperfections arguments of the truth of his wealth; and will, on such an occasion, with a very grave face, charge the people of condition with negligence in the education of their children. Exception being made 'other day against an ignorant booby of her own clothing, when she was putting off for a rich heir,' 'Madam,' said she, 'you know there is no making children, who know they have estates, attend their books.'

Sempronius, by these arts, is loaded with presents, impudenced for her acquaintance, and adulated by those who do not know the first taste of life, as a woman of exemplary good breeding. But sure, to murder and rob one's kinsquities, than to raise profit by obsequies as irreparable as taking away life; but more grievous, as making it lastingly unhappy. To rob a lady at play of half her fortune, is not so ill as giving the whole and herself to an unworthy husband. But Sempronius can administer consolation to an unhappy fair at home, by leading her to an agreeable gallant elsewhere. She then can preach the general condition of all the

married world, and tell an inexperienced young woman the methods of softening her affliction, and laugh at her simplicity and want of knowledge, with an 'Oh! my dear, you will know better.'

The wickedness of Sempronius, one would think, should be superlative; but I cannot but esteem that of some parents equal to it: I mean such as sacrifice the greatest endowments and qualifications to base bargains. A parent who forces a child of a liberal and ingenious spirit into the arms of a clown or a blockhead, obliges her to a crime too odious for a name. It is in a degree the unnatural conjunction of rational and brutal beings. Yet what is there so common, as the bestowing an accomplished woman with such a disparity? And I could name crowds who lead miserable lives for want of knowledge to their parents, of this nature, that good sense and good nature always go together. That which is attributed to fools, and called good nature, is only an inability of observing what is faulty, which turns, in marriage, into a suspicion of every thing as well, from a consciousness of that inability.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I AM entirely of your opinion with relation to the equestrian females, who affect both the masculine and feminine air at the same time; and cannot forbear making a prevention against another order of them, who grow very numerous and powerful; and since our language is not very capable of good composed words, I must be contented to call them only "the naked shoelarders." These beauties are not contented to make lovers wherever they appear, but they must make rivals at the same time. Were you to see Gally walk the Park at high mall, you would expect those who followed her and those who met her would immediately draw their swords for her. I hope, sir, you will provide for the future, that women may stick to their faces for doing any farther mischief, and not allow any but direct traders in beauty to expose more than the fore part of the neck, unless you please to allow this after-game to those who are very defective in the charms of the countenance. I can say, to my sorrow, the present practice is very unfair, when to look back is death; and it may be said of our beauties as a great poet did of bullets,

"They kill and wound like Fairness as they fly"

'I submit this to your animadversion; and am, for the little while I have left,

'Your humble servant,

'The Languishing

PHILANTHUS.

'P. S. Suppose you mended my letter, and made a shalle about the "porcupine;" but I submit that also.'

STEEL.

J.

N<sup>o</sup> 438. WEDNESDAY, JULY 23, 1712.

Imperial ——— *Aluminum reg. gal. min. port.*

MOR. Fp. M. L. I. VII. 62

— Curb thy soul.

And check thy rage, which must be ruled or ruled  
CRELLIL

It is a very common expression, that such a one is very good-natured, but very passionate. The expression, indeed, is very good-natured, to allow passionate people so much quarter; but I think a passionate man deserves the least indulgence man.

ginable. It is said, it is soon over; that is, all the mischief he does is quickly dispatched, which, I think, is no great recommendation to favour. I have known one of those good-natured passionate men say in a mixed company, even to his own wife or child, such things as the most inveterate enemy of his family would not have spoken, even in imagination. It is certain that quick sensibility is inseparable from a ready understanding; but why should not that good understanding call to itself all its force on such occasions, to master that sudden inclination to anger? One of the greatest souls now in the world\* is the most subject by nature to anger, and yet so famous for a conquest of himself this way, that he is the known example when you talk of temper and command of a man's self. To contain the spirit of anger is the worthiest discipline we can put ourselves to. When a man has made any progress this way, a frivolous fellow in a passion is to him as contemptible as a forward child. It ought to be the study of every man, for his own quiet and peace. When he stands combustible and ready to flame upon every thing that touches him, life is as uneasy to himself as it is to all about him. Syncopius leads, of all men living, the most ridiculous life; he is ever offending, and begging pardon. If his man enters the room without what he sent for—'That blockhead,' begins he—'Gentlemen, I ask your pardon, but servants now-a-days—' The wrong plates are laid, they are thrown into the middle of the room; his wife stands by in pain for him, which he sees in her face, and answers as if he had heard all she was thinking:—'Why? what the devil! Why don't you take care to give orders in these things?' His friends sit down to a tasteless plenty of every thing, every minute expecting new insults from his impertinent passions. In a word, to eat with, or visit Syncopius, is no other than going to see him exercise his family, exercise their patience, and his own anger.

It is monstrous that the shame and confusion in which this good-natured angry man must needs behold his friends, while he thus lays about him, does not give him so much reflection as to create an amendment. This is the most scandalous disuse of reason imaginable; all the harmless part of him is no more than that of a bull-dog, they are tame no longer than they are not offended. One of these good-natured angry men shall, in an instant, assemble together so many allusions to secret circumstances, as are enough to dissolve the peace of all the families and friends he is acquainted with, in a quarter of an hour, and yet the next moment be the best-natured man in the whole world. If you would see passion in its purity, without mixture of reason, behold it represented in a mad hero, drawn by a mad poet. Nat. Lee makes his Alexander say thus:

'Away! begone! and give a whirlwind room,  
Or I will blow you up like dust! Avaunt!  
Madness but meanly represents my toil.  
Eternal discord!  
Fury! revenge! disdain and indignation!  
Tear my swollen breast, make way for fire and tempest.  
My brain is burst, debate and reason quenched;  
The storm is up, and my hot bleeding heart  
Splits with the rack, while passions, like the wind,  
Rise up to heav'n, and put out all the stars.'

Every passionate fellow in town talks half the day with as little consistency, and threatens things as much out of his power.

\* Lord Somers.

The next disagreeable person to the outrageous gentleman, is one of a much lower order of anger, and he is what we commonly call a peevish fellow. A peevish fellow is one who has some reason in himself for being out of humour, or has a natural incapacity for delight, and therefore disturbs all who are happier than himself with pishes and pshawes, or other well-bred interjections, at every thing that is said or done in his presence. There should be physic mixed in the food of all which these fellows eat in good company. This degree of anger passes, forsooth, for a delicacy of judgment, that won't admit of being easily pleased; but none above the character of wearing a peevish man's livery ought to bear with his ill manners. All things among men of sease and condition should pass the censure, and have the protection of the eye of reason.

No man ought to be tolerated in an habitual humour, whim, or particularity of behaviour, by any who do not wait upon him for bread. Next to the peevish fellow is the soarer. This gentleman deals mightily in what we call the irony; and as those sort of people exert themselves most against those below them, you see their humour best in their talk to their servants. 'That is so like you; you are a fine fellow; thou art the quickest head-piece;' and the like. One would think the hectoring, the storming, the sullen, and all the different species and subordinations of the angry should be cored, by knowing they live only as pardoned men; and how pitiful is the condition of being only suffered! But I am interrupted by the pleasantest scene of anger and the disappointment of it that I have ever known, which happened while I was yet writing, and I overheard as I sat in the book-room at a French bookseller's. There came into the shop a very learned man, with an erect solemn air; and, though a person of great parts otherwise, slow in understanding any thing which makes against himself. The composure of the faulty man, and the whimsical perplexity of him that was justly angry, is perfectly new. After turning over many volumes, said the seller to the buyer, 'Sir, you know I have long asked you to send me back the first volume of French sermons I formerly lent you.'—'Sir,' said the chapman, 'I have often looked for it, but cannot find it; it is certainly lost, and I know not to whom I lent it, it is so many years ago.'—'Then, sir, here is the other volume; I'll send you home that, and please to pay for both.'—'My friend,' replied he, 'canst thou be so senseless as not to know that one volume is as imperfect in my library as in your shop?'—'Yes, sir, but it is you have lost the first volume; and, to be short, I will be paid.'—'Sir,' answered the chapman, 'you are a young man, your book is lost, and learn by this little loss to bear much greater adversities, which you must expect to meet with.'—'Yes, sir, I'll bear when I must, but I have not lost now, for I say you have it, and shall pay me.'—'Friend, you grow warm; I tell you the book is lost; and I tell you will course even of a prosperous life, if you cannot meet afflictions to make you wiser in this case, no bear this trifle.'—'Sir, there is in this case, no need of bearing, for you have the book.'—'I say, sir, I have not the book; but your passion will not let you hear enough to be informed that I have it not. Learn resignation in the distresses of this life: it is my duty to tell you an impatient spirit, and a remarkable woe.'—'W'



there have been many things like this; the loss is but a trifle, but your temper is wanton, and incapable of the least pain; therefore let me advise you, be patient; the book is lost, but do not you for that reason lose yourself.

STILL.

T.

N° 459. THURSDAY, JULY 24, 1712.

*It narrates several also, memorandum Acti  
Circuli, et auditis aliisq; notis ad huc usque  
OVID. Met. lib. xii. ver. 57*

Some tell what they have heard, or tales devise;  
Each fiction still improv'd with added lies.

Ovid describes the palace of Fame as situated in the very centre of the universe, and perforated with so many windows and avenues as gave her the sight of every thing that was done in the heavens, in the earth, and in the sea. The structure of it was contrived in so admirable a manner, that it echoed every word which was spoken in the whole compass of nature; so that the palace, says the poet, was always filled with a confused hubbub of low, dying sounds, the voices being almost spent and worn out before they arrived at this general rendezvous of speeches and whispers.

I consider courts with the same regard to the governments which they superintend, as Ovid's palace of Fame with regard to the universe. The eyes of a watchful monarch run through the whole people. There is scarce a murmur or complaint that does not reach his ears. They have newsgatherers and intelligencers distributed into their several walks and quarters, who bring in their respective quotas, and make them acquainted with the discourse and conversation of the whole kingdom or commonwealth where they are employed. The wisest of kings, alluding to these lovable and unsuspected spies, who are planted by kings and rulers over their fellow-citizens, as well as to those voluntary informers that are buzzing about the ears of a great man, and making their court by such secret methods of intelligence, has given us a very prudent caution: *'Certe est the king, so set in thy thought, and curse not the rich in thy bed-chamber; for a bird of the air shall carry the voice, and that which hath wings shall tell the matter.'*

As it is absolutely necessary for rulers to make use of other people's eyes and ears, they should take particular care to do it in such a manner, that it may not bear too hard on the person whose life and conversation are inquired into. A man who is capable of so infamous a calling as that of a spy, is not very much to be relied upon. He can have no great ties of honour, or checks of conscience, to restrain him in those covert evidences, where the person accused has no opportunity of vindicating himself. He will be more industrious to carry that which is grateful than that which is true. There will be no occasion for him if he does not hear and see things worth discovery; so that he naturally inflames every word and circumstance, aggravates what is faulty, perverts what is good, and misrepresents what is indifferent. Nor is it to be doubted but that such ignominious wretches let their private passions into those their clandestine informations, and often wrack their partial spite and malice against the person whom they are set to watch. It is a pleasant vice enough, which an

Italian author describes between a spy and a cardinal who employed him. The cardinal is represented as musing down every thing that is told him. The spy begins with a low voice, 'Such an one, the advocate, whispered to one of his friends, within my hearing, that your eminence was a very great politician' and, after having given his patron time to take it down, adds that another called him a mercenary rascal in a public conversation. The cardinal replies, 'Very well,' and bids him go on. The spy proceeds, and loads him with reports of the same nature, till the cardinal rises 'in great wrath, calls him an impudent scoundrel, and kicks him out of the room.

It is observed of great and heroic minds, that they have not only shown a particular disregard to those unmerited reproaches which have been cast upon them, but have been altogether free from that impertinent curiosity of inquiring after them, or the poor revenge of resenting them. The histories of Alexander and Caesar are full of this kind of instances. Valgar souls are of a quite contrary character. Dionysius, the tyrant of Sicily, had a dungeon, which was a very curious piece of architecture; and of which, as I am informed, there are still to be seen some remains in that island. It was called Dionysius's Ear, and built with several little windings and labyrinths, in the form of a real ear. The structure of it made it a kind of whispering place, but such a one as gathered the voice of him who spoke into a funnel which was placed at the very top of it. The tyrant used to lodge all his state criminals, or those whom he supposed to be engaged together in any evil designs upon him, in this dungeon. He had at the same time an apartment over it, where he used to apply himself to the funnel, and by that means overheard every thing that was whispered in the dungeon. I believe one may venture to affirm, that a Caesar or an Alexander would have rather died by the treason, than have used such disgraceful means for the detecting of it.

A man who in ordinary life is very inquisitive after every thing which is spoken ill of him, passes his time but very indifferently. He is wounded by every arrow that is shot at him, and puts it to the power of every insignificant enemy to disquiet him. Nay, he will suffer from what has been said of him, when it is forgotten by those who said or heard it. For this reason I could never bear one of those officious friends, that would be telling every malicious report, every idle censure that passed upon me. The tongue of man is so prevalent, and his thoughts so variable, that one should not lay too great a stress upon any present speeches and opinions. Praise and obloquy proceed very frequently out of the same mouth upon the same person, and upon the same occasion. A generous enemy will sometimes bestow commendations, as the dearest friend cannot sometimes refrain from speaking ill. The man who is indifferent in either of these respects, gives his opinion at random, and praises or disapproves as he finds himself in humour.

I shall conclude this essay with part of a character, which is finely drawn by the Earl of Clarendon, in the first book of his history, and which gives in the lively picture of a great man teaching himself with an absurd curiosity.

'He had not that application and resolution, and reverence for the queen, as might have been expected from his wisdom and breeding; and I often crossed her pretences and desires with a more tender than was natural to him. Yet he was impet-

tinently solicitous to know what her majesty said of him in private, and what resentments she had towards him. And when by some confidants, who had their ends upon him from those offices, he was informed of some bitter expressions fallen from her majesty, he was so exceedingly afflicted and tormented with the sense of it, that sometimes by passionate complaints and representations to the king; sometimes by more dutiful addresses and expostulations with the queen in bemoaning his misfortune; he frequently exposed himself, and left his condition worse than it was before, and the eclaireissement commonly ended in the discovery of the persons from whom he had received his most secret intelligence.'

ADDISON.

C.

N<sup>o</sup> 440. FRIDAY, JULY 25, 1712.*Vivere si recte nescis, discende peritis.*

HOR. Ep. li. 1. 2. ver. 213.

Learn to live well, or fairly make your will.

POPE.

I HAVE already given my reader an account of a set of merry fellows who are passing their summer together in the country, being provided of a great house, where there is not only a convenient apartment for every particular person, but a large infirmary for the reception of such of them as are any way indisposed, or out of humour\*. Having lately received a letter from the secretary of this society, by order of the whole fraternity, which acquaints me with their behaviour during the last week, I shall here make a present of it to the public.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘WE are glad to find that you approve the establishment which we have here made for the retrieving of good manners and agreeable conversation, and shall use our best endeavours so to improve ourselves in this our summer retirement, that we may next winter serve as patterns to the town. But to the end that this our institution may be no less advantageous to the public than to ourselves, we shall communicate to you one week of our proceedings, desiring you at the same time, if you see any thing faulty in them, to favour us with your admonitions: for you must know, sir, that it has been proposed amongst us to choose you for our visitor; to which I must further add, that one of the college having declared last week he did not like the Spectator of the day, and not being able to assign any just reasons for such his dislike, he was sent to the infirmary, *nemine contradicente*.

‘On Monday the assembly was in very good humour, having received some recruits of French claret that morning; when, unluckily, towards the middle of the dinner, one of the company swore at his servant in a very rough manner, for having put too much water in his wine. Upon which the president of the day, who is always the mouth of the company, after having convinced him of the impertinence of his passion, and the insult he had made upon the company, ordered his man to take him from the table, and convey him to the infirmary. There was but one more sent away that day; this was a gentleman, who is reckoned by some persons one of the greatest wits, and by others

one of the greatest boobies about town. This you will say is a strange character, but what makes it stranger yet, is a very true one, for he is perpetually the reverse of himself, being always merry or dull to excess. We brought him hither to divert us, which he did very well upon the road, having lavished away as much wit and laughter upon the hackney-coachman as might have served him during his whole stay here, had it been duly managed. He had been lumpish for two or three days, but was so far connived at, in hopes of recovery, that we dispatched one of the briskest fellows among the brotherhood into the infirmary for having told him at table he was not merry. But our president observing that he indulged himself in this long fit of stupidity, and construing it as a contempt of the college, ordered him to retire into the place prepared for such companions. He was no sooner got into it, but his wit and mirth returned upon him in so violent a manner, that he shook the whole infirmary with the noise of it, and had so good an effect upon the rest of the patients, that he brought them all out to dinner with him the next day.

‘On Tuesday we were no sooner sat down, but one of the company complained that his head ached; upon which another asked him, in an insolent manner, what he did there then: this insensibly grew into some warm words; so that the president, in order to keep the peace, gave directions to take them both from the table, and lodge them in the infirmary. Not long after, another of the company telling us he knew, by a pain in his shoulder, that we should have some rain, the president ordered him to be removed, and placed as a weather-glass in the apartment above mentioned.

‘On Wednesday a gentleman, having received a letter written in a woman’s hand, and changing colour twice or thrice as he read it, desired leave to retire into the infirmary. The president consented, but denied him the use of pen, ink, and paper, till such time as he had slept upon it. One of the company being seated at the lower end of the table, and discovering his secret discontent, by finding fault with every dish that was served up, and refusing to laugh at any thing that was said, the president told him, that he found he was in an uneasy seat, and desired him to accommodate himself better in the infirmary. After dinner, a very honest fellow chancing to let a pun fall from him; his neighbour cried out, “To the infirmary;” at the same time pretending to be sick at it, as having the same natural antipathy to a pun, which some have to a cat. This produced a long debate. Upon the whole the punster was acquitted, and his neighbour sent off.

‘On Thursday there was but one delinquent. This was a gentleman of strong voice, but weak understanding. He had unluckily engaged himself in a dispute with a man of excellent sense, but of a modest elocution. The man of heat replied to every answer of his antagonist with a louder voice than ordinary, and only raised his voice when he should have enforced his argument. Finding himself at length driven to an absurdity, he still reasoned in a more clamorous and confused manner; and, to make the greater impression upon his hearers, concluded with a loud thump upon the table. The president immediately ordered him to be carried off, and dieted with water-gruel. Till such time as he should be sufficiently weakened for conversation.

‘On Friday ther  
saying only that

very

concluded

it

and

of the

\* See Nos. 424 and 429.

persons in custody, desiring to be released from their confinement, and vouching for one another's good behaviour for the future.

On Saturday we received many excuses from persons who had sinned themselves in an unbecomable temper, and had voluntarily shut themselves up. The infirmity was, indeed, never so full as on this day, which I was at some loss to account for, till, upon my going abroad, I observed that it was an easterly wind. The retirement of most of my friends has given me opportunity and leisure of writing you this letter, which I must not conclude without assuring you, that all the members of our college, as well those who are under confinement, as those who are at liberty, are your very humble servants, though none more than,

' &c.'

ADDISON.

C.

N<sup>o</sup> 441. SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1712.

*St fractus illibatus orbis  
Impendit horum solida.*

HOR. Od. m. l. 3. ver 7

Should the whole frame of nature round him break,  
In ruin and confusion hurld,  
He, unconcern'd, would hear the mighty crack,  
And stand secure amidst a falling world.  
ANON.

MAN, considered in himself, is a very helpless and a very wretched being. He is subject every moment to the greatest calamities and misfortunes. He is beset with dangers on all sides; and may become unhappy by numberless casualties, which he could not foresee, nor have prevented had he foreseen them.

It is our comfort, while we are obnoxious to so many accidents, that we are under the care of one who directs contingencies, and has in his hands the management of every thing that is capable of annoying or offending us; who knows the assistance we stand in need of, and is always ready to bestow it on those who ask it of him.

The natural homage which such a creature bears to so infinitely wise and good a being, is a firm reliance on him for the blessings and conveniences of life, and an habitual trust to him for deliverance out of all such dangers and difficulties as may befall us.

The man who always lives in this disposition of mind, has not the same dark and melancholy views of human nature, as he who considers himself abstractedly from this relation to the Supreme Being. At the same time that he reflects upon his own weakness and imperfection, he comforts himself with the contemplation of those divine attributes, which are employed for his safety and his welfare. He finds his want of foresight made up by the omniscience of him who is his support. He is not sensible of his own want of strength, when he knows that his helper is almighty. In short, the person who has a firm trust on the Supreme Being is powerful in his power, wise by his wisdom, happy by his happiness. He reaps the benefit of every divine attribute, and knows his own insufficiency in the fulness of infinite perfection.

To make our lives more easy to us, we are commanded to put our trust in him, who is then able to relieve and succour us; the divine goodness having made such a reliance a duty, notwithstanding we should have been miserable had it been superfluous.

Among several notions which might be made use

of to recommend this duty to us, I shall only take notice of those that follow.

The first and strongest is, that we are promised, he will not fail those who put their trust in him.

But, without considering the supernatural blessing which accompanies this duty, we may observe that it has a natural tendency to its own reward, or, in other words, that this firm trust and confidence in the great Disposer of all things, contributes very much to the getting clear of any affliction, or to the bearing it manfully. A person who believes he has his succour at hand, and that he acts in the sight of his friend, often exerts himself beyond his abilities, and does wonders that are not to be matched by one who is not animated with such a confidence of success. I could produce instances from history, of generals, who, out of a belief that they were under the protection of some invisible assistant, did not only encourage their soldiers to do their utmost, but have acted themselves beyond what they would have done, had they not been inspired by such a belief. I might in the same manner show how such a trust in the assistance of an Almighty Being naturally produces patience, hope, cheerfulness, and all other dispositions of mind that alleviate those calamities which we are not able to remove.

The practice of this virtue administers great comfort to the mind of man in times of poverty and affliction, but most of all in the hour of death. When the soul is hovering in the last moments of its separation, when it is just entering on another state of existence, to converse with spirits, and subjects, and companions that are altogether new,—what can support her under such tremblings of thought, such fear, such anxiety, such apprehensions, but the casting of all her cares upon him who first gave her being, who has conducted her through one stage of it, and will be always with her to guide and comfort her in her progress through eternity?

David has very beautifully represented this steady reliance on God Almighty in his twenty-third psalm, which is a kind of pastoral hymn, and filled with those allusions which are usual in that kind of writing. As the poetry is very exquisite, I shall present my reader with the following translation of it:

'The Lord my pasture shall prepare,  
And feed me with a shepherd's care;  
His presence shall my wants supply,  
And goodness with a watchful eye;  
My noon-day walks he shall attend,  
And all my midnight hours defend.

'When in the silvery glebe I faint,  
Or on the barren mountains pant;  
To flocks and herds when I am lost,  
My weary wandering steps he leads;  
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,  
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

'Though in the paths of death I tread,  
With gloomy horrors overcast,  
My heart shall fear, and still not fail,  
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;  
Thy friendly voice shall give me aid,  
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

'Though in a hour and rapid way,  
Through dangers, lonely wilds I pass;  
Thy beauty shall my pains beguile,  
Thy goodness shall my fears beguile;  
With and 'm green and herbage crown'd,  
And streams shall murmur all around.'

ADDISON.

C.

N<sup>o</sup> 442. MONDAY, JULY 28, 1712.*Scribimus indocti doctique* —

HOR. Ep. l. 1. 2. ver. 117.

— Those who cannot write, and those who can,  
All rhyme, and scrawl, and scribble, to a man.  
POPE.

I do not know whether I enough explained myself to the world, when I invited all men to be assistant to me in this my work of speculation\*; for I have not yet acquainted my readers that, besides the letters and valuable hints I have from time to time received from my correspondents, I have by me several curious and extraordinary papers sent with a design (as no one will doubt when they are published) that they may be printed entire, and without any alteration, by way of Spectator. I must acknowledge also, that I myself being the first projector of the paper, thought I had a right to make them my own, by dressing them in my own style, by leaving out what would not appear like mine, and by adding whatever might be proper to adapt them to the character and genius of my paper, with which it was almost impossible these could exactly correspond, it being certain that hardly two men think alike; and, therefore, so many men, so many Spectators. Besides, I must own my weakness for glory is such, that, if I consulted that only, I might be so far swayed by it, as almost to wish that no one could write a Spectator besides myself; nor can I deny but, upon the first perusal of those papers, I felt some secret inclinations of ill-will towards the persons who wrote them. This was the impression I had upon the first reading them; but, upon a late review (more for the sake of entertainment than use), regarding them with another eye than I had done at first (for by converting them as well as I could to my own use, I thought I had utterly disabled them from ever offending me again as Spectators), I found myself moved by a passion very different from that of envy; sensibly touched with pity, the softest and most generous of all passions, when I reflected what a cruel 'disappointment' the neglect of those papers must needs have been to the writers who impatiently longed to see them appear in print, and who, no doubt, triumphed to themselves in the hopes of having a share with me in the applause of the public; a pleasure so great, that none but those who have experienced it can have a sense of it. In this manner of viewing those papers, I really found I had not done them justice, there being something so extremely natural and peculiarly good in some of them, that I will appeal to the world whether it was possible to alter a word in them without doing them a manifest hurt and violence; and whether they can ever appear rightly, and as they ought, but in their own native dress and colours. And therefore I think I should not only wrong them, but deprive the world of a considerable satisfaction, should I any longer delay the making them public.

After I have published a few of these Spectators, I doubt not but I shall find the success of them to equal, if not surpass, that of the best of my own. An author should take all methods to humble himself in the opinion he has of his own performances. When these papers appear to the world, I doubt not but they will be followed by

many others; and I shall not repine, though I myself shall have left me but a very few days to appear in public: but preferring the general weal and advantage to any considerations of myself, I am resolved for the future to publish any Spectator that deserves it entire, and without any alteration; assuring the world (if there can be need of it) that it is none of mine; and if the authors think fit to subscribe their names, I will add them.

I think the best way of promoting this generous and useful design, will be by giving out subjects or themes of all kinds whatsoever, on which (with a preamble of the extraordinary benefit and advantage that may accrue thereby to the public) I will invite all manner of persons, whether scholars, citizens, courtiers, gentlemen of the town or country, and all beaux, rake, smart, prudes, coquettes, housewives, and all sorts of wits, whether male or female, and however distinguished, whether they be true wits, whole or half wits, or whether arch, dry, natural, acquired, genuine, or depraved wits; and persons of all sorts of tempers and complexions, whether the severe, the delightful, the impertinent, the agreeable, the thoughtful, busy, or careless, the serene or cloudy, jovial or melancholy, untowardly or easy, the cold, temperate, or sanguine; and of what manners or dispositions soever, whether the ambitious or humble-minded, the proud or pitiful, ingenuous or base-minded, good or ill natured, public-spirited or selfish; and under what fortune or circumstance soever, whether the contented or miserable, happy or unfortunate, high or low, rich or poor (whether so through want of money, or desire of more), healthy or sickly, married or single; nay, whether tall or short, fat or lean; and of what trade, occupation, profession, station, country, faction, party, persuasion, quality, age, or condition soever; who have ever made thinking a part of their business or diversion, and have any thing worthy to impart on these subjects to the world according to their several and respective talents or geniuses; and, as the subject given out hits their tempers, humours, or circumstances, or may be made profitable to the public by their particular knowledge or experience in the matter proposed, to do their utmost on them by such a time, to the end they may receive the inexpressible and irresistible pleasure of seeing their essays allowed of and relished by the rest of mankind.

I will not prepossess the reader with too great expectation of the extraordinary advantages which must redound to the public by these essays, when the different thoughts and observations of all sorts of persons, according to their quality, age, sex, education, professions, humours, manners, and conditions, &c. shall be set out by themselves in the clearest and most genuine light, and as they themselves would wish to have them appear to the world.

The thesis proposed for the present exercise of the adventurers to write Spectators, is MONEY; or which subject all persons are desired to send in their thoughts within ten days after the date hereof.

STEEL:

T.

N° 443. TUESDAY, JULY 29, 1712.

*Abolitionis ex oculis quatuordecim.*

BURL. Od. xlv. l. 3. ver. 31.

Snatch'd from our sight, we eagerly pursue,  
And fondly would recall her to our view

## CAMILLA \* TO THE SPECTATOR.

\* MR SPECTATOR, Venice, July 10, M.D.

I TAKE it extremely ill, that you do not reckon complaisant persons of your nation are within your cognisance, though out of the dominions of Great Britain. I little thought, in the green years of my life, that I should ever call it an happiness to be out of dear England; but as I grew to woman, I found myself less acceptable in proportion to the increase of my merit. Their ears in Italy are so differently formed from the make of yours in England, that I never come upon the stage, but a general satisfaction appears in every countenance of the whole people. When I dwell upon a note, I behold all the men accompanying me with heads inclining and falling of their persons on one side, as dying away with me. The women too do justice to my merit, and no ill-natured worthless creature cries, "The vain thing," when I am rap't up in the performance of my part, and seemibly touched with the effect my voice has upon all who hear me. I live here distinguished as one whose nature has been liberal to in a graceful person, an exalted mind, and heavenly voice. These partial curiities in this strange country, are arguments for respect and generosity to her who is possessed of them. The Italians see a thousand beauties I am sensible I have no pretence to, and abundantly make up to me the injustice I received in my own country, of disallowing me what I really had. The humour of hating, which you have among you, I do not know any thing of; and their applauses are uttered in sighs, and bearing a part at the cadences of voice with the persons who are performing. I am often put in mind of those complaisant lips of my own countryman, when he is calling all his faculties together to hear Arabella.

"Let all be hush'd, each softest motion cease,  
Be every loud tumultuous thought at peace;  
And every ruder gasp of breath  
Be calm, as in the arms of death;  
And those, sweet Achil' most uneasy part,  
Those restless wanderers, my dear,  
Be still; gently all I gently leave,  
Those busy, idle things to leave  
Attire to a pulch' and let my blood,  
That turbulent, unruly flood,  
Be softly shut;  
Let me be a h, but my attraction, dead."

The whole city of Venice is as still when I am singing, as this polite hearer was in Mrs. Hunt. But when they break that silence, did you know the pleasure I am in, when every man offers his applause, by calling me aloud, "The dear creature! The angel! The Venus! What attitude she moves with!—How, the stage again!" We have no boisterous wits who dare disturb an audience, and break the public peace merely to show they dare. Mr Spectator, I write this to you thus in haste, to tell you I am so very much at ease here,

\* Mrs. Tully, who performed the character of Camilla in  
the opera of *Abolition*.

\* C. Agrippa.

that I know nothing but joy; and I will not return, but leave you in England to him all merit of your own growth off the stage. I know, sir, you were always my admirer, and therefore I am yours,

\* CAMILLA.

\* P. S. I am ten times better dressed than ever I was in England.

\* MR SPECTATOR,

"THE project in your's of the 11th instant", of furthering the correspondence and knowledge of that considerable part of mankind, the trading world, cannot but be highly commendable. Good lectures to young traders may have very good effects on their conduct; but beware you propagate no false notions of trade; let none of your correspondents impose on the world by putting forth base methods in a good light, and glazing them over with improper terms. I would have no means of profit set for copies to others, but such as are laudable in themselves. Let not noise be called industry, nor impudence courage. Let not good fortune be imposed on the world for good management, nor poverty be called folly; Impia not always bankruptcy to extravagance, nor an estate to foresight. Niggardiness is not good husbandry, nor generosity profusion.

Honesty is a well-meaning and judicious trader, hath substantial goods, and trades with his own stock, husbands his money to the best advantage, without making all the advantages of the necessities of his workmen, or gridding the face of the poor. Fortunate is stocked with ignorance, and consequently with self-opinion; the quality of his goods cannot but be suitable to that of his judgment. Honestus pleases discerning people, and keeps their custom by good usage; makes modest profit by modest means to the decent support of his family; while Fortunatus, blustering always, pines on, promising much, and performing little; with obsequiousness offensive to people at large, strikes at all, catches much the greater part; raises a considerable fortune by imposition on others, to the discouragement and ruin of those who trade fairly, in the same way.

"I give here but loose hints, and beg you to be very circumspect in the province you have now undertaken: If you perform it successfully, it will be a very great good; for nothing is more wanting than that mechanic industry were set forth with the freedom and greatness of mind which ought always to accompany a man of a liberal education."

\* Your humble servant,

\* From my shop under  
the Royal Exchange July 14.

\* A. C.

\* MR SPECTATOR,

\* July 21, 1712.

"NOTWITHSTANDING the repeated censure that your Spectatorial wisdom has passed upon people more remarkable for impudence than wit, there are yet some remaining, who pass with the giddy part of mankind for sufficient sharers of the latter, who have nothing but the former qualification to recommend them. Another timely animadversion is absolutely necessary: be pleased therefore, once for all, to let these gentlemen know, that there is neither merit nor good humour in hooding a young fellow out of countenance; nor that it will ever constitute a wit, to continue a tart piece of buffoonery with a "What makes you blush?" Pray

\* See N° 421.

please to inform them again, that to speak what they know is shocking, proceeds from ill-nature and a sterility of brain, especially when the subject will not admit of raillery, and their discourse has no pretension to satire but what is in their design to disoblige. I should be very glad too if you would take notice, that a daily repetition of the same overbearing insolence is yet more insupportable, and a confirmation of very extraordinary dulness. The sudden publication of this may have an effect upon a notorious offender of this kind, whose reformation would redound very much to the satisfaction and quiet of

‘Your most humble servant,

‘F. D.’

STEELE.

T.

Nº 444. WEDNESDAY, JULY 30, 1712.

*Parturiunt montes*—

HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 139.

The mountain labours, and is brought to bed.

It gives me much despair in the design of reforming the world by my speculations, when I find there always arise, from one generation to another, successive cheats and bubbles, as naturally as beasts of prey, and those which are to be their food. There is hardly a man in the world, one would think, so ignorant, as not to know that the ordinary quack-doctors, who publish their great abilities in little brown billets, distributed to all that pass by, are to a man impostors and murderers; yet such is the credulity of the vulgar, and the impudence of these professors, that the affair still goes on, and new promises, of what was never done before, are made every day. What aggravates the jest is, that even this promise has been made as long as the memory of man can trace it, and yet nothing performed, and yet still prevails. As I was passing along to-day, a paper given into my hand by a fellow without a nose, tells us as follows what good news is come to town, to wit, that there is now a certain cure for the French disease, by a gentleman just come from his travels.

‘In Russel-court, over against the Cannon-ball, at the Surgeon’s-arms, in Drury-lane, is lately come from his travels, a surgeon who hath practised surgery and physick, both by sea and land, these twenty-four years. He (by the blessing) cures the yellow jaundice, green-sickness, scurvy, dropsy, surfeits, long sea-voyages, campaigns, and women’s miscarriages, lying-in, &c. as some people that *has* been lame these thirty years can testify; in short, he cureth all diseases incident to men, women, or children.’

If a man could be so indolent as to look over this havoc of the human species, which is made by vice and ignorance, it would be a good ridiculous work to comment upon the declaration of this accomplished traveller. There is something unaccountably taking among the vulgar in those who come from a great way off. Ignorant people of quality, as many there are of such, doat excessively this way; many instances of which every man will suggest to himself, without my enumeration of them. The ignorants of lower order, who cannot, like the upper ones, be profuse of their money to those recommended by coming from a distance,

are no less complaisant than the others, for they venture their lives from the same admiration.

‘The doctor is lately come from his travels,’ and has ‘practised both by sea and land,’ and therefore cures ‘the green-sickness, long sea-voyages, campaigns, and lyings-in.’ Both by sea and land! —I will not answer for the distempers called sea-voyages and campaigns; but I dare say those of green-sickness and lying-in might be as well taken care of if the doctor stayed ashore. But the art of managing mankind is only to make them stare a little, to keep up their astonishment, to let nothing be familiar to them, but ever to have something in your sleeve, in which they must think you are deeper than they are. There is an ingenious fellow, a barber, of my acquaintance, who, besides his broken fiddle and a dried sea-monster, has a twine-cord, strained with two nails, at each end, over his window, and the words ‘rainy, dry, wet,’ and so forth, written to denote the weather, according to the rising or falling of the cord. We very great scholars are not apt to wonder at this: but I observed a very honest fellow, a chance customer, who sat in the chair before me to be shaved, fix his eye upon this miraculous performance during the operation upon his chin and face. When those and his head also were cleared of all incumbrances and excrescences, he looked at the fish, then at the fiddle, still grubbling in his pockets, and casting his eye again at the twine, and the words writ on each side; then altered his mind as to farthings, and gave my friend a silver sixpence. The business, as I said, is to keep up the amazement; and, if my friend had had only the skeleton and kit, he must have been contented with a less payment. But the doctor we were talking of, adds to his long voyages, the testimony of some people ‘that *has* been thirty years lame.’ When I received my paper, a sagacious fellow took one at the same time, and read till he came to the thirty years confinement of his friends, and went off very well convinced of the doctor’s sufficiency. You have many of those prodigious persons, who have had some extraordinary accident at their birth, or a great disaster in some part of their lives. Any thing, however foreign from the business the people want of you, will convince them of your ability in that you profess. There is a doctor in Mouse-alley, near Wapping, who sets up for curing cataracts, upon the credit of having, as his bill sets forth, lost an eye in the emperor’s service. His patients come in upon this, and he shows the muster-roll, which confirms that he was in his imperial majesty’s troops; and he puts out their eyes with great success. Who would believe that a man should be a doctor for the cure of bursten children, by declaring that his father and grandfather were born bursten? But Charles Ingolston, next door to the Harp, in Barbican, has made a pretty penny by that asseveration. The generality go upon their first conception, and think no further; all the rest is granted. They take it, that there is something uncommon in you, and give you credit for the rest. You may be sure it is upon that I go, when sometimes, let it be to the purpose or not, I keep a Latin sentence in my front; and I was not a little pleased, when I observed one of my readers say, casting his eye upon my twentieth paper, ‘More Latin still? What a prodigious scholar is this man!’ But as I have here taken much liberty with this learned doctor, I must make up all I have said by repeating what he *seems* to be in earnest in, and honestly promises to those who will

not receive him as a great man; to wit, that 'from eight to twelve, and from two to six, he attends for the good of the public to bleed for three-pence.'

STEEL.

T

N<sup>o</sup> 445. THURSDAY, JULY 31, 1712.

*Trist non es, eis. Septis, Laperce.*

HART Epig. 118. l. l. v. ult.

You say, Laperce, what I write  
Isn't worth so much; you're in the right

This is the day on which many eminent authors will probably publish their last words. I am afraid that few of our weekly historians, who are men that above all others delight in war, will be able to subsist under the weight of a stamp\*, and an approaching peace. A sheet of blank paper that must have this new imprimatur clapped upon it, before it is qualified to communicate any thing to the public, will make its way in the world but very heavily. In short, the necessity of carrying a stamp, and the improbability of notifying a bloody battle, will, I am afraid, both concur to the sinking of those thin folios, which have every other day retailed to us the history of Europe for several years last past. A factious friend of mine, who loves a pun, calls this present mortality among authors, 'The fall of the leaf.'

I remember, upon Mr Baxter's death, there was published a sheet of very good sayings, inscribed, 'The last words of Mr Baxter.' The title sold so great a number of these papers, that about a week after there came out a second sheet, inscribed, 'More last words of Mr Baxter.' In the same manner I have reason to think, that several ingenious writers, who have taken their leave of the public, in several papers, will not give over so, but intend to appear again, though perhaps under another form, and with a different title. Be that as it will, it is my business, in this place, to give an account of my own intentions, and to acquaint my reader with the motives by which I act, in this great crisis of the republic of letters.

I have been long debating in my own heart, whether I should throw up my pen, as an author that is caskered by the act of parliament which is to operate within these four and twenty hours, or whether I should still persist in laying my speculations, from day to day, before the public. The argument which prevails with me now is the first side of the question is, that I am informed by my bookseller he must raise the price of every single paper to two-pence, or that he shall not be able to pay the duty of it. Now, as I am very desirous my readers should have their learning as cheap as possible, it is with great difficulty that I comply with him in this particular.

However, upon laying my reasons together in the balance, I find that those who plead for the continuance of this work, have much the greater weight. For, in the first place, in recompence for the expense to which this will put my readers,

it is to be hoped they may receive from every paper so much instruction as will be a very good equivalent. And, in order to this, I would not advise any one to take it in, who, after the perusal of it, does not find himself two-pence the wiser or the better man for it; or who, upon examination, does not believe that he has had two-penny-worth of mirth or instruction for his money.

But I must confess there is another motive which prevails with me more than the former. I consider that the tax on paper was given for the support of the government; and, as I have enemies who are apt to pervert every thing I do or say, I fear they would ascribe the laying down my paper, on such an occasion, to a spirit of malcontentedness, which I am resolved none shall ever justly upbraid me with. No, I shall glory in contributing my utmost to the public weal; and, if my country receives five or six pounds a day by my labours, I shall be very well pleased to find myself so useful a member. It is a received maxim, that no honest man should enrich himself by methods that are prejudicial to the community in which he lives; and, by the same rule, I think we may pronounce the person to deserve very well of his countrymen, whose labours bring more into the public coffers than into his own pocket.

Since I have mentioned the word enemies, I must explain myself so far as to acquaint my reader, that I mean only the insignificant party animals on both sides of me of such poor narrow souls, that they are not capable of thinking on any thing but with an eye to whig or tory. During the course of this paper, I have been accused by these despicable wretches of tripping, time-serving, personal reflection, secret satire, and the like. Now, though in these my compositions it is visible to any reader of common sense that I consider nothing but my subject, which is always of an indifferent nature; how is it possible for me to write so clear of party, as not to lie open to the censures of those who will be applying every sentence, and finding out persons and things in it, which it has no regard to?

Several paltry scribblers and declaimers have done me the honour to be dull upon me in reflections of this nature; but, notwithstanding my name has been sometimes traduced by this contemptible tribe of men, I have hitherto avoided all animadversions upon them. The truth of it is, I am afraid of making them appear considerable by taking notice of them, for they are like those imperceptible insects which are discovered by the microscope, and cannot be made the subject of observation without being magnified.

Having mentioned those few who have shown themselves the enemies of this paper, I should be very ungrateful to the public, did I not at the same time testify my gratitude to those who are its friends, in which number I may reckon many of the most distinguished persons of all conditions, parties, and professions, in the Isle of Great Britain. I am not so vain as to think this approbation is so much due to the performance as to the design. There is, and ever will be, justice enough in the world, to afford patronage and protection for those who endeavour to advance truth and virtue, without regard to the passions and prejudices of any particular cause or faction. If I have any other merit in me, it is that I have new-pointed all the batteries of ridicule. They have been generally planted against persons who have appeared serious rather than absurd; or at best, have aimed

\* The stamp-duty here alluded to took place on the 1st of August, 1712; and every single half-sheet paid a halfpenny to the queen. The Observer is fallen; the Medley is justified together with the Flying Post; the Examiner is destroyed; the Spectator keeps up, and doubles its price. I show you how long it will hold. Above you see the first stamp the papers are marked in 15/6. Methinks the stamping is worth the money. See the World, &c. L. v. p. 319. Nov. 16th 1714.

rather at what is unfashionable than what is vicious. For my own part, I have endeavoured to make nothing ridiculous that is not in some measure criminal. I have set up the immoral man as the object of derision. In short, if I have not formed a new weapon against vice and irreligion, I have at least shewn how that weapon may be put to a right use which has so often fought the battles of impiety and profaneness.

ADDISON.

C.

N<sup>o</sup> 446. FRIDAY, AUGUST 1, 1712.

*Quid deceat, quid non; quo victus, quo ferat error.*  
HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 308.

What fit, what not; what excellent, or ill.  
ROSCOMMON.

SIX or two or three writers of comedy, who are now living, have taken their farewell of the stage, those who succeed them, finding themselves incapable of rising up to their wit, humour, and good sense, have only imitated them in some of those loose unguarded strokes, in which they complied with the corrupt taste of the more vicious part of their audience. When persons of a low genius attempt this kind of writing, they know no difference between being merry and being lewd. It is with an eye to some of these degenerate compositions that I have written the following discourse.

Were our English stage but half so virtuous as that of the Greeks or Romans, we should quickly see the influence of it in the behaviour of all the politer part of mankind. It would not be fashionable to ridicule religion, or its professors; the man of pleasure would not be the complete gentleman; vanity would be out of countenance; and every quality which is ornamental to human nature, would meet with that esteem which is due to it.

If the English stage were under the same regulations the Athenian was formerly, it would have the same effect that had, in recommending the religion, the government, and public worship of its country. Were our plays subject to proper inspections and limitations, we might not only pass away several of our vacant hours in the highest entertainment, but should always rise from their view and better than we sat down to them.

It is one of the most unaccountable things in our age, that the lewdness of our theatre should be so much complained of, so well exposed, and so little redressed. It is to be hoped that some time or other we may be at leisure to restrain the licentiousness of the theatre, and make it contribute its assistance to the advancement of morality, and to the reformation of the age. As matters stand at present, multitudes are shut out from this noble diversion, by reason of those abuses and corruptions that accompany it. A father is often afraid that his daughter should be ruined by those entertainments, which were invented for the accomplishment and refining of human nature. The Athenian and Roman plays were written with such a regard to morality, that Socrates used to frequent the one, and Cicero the other.

It happened once, indeed, that Cato dropped into the Roman theatre, when the Floralia were to be represented; and, as in that performance, which was a kind of religious ceremony, there were several indecent parts to be acted, the people refused to see them whilst Cato was present. Martial, on this hint, made the following epigram,

which we must suppose was applied to some grave friend of his, that had been accidentally present at some such entertainment.

*Novae jacosa dulce cum sacrum Floræ,  
Tædæque lusus, et licentiam vulgi,  
Cur in theatrum, Cato severè, venisti?  
An idco tantum veneras, ut crives?*

Epig. l. 1. 1.

*Why dost thou come, great censor of the age,  
To see the loose diversions of the stage?  
With awful countenance, and brow severe,  
What in the name of goodness dost thou here?  
See the mix'd crowd! how giddy, lewd, and vain!  
Didst thou come in, but to go out again!*

An accident of this nature might happen once in an age among the Greeks or Romans; but they were too wise and good to let the constant nightly entertainment be of such a nature, that people of the most sense and virtue could not be at it. Whatever vices are represented upon the stage, they ought to be so marked and branded by the poet, as not to appear either laudable or amiable in the person who is tainted with them. But if we look into the English comedies above mentioned, we would think they were framed upon a quite contrary maxim, and that this rule, though it held good upon the heathen stage, was not to be regarded in Christian theatres. There is another rule likewise, which was observed by authors of antiquity, and which these modern geniuses have no regard to, and that was, never to choose an improper subject for ridicule. Now a subject is improper for ridicule, if it is apt to stir up horror and commiseration rather than laughter. For this reason, we do not find any comedy, in so polite an author as Terence, raised upon the violations of the marriage-bed. The falsehood of the wife or husband has given occasion to noble tragedies; but a Scipio and Lælius would have looked upon incest or murder to have been as proper subjects for comedy. On the contrary, cuckoldom is the basis of most of our modern plays. If an alderman appears upon the stage, you may be sure it is in order to be cuckolded. A husband that is a little grave or elderly, generally meets with the same fate. Knights and baronets, country squires, and justices of the quorum, come up to town for no other purpose. I have seen poor Dogget cuckolded in all these capacities. In short, our English writers are as frequently severe upon this innocent unhappy creature, commonly known by the name of a cuckold, as the ancient comic writers were upon an eating parasite, or a vain-glorious soldier.

At the same time the poet so contrives matters, that the two criminals are the favourites of the audience. We sit still, and wish well to them through the whole play, are pleased when they meet with proper opportunities, and out of humour when they are disappointed. The truth of it is, the accomplished gentleman upon the English stage is the person that is familiar with other men's wives, and indifferent to his own; as the fine woman is generally a composition of sprightliness and falsehood. I do not know whether it proceeds from barrenness of invention, depravation of manners, or ignorance of mankind, but I have often wondered that our ordinary poets cannot frame to themselves the idea of a fine man who is not a whoremaster, or of a fine woman that is not a jilt.

I have sometimes thought of compiling a system of ethics, out of the writings of those corrupt poets, under the title of Stage Morality. But I have been diverted from this project.



which has been executed by an ingenious gentleman of my acquaintance. He has composed, it seems, the history of a young fellow who has taken all his notions of the world from the stage, and who has directed himself in every circumstance of his life and conversation, by the maxims and examples of the fine gentleman in English comedies. If I can prevail upon him to give me a copy of this new-fashioned novel, I will bestow on it a place in my works, and question not but it may have as good an effect upon the drama as Don Quixote had upon romance.

ADDISON.

C

N° 447. SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1712.

*Optis tridit pueri pulchre effemine, filis in  
Tactum adfuerunt tunc vultus pueri iocis*

Long exercise, my friend, invades the mind;  
And what we once delight in, we pleasing find.

TAKEN is not a common saying which has a better turn of sense in it, than what we often hear in the mouths of the vulgar, that 'custom is a second nature.' It is indeed able to form the man anew, and to give him inclinations and capacities altogether different from those he was born with. Dr. Plot, in his history of Staffordshire, tells us of an idiot that, chancing to live within the sound of a clock, and always amusing himself with counting the hour of the day whenever the clock struck, the clock being spoiled by some accident, the idiot continued to strike and count the hour without the help of it, in the same manner as he had done when it was entire. Though I dare not vouch for the truth of this story, it is very certain that custom has a mechanical effect upon the body, at the same time that it has a very extraordinary influence upon the mind.

I shall in this paper consider not very remarkable effect which custom has upon human nature, and which, if rightly observed, may lead us into very useful rules of life. What I shall here take notice of in custom, is its wonderful efficacy in making every thing pleasant to us. A person who is addicted to play or gaming, though he took but little delight in it at first, by degrees contracts so strong an inclination towards it, and gives himself up so entirely to it, that it seems the only end of his being. The love of a retired or busy life will grow upon a man insensibly, as he is conversant in the one or the other, till he is utterly unqualified for relishing that to which he has been for some time devoted. Nay, a man may smoke, or drink, or take snuff, till he is unable to pass away his time without it; not to mention how our delight in any particular study, art, or science, rises and improves, in proportion to the application which we bestow upon it. Thus what was at first an exercise, becomes at length an entertainment. Our employments are changed into our diversions. The mind grows fond of these actions, she is accustomed to, and is drawn with reluctancy from those paths in which she has used to walk.

Not only such actions as were at first indifferent to us, but even such as are painful, will by custom and practice become pleasant. But Francis Bacon observes in his natural philosophy, that our taste is never pleased better than with those things which at first created a disgust to it. He gives particular instances of claret, coffee, and other liquors, which the palate seldom approves upon the first taste;

but when it has once got a relish of them, generally retains it for life. The mind is constituted after the same manner, and, after having habituated herself to any particular exercise or employment, not only loses her first aversion towards it, but conceives a certain fondness and affection for it. I have heard one of the greatest geniuses this age has produced\*, who had been trained up in all the polite studies of antiquity, assure me, upon his being obliged to search into several talks and records, that, notwithstanding such an employment was at first very dry and irksome to him, he at last took an incredible pleasure in it, and preferred it even to the reading of Virgil or Cicero. The reader will observe, that I have not here considered custom as it makes things easy, but as it renders them delightful; and though others have often made the same reflections, it is possible they may not have drawn those uses from it, which I intend to fill the remaining part of this paper.

If we consider attentively this property of human nature, it may instruct us in very fine moralities. In the first place, I would have no man discouraged with that kind of life, or series of actions, in which the choice of others, or his own secretities, may have engaged him. It may perhaps be very disagreeable to him at first; but use and application will certainly render it not only less painful, but pleasing and satisfactory.

In the second place, I would recommend to every one that admirable precept which Pythagoras is said to have given to his disciples, and which that philosopher must have drawn from the observation I have enlarged upon, *Optimum est quicquid eligis, non convulsus facit juxta ditionem*. Pitch upon that course of life which is the most excellent, and custom will render it the most delightful. Men, whose circumstances will permit them to choose their own way of life, are inexorable if they do not pursue that which their judgment tells them is the most laudable. The voice of reason is more to be regarded than the bent of any present inclination, since, by the rule above mentioned, inclination will at length come over to reason, though we can never force reason to comply with inclination.

In the third place, this observation may teach the most sensual and irreligious man to overlook those hardships and difficulties which are apt to discourage him from the prosecution of a virtuous life. 'The gods,' said Hesiod, 'have placed labour before virtue; the way to her is at first rough and difficult, but grows more smooth and easy the further you advance to it.' The man who proceeds in it with steadiness and resolution, will in a little time find that 'her ways are ways of pleasantness, and that all her paths are peace.'

To enforce this consideration, we may further observe, that the practice of religion will not only be attended with that pleasure which naturally accompanies those actions to which we are habituated, but with those supernatural joys of heart that rise from the consciousness of such a practice, from the satisfaction of acting up to the dictates of reason, and from the prospect of an happy immortality.

In the fourth place, we may learn from this observation which we have made on the mind of man, to take particular care, when we are once settled in a regular course of life, how we too frequently indulge ourselves in any the most virtu-

cent diversions and entertainments; since the mind may insensibly fall off from the relish of virtuous actions, and, by degrees, exchange that pleasure which it takes in the performance of its duty, for delights of a much more inferior and unprofitable nature.

The last use which I shall make of this remarkable property in human nature, of being delighted with those actions to which it is accustomed, is, to show how absolutely necessary it is for us to gain habits of virtue in this life, if we would enjoy the pleasures of the next. The state of bliss we call Heaven will not be capable of affecting those minds which are not thus qualified for it; we must, in this world, gain a relish of truth and virtue, if we would be able to taste that knowledge and perfection, which are to make us happy in the next. The seeds of those spiritual joys and raptures, which are to rise up and flourish in the soul to all eternity, must be planted in her during this her present state of probation. In short, Heaven is not to be looked upon only as the reward, but as the natural effect of a religious life.

On the other hand, those evil spirits, who, by long custom, have contracted in the body habits of lust and sensuality, malice and revenge, an aversion to every thing that is good, just, or laudable, are naturally seasoned and prepared for pain and misery. Their torments have already taken root in them; they cannot be happy when divested of the body, unless we may suppose, that Providence will in a manner create them anew, and work a miracle in the rectification of their faculties. They may, indeed, taste a kind of malignant pleasure in those actions to which they are accustomed, whilst in this life; but when they are removed from all those objects which are here apt to gratify them, they will naturally become their own tormentors, and cherish in themselves those painful habits of mind which are called in scripture phrase, 'the worm which never dies.' This notion of heaven and hell is so very conformable to the light of nature, that it was discovered by several of the most exalted heathens. It has been finely improved by many eminent divines of the last age, as in particular by Archbishop Tillotson and Dr. Sherlock: but there is none who has raised such noble speculations upon it as Dr. Scott, in the first book of his *Christian Life*, which is one of the finest and most rational schemes of divinity that is written in our tongue, or in any other. That excellent author has shown how every particular custom and habit of virtue will, in its own nature, produce the heaven, or a state of happiness, in him who shall hereafter practise it: as, on the contrary, how every custom or habit of vice will be the natural hell of him in whom it subsists.

ADDISON.

C.

Nº 448. MONDAY, AUGUST 4, 1712.

*Tandis hoc aliquid quandoque audebis.*

JUV. Sat. II. ver. 62.

In time to greater baseness you'll proceed.

THE first steps towards ill are very carefully to be avoided, for men insensibly go on when they are once entered, and do not keep up a lively abhorrence of the least unworthiness. There is a certain frivolous falsehood that people indulge themselves in, which ought to be had in greater detestation than it commonly meets with. What I mean is, a

neglect of promises made on small and indifferent occasions, such as parties of pleasure, entertainments, and sometimes meetings out of curiosity, in men of like faculties, to be in each other's company. There are many causes to which one may assign this light infidelity. Jack Sippet never keeps the hour he has appointed to come to a friend's to dinner; but he is an insignificant fellow who does it out of vanity. He could never, he knows, make any figure in company, but by giving a little disturbance at his entry, and therefore takes care to drop in when he thinks you are just seated. He takes his place after having discomposed every body, and desires there may be no ceremony; then does he begin to call himself the saddest fellow, in disappointing so many places as he was invited to elsewhere. It is the fop's vanity to name houses of better cheer, and to acquaint you that he chose yours out of ten dinners which he was obliged to be at that day. The last time I had the fortune to eat with him, he was imagining how very fat he should have been had he eaten all he had ever been invited to. But it is impertinent to dwell upon the manners of such a wretch as obliges all whom he disappoints, though his circumstances constrain them to be civil to him. But there are those that every one would be glad to see, who fall into the same detestable habit. It is a merciless thing that any one can be at ease, and suppose a set of people who have a kindness for him, at that moment waiting out of respect to him, and refusing to taste their food or conversation, with the utmost impatience. One of these promisers sometimes shall make his excuses for not coming at all, so late that half the company have only to lament, that they have neglected matters of moment to meet him whom they find a trisler. They immediately repent of the value they find for him; and such treatment repeated, makes company never depend upon his promises any more; so that he often comes at the middle of a meal, where he is secretly slighted by the persons with whom he eats, and cursed by the servants, whose dinner is delayed by his prolonging their master's entertainment. It is wonderful that men guilty this way could never have observed, that the whiling time, and gathering together, and waiting a little before dinner, is the most awkwardly passed away of any part in the four-and-twenty hours. If they did think at all, they would reflect upon their guilt, in lengthening such a suspension of agreeable life. The constant offending this way, has in a degree an effect upon the honesty of his mind who is guilty of it, as common swearing is a kind of habitual perjury. It makes the soul unattentive to what an oath is, even while it utters it at the lips. Phocion beholding a wordy orator, while he was making a magnificent speech to the people, full of vain promises; 'Me-thinks,' said he, 'I am now fixing my eyes upon a cypress-tree; it has all the pomp and beauty imaginable in its branches, leaves, and height, but, alas! it bears no fruit.'

Though the expectation which is raised by impertinent promises is thus barren, their confidence, even after failures, is so great, that they subsist by still promising on. I have heretofore discoursed of the insignificant liar, the boaster, and the castle-builder\*, and treated them as no ill-designing men (though they are to be placed among the frivolously false ones), but persons who fall into that way purely to recommend themselves by their vivacities; but indeed I cannot let heedless promisers,

\* See

though in the most minute circumstances, pass with-  
out a censure. If a man should take a resolu-  
tion to pay only sums above an hundred pounds,  
and yet contract with different people debts of  
five and ten, how long can we suppose he will  
keep his credit? This man will as long support his  
good name in business, as he will in conversation,  
who without difficulty makes ascriptions which he  
is indifferent whether he keeps or not.

I am the more severe upon this vice, because I  
have been so unfortunate to be a very great crimi-  
nal myself. Sir Andrew Freeport, and all my  
other friends who are scrupulous to promises of  
the meanest consideration imaginable, from an  
habit of virtue that way, have often upbraided me  
with it. I take shame upon myself for this crime,  
and more particularly for the greatest I ever com-  
mitted of the sort, that when as agreeable a com-  
pany of gentlemen and ladies as ever were got  
together, and I forgot, Mr Spectator, to be of  
the party with women of merit, like a booby as I  
was, mistook the time of meeting, and came the  
night following, I wish every fool, who is negli-  
gent in this kind, may have as great a loss as I had  
in this; for the same company will never meet  
more, but are dispersed into various parts of the  
world, and I am left under the compunction that  
I deserve, in so many different places to be called  
a trifler.

This fault is sometimes to be accounted for, when  
desirable people are fearful of appearing precise  
and reserved by denials; but they will find the  
apprehension of that impatience will betray them  
into a childish impudence of mind, and make them  
promise all who are so kind to ask it of them.  
This leads such soft creatures into the misfortune  
of seeming to return overtures of good-will with  
ingratitude. The first steps in the breach of a  
man's integrity are much more important than men  
are aware of. The man who scruples not break-  
ing his word in little things, would not suffer in his  
own conscience to great pain for failures of con-  
sequence, as he who thinks every little offence  
against truth and justice a disparagement. We  
should not make any thing we ourselves disapprove  
habitual to us, if we would be sure of our inte-  
grity.

I remember a falsehood of the trivial sort, though  
not in relation to engagements, that exposed a man  
to a very uneasy adventure. Will Trap and Jack  
Bilat were chamber-fellows in the Inner Temple  
about twenty-five years ago. They one night sat  
in the pit together at a comedy, where they both  
observed and liked the same young woman in the  
boxes. Their kindness for her entered both hearts  
deeper than they imagined. Bilat had a good fa-  
culty in writing letters of love, and made his ad-  
dress privately that way; while Trap proceeded  
in the ordinary course, by money and her waiting-  
maid. The lady gave them both encouragement,  
receiving Trap into the utmost favour, and answer-  
ing at the same time Bilat's letters, and giving him  
appointments at third places. Trap began to sus-  
pect the epistolary correspondence of his friend,  
and discovered also that Bilat opened all his letters  
which came to their common lodgings, in order to  
form his own ascriptions. After much anxiety  
and restlessness, Trap came to a resolution, which  
he thought would break off their commerce with  
one another without any hazardous explanation.  
He therefore writ a letter in a signed hand to  
Mr. Trap, at his chambers in the Temple. Bilat,  
according to custom, seized and opened it, and  
was not a little surprised to find the inside directed

to himself, when, with great perturbation of spirit,  
he read as follows:

'MR. TRAP,

'You have gained a slight satisfaction at the ex-  
pense of doing a very heinous crime. At the price  
of a faithful friend you have obtained an inconst-  
ant mistress. I rejoice in this expedient I have  
thought of to break my mind to you, and tell you,  
you are a base fellow, by a means which does not  
expose you to the affront except you deserve it.  
I know, sir, as criminal as you are, you have still  
shame enough to avenge yourself against the hardi-  
ness of any one that should publicly tell you of it.  
I therefore, who have received so many secret  
hurts from you, shall take satisfaction with safety  
to myself. I call you base, and you must bear it,  
or acknowledge it; I triumph over you that you  
cannot come at me; nor do I think it dishonour-  
able to come in armour to assault him, who was in  
ambuscade when he wounded me.

'What need more be said to convince you of  
being guilty of the basest practice imaginable, than  
that it is such as has made you liable to be treated  
after this manner, while you yourself cannot in  
your own conscience but allow the justice of the  
upbraidings of

'Your injured friend,

'W. TRAP.'

STEELE.

T.

N<sup>o</sup> 448. TUESDAY, AUGUST 5, 1712.

— *Nil scripsit, matrona libellus.*

NEXT.

A book the chastest matron may peruse.

When I reflect upon my labours for the public,  
I cannot but observe, that part of the species, of  
which I profess myself a friend and guardian, is  
sometimes treated with severity; that is, there are  
in my writings many descriptions given of ill per-  
sons, and not any direct encomiums made of those  
who are good. When I was convinced of this  
error, I could not but immediately call to mind  
several of the fair sex of my acquaintance, whose  
characters deserve to be transmitted to posterity  
in writings which will long outlive mine. But I  
do not think that a reason why I should not give  
them their place in my diurnal as long as it will  
last. For the service therefore of my female  
readers, I shall single out some characters of maids,  
widows, and widows, which deserve the imitation  
of the sex. She who shall lend this small libel-  
lous number of heroines shall be the amiable  
Fidella.

Before I enter upon the particular parts of her  
character, it is necessary to preface, that she is the  
only child of a decrepit father, whose life is bound  
up in hers. This gentleman has need Fidella from  
her cradle with all the tenderness imaginable, and  
has viewed her growing perfections with the partial-  
ity of a parent, that soon thought her accom-  
plished above the children of all other men, but  
never thought she was come to the utmost improve-  
ment of which she herself was capable. This fond-  
ness has had very happy effects upon his own hap-  
piness; for she reads, she dances, she sings, she  
explores and lets to the utmost perfection; and the  
lady's use of all these excellencies is, to divert  
the old man in his easy chair, when he is out of  
the pangs of a rheumal distemper. Fidella is now

in the twenty-third year of her age; but the application of many lovers, her vigorous time of life, her quick sense of all that is truly gallant and elegant in the enjoyment of a plentiful fortune, are not able to draw her from the side of her good old father. Certain it is, that there is no kind of affection so pure and angelic as that of a father to a daughter. He beholds her both with, and without, regard to her sex. In love to our wives there is desire, to our sons there is ambition; but in that to our daughters, there is something which there are no words to express. Her life is designed wholly domestic, and she is so ready a friend and companion, that every thing that passes about a man, is accompanied with the idea of her presence. Her sex also is naturally so much exposed to hazard, both as to fortune and innocence, that there is perhaps a new cause of fondness arising from that consideration also. None but fathers can have a true sense of these sort of pleasures and sensations; but my familiarity with the father of Fidelity, makes me let drop the words which I have heard him speak, and observe upon his tenderness towards her.

Fidelity, on her part, as I was going to say, as accomplished as she is, with all her beauty, wit, air, and mien, employs her whole time in care and attendance upon her father. How have I been charmed to see one of the most beautiful women the age has produced, on her knees, helping on an old man's slipper! Her filial regard to him is what she makes her diversion, her business, and her glory. When she was asked by a friend of her deceased mother to admit of the courtship of her son, she answered, that she had a great respect and gratitude to her for the overture in behalf of one so near to her, but that during her father's life she would admit into her heart no value for any thing that should interfere with her endeavour to make his remains of life as happy and easy as could be expected in his circumstances. The lady admonished her of the prime of life with a smile; which Fidelity answered with a frankness that always attends unfeigned virtue: 'It is true, madam, there is to be sure very great satisfactions to be expected in the commerce of a man of honour, whom one tenderly loves; but I find so much satisfaction in the reflection, how much I mitigate a good man's pains, whose welfare depends upon my assiduity about him, that I willingly exclude the loose gratifications of passion for the solid reflections of duty. I know not whether any man's wife would be allowed, and (what I still more fear) I know not whether I, a wife, should be willing to be as officious as I am at present about my parent.' The happy father has her declaration that she will not marry during his life, and the pleasure of seeing that resolution not uneasy to her. Were one to paint filial affection in its utmost beauty, he could not have a more lively idea of it than in beholding Fidelity serving her father at his hours of rising, meals, and rest.

When the general crowd of female youth are consulting their glasses, preparing for balls, assemblies, or plays; for a young lady, who could be regarded among the foremost in those places, either for her person, wit, fortune, or conversation, and yet condemn all these entertainments, to sweeten the heavy hours of a decrepit parent, is a resignation truly heroic. Fidelity performs the duty of a nurse with all the beauty of a bride; nor does she neglect her person, because of her attendance on him, when he is too ill to receive company to whom she may make an appearance.

Fidelity, who gives him up her youth, does not think it any great sacrifice to add to it, the spoiling of her dress. Her care and exactness in her habit, convince her father of the alacrity of her mind; and she has of all women the best foundation for affecting the praise of a seeming negligence. What adds to the entertainment of the good old man is, that Fidelity, where merit and fortune cannot be overlooked by epistolary lovers, reads over the accounts of her conquests, plays on her spinet the gayest airs (and while she is doing so, you would think her famed only for gallantry), to intimate to him the pleasures she despises for his sake.

Those who think themselves the pattern of good-breeding and gallantry would be astonished to hear that, in those intervals when the old gentleman is at ease, and can bear company, there are at his house, in the most regular order, assemblies of people of the highest merit; where there is conversation without mention of the faults of the absent, benevolence between men and women without passion, and the highest subjects of morality treated of as natural and accidental discourse; all which is owing to the genius of Fidelity, who at once makes her father's way to another world easy, and herself capable of being an honour to his name in this.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I was the other day at the Bear-garden in hopes to have seen your short face\*; but not being so fortunate, I must tell you, by way of letter, that there is a mystery among the gladiators which has escaped your spectatorial penetration. For, being in a box at an alehouse near that renowned seat of honour above mentioned, I overheard two masters of the science agreeing to quarrel on the next opportunity. This was to happen in a company of a set of the fraternity of basket-hilts, who were to meet that evening. When this was settled, one asked the other, "Will you give cuts or receive?" The other answered, "Receive." It was replied, "Are you a passionate man?"—"No, provided you cut no more nor no deeper than we agree." I thought it my duty to acquaint you with this, that the people may not pay their money for fighting, and be cheated.

'Your humble servant,

'SCABBARD RUSTY.'

STEELE.

T.

Nº 450: WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 6, 1712.

— *Quærenda pecunia primum  
Virtus post nummos.*

HOR. Ep. l. 1. 1. ver. 53.

— Get money, money still:  
And then let virtue follow, if she will.

POPE.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'ALL men, through different paths, make at the same common thing, money; and it is to her we owe the politician, the merchant, and the lawyer; nay, to be free with you, I believe to that also we are beholden for our Spectator. I am apt to think, that could we look into our own hearts, we should see money engraved in them in more lively and moving characters than self-preservation; for who can reflect upon the merchant hoisting sail in a doubtful pursuit of her, and all mankind sacrificing their quiet to her, but must perceive that the cha-

raciers of self-preservation (which were doubtless originally the brightest) are sullied, if not wholly defaced; and that those of money (which at first was only valuable as a mean to security) are of late so brightened, that the characters of self-preservation, like a less light set by a greater, are become almost imperceptible! Thus this money got the upper-hand of what all mankind formerly thought most dear, viz. security; and I wish I could say she had here put a stop to her victories; but, alas! common honesty fell a sacrifice to her. This is the way scholastic men talk of the greatest good in the world; but I, a tradesman, shall give you another account of this matter in the plain narrative of my own life. I think it proper, in the first place, to acquaint my readers that, when my settling out in the world, which was in the year 1660, I never wanted money; having begun with an indifferent good stock in the tobacco trade, to which I was bred; and by the continual success it has pleased Providence to bless my endeavours with, I am at last arrived at what they call a *plumb* \*. To uphold my discourse in the manner of your wits or philosophers, by speaking flowery things, or drawing inferences, as they pretend, from the nature of the subject, I account it vain; having never found any thing in the writings of such men, that did not savour more of the invention of the brain, or what is styled speculation, than of sound judgment or profitable observation. I will readily grant indeed, that there is what the wits call natural in their talk; which is the utmost those curious authors can assume to themselves, and is indeed all they endeavour at, for they are but lamentable teachers. And what, I pray, is natural! That which is pleasing and easy! And what are pleasing and easy! Forsooth, a new thought or conceit dressed up in smooth quaint language, to make you smile and wag your head, as being what you never imagined before, and yet wonder why you had not; mere frothy accompaniments, fit only for boys or silly women to be caught with!

\* It is not my present intention to instruct my readers in the methods of acquiring riches; that may be the work of another essay; but to exhibit the real and solid advantages I have found by them in my long and manifold experience; nor yet all the advantages of so worthy and valuable a blessing, (for who does not know or imagine the comforts of being warm, or lying at ease, and that power and pre-eminence are their inseparable attendants) but only to instance the great supports they afford as under the severest calamities and misfortunes; to show that the love of them is a special antidote against immorality and vice; and that the same does likewise naturally dispose men to actions of piety and devotion. All which I can make out by my own experience, who think myself no ways particular from the rest of mankind, nor better nor worse by nature than generally other men are.

\* In the year 1663, when the sickness † was, I lost by it my wife and two children, which were all my stock. Probably I might have had more, considering I was married between four and five years; but falling her to be a teeming woman, I was careful, as having then little above a brace of thousand pounds to carry on my trade, and maintain a family with. I loved them as usually men do their wives and children, and therefore could not resist the first impulses of nature as so wonderful; a law but I quickly raised myself, and found

means to alleviate, and at last conquer, my affliction, by reflecting how that she and her children having been no great expense to me, the best part of her fortune was still left; that my charge being reduced to myself, a journeyman, and a maid, I might live far cheaper than before; and that being now a childless widower, I might perhaps marry a no less deserving woman, and with a much better fortune than she brought, which was but 800*l*. And, to convince my readers that such considerations as these were proper and apt to produce such an effect, I remember it was the constant observation, at that deplorable time when so many hundreds were swept away daily, that the rich ever bore the loss of their families and relations far better than the poor; the latter, having little or nothing before-hand, and living from hand to mouth, placed the whole comfort and satisfaction of their lives in their wives and children, and were therefore inconsolable.

\* The following year happened the fire; at which time, by good providence, it was my fortune to have converted the greatest part of my effects into ready money, on the prospect of an extraordinary advantage which I was preparing to lay hold on. This calamity was very terrible and astonishing, the fury of the flames being such, that whole streets, at several distant places, were destroyed at once and the same time; so that (as it is well known) almost all our citizens were burnt out of what they had. But what did I then do? I did not stand gazing on the ruins of our noble metropolis; I did not shake my head, wring my hands, sigh and shed tears; I considered with myself what could this avail; I felt a plodding what advantages might be made of the ready cash I had; and immediately betwixt myself that wonderful pennyworth might be bought of the goods that were saved out of the fire. In short, with about 2,000*l*. and a little credit, I bought as much tobacco as raised my estate to the value of 10,000*l*. I then "looked at the ashes of our city, and the misery of its late inhabitants, as an effect of the just wrath and indignation of heaven towards a sinful and perverse people."

\* After this I married again; and that wife dyed, I took another; but both proved to be idle baggages: the first gave me a great deal of plague and vexation by her extravagancies, and I became one of the by-words of the city. I knew it would be to no manner of purpose to go about to curb the fancies and inclinations of women, which fly out the more for being restrained; but what I could I did; I watched her narrowly, and by good luck found her in the embraces (for which I had two witnesses with me) of a wealthy spark at the court end of the town; of whom I recovered 13,000 pounds, which made me amends for what she had idly squandered, and put a silence to all my neighbours, taking off my reproach by the gain they saw I had by it. The last died about two years after I married her, in labour of three children. I conjecture they were begot by a country kinsman of hers, whom, at her recommendation, I took into my family, and gave wages to as a journeyman. What this creature expended in delicacies and high diet for her kinsman (as well as I could compute by the poultryer's, fishmonger's, and grocer's bills), amounted in the said two years to one hundred eighty-six pounds four shillings and five-pence half penny. The new apparel, bracelets, lockets, and trunks, &c. of the other, according to the best calculation, came, in three years and about three quarters, to seven hundred forty-four pounds seven shillings and six-pence. After this I married a better

to marry more, and found I had been a gainer by my marriages, and the damages granted me for the abuses of my bed, (all charges deducted) eight thousand three hundred pounds within a trifle.

'I come now to show the good effects of the love of money on the lives of men, towards rendering them honest, sober, and religious. When I was a young man, I had a mind to make the best of my wits, and over-reached a country-clap in a parcel of unsound goods; to whom, upon his upbraiding, and threatening to expose me for it, I returned the equivalent of his loss; and upon his good advice, wherein he clearly demonstrated the folly of such artifices, which can never end but in shame, and the ruin of all correspondence, I never after transgressed. Can your courtiers, who take bribes, or your lawyers or physicians in their practice, or even the divines who intermeddle in worldly affairs, boast of making but one slip in their lives, and of such a thorough and lasting reformation? Since my coming into the world I do not remember I was ever overtaken in drink, save nine times, once at the christening of my first child, thrice at our city feasts, and five times at driving of bargains. My reformation I can attribute to nothing so much as the love and esteem of money; for I found myself to be extravagant in my drink, and apt to turn projector, and make rash bargains. As for women, I never knew any except my wives: for my reader must know, and it is what he may confide in as an excellent recipe, that the love of business and money is the greatest mortifier of inordinate desires imaginable, as employing the mind continually in the careful oversight of what one has, in the eager quest after more, in looking after the negligences and deceits of servants, in the due entering and stating of accounts, in hunting after elaps, and in the exact knowledge of the state of markets; which things whoever thoroughly attends to, will find enough and enough to employ his thoughts on every moment of the day; so that I cannot call to mind, that in all the time I was a husband, which, off and on, was about twelve years, I ever once thought of my wives but in bed. And, lastly, for religion, I have ever been a constant churchman, both forenoons and afternoons on Sundays, never forgetting to be thankful for any gain or advantage I had had that day; and on Saturday nights, upon casting up my accounts, I always was grateful for the sum of my week's profits, and at Christmas for that of the whole year. It is true, perhaps, that my devotion has not been the most fervent; which, I think, ought to be imputed to the evenness and sedateness of my temper, which never would admit of any impetuosities of any sort: and I can remember that in my youth and prime of manhood, when my blood ran brisker, I took greater pleasure in religious exercises than at present, or many years past, and that my devotion sensibly declined, as age, which is dull and unwieldy, came upon me.

'I have, I hope, here proved, that the love of money prevents all immorality and vice; which if you will not allow, you must, that the pursuit of it obliges men to the same kind of life as they would follow if they were really virtuous; which is all I have to say at present, only recommending to you, that you would think of it, and turn ready wit into ready money as fast as you can. I conclude,

Your servant,

EPHRAIM WEED.

STEELE.

T.

N<sup>o</sup> 451. THURSDAY, AUGUST 7, 1712.

*Jam sævus apertam  
In rabiem caput verti jocus, et per honestas  
Ire minas impune domos*

IIOR. Ep. l. 1. 2. ver. 148:

*'Times corrupt, and nature ill-mell'd,  
Produce'd the point that left a sting behind;  
Till friend with friend, and families at strife,  
Triumphant malice rag'd through private life.*  
POPE.

THAT is nothing so scandalous to a government, and detestable in the eyes of all good men, as defamatory papers and pamphlets; but at the same time there is nothing so difficult to tame as a satirical author. An angry writer, who cannot appear in print, naturally vents his spleen in libels and lampoons. A gay old woman, says the fable, seeing all her wrinkles represented in a large looking-glass, threw it upon the ground in a passion, and broke it into a thousand pieces; but as she was afterwards surveying the fragments with a spiteful kind of pleasure, she could not forbear uttering herself in the following soliloquy. 'What have I got by this revengeful blow of mine? I have only multiplied my deformity, and see an hundred ugly faces, where before I saw but one.'

It has been proposed, to oblige every person that writes a book, or a paper, to swear himself the author of it, and enter down in a public register his name and place of abode.

This indeed would have effectually suppressed all printed scandal, which generally appears under borrowed names, or under none at all. But it is to be feared, that such an expedient would not only destroy scandal, but learning. It would operate promiscuously, and root up the corn and tares together. Not to mention some of the most celebrated works of piety, which have proceeded from anonymous authors who have made it their merit to convey to us so great a charity in secret; there are few works of genius that come out at first with the author's name. The writer generally makes a trial of them in the world before he owns them; and, I believe, very few, who are capable of writing, would set pen to paper, if they knew beforehand that they must not publish their productions but on such conditions. For my own part, I must declare, the papers I present the public are like fairy favours, which shall last no longer than while the author is concealed.

That which makes it particularly difficult to restrain these sons of calumny and defamation is, that all sides are equally guilty of it, and that every dirty scribbler is countenanced by great names, whose interest he propagates by such vile and infamous methods. I have never yet heard of a ministry who have inflicted an exemplary punishment on an author that has supported their cause with falsehood and scandal, and treated in a most cruel manner the names of those who have been looked upon as their rivals and antagonists. Would a government set an everlasting mark of their displeasure upon one of those infamous writers, who makes his court to them by tearing to pieces the reputation of a competitor, we should quickly see an end put to this race of vermin, that are a scandal to government, and a reproach to human nature. Such a proceeding would make a minister of state shine in history, and would fill all mankind with a just abhorrence of persons who treat him unworthily, and employ against him

high be scorned to make use of against his enemies.

I cannot think that any one will be so unjust as to imagine, what I have here said is 'spoken with respect to any party or faction. Every one who is in him the sentiments either of a Christian or gentleman, cannot but be highly offended at this wicked and ungenerous practice, which is so much to use among us at present, that it is become a kind of national crime, and distinguishes us from all the governments that lie about us. I cannot but look upon the finest strokes of satire which are loaded at particular persons, and which are supported even with the appearances of truth, to be the marks of an evil mind, and highly criminal in themselves. In fact, like other punishments, is under the direction and distribution of the magistrate, and not of my private person. Accordingly we learn, from a fragment of Cicero, that though there were very few capital punishments in the twelve tables, a libel or lampoon, which took away the good name of another, was to be punished by death. But this is far from being our case. Our satire is nothing but ribaldry and Billingsgate. Scurrility passes for wit; and he who can call names in the greatest variety of phrases, is looked upon to have the freest pen. By this means the honour of families is raised, the highest posts and greatest titles are rendered cheap and vile in the sight of the people, the noblest virtues and most exalted parts exposed to the contempt of the vicious and the ignorant. Should a foreigner, who knows nothing of our private factions, or one who is to act his part in the world when our present heats and animosities are forgot, should, I say, such an opportunity to himself a notion of the greatest men of all sides in the British nation, who are now living, from the characters which are given them in some or other of those abominable writings which are daily published among us, what a nation of monsters must we appear!

As this cruel practice tends to the utter subversion of all truth and humanity among us, it deserves the utmost detestation and discouragement of all who have either the love of their country, or the honour of their religion, at heart. I would therefore earnestly recommend it to the consideration of those who deal in these pernicious arts of writing, and of those who take pleasure in the reading of them. As for the first, I have spoken of them in former papers, and have not stuck to rank them with the murderers and assassins. Every honest man sets as high a value upon a good name, as upon life itself; and I cannot but think that those who privately assault the one, would destroy the other, might they do it with the same security and impunity.

As for persons who take pleasure in the reading and dispersing of such detestable libels, I am afraid they fall very little short of the gall of the first composers. By a law of the emperors Valentinian and Valens, it was made death for any person not only to write a libel, but, if he met with one by chance, not to tear or burn it. But because I would not be thought singular in my opinion of this matter, I shall conclude my paper with the words of Monsieur Bayle, who was a man of great freedom of thought, as well as of exquisite learning and judgment:

I cannot imagine, that a man who disperses a libel, is less desirous of doing mischief than the author himself. But what shall we say of the pleasure which a man takes in the reading of a defamatory libel? Is it not an heinous sin in the sight

of God? We must distinguish in this point. This pleasure is either an agreeable sensation we are affected with, when we meet with a witty thought which is well expressed, or it is a joy which we conceive from the dishonour of the person who is defamed. I will say nothing to the first of these cases; for perhaps some would think that my morality is not severe enough, if I should affirm that a man is not master of those agreeable sensations, any more than of those occasioned by sugar or honey, when they touch his tongue; but as to the second, every one will own that pleasure to be a heinous sin. The pleasure in the first case is of no continuance: It prevents our reason and reflection, and may be immediately followed by a secret grief, to see our neighbour's honour blasted. If it does not cease immediately, it is a sign that we are not displeased with the ill-nature of the satire, but are glad to see him defame his enemy by all kinds of stories; and then we deserve the punishment to which the writer of the libel is subject. I shall here add the words of a modern author. St. Gregory, upon excommunicating those writers who had dishonoured Castor, does not except those who read their works; because, says he, if calumnies have always been the delight of their hearers, and a gratification of those persons who have no other advantage over honest men, is not he who takes pleasure in reading them as guilty as he who composed them? It is an uncontroverted maxim, that they who approve an action, would certainly do it if they could; that is, if some reason of self-love did not hinder them. There is no difference, says Cicero, between advising a crime, and approving it when committed. The Roman law confirmed this maxim, having subjected the approvers and authors of this evil to the same penalty. We may therefore conclude, that those who are pleased with reading defamatory libels, so far as to approve the authors and dispersers of them, are as guilty as if they had composed them; for if they do not write such libels themselves, it is because they have not the talent of writing, or because they will run no hazard.

The author produces other authorities to confirm his judgment in this particular.

APPENDIX.

C.

N° 452. FRIDAY, AUGUST 8, 1712.

*Est natura hominum mortaliis avida.*

PLIN. apud LILIUM.

Human nature is fond of novelty.

THERE is no humour in my countrymen which I am more inclined to wonder at, than their general thirst after news. There are about half a dozen ingenious men, who live very plentifully upon this curiosity of their fellow subjects. They all of them receive the same advices from abroad, and very often to the same words; but their way of cooking it is so different, that there is no citizen, who has an eye to the public good, that can leave the coffee-house with peace of mind before he has given every one of them a reading. These several dishes of news are so very agreeable to the palate of my countrymen, that they are not only pleased with them when they are served up hot, but when they are again set cold before them, by those penetrating politicians who oblige the public with their reflections and observations upon every piece of intelligence that is sent us from abroad. The

text is given us by one set of writers, and the comment by another.

But notwithstanding we have the same tale told us in so many different papers, and, if occasion requires, in so many articles of the same paper, notwithstanding in a scarcity of foreign posts we hear the same story repeated by different advices from Paris, Brussels, the Hague, and from every great town in Europe; notwithstanding the multitude of annotations, explanations, reflections, and various readings which it passes through, our time lies heavy on our hands till the arrival of a fresh mail: we long to receive further particulars, to hear what will be the next step, or what will be the consequences of that which has been already taken. A westerly wind keeps the whole town in suspense, and puts a stop to conversation.

This general curiosity has been raised and inflamed by our late wars, and, if rightly directed, might be of good use to a person who has such a thirst awakened in him. Why should not a man, who takes delight in reading every thing that is new, apply himself to history, travels, and other writings of the same kind, where he will find perpetual fuel for his curiosity, and meet with much more pleasure and improvement than in these papers of the week? An honest tradesman, who languishes a whole summer in expectation of a battle, and perhaps is balked at last, may here meet with half a dozen in a day. He may read the news of a whole campaign in less time than he now bestows upon the productions of a single post. Fights, conquests, and revolutions, lie thick together. The reader's curiosity is raised and satisfied every moment, and his passions disappointed or gratified, without being detained in a state of uncertainty from day to day, or lying at the mercy of sea and wind; in short, the mind is not here kept in a perpetual gape after knowledge, nor punished with that eternal thirst which is the portion of all our modern news-mongers and coffee-house politicians.

All matters of fact, which a man did not know before, are news to him; and I do not see, how any haberdasher in Cheap-side is more concerned in the present quarrel of the Cantons, than he was in that of the League. At least, I believe every one will allow me, it is of more importance to an Englishman to know the history of his ancestors, than that of his contemporaries who live upon the banks of the Danube or the Boristhenes. As for those who are of another mind, I shall recommend to them the following letter from a projector who is willing to turn a penny by this remarkable curiosity of his countrymen.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘You must have observed, that men who frequent coffee-houses, and delight in news, are pleased with every thing that is matter of fact, so it be what they have not heard before. A victory, or a defeat, are equally agreeable to them. The shutting of a cardinal's mouth pleases them one post, and the opening of it another. They are glad to hear the French court is removed to Marli, and are afterwards as much delighted with its return to Versailles. They read the advertisements with the same curiosity as the articles of public news; and are as pleased to hear of a piebald horse that is strayed out of a field near Islington, as of a whole troop that have been engaged in any foreign adventure. In short, they have a relish for every thing that is news, let the matter of it be what it will; or, to speak more properly, they are men of

a voracious appetite, but no taste. Now, sir; since the great fountain of news, I mean the war, is very near being dried up; and since these gentlemen have contracted such an inextinguishable thirst after it; I have taken their case, and my own into consideration, and have thought of a project which may turn to the advantage of us both. I have thoughts of publishing a daily paper, which shall comprehend in it all the most remarkable occurrences in every little town, village, and hamlet, that lie within ten miles of London, or, in other words, within the verge of the penny-post. I have pitched upon this scene of Intelligence for two reasons; first, because the carriage of letters will be very cheap; and secondly, because I may receive them every day. By this means my readers will have their news fresh and fresh, and many worthy citizens, who cannot sleep with any satisfaction at present, for want of being informed how the world goes, may go to bed contentedly, it being my design to put out my paper every night at nine o'clock precisely. I have already established correspondences in these several places, and received very good intelligence.

‘By my last advices from Knightsbridge I hear, that a horse was clapped into the pound on the third instant, and that he was not released when the letters came away.

‘We are informed from Pankridge\*, that a dozen weddings were lately celebrated in the mother church of that place, but are referred to their next letters for the names of the parties concerned.

‘Letters from Brompton advise, that the widow Blight had received several visits from John Mill-dew, which affords great matter of speculation in those parts.

‘By a fisherman who lately touched at Hammer-smith, there is advice from Putney, that a certain person, well known in that place, is like to lose his election for church-warden; but this being boat-news, we cannot give entire credit to it.

‘Letters from Paddington bring little more, than that William Squeak, the sow-gelder, passed through that place the fifth instant.

‘They advise from Fulliam, that things remained there in the same state they were. They had intelligence, just as the letters came away, of a tub of excellent ale just set abroad at Parson's Green; but this wanted confirmation.

‘I have here, sir, given you a specimen of the news with which I intend to entertain the town, and which, when drawn up regularly in the form of a newspaper, will, I doubt not, be very acceptable to many of those public-spirited readers, who take more delight in acquainting themselves with other people's business than their own. I hope a paper of this kind, which lets us know what is done near home, may be more useful to us than those which are filled with advices from Zug and Bender, and make some amends for that dearth of intelligence, which we may justly apprehend from times of peace. If I find that you receive this project favourably, I will shortly trouble you with one or two more; and in the mean time am, most worthy sir, with all due respect,

‘Your most obedient,  
‘and most humble servant.’

ADDISON.

C.

\* Pancras; which was then a fashionable place for weddings.



N<sup>o</sup> 453. SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1712.

*Non vultis nec tantum ferre  
Prosa*

HOR. Od. xx. l. 2. ver. 1

*No weak, no common wing shall bear,  
My rising body through the air*  
CILECH.

There is not a more pleasing exercise of the mind than gratitude. It is accompanied with such an inward satisfaction, that the duty is sufficiently rewarded by the performance. It is not, like the practice of many other virtues, difficult and painful, but attended with so much pleasure, that were there no positive command which enjoined it, nor any recompence laid up for it hereafter, a generous mind would lodge in it, for the natural gratification that accompanies it.

If gratitude is due from man to man, how much more from man to his Maker! The Supreme Being does not only confer upon us these bounties which proceed more immediately from his hand, but even those benefits which are conveyed in us by others. Every blessing we enjoy, by what means soever it may be derived upon us, is the gift of Him who is the great Author of good, and Father of mercies.

If gratitude, when exerted towards one another, naturally produces a very pleasing occasion in the mind of a grateful man; it exalts the soul into rapture, when it is employed on this great object of gratitude, on this beneficent Being who has given us every thing we already possess, and from whom we expect every thing we yet hope for.

Most of the works of the pagan poets were either direct hymns to their deities, or tended indirectly to the celebration of their respective attributes and perfections. Those who are acquainted with the works of the Greek and Latin poets which are still extant, will upon reflection find this observation so true, that I shall not enlarge upon it. One would wonder that more of our Christian poets have not turned their thoughts this way, especially if we consider, that our idea of the Supreme Being is not only infinitely more great and noble than what could possibly enter into the heart of an heathen, but filled with every thing that can raise the imagination, and give an opportunity for the sublimest thoughts and conceptions.

Petarch tells us of a heathen who was singing an hymn to Diana, in which he celebrated her for her delight in human sacrifices, and other instances of cruelty and revenge; upon which a poet, who was present at this piece of devotion, and seems to have had a truer idea of the divine nature, told the votary, by way of reproof, that, in recompence for his hymn, he heartily wished he might have a daughter of the same temper with the goddess he celebrated. It was indeed impossible to write the praises of one of those false deities, according to the pagan creed, without a mixture of impertinence and absurdity.

The Jews, who before the time of Christianity were the only people that had the knowledge of the true God, have set the Christian world an example how they ought to employ this divine talent of which I am speaking. As that nation produced men of great genius, without considering them as inspired writers, they have transmitted to us many hymns and divine odes, which excel those that are delivered down to us by the ancient Greeks and Romans, in the poetry, as much as in the subject

to which it was consecrated. This I think might easily be shown, if there were occasion for it.

I have already communicated to the public some pieces of divine poetry; and, as they have met with a very favourable reception, I shall from time to time publish any work of the same nature, which has not yet appeared in print, and may be acceptable to my readers.

'When all thy mercies, O my God;  
My rising soul surveys;  
Transported with the view, I'm lost  
In wonder, love, and praise:

'O how shall words with equal warmth  
The gratitude declare,  
That glows within my ravish'd heart?  
But Thou canst read it there.

'Thy providence my life sustains,  
And all my wants redounds;  
When in the silent womb I lay,  
And hung upon the breast.

'To all my weak complaints and cries,  
Thy mercy lent an ear,  
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt  
To form themselves in prayer.

'Unnumber'd comforts to my soul  
Thy tender care bestows,  
Before my infant heart conceiv'd  
From whence those comforts flow'd.

'When in the slippery paths of youth  
With heedless steps I ran,  
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,  
And led me up to man.

'Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,  
It graciously my way,  
And through the pleasing sources of vice,  
More to be fear'd than they.

'When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou  
With health renew'd my face,  
And when in sin and sorrow sunk,  
Reviv'd my soul with grace.

'Thy boundless hand with worldly bliss  
Has made my cup run o'er,  
And in a frail and fickle friend  
Has doubled all my store.

'Ten thousand thousand precious gifts  
My daily thanks employ;  
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,  
That tries those gifts with joy.

'Through every period of my life  
Thy goodness I'll praise;  
And after death in distant worlds  
The glorious theme renew.

'When nature fails, and day and night  
Divide thy works no more,  
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,  
Thy mercy shall adore.

'Through all eternity to Thee  
A joyful song I'll raise,  
For a't' eternity's too short  
To utter all Thy praise.'

ADDISON.

N<sup>o</sup> 454. MONDAY, AUGUST 11, 1712.

*Give me sacred hours, let me no good time waste  
Liberate.*

TER. Heaut. Act. I. R. 1.

Give me leave to allow myself no respite from labour.

It is an inexpressible pleasure to know a little of the world, and be of no character or significance in it.

\* See Nos 373, 374, 410, and 441.

To be ever unconcerned, and ever looking on new objects with an endless curiosity, is a delight known only to those who are turned for speculation; nay, they who enjoy it must value things only as they are the objects of speculation, without drawing any worldly advantage to themselves from them, but just as they are what contribute to their amusement, or the improvement of the mind. I lay one night last week at Richmond; and being restless, not out of dissatisfaction, but a certain busy inclination one sometimes has, I rose at four in the morning and took boat for London, with a resolution to rove by boat and coach for the next four-and-twenty hours\*, till the many different objects I must needs meet with should fire my imagination, and give me an inclination to a repose more profound than I was at that time capable of. I beg people's pardon for an odd humour I am guilty of, and was often that day, which is saluting any person whom I like, whether I know him or not. This is a particularity would be tolerated in me, if they considered that the greatest pleasure I know I receive at my eyes, and that I am obliged to an agreeable person for coming abroad into my view, as another is for a visit of conversation at their own houses.

The hours of the day and night are taken up in the cities of London and Westminster, by people as different from each other as those who are born in different centuries. Men of six o'clock give way to those of nine, they of nine to the generation of twelve; and they of twelve disappear, and make room for the fashionable world, who have made two o'clock the noon of the day.

When we first put off from shore, we soon fell in with a fleet of gardeners, bound for the several market-ports of London; and it was the most pleasing scene imaginable to see the cheerfulness with which those industrious people plyed their way to a certain sale of their goods. The banks on each side are as well peopled, and beautified with as agreeable plantations, as any spot on the earth; but the Thames itself, loaded with the product of each shore, added very much to the landscape. It was very easy to observe by their sailing, and the countenances of the ruddy virgins who were supercargoes, the part of the town to which they were bound. There was an air in the purveyors for Covent-garden, who frequently converse with morning rakes, very unlike the seeming sobriety of those bound for Stocks-market.

Nothing remarkable happened in our voyage; but I landed with ten sail of apricot boats, at Strand-bridge, after having put in at Nine Elms, and taken in melons, consigned by Mr. Cusse, of that place, to Sarah Scwell and company, at their stall in Covent-garden. We arrived at Strand-bridge at six of the clock, and were unloading; when the hackney-coachmen of the foregoing night took their leave of each other at the Dark-house, to go to bed before the day was too far spent. Chimney-sweepers passed by us as we made up to the market, and some raillery happened between one of the fruit weaches and those black men, about the Devil and Eve, with allusion to their several professions. I could not believe any place more entertaining than Covent-garden; where I strolled from one fruit-shop to another, with crowds of agreeable young women around me, who were purchasing fruit for their respective families. It was almost eight of the clock before I could leave that variety of objects. I took coach and followed

a young lady, who tripped into another just before me, attended by her maid. I saw immediately she was of the family of the Vainloves. There are a set of these who, of all things, affect the play of blindman's-buff, and leading men into love for they know not whom, who are fled they know not where. This sort of woman is usually a janty slattern: she hangs on her clothes, plays her head, varies her posture, and changes place incessantly, and all with the appearance of striving at the same time to hide herself, and yet give you to understand she is in humour to laugh at you. You must have often seen the coachmen make signs with their fingers, as they drive by each other, to intimate how much they have got that day. They can carry on that language to give intelligence where they are driving. In an instant my coachman took the wink to pursue; and the lady's driver gave the hint that he was going through Long-acre towards St. James's: while he whipped up James-street, we drove for King-street, to save the pass at St. Martin's-lane. The coachmen took care to meet, jostle, and threaten each other for way, and be entangled at the end of Newport-street and Long-acre. The fright, you must believe, brought down the lady's coach-door, and obliged her, with her mask off, to inquire into the bustle, when she sees the man she would avoid. The tackle of the coach-window is so bad she cannot draw it up again, and she drives on sometimes wholly discovered, and sometimes half escaped, according to the accident of carriages in her way. One of these ladies keeps her seat in a hackney-coach, as well as the best rider does on a managed horse. The laced shoe on her left foot, with a careless gesture, just appearing on the opposite cushion, held her both firm, and in a proper attitude to receive the next jolt.

As she was an excellent coach-woman, many were the glances at each other which we had for an hour and an half, in all parts of the town, by the skill of our drivers; till at last my lady was conveniently lost; with notice from her coachman to ours to make off, and he should hear where she went. This chase was now at an end; and the fellow who drove her came to us, and discovered that he was ordered to come again in an hour, for that she was a Silk-worm. I was surprised with this phrase, but found it was a cant among the hackney fraternity for their best customers, women who ramble twice or thrice a week from shop to shop, to turn over all the goods in town without buying any thing. The Silk-worms are, it seems, indulged by the tradesmen; for though they never buy, they are ever talking of new silks, laces, and ribbons, and serve the owners in getting them customers, as their commoa dinners do in making them pay.

The day of people of fashion began now to break, and carts and hacks were mingled with equipages of show and vanity; when I resolved to walk it, out of cheapness: but my unhappy curiosity is such, that I find it always my interest to take coach; for some odd adventure among beggars, ballad-singers, or the like, detains and throws me into expense. It happened so immediately; for at the corner of Warwick-street, as I was listening to a new ballad, a ragged rascal, a beggar who knew me, came up to me, and began to turn the eyes of the good company upon me, by telling me he was extreme poor, and should die in the street for want of drink; except I immediately would have the charity to give him sixpence to go into the next ale-house and save his life. He urged, with a melancholy face, that all his family had

died of thirst. All the mob have humour, and two or three began to take the jest; by which Mr. Sturdy carried his point, and let me sneak off to a coach. As I drove along it was a pleasing reflection to see the world so prettily chequered since I left Richmond, and the scene still filling with children of a new hour. This satisfaction increased as I moved towards the city; and gay signs, well-disposed streets, magnificent public structures, and wealthy shops, adorned with contented faces, made the joy still rising till we came into the centre of the city, and centre of the world of trade, the Exchange of London. As other men in the crowds about me were pleased with their hopes and bargains, I found my account in observing them, to attention to their several interests. I, indeed, looked upon myself as the richest man that walked the Exchange that day; for my benevolence made me share the gains of every bargain that was made. It was not the least of my satisfactions in my survey, to go up stairs, and pass the shops of agreeable females: to observe so many pretty hands busy in the folding of ribbons, and the utmost eagerness of agreeable faces in the sale of patches, pins, and wires, on each side the counters, was an amusement to which I could longer have indulged myself, had not the dear creatures called to me, to ask what I wanted, when I could not answer, only 'To look at you.' I went to one of the windows which opened to the area below, where all the several voices lost their distinction, and rose up in a confused humming; which created in me a reflection that could not come into the mind of any but of one a little too studious; for I said to myself, with a kind of pain in thought, 'What nonsense is all the hurry of this world to those who are above it?' In these, or not much wiser thoughts, I had liked to have lost my place at the chop-house, where every man, according to the natural bashfulness or silliness of our nation, eat in a public room a mess of broth, or chop of meat, in dumb silence, as if they had no pretence to speak to each other on the foot of being men, except they were of each other's acquaintance.

I went afterwards to Robin's, and saw people, who had dined with me at the five-penny ordinary just before, give bills for the value of large estates; and could not but behold with great pleasure, property lodged in, and transferred in a moment from such as would never be masters of half as much as is seemingly in them, and given from them every day they live. But before five in the afternoon I left the city, came to my common scene of Covent-garden, and passed the evening at Will's in attending the discourses of several sets of people, who relieved each other within my hearing on the subjects of cards, dice, love, learning, and politics. The last subject kept me till I heard the streets in the possession of the bell-man, who had now the world to himself, and cried, 'Past two o'clock.' This roused me from my seat; and I went to my lodging, led by a light, when I put into the discourse of his private economy, and made him give me an account of the charge, hazard, profit, and loss of a family that depended upon a link, with a dog to end my trivial day with the generosity of sixpence, instead of a third part of that sum. When I came to my chamber, I writ down these minutes; but was at a loss what instruction I should propose to my reader from the examination of so many insignificant matters and occurrences; and I thought it of great use, if they could learn with me to keep their minds open to gratification, and ready to receive it from any thing it meets with.

This one circumstance will make every face you see give you the satisfaction you now take in beholding that of a friend; will make every object a pleasing one; will make all the good which arrives to any man, an increase of happiness to yourself.

STEPLE.

T.

N° 455. TUESDAY, AUGUST 12, 1712.

— *Ego apte meum*  
*Mors madoque,*  
*Greta carpentis thymum per laborum*  
*Plurimum*

ROM. OL. II. L. 4. ver. 37

— My thimble mine  
 Unambitious tracta person;  
 Does with weak umbelst wrap,  
 About the many brooks and springs,  
 Like the laborious bee,  
 For little drops of honey fly,  
 And there with humble sweets contents her industry.

CONVLEY

THE following letters have in them reflections which will seem of importance both to the learned world, and to domestic life. There is in the first an allegory so well carried on, that it cannot but be very pleasing to those who have a taste of good writing; and the other billets may have their use in common life.

MR. SPECTATOR,

As I walked the other day in a fine garden, and observed the great variety of improvements in plants and flowers, beyond what they otherwise would have been, I was naturally led into a reflection upon the advantages of education, or modern culture; how many good qualities in the soul are lost, for want of the little due care in sowing and skilfully managing them; how many virtues are choked by the multitude of weeds which are suffered to grow among them; how excellent parts are often starved and useless, by being planted in a wrong soil; and how very seldom do these moral seeds produce the noble fruits which might be expected from them, by a neglect of proper sowing, necessary pruning, and an artificial management of our tender inclinations and first spring of life. These obvious speculations made me at length conclude, that there is a sort of vegetable principle in the mind of every man when he comes into the world. In infants, the seeds lie buried and undisturbed, till after a while they sprout forth in a kind of rational leaves, which are words; and in due season the flowers begin to appear in variety of beautiful colours, and all the gay pictures of youthful fancy and imagination; at last the fruit knits and is formed, which is green perhaps first, and sour, unpleasant to the taste, and not fit to be gathered; till, ripened by due care and application, it discovers itself to all the noble productions of philosophy, mathematics, close reasoning, and handsome argumentation. These fruits, when they arrive at just maturity, and are of a good kind, afford the most vigorous nourishment in the minds of men. I reflected further on the intellectual leaves before mentioned, and found almost as great a variety among them, as in the vegetable world. I could easily observe the smooth shining Italian leaves, the pliable French aspen always in motion, the Greek and Latin evergreens, the Spa-

\* This word seems to be erroneously used, instead of moral, which the meaning obviously requires.

nish myrtle, the English oak, the Scotch thistle, the Irish shambrogue, the prickly German and Dutch holly, the Polish and Russian nettle, besides a vast number of exotics imported from Asia, Africa, and America. I saw several barren plants, which bore only leaves, without any hopes of flower or fruit. The leaves of some were fragrant and well-shaped, and others ill-scented and irregular. I wondered at a set of old whimsical botanists, who spent their whole lives in the contemplation of some withered Egyptian, Coptic, Armenian, or Chinese leaves; while others made it their business to collect, in voluminous herbals, all the several leaves of some one tree. The flowers afford a most diverting entertainment, in a wonderful variety of figures, colours, and scents; however, most of them withered soon; or at best are but annuals. Some professed florists make them their constant study and employment, and despise all fruit; and now and then a few fanciful people spend all their time in the cultivation of a single tulip, or a carnation. But the most agreeable amusement seems to be the well choosing, mixing, and binding together these flowers in pleasing nosegays, to present to ladies. The scent of Italian flowers is observed, like their other perfumes, to be too strong, and to hurt the brain; that of the French with glaring gaudy colours, yet faint and languid: German and northern flowers have little or no smell, or sometimes an unpleasant one. The ancients had a secret to give a lasting beauty, colour, and sweetness, to some of their choice flowers, which flourish to this day, and which few of the moderns can effect. These are becoming enough and agreeable in their season, and do often handsomely adorn an entertainment; but an over-fondness of them seems to be a disease. It rarely happens to find a plant vigorous enough to have (like an orange-tree) at once beautiful and shining leaves, fragrant flowers, and delicious, nourishing fruit.

SIR,

'Yours, &c.'

'DEAR SPEC,

'August 6, 1712.

'You have given us, in your Spectator of Saturday last \*, a very excellent discourse upon the force of custom, and its wonderful efficacy in making every thing pleasant to us. I cannot deny but that I received above twopenny-worth of instruction from your paper †, and in the general was very well pleased with it; but I am, without a compliment, sincerely troubled that I cannot exactly be of your opinion, that it makes every thing pleasing to us. In short, I have the honour to be yoked to a young lady, who is, in plain English, for her standing, a very eminent scold. She began to break her mind very freely both to me and to her servants, about two months after our nuptials; and, though I have been accustomed to this humour of hers these three years, yet I do not know what's the matter with me, but I am no more delighted with it than I was at the very first. I have advised with her relations about her, and they all tell me that her mother and her grandmother before her were both taken much after the same manner; so that, since it runs in the blood, I have but small hopes of her recovery. I should be glad to have a little of your advice in this matter. I would not willingly trouble you to contrive how it may be a pleasure to me; if you will but put me in a way that I may bear it with indifference, I shall rest satisfied.

'DEAR SPEC,

'Your very humble servant.

'P. S. I must do the poor girl the justice to let you know, that this match was none of her own choosing (or indeed of mine either); in consideration of which I avoid giving her the least provocation; and indeed we live better together than usually folks do who hated one another when they were first joined. To evade the sin against parents, or at least to extenuate it, my dear rails at my father and mother, and I curse hers for making the match.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'August 8, 1712.

'I LIKE the theme you lately gave out \* extremely, and should be as glad to handle it as any man living. But I find myself no better qualified to write about money than about my wife; for, to tell you a secret, which I desire may go no further, I am master of neither of those subjects.

'Yours,

'PILL GARLICK.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I DESIRE you would print this in italic, so as it may be generally taken notice of. It is designed only to admonish all persons, who speak either at the bar, pulpit, or any public assembly whatsoever, how they discover their ignorance in the use of similies. There are, in the pulpit itself, as well as in other places, such gross abuses in this kind, that I give this warning to all I know. I shall bring them for the future before your spectatorial authority. On Sunday last, one, who shall be nameless, reproving several of his congregation for standing at prayers, was pleased to say, "One would think, like the elephant, you had no knees." Now I myself saw an elephant, in Bartholomew-fair, kneel down to take on his back the ingenious Mr. William Penkethmnn†.

'Your most humble servant.'

STEEL.

T.

Nº 456. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 13, 1712.

*De quo libelli in celeberrimis locis proponuntur, huic ne perire quidem tacite conceditur.*

TULL.

The man, whose conduct is publicly arraign'd, is not suffer'd even to be ruin'd quietly.

OTWAY, in his tragedy of Venice Preserved, has described the misery of a man whose effects are in the hands of the law with great spirit. The bitterness of being the scorn and laughter of base minds, the anguish of being insulted by men hardened beyond the sense of shame or pity, and the injury of a man's fortune being wasted, under pretence of justice, are excellently aggravated in the following speech of Pierre to Jaffier:

'I pass'd this very moment by thy doors,  
And found them guarded by a troop of villains:  
The sons of public rapine were destroying.  
They told me, by the sentence of the law,  
They had commission to seize all thy fortune:  
Nay more, Priull's cruel hand had sign'd it.  
Here stood a ruffian with a horrid face,  
Lording it o'er a pile of massy plate,  
Tumbled into a heap for public sale.  
There was another making villanous jests  
At thy undoing. He had ta'en possession  
Of all thy ancient most domestic ornaments:  
Rich hangings intermix'd and wrought with gold;

\* See Nos. 447. 450.

† See N°

\* Nº 447.

† See Nº 445.

The very bed, which on thy wedding night  
Received thee in the arms of Belvidera,  
The scene of all thy joys, was violated  
By the coarse hands of filthy dangerous villains,  
And thrown amongst the common lumber."

Nothing indeed can be more unhappy than the condition of bankruptcy. The calamity which happens to us by ill fortune, or by the injury of others, has in it some consolation; but what arises from our own misbehaviour, or error, is the state of the most exquisite sorrow. When a man considers not only an ample fortune, but even the very necessities of life, his pretence to food itself, at the mercy of his creditors, he cannot but look upon himself in the state of the dead, with his case thus much worse, that the last office is performed by his adversaries instead of his friends. From this hour the cruel world does not only take possession of his whole fortune, but even of every thing else, which had no relation to it. All his indifferent actions have new interpretations put upon them; and those whom he has favoured in his former life, discharge themselves of their obligations to him, by joining in the reproaches of his enemies. It is almost incredible that it should be so; but it is too often seen that there is a pride mixed with the impatience of the creditor; and there are who would rather recover their own by the downfall of a prosperous man, than be discharged to the common satisfaction of themselves and their creditors. The wretched man, who was lately master of abundance, is now under the direction of others; and the wisdom, economy, good sense, and skill in managing life before, by reason of his present misfortune, are of no use to him in the disposition of any thing. The incapacity of an infant or a lunatic is designed for his provision and accommodation; but that of a bankrupt, without any mitigation in respect of the accidents by which it arrived, is calculated for his utter ruin, except there be a remainder ample enough, after the discharge of his creditors, to bear also the expense of rewarding those by whose means the effect of all his labour was transferred from him. The man is to look on and see others giving directions upon what terms and conditions his goods are to be purchased; and all this usually done, not with an air of trustees to dispose of his effects, but destroyers to divide and tear them to pieces.

There is something sacred in misery to great and good minds; for this reason all wise lawgivers have been extremely tender how they let loose even the man who has right on his side, to act with any mixture of resentment against the defendant. Virtuous and modest men, though they be used with some artifice, and have it in their power to avenge themselves, are slow in the application of that power, and are ever constrained to go into rigorous measures. They are careful to demonstrate themselves not only persons injured, but also that to bear it no longer would be a means to make the offender injure others, before they proceed. Such men clap their hands upon their hearts, and consider what it is to have at their mercy the life of a citizen. Such would have it to say to their own souls, if possible, that they were merciful, when they could have destroyed, rather than when it was to their power to have spared a man they destroyed. This is a due to the common calamity of human life, due in some measure to our very enemies. They who scruple doing the least injury, are cautious of exacting the utmost justice.

Let any one who is conversant in the variety of human life reflect upon it, and he will find the

man who wants mercy has a taste of no enjoyment of any kind. There is a natural dislike of every thing which is good in his very nature, and he is born an enemy to the world. His is ever extremely partial to himself in all his actions, and has no sense of iniquity but from the punishment which shall attend it. The law of the land is his gospel, and all his cases of conscience are determined by his attorney. Such men know not what it is to gladden the heart of a miserable man, that riches are the instruments of serving the purposes of heaven or hell, according to the disposition of the possessor. The wealthy can torment or gratify all who are in their power, and choose to do one or other, as they are affected with love or hatred to mankind. As for such who are insensible of the concerns of others, but merely as they affect themselves, these men are to be valued only for their mortality, and as we hope better things from their heirs. I could not but read with great delight a letter from an eminent citizen, who has failed, to one who was intimate with him in his better fortune, and able by his countenance to retrieve his lost condition.

"SIR,

"It is vain to multiply words and make apologies for what is never to be defended by the best advocate in the world, the guilt of being unfortunate. All that a man in my condition can do or say, will be received with prejudice by the generality of mankind, but I hope not with you; you have been a great instrument in helping me to get what I have lost; and I know (for that reason, as well as kindness to me) you cannot but be in pain to see me undure. To show you I am not a man incapable of bearing calamity, I will, though a poor man, lay aside the distinction between us, and talk with the frankness we did when we were nearer to an equality: as all I do will be received with prejudice, all you do will be looked upon with partiality. What I desire of you is, that you, who are courted by all, would smile upon me, who am shunned by all. Let that grace and favour which your fortune throws upon you, be turned to make up the coldness and indifference that is used towards me. All good and generous men will have an eye of kindness for me for my own sake, and the rest of the world will regard me for yours. There is a happy contagion in riches, as well as a destructive one in poverty; the rich can make rich without parting with any of their stores; and the conversation of the poor makes men poor, though they borrow nothing of them. How this is to be accounted for I know not; but men's estimation follows us according to the company we keep. If you are what you were to me, you can go a great way towards my recovery; if you are not, my good fortune, if ever it returns, will return by slower approaches.

"I am, SIR,

"Your affectionate friend,

"and humble servant."

This was answered with a condescension that did not, by long impertinent professions of kindness, lessen his distress, but was as follows:

"DEAR TOM,

"I am very glad to hear that you have heart enough to begin the world a second time. I assure you, I do not think your numerous family at all diminished, in the gifts of nature for which I have ever so much admired them, by what has so lately



N° 460. MONDAY, AUGUST 18, 1712.

*Dreadful species recti*—

HON. Ars Poet. ver. 23.

Deluded by a seeming excellence.

ROSCOMMON.

*Our defects and follies are too often unknown to us; nay, they are so far from being known to us, that they pass for demonstrations of our worth. This makes us easy in the midst of them, fond to show them, fond to improve to them, and to be esteemed for them. Then it is that a thousand unaccountable conceits, gay inventions, and extravagant actions, must afford us pleasures, and display us to others in the colours which we ourselves take a fancy to glory in. Indeed there is something so amusing for the time in this state of vanity and ill-grounded satisfaction, that even the wiser world has chosen an exalted word to describe its enchantments, and called it, 'The Paradise of Fools.'*

Perhaps the latter part of this reflection may seem a false thought of some, and bear another turn than what I have given; but it is at present none of my business to look after it, who am going to confess that I have been lately amongst them in a vision.

Methought I was transported to a hill, green, flowery, and of an easy ascent. Upon the broad top of it reined aquiline-eyed Error, and Popular Opinion with many heads; two that dealt in sorcery, and were famous for bewitching people with the love of themselves. To these repaired a multitude from every side, by two different paths which lead towards each of them. Some who had the most swelling air, went directly of themselves to Error, without expecting a conductor; others of a softer nature went first to Popular Opinion, from whence, as she influenced and engaged them with their own praises, she delivered them over to his government.

When we had ascended to an open part of the summit where Opinion abode, we found her entertaining several who had arrived before us. Her voice was pleasing; she breathed odours as she spoke. She seemed to have a tongue for every one: every one thought he heard of something that was valuable in himself, and expected a paradise which she promised as the reward of his merit. Thus were we drawn to follow her, till she should bring us where it was to be bestowed; and it was observable, that all the way we went, the company was either praising themselves for their qualifications, or one another for those qualifications which the took to be conspicuous in their own characters, or disparaging others for wanting theirs, or vying in the degrees of them.

At last we approached a bower, at the entrance of which Error was seated. The trees were thick, woven, and the place where he sat artfully contrived to darken him a little. He was disguised in a whitish robe, which he had put on, that he might appear to us with a nearer resemblance to Truth; and as she has a light whereby she manifests the beauties of nature to the eyes of her adorers, so he had provided himself with a magical wand, that he might do something in imitation of it, and please with delusions. This he lifted solemnly, and muttering to himself, bid the glories which he kept under confinement to appear before us. Immediately we cast our eyes on that part of

the sky to which he pointed, and observed a thin blue prospect, which cleared as mountains in a summer morning when the mists go off, and the palace of Vanity appeared to sight.

The foundation hardly seemed a foundation, but a set of curling clouds, which it stood upon by magical contrivance. The way by which we ascended was painted like a rainbow; and as we went, the breeze that played about us bewitched the senses. The walls were gilded all for show; the lowest set of pillars were of the slight fine Corinthian order, and the top of the building being rounded, bore so far the resemblance of a bubble.

At the gate the travellers neither met with a porter, nor waited till one should appear; every one thought his merits a sufficient passport, and pressed forward. In the hall we met with several phantoms, that roved amongst us, and ranged the company according to their sentiments. There was decreasing Honour, that had nothing to show in, but an old coat of his ancestor's achievements. There was Ostentation, that made himself his own constant subject, and Gallantry strutting upon his tip-toes. At the upper end of the hall stood a throne, whose canopy glittered with all the riches that Galety could contrive to lavish on it; and between the gilded arms sat Vanity, decked in the peacock's feathers, and acknowledged for another Venus by her votaries. The boy who stood beside her for a Cupid, and who made the world to bow before her, was called Self-conceit. His eyes had every bow and then a cast inwards to the neglect of all objects about him; and the arms which he made use of for conquest, were borrowed from those against whom he had a design. The arrow which he shot at the soldier, was fished from his own plume of feathers; the dart he directed against the man of wit, was winged from the quills he writ with; and that which he sent against those who presumed upon their riches, was headed with gold out of their treasuries. He made nets for statesmen from their own contrivances; he took fire from the eyes of ladies, with which he melted their hearts; and lightning from the tongues of the eloquent, to inflame them with their own glories. At the foot of the throne sat three false graces; Flattery with a shell of paint; Affectation with a mirror in perithe at, and Fashion ever changing the posture of her clothes. These applied themselves to secure the conquests which Self-conceit had gotten, and had each of them their particular politics. Flattery gave new colours and complexions to all things; Affectation new airs and appearances, which, as she said, were not vulgar; and Fashion both concealed some home defects, and added some foreign external beauties.

As I was reflecting upon what I saw, I heard a voice in the crowd beseeching the condition of mankind, which is thus managed by the breath of Opinion, deluded by Error, fired by Self-conceit, and given up to be trained in all the courses of Vanity, till Scorn or Poverty come upon us. These expressions were no sooner heard above, but I immediately saw a general disorder, till at last there was a parting in one place, and a grave old man, decent and resolute, was led forward to be punished for the words he had uttered. He appeared inclined to have spoken in his own defence, but I could not observe that any one was willing to hear him. Vanity cast a scornful smile at him; Self-conceit was angry; Flattery, who knew him for Male-dealing, put on a staid, and turned away; Affectation bowed her fan, made mouths, and called him Lary or Slander; and Fashion





psalm appears to me an admirable ode, and I began to turn it into our language. As I was describing the journey of Israel from Egypt, and added the divine presence amongst them, I perceived a beauty in this psalm, which was entirely new to me, and which I was going to lose; and that is, that the poet utterly conceals the presence of God in the beginning of it, and rather lets a possessive pronoun go without a substantive, than he will so much as mention any thing of divinity there. "Judah was his sanctuary, and Israel his dominion, or kingdom." The reason now seems evident, and this conduct necessary for, if God had appeared before, there could be no wonder why the mountains should leap, and the sea re-echo; therefore that this convulsion of nature may be brought in with due surprise, his name is not mentioned till afterward, and then with a very agreeable turn of thought God is introduced at once in all his majesty. This is what I have attempted to imitate in a translation without paraphrase, and to preserve what I could of the spirit of the sacred author.

'If the following essay be not too incorrigible, bestow upon it a few brightenings from your genius, that I may learn how to write better, or to write no more.

'Your daily admirer and  
'humble servant, &c'

#### PSALM CIV.

"When Israel, freed from Pharaoh's hand,  
Left the proud tyrant and his land,  
The tribes with cheerful songs on oars  
Their king, and Judah was his throne.

Across the deep their journey lay,  
The deep divides to make them way;  
The streams of Jordan over, and Red  
With backward current to their head.

The mountains shake like frightened sheep,  
Like lambs the little hills leap;  
Not Sinai on her base could stand,  
Conscious of swiftness power at hand.

What power could make the deep divide!  
Make Jordan backward roll his tide!  
Why did ye leap, ye little hills  
And whence the fright that Sinai feels?

Let every mountain, every flood,  
Rever and know th' approaching God,  
The King of Israel. Not him here!  
Tremble thou earth, adore, and fear.

His thunders—let all nature roar:  
The rock to standing pools he turns.  
His spring with fountains at his word,  
And fires and seas confess their Lord."

#### 'MR. SPECTATOR,

'THERE are those who take the advantage of your putting a halfpenny value upon yourself above the rest of our daily writers, to defame you in public conversation, and strive to make you unpopular upon the account; if this said halfpenny Bet, if I were you, I would insist upon that small acknowledgment for the superior merit of years, as being a work of invention. Give me leave, therefore, to do you justice, and say in your behalf, what you cannot yourself, which is, that your writings have made learning a more necessary part of good-breeding than it was before you appeared: that modesty has become fashionable, and impudence stands in need of some wit, since you have put them both in their proper light. Profane men,

\* By Dr. Watts.

and debauchery, are not now qualifications, and a man may be a very fine gentleman, though he is neither a keeper, nor an infidel.

'I would have you tell the town the story of the Sibyl, if they deny giving you two-pence. Let them know, that those sacred papers were valued at the same rate after two-thirds of them were destroyed, as when there was the whole set. There are so many of us who will give you your own price, that you may acquaint your non-conformist readers, that they shall not have it, except they come in within such a day, under three-pence. I do not know but you might bring in the *Dilettando Halleris* with a good grace. The writings come in clusters of two or three coffee-houses which have left you off; and I hope you will make us, who owe to your wit, merry with their characters who stand out against it.

'I am your most humble servant.

'P. H. I have lately got the ingenious authors of *blacking for shoes, powder for colouring the hair, pomatum for the hands, cosmetic for the face*, to be your constant customers; so that your advertisements will be much above the outward man, as your paper does the inward.'

STEELE.

T

N<sup>o</sup> 462. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 20, 1712.

*Ad ego praestitum fecimus proinde amico.*  
HOR. Sat. l. l. ver 46

Nothing so grateful as a pleasant friend.

People are not aware of the very great force which pleasnary in company has upon all those with whom a man of that talent converses. His faults are generally overlooked by all his acquaintance, and a certain carelessness, that constantly attends all his actions, carries him on with greater success, than diligence and industry does others who have no share of this endowment. Dacynthius breaks his word upon all occasions, both trivial and important; and, when he is officiously rallied at for that abominable quality, they who talk of him end with 'After all, he is a very pleasant fellow.' Dacynthius is an ill-natured husband, and yet the very women and their freedom of discourse upon this subject, 'But, after all, he is very pleasant company.' Dacynthius is neither, in point of honour, civility, good-breeding, nor good-nature, unexceptionable; add yet all is answered, 'For he is a very pleasant fellow.' Where this quality is conspicuous in a man who has, to accompany it, many and virtuous sentiments, there cannot certainly be any thing which can give so pleasing a gratification as the gaiety of such a person; but when it is alone, and serves only to gild a crowd of ill qualities, there is no man so much to be avoided as your pleasant fellow. A very pleasant fellow shall turn your good name to a jest, make your character contemptible, debauch your wife or daughter, and yet be received by the rest of the world with welcome wherever he appears. It is very ordinary with those of this character to be attentive only to their own satisfactions, and have very little concern for the concerns or passions of other men; nay, they are capable of perverting their own pleasure at the expense of giving pain to others. But they who do not consider this part of men thus carefully, are inevitably exposed to their

insinuations. The author of the following letter carries the matter so high, as to intimate that the liberties of England have been at the mercy of a prince merely as he was of this pleasant character.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'THERE is no one passion which all mankind so naturally give into as pride, nor any other passion which appears in such different disguises. It is to be found in all habits and complexions. Is it not a question, whether it does more harm or good in the world; and if there be not such a thing as what we may call a virtuous and laudable pride?

'It is this passion alone, when misapplied, that lays us so open to flatterers; and he who can agreeably condescend to soothe our humour or temper, finds always an open avenue to our soul; especially if the flatterer happen to be our superior.

'One might give many instances of this in a late English monarch, under the title of "The Gaieties of King Charles II." This prince was by nature extremely familiar, of very easy access, and much delighted to see and be seen; and this happy temper, which in the highest degree gratified his people's vanity, did him more service with his loving subjects than all his other virtues, though it must be confessed he had many. He delighted, though a mighty king, to give and take a jest, as they say: and a prince of this fortunate disposition, who were inclined to make an ill use of his power, may have any thing of his people, be it never so much to their prejudice. But this good king made generally a very innocent use, as to the public, of this insinuating temper; for, it is well known, he pursued pleasure more than ambition. He seemed to glory in being the first man at cock-matches, horse-races, balls, and plays: he appeared highly delighted on those occasions, and never failed to warm and gladden the heart of every spectator. He more than once dined with his good citizens of London on their lord-mayor's day, and did so the year that Sir Robert Viner was mayor. Sir Robert was a very loyal man, and, if you will allow the expression, very fond of his sovereign; but, what with the joy he felt at heart for the honour done him by his prince, and through the warmth he was in with continual toasting healths to the royal family, his lordship grew a little fond of his majesty, and entered into a familiarity not altogether so graceful in so public a place. The king understood very well how to extricate himself in all kinds of difficulties, and, with an hint to the company to avoid ceremony, stole off and made towards his coach, which stood ready for him in Gai'dhall-yard. But the mayor liked his company so well, and was grown so intimate, that he pursued him hastily, and catching him fast by the hand, cried out with a vehement oath and accent, "Sir, you shall stay and take t'other battle." The airy monarch looked kindly at him over his shoulder, and with a smile and graceful air (for I saw him at the time, and do now) repeated this line of the old song,

"He that is drunk is as great as a king,"

and immediately returned back and complied with his landlord.

'I give you this story, Mr. Spectator, because, as I said, I saw the passage; and I assure you it is very true, and yet no common one; and when I tell you the sequel, you will say I have a better reason for it. This very mayor afterwards erected

a statue of his merry monarch in Stocks-market\*, and did the crown many and great services; and it was owing to this humour of the king, that his family had so great a fortune shut up in the exchequer of their pleasant sovereign. The many good-natured condescensions of this prince are vulgarly known; and it is excellently said of him by a great hand† which writ his character, that he was not a king a quarter of an hour together in his whole reign. He would receive visits even from fools and half-madmen; and at times I have met with people who have boxed, fought at back-sword, and taken poison, before King Charles II. In a word, he was so pleasant a man, that no one could be sorrowful under his government. This made him capable of baffling, with the greatest ease imaginable, all suggestions of jealousy; and the people could not entertain notions of any thing terrible in him whom they saw every way agreeable. This scrap of the familiar part of that prince's history I thought fit to send you, in compliance to the request you lately made to your correspondents.

'I am, sir,

'Your most humble servant.'

STEELE.

T.

Nº 463. THURSDAY, AUGUST 21, 1712.

*Omnia quæ sensu voluntur vota diurno,  
Pectore sopito reddit amica quies.  
Fenator defessa toro cum membra reponit,  
Mens tamen ad sylvas et sua lustra redit:  
Judicibus litæ, aurigæ somnia currus,  
Vanæque nocturnis meta cæctur equis.  
Me quoque Musarum studium sub nocte silenti  
Artibus assuetis sollicitare solet.*

CLAUD.

In sleep, when fancy is let loose to play,  
Our dreams repeat the wishes of the day.  
Though further toll his tired limbs refuse,  
The dreaming hunter still the chase pursues.  
The judge a bed dispenses still the laws,  
And sleeps again o'er the unfinish'd cause.  
The dozing racer hears his chariot roll,  
Smacks the vain whip, and shuns the fancy'd goal.  
Me too the Muses, in the silent night,  
With wonted chimes of jingling verse delight.

I was lately entertaining myself with comparing Homer's balance, in which Jupiter is represented as weighing the fates of Hector and Achilles, with a passage of Virgil, wherein that deity is introduced as weighing the fates of Turnus and Æneas. I then considered how the same way of thinking prevailed in the eastern parts of the world, as in those noble passages of scripture, wherein we are told that the great king of Babylon, the day before

\* This equestrian statue was originally made for John Sobieski, King of Poland, but by some accident it had been left on the workman's hands. To save time and expense, the Polisher was converted into a Briton, and the Turk underneath his horse into Oliver Cromwell, to complete the compliment. Unfortunately, the turban on the Turk's head was overlooked, and left an undeniable proof of this story. See *Stow's Survey*, &c. ed. 1755, vol. i. p. 517. This statue, formed of white marble, was erected on a neat conduit, in 1675; but when, in 1735, the city-council fixed on Stocks-market for the site of a house of residence for the lord-mayors of London, the statue was removed, to make way for the Mansion-house: the first stone of which was laid October 25, 1739, by Micajah Perry, Esq. then lord-mayor.—On the 28th of May, 1779, Robert Viner, Esq. applied to the court of common council to have this statue (which had been erected by his ancestor) delivered to him for his use; and the court complied with the request. Where it is now, we do not know.

† Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, said, that 'on premeditation Charles II. could not act the part of a king for a moment.'

his death, had been 'weighed in the balance, and been found wanting.' In other places of the holy writings, the Almighty is described as weighing the mountains on scales, marking the weight for the winds, knowing the balancings of the clouds; and in others, as weighing the actions of men, and laying their calamities together in a balance. Milton, as I have observed in a former paper\*, had an opportunity of several of these foregoing instances in that beautiful description, wherein he represents the archangel and the evil spirit as addressing themselves for the combat, but parted by the balance which appeared in the heavens, and weighed the consequences of such a battle.

'Th' Eternal, to prevent such horrid fray,  
Hung forth in Heav'n his golden scales, yet seen  
Between Astræa and the Scorpion sign;  
Wherein all things created first he waighted,  
The pendulous round earth, with balanc'd air,  
In counterpoise, now ponder all events,  
Battles and realms; in these he put two weights,  
The sequel each of punning and of strife.  
The latter quick up flew, and kick'd the beam:  
Which Gabriel spying, thus bespake the Lord:  
"Hail, I know thy strength, and thou know'st mine;  
Neither our own, but giv'n. What folly then  
To boast what arms can do, since thou art more  
Than Heav'n's permits; nor arms, though doubled now  
To trample thee as mine? for proud look up,  
And read thy lot in yon celestial sign;  
Where thou art waighted, and shown how light, how weak,  
If thou resist." The fiend look'd up, and knew  
His mounted scale aloft; one more; but fled  
Murm'ring, and with him fled the shades of night.'

These several amusing thoughts, having taken possession of my mind some time before I went to sleep, and mingling themselves with my ordinary ideas, raised in my imagination a very odd kind of vision. I was, methought, replaced in my study, and seated in my elbow-chair, where I had indulged the foregoing speculations, with my lamp burning by me as usual. Whilst I was here meditating on several subjects of morality, and considering the nature of many virtues and vices, as materials for those discourses with which I daily entertain the public; I saw, methought, a pair of golden scales hanging by a chain of the same metal over the table that stood before me; when, on a sudden, there were great heaps of weights thrown down on each side of them. I found, upon examining these weights, they showed the value of every thing that is in esteem among men. I made an essay of them, by putting the weight of wisdom in one scale, and that of riches in another; upon which the latter, to show its comparative lightness, immediately flew up, and kicked the beam.

But, before I proceed, I must inform my reader, that these weights did not exert their natural gravity, till they were laid in the golden balance, inasmuch that I could not guess which was light or heavy, whilst I held them in my hand. This I found by several instances; for, upon my laying a weight in one of the scales, which was inscribed by the word 'eternity,' though I threw in that of time, prosperity, affliction, wealth, poverty, interest, success, with many other weights, which to my hand seemed very ponderous, they were not able to stir the opposite balance; nor could they have prevailed, though assisted with the weight of the sun, the stars, and the earth.

Upon emptying the scales, I laid several titles and honours, with pomps, triumphs, and many weights of the like nature, in one of them; and

seeing a little glittering weight lie by me, I threw it accidentally into the other scale, when, to my great surprise, it proved so exact a counterpoise, that it kept the balance in an equilibrium. This little glittering weight was inscribed upon the edges of it with the word 'vanity.' I found there were several other weights which were equally heavy, and exact counterpoises to one another: a few of them I tried, as avarice and poverty, riches and content, with some others.

There were likewise several weights that were of the same figure, and seemed to correspond with each other, but were entirely different when thrown into the scales: as religion and hypocrisy, pedantry and learning, wit and vivacity, superstition and devotion, gravity and wisdom, with many others.

I observed one particular weight lettered on both sides; and, upon applying myself to the reading of it, I found on one side written, 'Calamities'; on the other side was written, 'In the language of the gods,' and underneath, 'Blessings.' I found the lotrical value of this weight to be much greater than I imagined, for it overpowered Health, Wealth, Good-fortune, and many other weights, which were much more ponderous in my hand than the other.

There is a saying among the Scotch, that an ounce of mother-wit is worth a pound of clergy. I was sensible of the truth of this saying, when I saw the difference between the weight of Natural Parts, and that of Learning. The observations which I made upon these two weights opened to me a new field of discoveries; for, notwithstanding the weight of Natural Parts was much heavier than that of Learning, I observed that it weighed as hundred times heavier than it did before, when I put Learning into the same scale with it. I made the same observation upon Faith and Morality; for, notwithstanding the latter outweighed the former separately, it received a thousand times more additional weight from its conjunction with the former, than what it had by itself. This odd phenomenon showed itself in other particulars, as in Wit and Judgment, Philosophy and Religion, Justice and Humanity, Zeal and Charity, depth of Sense and perspicuity of Style, with innumerable other particulars too long to be mentioned in this paper.

As a dream seldom falls of dashing seriousness with impertinence, mirth with gravity, methought I made several other experiments of a more ludicrous nature, by one of which I found that an English octavo was very often heavier than a French folio; and, by another, that an old Greek or Latin author weighed down a whole library of moderns. Seeing one of my Spectators lying by me, I laid it into one of the scales, and sung a two-penny piece into the other. The reader will not inquire into the event, if he remembers the first trial which I have recorded in this paper. I afterwards threw both the scales into the balance; but, as it is not for my interest to disoblige either of them, I shall desire to be excused from telling the result of this experiment. Having an opportunity of this nature in my hands, I could not forbear throwing into one scale the principles of a Tory, and into the other those of a Whig; but as I have all along declared this to be a neutral paper, I shall likewise desire to be silent under this head also, though,

upon examining one of the weights, I saw the word 'TEKEL \*' engraven on it in capital letters.

I made many other experiments; and, though I have not room for them all in this day's speculation, I may perhaps reserve them for another. I shall only add that, upon my awaking, I was sorry to find my golden scales vanished; but resolved for the future to learn this lesson from them, not to despise or value any things for their appearances, but to regulate my esteem and passions towards them according to their real and intrinsic value.

ADDISON.

C.

N<sup>o</sup> 464. FRIDAY, AUGUST 22, 1712.

*Auream quisquis mediocritatem  
Diligit, tutus caret obsoletis  
Sordibus lecti, caret invidenda  
Sobrius aula.*

HOR. Od. x. l. 2. ver. 5.

The golden mean, as she's too nice to dwell  
Among the ruins of a filthy cell,  
So is her modesty withal as great,  
To balk the envy of a princely seat.

NORRIS.

I AM wonderfully pleased when I meet with any passage in an old Greek or Latin author, that is not blown upon, and which I have never met with in a quotation. Of this kind is a beautiful saying in Theognis: 'Vice is covered by wealth, and virtue by poverty;' or, to give it in the verbal translation, 'Among men there are some who have their vices concealed by wealth, and others who have their virtues concealed by poverty.' Every man's observation will supply him with instances of rich men, who have several faults and defects that are overlooked, if not entirely hidden, by means of their riches; and, I think, we cannot find a more natural description of a poor man, whose merits are lost in his poverty, than that in the words of the wise man: 'There was a little city, and few men within it; and there came a great king against it, and besieged it, and built great bulwarks against it. Now there was found in it a poor wise man, and he, by his wisdom, delivered the city: yet no man remembered that same poor man. Then said I, wisdom is better than strength; nevertheless, the poor man's wisdom is despised, and his words are not heard.'

The middle condition seems to be the most advantageously situated for the gaining of wisdom. Poverty turns our thoughts too much upon the supplying of our wants, and riches upon our enjoying superfluities; and, as Cowley has said in another case, 'It is hard for a man to keep a steady eye upon truth, who is always in a battle, or a triumph.'

If we regard poverty and wealth, as they are apt to produce virtues or vices in the mind of man, one may observe that there is a set of each of these growing out of poverty, quite different from that which arises out of wealth. Humility and patience, industry and temperance, are very often the good qualities of a poor man. Humanity and good-nature, magnanimity and a sense of honour, are as often the qualifications of the rich. On the contrary, poverty is apt to betray a man into envy, riches into arrogance; poverty is too often attended with fraud, vicious compliance, repining, murmur, and discontent. Riches expose a man to pride and luxury, a foolish elation of heart, and too great a

fondness for the present world. In short, the middle condition is most eligible to the man who would improve himself in virtue, as I have before shown it is the most advantageous for the gaining of knowledge. It was upon this consideration that Agur founded his prayer, which for the wisdom of it is recorded in holy writ: 'Two things have I required of thee; deny me them not before I die. Remove far from me vanity and lies; give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me: lest I be full and deny thee, and say, Who is the Lord? or lest I be poor and steal, and take the name of my God in vain.'

I shall fill the remaining part of my paper with a very pretty allegory, which is wrought into a play by Aristophanes, the Greek comedian. It seems originally designed as a satire upon the rich, though, in some parts of it, it is, like the foregoing discourse, a kind of comparison between wealth and poverty.

Chremylus, who was an old and a good man, and withal exceeding poor, being desirous to leave some riches to his son, consults the oracle of Apollo upon the subject. The oracle bids him follow the first man he should see upon his going out of the temple. The person he chanced to see was to appearance an old sordid blind man; but upon his following him from place to place, he at last found, by his own confession, that he was Plutus, the god of riches, and that he was just come out of the house of a miser. Plutus further told him, that when he was a boy, he used to declare, that as soon as he came to age he would distribute wealth to none but virtuous and just men; upon which Jupiter, considering the pernicious consequences of such a resolution, took his sight away from him, and left him to stroll about the world in the blind condition wherein Chremylus beheld him. With much ado Chremylus prevailed upon him to go to his house, where he met an old woman in a tattered raiment, who had been his guest for many years, and whose name was Poverty. The old woman refusing to turn out so easily as he would have her, he threatened to banish her not only from his own house, but out of all Greece, if she made any more words upon the matter. Poverty on this occasion pleads her cause very notably, and represents to her old landlord, that should she be driven out of the country, all their trades, arts, and sciences, would be driven out with her; and that if every one was rich, they would never be supplied with those pomps, ornaments, and conveniences of life, which made riches desirable. She likewise represented to him the several advantages which she bestowed upon her votaries in regard to their shape, their health, and their activity, by preserving them from gout, dropsies, unwieldiness, and intemperance. But whatever she had to say for herself, she was at last forced to troop off. Chremylus immediately considered how he might restore Plutus to his sight; and, in order to it, conveyed him to the temple of Æsculapius, who was famous for cures and miracles of this nature. By this means the deity recovered his eyes, and began to make a right use of them, by enriching every one that was distinguished by piety towards the gods, and justice towards men; and at the same time by taking away his gifts from the impious and undeserving. This produces several merry incidents, till in the last act Mercury descends with great complaints from the gods, that since the good men were grown rich, they had received no sacrifices; which is confirmed by a priest of Jupiter, who enters with a reme t sin etc

\* See Daniel, v. 27.

innovation be was reduced to a starving condition, and could not live upon his office. Chremylus, who in the beginning of the play was religious in his poverty, concludes it with a proposal, which was relished by all the good men who were now grown rich as well as himself, that they should carry Plutus to a solemn procession to the temple, and install him in the place of Jupiter. This allegory instructed the Athenians in two points: first, as it vindicated the conduct of Providence in its ordinary distributions of wealth; and in the next place, as it showed the great tendency of riches to corrupt the morals of those who possessed them.

ADDISON.

C.

N° 465, SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1712.

*Quæ retineat quæ tradere leviter aequi;  
Ne te saepe moras agitat scilicet corpora,  
Ne passim et servum medicosque salutas opes.*  
HOR. Ep. xviii. l. 1. var. 97

How thou may'st live, how spend thine age in peace,  
Lest advance, still poor, disturb thine ease;  
Or fears should shake, or cares thy mind abuse,  
Or ardent hope for change of little use.

CREECH.

HAVING endeavoured in my last Saturday's paper to show the great excellency of faith, I shall here consider what are the proper means of strengthening and confirming it in the mind of man. Those who delight in reading books of controversy, which are written on both sides of the question on points of faith, do very seldom arrive at a fixed and settled habit of it. They are one day entirely convinced of its important truths, and the next sweet with something that shakes and disturbs them. The doubt which was laid revives again, and shows itself in new difficulties, and that generally for this reason, because the mind, which is perpetually tossed in controversies and disputes, is apt to forget the reasons which had once set it at rest, and to be disquieted with any former perplexity, when it appears in a new shape, or is started by a different hand. As nothing is more inodorous than an inquiry after truth, so nothing is more irrational than to pass away our whole lives, without determining ourselves one way or other in those points which are of the last importance to us. There are indeed many things from which we may withhold our assent; but in cases by which we are to regulate our lives, it is the greatest absurdity to be wavering and unsettled, without closing with that side which appears the most safe and the most probable. The first rule, therefore, which I shall lay down, is this, that when by reading or discourse we find ourselves thoroughly convinced of the truth of any article, and of the reasonableness of our belief in it, we should never after suffer ourselves to call it into question. We may perhaps forget the arguments which occasioned our conviction; but we ought to remember the strength they had with us, and therefore still to retain the conviction which they once produced. This is no more than what we do in every common art or science; nor is it possible to act otherwise, considering the weakness and limitation of our intellectual faculties. It was thus Lattimer, one of the glorious army of martyrs, who introduced the reformation in England, behaved himself in that great conference which was managed between the most learned among the protestants and papists in the reign of Queen Mary.

This venerable old man, knowing how his abilities were impaired by age, and that it was impossible for him to recollect all those reasons which had directed him in the choice of his religion, left his companions, who were in the full possession of their parts and learning, to baffle and confound their antagonists by the force of reason. As for himself, he only repeated to his adversaries the articles to which he firmly believed, and in the profession of which he was determined to die. It is in this manner that the mathematician proceed upon propositions which he has once demonstrated, and, though the demonstration may have slipped out of his memory, he builds upon the truth, because he knows it was demonstrated. This rule is absolutely necessary for weaker minds, and is some measure for men of the greatest abilities; but to these last I would propose, in the second place, that they should lay up in their memories, and always keep by them in readiness, those arguments which appear to them of the greatest strength, and which cannot be got over by all the doubts and cavils of infidelity.

But, in the third place, there is nothing which strengthens faith more than morality. Faith and morality naturally produce each other. A man is quickly convinced of the truth of religion, who finds it is not against his interest that it should be true. The pleasure he receives at present, and the happiness which he promises himself from it hereafter, will both dispose him very powerfully to give credit to it, according to the ordinary observation, that we are easy to believe what we wish. It is very certain, that a man of sound reason cannot forbear closing with religion upon an impartial examination of it; but at the same time it is certain, that faith is kept alive in us, and gathers strength from practice more than from speculation.

There is still another method, which is more pervasive than any of the former; and that is an habitual adoration of the Supreme Being, as well in constant acts of mental worship, as in outward forms. The devout man does not only believe, but feels there is a Deity. He has actual sensations of him; his experience concurs with his reason; he sees him more and more in all his intercourses with him, and even in this life almost loses his faith in conviction.

The last method which I shall mention for the giving life to a man's faith, is frequent retirement from the world, accompanied with religious meditation. When a man thinks of any thing in the darkness of the night, whatever deep impressions it may make in his mind, they are apt to vanish as soon as the day breaks about him. The light and noise of the day, which are perpetually soliciting his senses, and ending of his attention, wear out of his mind the thoughts that impressed themselves in it, with so much strength, during the silence and darkness of the night. A man finds the same difference as to himself in a crowd and in a solitude; the mind is stunned and dazzled amidst that variety of objects which press upon her in a great city. She cannot apply herself to the consideration of those things which are of the utmost concern to her. The cares or pleasures of the world strike in with every thought, and a multitude of vicious examples give a kind of justification to our folly. In our retirements every thing disposes us to be serious. In courts and cities we are entertained with the works of men; in the country, with those of God. One is the province of art, the other of nature. Faith and devotion naturally grow in the

mind of every reasonable man, who sees the impressions of divine power and wisdom in every object on which he casts his eye. The Supreme Being has made the best arguments for his own existence, in the formation of the heavens and the earth: and these are arguments which a man of sense cannot forbear attending to, who is out of the noise and hurry of human affairs. Aristotle says, that should a man live under ground, and there converse with works of art and mechanism, and should afterwards be brought up into the open day, and see the several glories of the heaven and earth, he would immediately pronounce them the works of such a being as we define God to be. The Psalmist has very beautiful strokes of poetry to this purpose, in that exalted strain: 'The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handy work. One day telleth another; and one night certifieth another. There is neither speech nor language; but their voices are heard among them. Their sound is gone out into all lands; and their words into the ends of the world.' As such a bold and sublime manner of thinking furnishes very noble matter for an ode, the reader may see it wrought into the following one:

"The spacious firmament on high,  
With all the blue ethereal sky,  
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,  
Their great Original proclaim:  
Th' unweari'd sun, from day to day,  
Does his Creator's power display,  
And publishes to every land  
The works of an almighty hand.

Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,  
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,  
And nightly to the list'ning earth  
Repeats the story of her birth:  
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,  
And all the planets in their turn,  
Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though, in solemn silence, all  
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?  
What though nor real voice nor sound  
Amid their radiant orbs be found?  
In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
And utter forth a glorious voice,  
For ever singing, as they shine,  
The hand that made us is divine."

ADDISON.

C.

N<sup>o</sup> 466. MONDAY, AUGUST 25, 1712.*Vera incessu patuit dea.*

VIRG. Æn. i. ver 409.

And by her graceful walk the queen of love is known.  
DRYDEN.

WHEN Æneas, the hero of Virgil, is lost in the wood, and a perfect stranger in the place on which he is landed, he is accosted by a lady in an habit for the chase. She inquires of him, whether he has seen pass by that way any young woman dressed as she was? whether she were following the sport in the wood, or any other way employed, according to the custom of huntresses? The hero answers with the respect due to the beautiful appearance she made; tells her, he saw no such person as she inquired for; but intimates that he knows her to be of the deities, and desires she would conduct a stranger. Her form from her first appearance manifested she was more than mortal; but, though she was certainly a goddess, the poet does not make her known to be the goddess of beauty till she moved. All the charms of an agreeable person are then in their highest exertion, every limb and

feature appears with its respective grace. It is from this observation that I cannot help being so passionate an admirer as I am of good dancing \*. As all art is an imitation of nature, this is an imitation of nature in its highest excellence, and at a time when she is most agreeable. The business of dancing is to display beauty; and for that reason all distortions and mimeries, as such, are what raise aversion instead of pleasure: but things that are in themselves excellent, are ever attended with imposture and false imitation. Thus, as in poetry, there are labouring fools who write anagrams and acrostics, there are pretenders in dancing, who think merely to do what others cannot, is to excel. Such creatures should be rewarded like him who had acquired a knack of throwing a grain of corn through the eye of a needle, with a bushel to keep his hands in use. The dancers on our stages are very faulty in this kind; and what they mean by writhing themselves into such postures, as it would be a pain for any of the spectators to stand in, and yet hope to please those spectators, is unintelligible. Mr. Prince has a genius, if he were encouraged, would prompt him to better things. In all the dances he invents, you see he keeps close to the characters he represents. He does not hope to please by making his performers move in a manner in which no one else ever did, but by motions proper to the characters he represents. He gives to clowns and lubbards clumsy graces; that is, he makes them practise what they would think graces: and I have seen dances of his, which might give hints that would be useful to a comic writer. These performances have pleased the taste of such as have not reflection enough to know their excellence, because they are in nature; and the distorted motions of others have offended those who could not form reasons to themselves for their displeasure, from their being a contradiction to nature.

When one considers the inexpressible advantage there is in arriving at some excellence in this art, it is monstrous to behold it so much neglected. The following letter has in it something very natural on this subject.

\* MR. SPECTATOR,

'I AM a widower with but one daughter: she was by nature much inclined to be a romp; and I had no way of educating her, but commanding a young woman, whom I entertained to take care of her, to be very watchful in her care and attendance about her. I am a man of business, and obliged to be much abroad. The neighbours have told me, that in my absence our maid has let in the spruce servants in the neighbourhood to jinkctiogs, while my girl played and romped even in the street. To tell you the plain truth, I caught her once, at eleven years old, at chuck-farthing among the boys. This put me upon new thoughts about my child, and I determined to place her at a boarding-school: and at the same time gave a very discreet young gentlewoman her maintenance at the same place and rate, to be her companion. I took little notice of my girl from time to time, but saw her now and then in good health, out of harm's way, and was satisfied. But by much importunity, I was lately prevailed with to go to one of their balls. I cannot express to you the anxiety my silly heart was in, when I saw my romp, now fifteen, taken out: I never felt the pangs of a father upon me so strongly in my whole life before; and I could not

\* See Nos. 66, 67, 334, 370, and 376. Tat. No. 34 and 68.

have suffered more had my whole fortune been at stake. My girl came on with the most becoming modesty I had ever seen, and casting a respectful eye, as if she feared me more than all the audience, I gave a nod, which I think gave her all the spirit she assumed upon it; but she rose properly to that dignity of aspect. My rump, now the most graceful person of her sex, assumed a majesty, which commanded the highest respect; and when she turned to me, and saw my face in rapture, she fell into the prettiest smile, and I saw in all her motions that she exulted in her father's satisfaction. You, Mr Spectator, will, better than I can tell you, imagine to yourself all the different beauties and changes of aspect in an accomplished young woman setting forth all her beauties with a design to please no one so much as her father. My girl's lover can never know half the satisfaction that I did in her that day. I could not possibly have imagined, that so great improvement could have been wrought by an art that I always held in itself ridiculous and contemptible. There is, I am convinced, no method like this, to give young women a sense of their own value and dignity; and I am sure there can be none so expeditious to communicate that value to others. As for the slipshod insipidly gay, and wantonly forward, whom you behold among dancers, that carriage is more to be attributed to the perverse genius of the performers, than imputed to the art itself. For my part, my child has danced herself into my esteem; and I have as great an honour for her as ever I had for her mother, from whom she derived those latent good qualities which appeared in her countenance when she was dancing; for my girl, though I say it myself, showed in one quarter of an hour the innate principles of a modest virgin, a tender wife, a generous friend, a kind mother, and an indulgent mistress. I will strain hard but I will purchase for her an husband suitable to her merit. I am your convert in the admiration of what I thought you jested when you recommended; and if you please to be at my house on Thursday next, I make a ball for my daughter, and you shall see her dance, or, if you will do her that honour, dance with her.

'I am, sir,

'Your most humble servant,

'PHILIPATEL.'

I have some time ago\* spoken of a treatise written by Mr Weaver on this subject, which is now, I understand, ready to be published. This work sets this matter in a very plain and advantageous light; and I am convinced from it, that if the art was under proper regulations, it would be a mechanic way of implanting civility, in minds not capable of receiving it so well by any other rates, a sense of good-breeding and virtue.

Were any one to see Mariamne's dance, let him be never so sensual a brute, I defy him to entertain any thoughts but of the highest respect and esteem towards her. I was shewn last week a picture in a lady's closet, for which she had an hundred different dresses, that she could clap on round the face on purpose to demonstrate the force of habits in the diversity of the same countenance. Motion, and change of posture and aspect, has an effect no less surprising on the person of Mariamne when she dances.

Chloe is extremely pretty, and as silly as she is pretty. This idiot has a very good ear, and a most

agreeable shape; but the folly of the thing is such, that it smiles so impertinently, and affects to please so silly, that while she dances you see the simphon from head to foot. For you must know (as trivial as this art is thought to be) no one ever was a good dancer, that had not a good understanding. If this be a truth, I shall leave the reader to judge, from that maxim, what esteem they ought to have for such impertinents as fly, hop, caper, tumble, twirl, turn round, and jump over their heads; and, in a word, play a thousand pranks which man animals can do better than a man, instead of performing to perfection what the human figure only is capable of performing.

It may perhaps appear odd, that I, who set up for a mighty lover at least of virtue, should take so much pains to recommend what the soberer part of mankind look upon to be a trifle; but, under favour of the soberer part of mankind, I think they have not enough considered this matter, and for that reason only discern it. I must also, in my own justification, say, that I attempt to bring into the service of honour and virtue every thing in nature that can pretend to give elegant delight. It may possibly be proved, that vice is in itself destructive of pleasure, and virtue in itself conducive to it. If the delights of a free fortune were under proper regulations, this truth would not want much argument to support it; but it would be obvious to every man, that there is a strict affinity between all things that are truly inodorous and beautiful, from the highest sentiment of the soul to the most indifferent gesture of the body.

STEEL.

T.

N<sup>o</sup> 467. TUESDAY, AUGUST 26, 1712.

—Quædamque mea præsertim credere cernens,  
Non tam par potest; nec, quod ego abhorreo, ultra;  
Atque minus; ceterum enim mihi; namque cernens  
Illa tibi; ut tunc carere non habere cernens.

TIBULL. ad Mæcenat. Eleg. l. i. 4. ver. 21.

'What's that my name ad cernens does indicate,  
Whether the discernment of thy piercing sight  
Appaid my lays, or cernens what I write?  
To thee I sing, and hope to borrow fame,  
By adding to my page Mæcenat's name.'

The love of praise is a passion deeply fixed in the mind of every extraordinary person; and those who are most affected with it, seem most to partake of that particle of the divinity which distinguishes mankind from the inferior creation. The Supreme Being itself is most pleased with praise and thanksgiving; the other part of our duty is but an acknowledgment of our faults, while this is the immediate adoration of his perfections. 'Twas an excellent observation, that we then only despise commendation when we cease to deserve it; and we have still extant two orations of Tully and Pliny, spoken to the greatest and best princes of all the Roman emperors, who, no doubt, heard with the greatest satisfaction, what even the most dissatisfied persons, and at so large a distance of time, cannot read without admiration. Caesar thought his life consisted in the breath of praise, when he professed he had lived long enough for himself, when he had for his glory. Others have sacrificed themselves for a name which was not to begin till they were dead, giving away themselves to purchase a sound which was not to cease when they were out of hearing. But by merit and superior excellencies, not only to gain, but, whilst living, to enjoy a great and universal reputation is the

last degree of happiness which we can hope for here. Bad characters are dispersed abroad with profusion, I hope for example sake, and (as punishments are designed by the civil power) more for the deterring the innocent, than the chastising the guilty. The good are less frequent, whether it be that there are indeed fewer originals of this kind to copy after, or that, through the malignity of our nature, we rather delight in the ridicule than the virtues we find in others. However, it is but just, as well as pleasing, even for variety, sometimes to give the world a representation of the bright side of human nature, as well as the dark and gloomy. The desire of imitation may, perhaps, be a greater incentive to the practice of what is good, than the aversion we may conceive at what is blamable: the one immediately directs you what you should do, whilst the other only shows you what you should avoid; and I cannot at present do this with more satisfaction, than by endeavouring to do some justice to the character of Manilius.

It would far exceed my present design, to give a particular description of Manilius through all the parts of his excellent life. I shall now only draw him in his retirement, and pass over in silence the various arts, the courtly manners, and the undesigning honesty, by which he attained the honours he has enjoyed, and which now give a dignity and veneration to the ease he does enjoy. 'Tis here that he looks back with pleasure on the waves and billows through which he has steered to so fair an haven: he is now intent upon the practice of every virtue, which a great knowledge and use of mankind has discovered to be the most useful to them. Thus in his private domestic employments he is no less glorious than in his public; for it is in reality a more difficult task to be conspicuous in a sedentary inactive life, than in one that is spent in hurry and business: persons engaged in the latter, like bodies violently agitated, from the swiftness of their motion have a brightness added to them, which often vanishes when they are at rest; but if it then still remain, it must be the seeds of intrinsic worth that thus shine out without any foreign aid or assistance.

His liberality in another might almost bear the name of profusion: he seems to think it laudable even in the excess, like that river\* which most enriches when it overflows. But Manilius has too perfect a taste of the pleasure of doing good, ever to let it be out of his power; and for that reason he will have a just economy, and a splendid frugality at home, the fountain from whence those streams should flow which he disperses abroad. He looks with disdain on those who propose their death, as the time when they are to begin their munificence: he will both see and enjoy (which he then does in the highest degree) what he bestows himself; he will be the living executor of his own bounty, whilst they who have the happiness to be within his care and patronage, not once pray for the continuation of his life, and their own good fortune. No one is out of the reach of his obligations; he knows how, by proper and becoming methods, to raise himself to a level with those of the highest rank; and his good-nature is a sufficient warrant against the want of those who are so unhappy as to be in the very lowest. One may say of him, as Pindar bids his muse say of Theron,

\* Swear, that Theron sure has sworn,  
No one near him should be poor.

\* The Nile, in Egypt.

Swear that none ever had such a graceful art,  
Fortune's free gifts as freely to impart,  
With an unfeign'd hand, and an unbounded heart.

Never did Atticus succeed better in gaining the universal love and esteem of all men; nor steer with more success between the extremes of two contending parties. 'Tis his peculiar happiness, that, while he espouses neither with an intemperate zeal, he is not only admired, but, what is a more rare and unusual felicity, he is beloved and caressed by both; and I never yet saw any person, of whatever age or sex, but was immediately struck with the merit of Manilius. There are many who are acceptable to some particular persons, whilst the rest of mankind look upon them with coolness and indifference; but he is the first whose entire good fortune it is, ever to please and to be pleased; where he comes, to be admired; and wherever he is absent, to be lamented. His merit fares like the pictures of Raphael, which are either seen with admiration by all, or at least no one dare own he has no taste for a composition which has received so universal an applause. Envy and malice find it against their interest to indulge slander and obloquy. 'Tis as hard for an enemy to detract from, as for a friend to add to his praise. An attempt upon his reputation is a sure lessening of one's own; and there is but one way to injure him, which is to refuse him his just commendations, and be obstinately silent.

It is below him to catch the sight with any care of dress; his outward garb is but the emblem of his mind. It is genteel, plain, and unaffected; he knows that gold and embroidery can add nothing to the opinion which all have of his merit, and that he gives a lustre to the plainest dress, whilst 'tis impossible the richest should communicate any to him. He is still the principal figure in the room. He first engages your eye, as if there were some point of light which shone stronger upon him than on any other person.

He puts me in mind of a story of the famous Bussy d'Amboise, who, at an assembly at court, where every one appeared with the utmost magnificence, relying upon his own superior behaviour, instead of adorning himself like the rest, put on that day a plain suit of clothes, and dressed all his servants in the most costly gay habits he could procure. The event was, that the eyes of the whole court were fixed upon him; all the rest looked like his attendants, while he alone had the air of a person of quality and distinction.

Like Aristippus, whatever shape or condition he appears in, it still sits free and easy upon him; but in some part of his character, 'tis true, he differs from him; for as he is altogether equal to the largeness of his present circumstances, the rectitude of his judgment has so far corrected the inclinations of his ambition, that he will not trouble himself with either the desires or pursuits of any thing beyond his present enjoyments.

A thousand obliging things flow from him upon every occasion; and they are always so just and natural, that it is impossible to think he was at the least pains to look for them. One would think it was the demon of good thoughts that discovered to him those treasures, which he must have blinded others from seeing, they lay so directly in their way. Nothing can equal the pleasure is taken in hearing him speak, but the satisfaction one receives in the civility and attention he pays to the discourse of others. His looks are a silent commendation of what is good and praise-worthy, and a secret reproof to what is licentious and extrava-



grant. He knows how to appear free and open without danger of intrusion, and to be cautious without seeming reserved. The gravity of his conversation is always relieved with his wit and humour, and the gaiety of it is tempered with something that is instructive, as well as barely agreeable. Thus with him you are sure not to be merry at the expense of your reason, nor serious with the loss of your good-humour; but, by a happy mixture in his temper, they either go together, or perpetually succeed each other. In fine, his whole behaviour is equally distant from constraint and negligence, and he commands your respect, whilst he gains your heart.

There is in his whole carriage such an engaging softness, that one cannot persuade one's self he is ever actuated by those rougher passions, which, wherever they find place, seldom fail of showing themselves in the outward demeanour of the persons they belong to; but his constitution is a just temperature between indolence on one hand, and violence on the other. He is mild and gentle, wherever his affairs will give him leave to follow his own inclinations; but yet never failing to exert himself with vigour and resolution in the service of his prince, his country, or his friend \*.

HUGHES.

Z.

N<sup>o</sup> 468. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 27, 1712.

*Erant homo ingenuus, puerum, acce, et qui puerum de  
salle habebat et felle, nec candelis melle.*

FLUX. Epist.

He was an ingenuous, pleasant fellow, and one who had a great deal of wit and satire, with an equal share of good-humour.

My paper is in a kind of a letter of news, but it regards rather what passes in the world of conversation than that of business. I am very sorry that I have at present a circumstance before me, which is of very great importance to all who have a relish for gaiety, wit, mirth, or humour; I mean the death of poor Dick Eastcourt †. I have been obliged to him for so many hours of jollity, that it is but a small recompence, though all I can give him, to pass a moment or two in sadness for the loss of so agreeable a man. Poor Eastcourt! the last time I saw him, we were plotting to show the town his great capacity for acting in his full light, by introducing him as dictating to a set of young players, in what manner to speak this sentence, and utter other passion. He had so exquisite a discerning of what was defective in any subject before him, that in an instant he could show you the ridiculous side of what would pass for beautiful and just, even to men of no ill judgment, before he had pointed at the failure. He was no less skilful in the knowledge of beauty; and, I dare say, there is no one who knew him well, but can repeat more well-turned compliments, as well as smart repartees of Mr. Eastcourt's, than of any other man in England. This was easily to be observed in his insinuating faculty of telling a story, in which he would throw in natural and unexpected incidents, to make his court to one part, and rally the other part of the company. Then he would vary the usage he gave them, according as he saw them bear kind or sharp language. He had the knack to

raise up a pensive temper, and mortify an impatiently gay one, with the most agreeable skill imaginable. There are a thousand things which crowd into my memory, which make me too much concerned to tell on about him. Hamlet holding up the skull which the grave-digger threw to him, with an account that it was the head of the king's jester, falls into very pleasing reflections, and cries out to his companion,

'Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio: a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy; he hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and now, how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your jibes now, your gambols, your songs, your flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning! quite chap-fallen! Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come. Make her laugh at that.'

It is an insolence natural to the wealthy, to asfix, as much as in them lies, the character of a man to his circumstances. Thus it is ordinary with them to praise faintly the good qualities of those below them, and say, it is very extraordinary in such a man as he is, or the like, when they are forced to acknowledge the value of him whose lowliness upbraideth their exaltation. It is to this humour only, that it is to be ascribed, that a quick wit in conversation, a nice judgment upon any emergency that could arise, and a most blameless inoffensive behaviour, could not raise this man above being received only upon the foot of contributer to mirth and diversion. But he was as easy under that condition, as a man of so excellent talents was capable; and since they would have it, that to divert was his business, he did it with all the seeming alacrity imaginable, though it stung him to the heart that it was his business. Men of sense, who could taste his excellencies, were well satisfied to let him lead the way in conversation, and play after his own manner; but fools, who provoked him to mimicry, found he had the indignation to let it be at their expense who called for it, and he would show the force of concealed heavy fellows as Jews to the company at their own request, in revenge for interrupting him from being a companion, to put on the character of a jester.

What was peculiarly excellent in this memorable companion, was, that in the accounts he gave of persons and sentiments, he did not only hit the figure of their faces, and manner of their gestures, but he would in his narration fall into their very way of thinking, and this when he recounted passages, wherein men of the best wit were concerned, as well as such wherein were represented men of the lowest rank of understanding. It is certainly as great an instance of self-love to a weakness, to be impatient of being misliked, as any can be imagined. There were none but the vain, the formal, the proud, or those who were incapable of ascending their faults, that dreaded him; to others, he was in the highest degree pleasing; and I do not know any satisfaction of any indifferent kind I ever tasted so much, as having got over an impatience of my seeing myself in the air he could put me when I have displeased him. It is indeed to his exquisite talent this way, more than any philosophy I could read on the subject, that my person is very little of my care; and it is indifferent to me what is said of my shape, my air, my manner, my speech, or my address. It is to poor Eastcourt I chiefly owe that I am arrived at the happy

\* This paper is supposed to have been a tribute of gratitude and friendship from Mr. Hughes to his patron Lord Cowper.

† See Nos. 353 and 379.

ness of thinking nothing a diminution to me, but what argues a depravity of my will.

It has as much surprised me as any thing in nature, to have it frequently said, that he was not a good player: but that must be owing to a partiality for former actors in the parts in which he succeeded them, and judging by comparison of what was liked before, rather than by the nature of the thing. When a man of his wit and smartness could put on an utter absence of common sense in his face, as he did in the character of Blfinch in the Northern Lass, and an air of insipid cunning and vivacity in the character of Pounce in the Tender Husband, it is folly to dispute his capacity and success as he was an actor.

Poor Eastcourt! let the vain and proud be at rest, thou wilt no more disturb their admiration of their dear selves; and thou art no longer to drudge in raising the mirth of stupids, who know nothing of thy merit, for thy maintenance.

It is natural for the generality of mankind to run into reflections upon our mortality, when disturbers of the world are laid at rest, but to take no notice when they who can please and divert are pulled from us. But for my part, I cannot but think the loss of such talents as the man of whom I am speaking was master of, a more melancholy instance of mortality than the dissolution of persons of never so high characters in the world, whose pretensions were that they were noisy and mischievous.

But I must grow more succinct, and, as a Spectator, give an account of this extraordinary man, who, in his way, never had an equal in any age before him, or in that wherein he lived. I speak of him as a companion, and a man qualified for conversation. His fortune exposed him to an obsequiousness towards the worst sort of company, but his excellent qualities rendered him capable of making the best figure in the most refined. I have been present with him among men of the most delicate taste a whole night, and have known him (for he saw it was desired) keep the discourse to himself the most part of it, and maintain his good-humour with a countenance in a language so delightful, without offence to any person or thing upon earth, still preserving the distance his circumstances obliged him to; I say, I have seen him do all this in such a charming manner, that I am sure none of those I hint at will read this, without giving him some sorrow for their abundant mirth, and one gush of tears for so many bursts of laughter. I wish it were any honour to the pleasant creature's memory, that my eyes are too much suffused to let me go on—

STEELE.

T.

Nº 469. THURSDAY, AUGUST 28, 1712.

*Detrahere aliquid alteri, et hominem hominis incommodo suum augere commodum, magis est contra naturam quam mors, quam paupertas, quam dolor, quam cetera quæ possunt aut corpori accidere, aut rebus externis.*

TULL.

To detract from other men, and turn their disadvantages to our own profit, is more contrary to nature, than death, poverty, or grief, or any thing which can affect our bodies, or external circumstances.

AM persuaded there are few men of generous principles, who would seek after great places, were it not rather to have an opportunity in their

hands of obliging their particular friends, or those whom they look upon as men of worth, than to procure wealth and honour for themselves. To an honest mind the best perquisites of a place are the advantages it gives a man of doing good.

Those who are under the great officers of state, and are the instruments by which they act, have more frequent opportunities for the exercise of compassion and benevolence, than their superiors themselves. These men know every little case that is to come before the great man, and if they are possessed with honest minds, will consider poverty as a recommendation in the person who applies himself to them, and make the justice of his cause the most powerful solicitor in his behalf. A man of this temper, when he is in a post of business, becomes a blessing to the public. He patronises the orphan and the widow, assists the friendless, and guides the ignorant. He does not reject the person's pretensions, who does not know how to explain them, or refuse doing a good office for a man because he cannot pay the fee of it. In short, though he regulates himself in all his proceedings by justice and equity, he finds a thousand occasions for all the good-natured offices of generosity and compassion.

A man is unfit for such a place of trust, who is of a sonorous untractable nature, or has any other passion that makes him uneasy to those who approach him. Roughness of temper is apt to discountenance the timorous or modest. The proud man discourages those from approaching him, who are of a mean condition, and who most want his assistance. The impatient man will not give himself time to be informed of the matter that lies before him. An officer, with one or more of these unbecoming qualities, is sometimes looked upon as a proper person to keep off impertinence and solicitation from his superior; and this is a kind of merit, that can never atone for the injustice which may very often arise from it.

There are two other vicious qualities, which render a man very unfit for such a place of trust. The first of these is a dilatory temper, which commits innumerable cruelties without design. The maxim which several have laid down for a man's conduct in ordinary life, should be inviolable with a man in office, never to think of doing that tomorrow which may be done to-day. A man who defers doing what ought to be done, is guilty of injustice so long as he defers it. The dispatch of a good office is very often as beneficial to the solicitor as the good office itself. In short, if a man compared the inconveniences which another suffers by his delays, with the trifling motives and advantages which he himself may reap by such a delay, he would never be guilty of a fault which very often does an irreparable prejudice to the person who depends upon him, and which might be remedied with little trouble to himself.

But in the last place there is no man so improper to be employed in business, as he who is in any degree capable of corruption; and such an one is the man who, upon any pretence whatsoever, receives more than what is the stated and unquestioned fee of his office. Gratifications, tokens of thankfulness, dispatch money, and the like specious terms, are the pretences under which corruption very frequently shelters itself. An honest man will however look on all these methods as unjustifiable, and will enjoy himself better in a moderate fortune that is gained with honour and reputation, than in an overgrown estate. *he acquisitions of rapine*

offices discharged with such an inflexible integrity, we should not see men in all ages, who grow up to exorbitant wealth, with the abilities which are to be met with in an ordinary mechanic. I cannot but think that such a corruption proceeds chiefly from men's employing the first that offer themselves, or those who have the character of shrewd worldly men, instead of searching out such as have had a liberal education, and have been trained up in the studies of knowledge and virtue.

It has been observed, that men of learning who take to business, discharge it generally with greater honesty than men of the world. The chief reason for it I take to be as follows: A man that has spent his youth in reading, has been used to find virtue extolled, and vice stigmatized. A man that has passed his time in the world, has often seen vice triumphant, and virtue discountenanced. Extortion, rapine, and injustice, which are branded with infamy in books, often give a man a figure in the world; while several qualities which are celebrated in authors, as generosity, liberality, and good-nature, impotency and ruin him. This cannot but have a proportionable effect on men whose temper and principles are equally good and vicious.

There would be at least this advantage in employing men of learning and parts, in business; that their propensity would sit more gracefully on them, and that we should not see many worthless persons shot up into the greatest figures of life.

ADDISON.

C

Nº 470. FRIDAY, AUGUST 29, 1712.

*Tempus est difficile habere verum,  
Et statim labor est inquirere.*

MAKT. Epig. LIBERT. L. 2. ver. 9

*'Tis folly only, and defect of sense,  
T'runs trifers into things of consequence.*

I HAVE been very often disappointed of late years when, upon examining the new editions of a classic author, I have found above half the volume taken up with various readings. When I have expected to meet with a learned note upon a doubtful passage in a Latin poet, I have only been informed, that such or such ancient manuscripts for an *ei* write an *er*, or of some other notable discovery of the like importance. Indeed, when a different reading gives us a different sense, or a new elegance in an author, the editor does very well in taking notice of it; but when he only entertains us with the several ways of spelling the same word, and gathers together the various blunders and mistakes of twenty or thirty different transcribers, they only take up the time of the learned readers, and puzzle the minds of the ignorant. I have often fancied with myself how enraged an old Latin author would be, should he see the several absurdities in sense and grammar, which are imputed to him by some or other of these various readings. In one he speaks poetically; in another makes use of a word that was never heard of; and indeed there is scarce a sentence in writing which the best author is not guilty of, if we may be at liberty to read him in the words of some manuscript, which the laborious editor has thought fit to examine in the prosecution of his work.

I question not but the ladies and pretty fellows will be very curious to understand what it is that I have been libertine talking of. I shall therefore give them a notion of this practice, by endeavour-

ing to write after the manner of several persons who make an eminent figure in the republic of letters. To this end we will suppose that the following song is an old ode, which I present to the public in a new edition, with the several various readings which I find of it in former editions, and in ancient manuscripts. Those who cannot relish the various readings, will perhaps find their account in the song, which never before appeared in print.

*'My love was fickle once and changing,  
Nor e'er would settle in my heart;  
From beauty still to beauty running,  
In every face I found a dart.*

*'Twas first a charming shape encharm'd me,  
An eye then gave the fatal stroke:  
Till by her wit Corinna serv'd me,  
And all my former letters broke.*

*'But now a long and lasting anguish  
For *Helidra* I endure;  
Heavily I sigh, and heavily languish,  
Nor hope to find the wanted cure.*

*'For here the false unconstant lover,  
After a thousand beauties shown,  
Does now surprising charms discover,  
And finds variety in one.'*

#### Various Readings.

STANZA the first, verse the first. *And changing*] The *and* in some manuscripts is written thus, & but that in the Cotton library writes it in three distinct letters.

Verse the second. *Nor e'er would*] Aldus reads *It e'er would*; but as this would hurt the metre, we have restored it to the genuine reading, by observing that *syncretis* which had been neglected by ignorant transcribers.

1<sup>st</sup>ld. *In my heart*] Scaliger and others, on my heart.

Verse the fourth. *I found a dart*] The Vatican manuscript for *I* reads *ti*, but this must have been the hallucination of the transcriber, who probably mistook the dash of the *I* for a *T*.

STANZA the second, verse the second. *The fatal stroke*] Scioptius, Balanston, and many others, for *the* read *a*, but I have stuck to the usual reading.

Verse the third. *Till by her wit*] Some manuscripts have it *his* wit, others *your*, others *their* wit. But as I find *Corinna* to be the name of a woman in other authors, I cannot doubt but it should be *her*.

STANZA the third, verse the first. *A long and lasting anguish*] The German manuscript reads *a lasting passion*, but the rhyme will not admit it.

Verse the second. *For Helidra I endure*] Did not all the manuscripts reclaim, I should change *Helidra* into *Pelidra*; *Pelids* being used by several of the ancient comic writers for a laughing-glass, by which means the etymology of the word is very visible, and *Pelidra* will signify a lady who often looks in her glass; as indeed she had very good reason, if she had all those beauties which our poet here ascribes to her.

Verse the third. *Heavily I sigh, and heavily languish*] Some for the word *heavily* read *dully*, and others *sighly*; the last has great authorities of its side.

Verse the fourth. *The would cure*] The elder Stevens reads *wanted cure*.

STANZA the fourth, verse the second. *After a thousand beauties*] In several copies we meet with *a hundred beauties*, by the usual error of the transcribers, who probably omitted a cypher, and had not taste enough to know that the word *thousand* was

ten times a greater compliment to the poet's mistress than an *hundred*.

Verse the fourth. *And finds variety in one.*] Most of the ancient manuscripts have it in *two*. Indeed so many of them concur in this last reading, that I am very much in doubt whether it ought not to take place. There are but two reasons, which incline me to the reading as I have published it: first, because the rhyme; and, secondly, because the sense is preserved by it. It might likewise proceed from the oscitancy of transcribers, who, to dispatch their work the sooner, use it to write all numbers in cipher, and seeing the figure 1 followed by a little dash of the pen, as is customary in old manuscripts, they perhaps mistook the dash for a second figure, and by casting up both together, composed out of them the figure 2. But this I shall leave to the learned, without determining any thing in a matter of so great uncertainty.

ADDISON.

C.

Nº 471. SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1712.

Εν ἁλπίσει χρεὶ τῆς σόφης εὐχὴ βίον.

EURIPID.

The wise with hope support the pains of life.

THE time present seldom affords sufficient employment to the mind of man. Objects of pain or pleasure, love or admiration, do not lie thick enough together in life to keep the soul in constant action, and supply an immediate exercise to its faculties. In order, therefore, to remedy this defect, that the mind may not want business, but always have materials for thinking, she is endowed with certain powers, that can recal what is passed, and anticipate what is to come.

That wonderful faculty, which we call the memory, is perpetually looking back, when we have nothing present to entertain us. It is like those repositories in several animals that are filled with stores of their former food, on which they may ruminate when their present pasture fails.

As the memory relieves the mind in her vacant moments, and prevents any chasms of thought by ideas of what is past, we have other faculties that agitate and employ her upon what is to come. These are the passions of hope and fear.

By these two passions we reach forward into futurity, and bring up to our present thoughts objects that lie hid in the remotest depths of time. We suffer misery, and enjoy happiness, before they are in being; we can set the sun and stars forward, or lose sight of them by wandering into those retired parts of eternity, when the heavens and earth shall be no more.

By the way, who can imagine that the existence of a creature is to be circumscribed by time, whose thoughts are not? But I shall, in this paper, confine myself to that particular passion which goes by the name of Hope.

Our actual enjoyments are so few and transient, that man would be a very miserable being, were he not endowed with this passion, which gives him a taste of those good things that may possibly come into his possession. 'We should hope for every thing that is good,' says the old poet Linus, 'because there is nothing which may not be hoped for, and nothing but what the gods are able to give us.' Hope quickens all the still parts of life, and keeps the mind awake in her most remiss and indolent hours. It gives habitual serenity and good hu-

mour. It is a kind of vital heat in the soul, that cheers and gladdens her, when she does not attend to it. It makes pain easy, and labour pleasant.

Beside these several advantages which rise from hope, there is another which is none of the least, and that is, its great efficacy in preserving us from setting too high a value on present enjoyments. The saying of Cæsar is very well known. When he had given away all his estate in gratinities amongst his friends, one of them asked what he had left for himself; to which that great man replied, 'Hope.' His natural magnanimity hindered him from prizing what he was certainly possessed of, and turned all his thoughts upon something more valuable than he had in view. I question not but every reader will draw a moral from this story, and apply it to himself without my direction.

The old story of Pandora's box (which many of the learned believe was formed among the heathens upon the tradition of the fall of man) shows us how deplorable a state they thought the present life, without hope. To set forth the utmost condition of misery, they tell us, that our forefather, according to the pagan theology, had a great vessel presented him by Pandora. Upon his lifting up the lid of it, says the fable, there flew out all the calamities and distempers incident to men, from which, till that time, they had been altogether exempt. Hope, who had been inclosed in the cup with so much bad company, instead of flying off with the rest, stuck so close to the lid of it, that it was shut down upon her.

I shall make but two reflections upon what I have hitherto said. First, that no kind of life is so happy as that which is full of hope, especially when the hope is well grounded, and when the object of it is of an exalted kind, and in its nature proper to make the person happy who enjoys it. This proposition must be very evident to those who consider how few are the present enjoyments of the most happy man, and how insufficient to give him an entire satisfaction and acquiescence in them.

My next observation is this, that a religious life is that which most abounds in a well-grounded hope, and such an one as is fixed on objects that are capable of making us entirely happy. This hope in a religious man is much more sure and certain than the hope of any temporal blessing, as it is strengthened not only by reason, but by faith. It has at the same time its eye perpetually fixed on that state, which implies in the very notion of it the most full and the most complete happiness.

I have before shown how the influence of hope in general sweetens life, and makes our present condition supportable, if not pleasing; but a religious hope has still greater advantages. It does not only bear up the mind under her sufferings, but makes her rejoice in them, as they may be the instruments of procuring her the great and ultimate end of all her hope.

Religious hope has likewise this advantage above any other kind of hope, that it is able to revive the dying man, and to fill his mind not only with secret comfort and refreshment, but sometimes with rapture and transport. He triumphs in his agonies, whilst the soul springs forward with delight to the great object which she has always had in view, and leaves the body with an expectation of being re-united to her in a glorious and joyful resurrection.

I shall conclude this essay with those emblematical expressions of a lively hope, which the psalmist made use of in the midst of those dangers

and adventures which surrounded him; for the following passage had its present and personal, as well as its future and prophetic sense. 'I have set the Lord always before me. Because he is at my right hand I shall not be moved. Therefore my heart is glad, and my glory rejoiceth. My flesh also shall rest in hope. For thou wilt not leave my soul to hell, neither wilt thou suffer thine holy one to see corruption. Thou wilt show me the path of life. In thy presence is fulness of joy, at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore.'

ADDISON.

C.

N<sup>o</sup> 472. MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1712.

— *Epitaph* —  
*Solemnusque moechus* —

VIRG. *Æn.* III. ver. 660.

This only solace his hard fortune sends.  
 DRYDEN.

I RECEIVED some time ago a proposal, which had a preface to it, wherein the author discoursed at large of the innumerable objects of charity in a nation, and admonished the rich, who were afflicted with any discomposure of body, particularly to regard the poor in the same species of affliction, and confine their tenderness to them, since it is impossible to assist all who are presented to them. The proposer had been relieved from a malady in his eyes by an operation performed by Sir William Read \*, and, being a man of condition, had taken a resolution to maintain three poor blind men during their lives, in gratitude for that great blessing. This misfortune is so very great and unfrequent, that one would think an establishment for all the poor under it might be easily accomplished, with the addition of a very few others to those wealthy who are in the same calamity. However, the thought of the proposer arose from a very good motive; and the parcelling of ourselves out, as called to particular acts of beneficence, would be a pretty cement of society and virtue. It is the ordinary foundation for men's holding a commerce with each other, and becoming familiar, that they agree to the same sort of pleasure; and sure it may also be some reason for amity, that they are under one common distress. If all the rich who are lame in the gout, from a life of ease, pleasure, and luxury, would help those few who have it without a previous life of pleasure, and add a few of such liberos men, who are become lame from unhappy blows, falls, or other accidents of age or sickness; I say, would such good persons administer to the necessities of men disabled like themselves; the consequences of such a behaviour would be the best julep, cordial, and anodyne, in the feverish, faint, and tormenting vicissitudes of that miserable discomposure. The same may be said of all other, both bodily and intellectual evils. These classes of charity would certainly bring down blessings upon an age and people; and if men were not petrified with the love of this world against all sense of the commerce which ought to be among them, it would not be an unreasonable bill for a poor man in the agony of pain, aggravated

by want and poverty, to draw upon a sick alderman after this form:

\* MR. BAME PLINTY,

SIR,

'You have the gout and stone, with sixty thousand pounds sterling; I have the gout and stone, but worth one farthing; I shall pray for you, and desire you would pay the bearer twenty shillings for value received from,

SIR,

'Your humble servant,

'LAKATUS HOPEFUL.'

\* Crisplegate,  
Aug. 29, 1712.

The reader's own imagination will suggest to him the reasonableness of such correspondences, and diversify them into a thousand senses; but I shall close this, as I began, upon the subject of blindness. The following letter seems to be written by a man of learning, who is returned to his study after a suspension of an ability to do so. The benefit he reports himself to have received, may well claim the handsomest encomium he can give the operator.

\* MR. SPECTATOR,

'ROMINATING lately on your admirable discourse on the Pleasures of the Imagination \*, I began to consider to which of our senses we are obliged for the greatest and most important share of those pleasures; and I soon concluded that it was to the sight. That is the sovereign of the senses, and master of all the arts and sciences, that have refined the rudeness of the unenlightened mind to a politeness that distinguishes the fine spirits from the barbarous gait of the great vulgar and the small. The sight is the obliging benefactress, that bestows on us the most transporting sensations that we have from the various and wonderful products of nature. To the sight we owe the amazing discoveries of the height, magnitude, and motion of the planets; their several revolutions about their common centre of light, heat, and motion, the sun. The sight travels yet further to the fixed stars, and furnishes the understanding with solid reasons to prove, that each of them is a sun, moving on its own axis, in the centre of its own vortex or orbicular, and performing the same offices to its dependant planets, that our glorious sun does to this. But the inquiries of the sight will not be stopped here, but make their progress through the immense expanse to the Milky Way, and there divide the blended fires of the galaxy into infinite and different worlds, made up of distinct suns, and their peculiar equipages of planets, till, unable to pursue this tract any further, it deposes the imagination to go on to new discoveries, till it fill the unbounded space with endless worlds.

'The sight informs the statuary's chisel with power to give breath to lifeless bones and marble, and the painter's pencil to swell the flat canvas with moving figures actuated by imaginary souls. Music indeed may plead another original †, since Jubal, by the descent falls of his hammer on the anvil, discovered by the ear the first rude music that pleased the marvellous tubers; but then the sight has not only reduced those wilder sounds into artificial order and harmony, but conveys that har-

\* So it speaks contemptuously of this world as a momentary; but we find his yearning to be solid in ordinary language in the beginning of 1714. He died at Rochester, May 24, 1715.

\* See N<sup>o</sup> 411—471.† Mr. Weaver, from Macrobius, attributes the discovery to Pythagoras. See N<sup>o</sup> 214.

mony to the most distant parts of the world without the help of sound. To the sight we owe not only all the discoveries of philosophy, but all the divine imagery of poetry that transports the intelligent reader of Homer, Milton, and Virgil.

As the sight has polished the world, so does it supply us with the most grateful and lasting pleasure. Let love, let friendship, paternal affection, filial piety, and conjugal duty, declare the joys the sight bestows on a meeting after absence. But it would be endless to enumerate all the pleasures and advantages of sight; every one that has it, every hour he makes use of it, finds them, feels them, enjoys them.

Thus, as our greatest pleasures and knowledge are derived from the sight, so has Providence been more curious in the formation of its seat, the eye, than of the organs of the other senses. That stupendous machine is composed in a wonderful manner of muscles, membranes, and humours. Its motions are admirably directed by the muscles; the perspicuity of the humours transmit the rays of light; the rays are regularly refracted by their figure, the black lining of the sclerotes effectually prevents their being confounded by reflection. It is wonderful indeed to consider how many objects the eye is fitted to take in at once, and successively in an instant, and at the same time, to make a judgment of their position, figure, or colour. It watches against our dangers, guides our steps, and lets in all the visible objects, whose beauty and variety instruct and delight.

The pleasures and advantages of sight being so great, the loss must be very grievous; of which Milton, from experience, gives the most sensible idea, both in the third book of his *Paradise Lost*, and in his *Samson Agonistes*.

‘To light, in the former :

——“Thee I revisit safe,  
And feel thy sov’reign vital lamp; but thou  
Revisit’st not these eyes, that roll in vain  
To find thy piercing ray, but find no dawn.”

‘And a little after :

“Seasons return, but not to me returns  
Day, or the sweet approach of ev’n or morn,  
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer’s rose,  
Or flocks or herds, or human face divine;  
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark,  
Surround me: from the cheerful ways of men  
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair,  
Presented with an universal blank  
Of nature’s works, to me expung’d and raz’d,  
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.”

‘Again, in *Samson Agonistes* :

——“But chief of all,  
O loss of sight! of thee I most complain:  
Blind among enemies! O worse than chains,  
Dungeon, or beggary, or decrepit age!  
Light, the prime work of God, to me’s extinct,  
And all her various objects of delight  
Annul’d——

“——Still as a fool,  
In pow’r of others, never in my own,  
Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than half:  
O dark! dark! dark! amid the blaze of noon:  
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse,  
Without all hope of day.”

The enjoyment of sight then being so great a blessing, and the loss of it so terrible an evil, how excellent and valuable is the skill of that artist which can restore the former, and redress the latter? My frequent perusal of the advertisements in the public newspapers (generally the most agree-

able entertainment they afford) has presented me with many and various benefits of this kind done to my countrymen by that skilful artist Dr. Grant, her majesty’s oculist extraordinary, whose happy hand has brought and restored to sight several hundreds in less than four years. Many have received sight by his means who came blind from their mother’s womb, as in the famous instance of Jones of Newington. I myself have been cured by him of a weakness in my eyes next to blindness, and am ready to believe any thing that is reported of his ability this way; and know that many, who could not purchase his assistance with money, have enjoyed it from his charity. But a list of particulars would swell my letter beyond its bounds; what I have said being sufficient to comfort those who are in the like distress, since they may conceive hopes of being no longer miserable in this kind, while there is yet alive so able an oculist as Dr. Grant.

‘I am the SPECTATOR’S

‘humble servant,

‘PHILANTHROPUS.’

STEELE.

T.

Nº 473. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1712.

*Quid? si quis vultu torvo ferus et pede nudo,  
Exiguæque togæ simul et textore Catonem;  
Virtutemne representet, moresque Catonis?*

HOR. Ep. xix. l. 1. ver. 12.

Suppose a man the coarsest gown should wear,  
No shoes, his forehead rough, his look severe,  
And ape great Cato in his form and dress;  
Must he his virtues and his mind express?  
CREECH.

‘TO THE SPECTATOR.

‘SIR,

‘I AM now in the country, and employ most of my time in reading, or thinking upon what I have read. Your paper comes constantly down to me, and it affects me so much, that I find my thoughts run into your way; and I recommend to you a subject upon which you have not yet touched, and that is, the satisfaction some men seem to take in their imperfections: I think one may call it glorying in their insufficiency. A certain great author is of opinion it is the contrary to envy, though perhaps it may proceed from it. Nothing is so common as to hear men of this sort, speaking of themselves, add to their own merit (as they think) by impairing it, in praising themselves for their defects, freely allowing they commit some few frivolous errors, in order to be esteemed persons of uncommon talents and great qualifications. They are generally professing an injudicious neglect of dancing, fencing, and riding, as also an unjust contempt for travelling, and the modern languages; as for their part, they say, they never valued or troubled their heads about them. This panegyric satire on themselves certainly is worthy of your animadversion. I have known one of these gentlemen think himself obliged to forget the day of an appointment, and sometimes even that you spoke to him; and when you see ’em, they hope you’ll pardon ’em, for they have the worst memory in the world. One of ’em started up t’other day in some confusion, and said, “Now I think on’t, I am to meet . Mortmain th . . . , about some b . . . or . . . , or

to-morrow, faith, I can't tell." Now, to my certain knowledge, he knew his time to a moment, and was there accordingly. These forgetful persons have, to brighten their crime, generally the best memories of any people, as I have found out by their remembering sometimes through inadvertency. Two or three of 'em that I know can say most of our modern tragedies by heart. I asked a gentleman the other day that is famous for a good carver (at which acquisition he is out of countenance, imagining it may detract from some of his more essential qualifications) to help me to something that was near him; but he excused himself, and blushing told me, "Of all things he could never carve in his life;" though it can be proved upon him that he cuts up, disjoint, and uncases, with incomparable dexterity. I would not be underwood as if I thought it laudable for a man of quality and fortune to rival the acquisitions of artificers, and endeavour to excel in little handy qualities; no, I argue only against being ashamed of what is really praiseworthy. As these pretences to ingenuity show themselves several ways, you will often see a man of this temper ashamed to be clean, and setting up for wit only from negligence in his habit. Now I am upon this head, I cannot help observing also upon a very different folly proceeding from the same cause. As these above mentioned arise from affecting an equality with men of greater talents, from having the same faults, there are others that would come at a parallel with those above them, by possessing little advantages which they want. I heard a young man not long ago, who has sense, comfort himself in his ignorance of Greek, Hebrew, and the Oriental; at the same time that he published his aversion to those languages, he said, that the knowledge of them was rather a diminution than an advancement of a man's character; though at the same time I know he languishes and repines he is not master of them himself. Whenever I take any of these fine persons thus detracting from what they do not understand, I tell them I will complain to you, and say I am sure you will not allow it an exception against a thing, that he who contends it is an ignorant in it.

"I am, sir,  
Your most humble servant,

"A. T."

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"I AM a man of a very good estate, and am honourably in love. I hope you will allow, when the ultimate purpose is honest, there may be, without trespass against innocence, some taylor by the way. People of condition are perhaps too distant and formal on those occasions; but however that is, I am to confess to you that I have writ some verses to atone for my offence. You professed authors are a little severe upon us, who write like gentlemen; but if you are a friend to love, you will insert my poem. You cannot imagine how much service it would do me with my fair-one, as well as reputation with all my friends, to have something of mine in the Spectator. My crime was, that I snatched a kiss, and my poetical excuse as follows:

"Belinda, ere from yonder flowers  
The bee flies loaded to its cell;  
Can you perceive what it devoutly  
Are they impair'd in show or smell?

"So, though I rob'd you of a kiss,  
Sweeter than their unbreasted dew;  
Why are you angry at my bliss?  
Ere it at all impair'd you!

"Tis by this cunning I contrive,  
To spite of your valiant reserve,  
To keep my faithful love alive,  
Which you unconsciously would starve."

"I am, sir,  
Your humble servant,  
TIMOTHY STANZA."

"MR.,  
"AUG. 25, 1772.  
"HAVING a little time upon my hands, I could not think of bestowing it better, than in writing an epistle to the Spectator, which I now do, and am,

"MR.,  
Your humble servant,  
JOS. SHORT."

"P. S. If you approve of my style, I am likely enough to become your correspondent. I desire your opinion of it. I design it for that way of writing called by the judicious "the familiar".

STELLA.

T.

THE  
SPECTATOR.

VOL. VII.

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M<sup>R</sup>. METHUEN\*.

SIR,

It is with great pleasure I take an opportunity of publishing the gratitude I owe you for the place you allow me in your friendship and familiarity. I will not acknowledge to you that I have often had you in my thoughts, when I have endeavoured to draw, in some parts of these discourses, the character of a good-natured, honest, and accomplished gentleman. But such representations give my reader an idea of a person blameless only, or only laudable for such perfections as extend no further than to his own private advantage and reputation.

But when I speak of you, I celebrate one who has had the happiness of possessing also those qualities which make a man useful to society, and of having had opportunities of exerting them in the most conspicuous manner.

The great part you had, as British ambassador, in procuring and cultivating the advantageous commerce between the courts of England and Portugal, has purchased you the lasting esteem of all who understand the interest of either nation.

Those personal excellences which are over-rated by the ordinary world, and too much neglected by

wise men, you have applied with the justest skill and judgment. The most graceful address in horsemanship, in the use of the sword, and in dancing, has been employed by you as lower arts; and as they have occasionally served to cover or introduce the talents of a skilful minister.

But your abilities have not appeared only in one nation. When it was your province to act as her majesty's minister at the court of Savoy, at that time encamped, you accompanied that gallant prince through all the vicissitudes of his fortune, and shared by his side the dangers of that glorious day in which he recovered his capital. As far as it regards personal qualities, you attained, in that one hour, the highest military reputation. The behaviour of our minister in the action, and the good offices done the vanquished in the name of the Queen of England, gave both the conqueror and the captive the most lively examples of the courage and generosity of the nation he represented.

Your friends and companions in your absence frequently talk these things of you; and you cannot hide from us (by the most discreet silence in any thing which regards yourself) that the frank entertainment we have at your table, your easy condescension in little incidents of mirth and diversion, and general complacency of manners, are far from being the greatest obligations we have to you. I do assure you, there is not one of your friends has a greater sense of your merit in general, and of the favours you every day do us, than,

SIR,

Your most obedient,

And most humble servant,

RICHARD ~~STANLEY~~

\* This gentleman (afterwards Sir Paul Methuen, knight of the bath) was British ambassador at the court of Portugal, where he concluded the famous commercial treaty, which is still known by his name. He was appointed a commissioner of the admiralty in 1709; of the treasury, 1714; comptroller of the household, 1720; and treasurer of the household, 1725. He represented the borough of Brackley in five parliaments, and died April 11, 1757, at a very advanced age.



N<sup>o</sup> 474. WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1712.

*Asperitas agrestis et inconvexitas.*

HOR. Ep. xviii. l. 1. ver. 8.

A clowdly roughness, and untidy close,  
Unfriendly still, and peevish morn.

CRÆCH.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

**B**EING of the number of those that have lately retired from the centre of business and pleasure, my usefulness in the country where I am arises rather from the society than the solitude of it. To be obliged to receive and return visits from and to a circle of neighbours, who, through diversity of age or inclinations, can neither be entertaining nor serviceable to us, is a vile loss of time, and a slavery from which a man should deliver himself, if possible: for why must I lose the remaining part of my life because they have thrown away the former parts of theirs? It is to me an insupportable affliction, to be tormented with the narrations of a set of people, who are warm in their expressions of the quick relish of that pleasure, which their days and hours have a more delicate taste of. I do also in my heart detest and abhor that damnable doctrine and position of the necessity of a bumper, though to one's own taste; for though it is pretended that these deep potations are used only to inspire gaiety, they certainly drown that cheerfulness which would survive a moderate circulation. If at these meetings I were left to every stranger either to fill his glass according to his own inclination, or to make his retreat when he finds he has been sufficiently obedient to that of others, these entertainments would be governed with more good sense, and consequently with more good breeding, than at present they are. Indeed, where any of the guests are known to measure their fame or pleasure by their glass, proper exhortations might be used to these to push their fortunes in this sort of reputation; but, where it is unreasonably insisted on to a modest stranger, this drench may be said to be swallowed with the same necessity as if it had been tendered in the horn\* for that purpose, with this aggravating circumstance, that it distresses the entertainer's guests in the same degree as it relieves his horses.

To attend without impatience an account of five-barred gates, double ditches, and precipices, and to survey the orator with desiring eyes, is to me extremely difficult, but absolutely necessary to be upon tolerable terms with him; but then the occasional bursting out into laughter is of all other accomplishments the most requisite. I confess at present I have not the command of these conversations as is necessary to be good company; therefore I beg you would publish this letter, and let me be known all at once for a queer fellow, and avoided. It is monstrous to me, that we who are given to reading and calm conversation should ever be visited by these rascals; but they think they themselves, as neighbours, may come into our rooms with the same right that they and their dogs hunt to our grounds.

Your inclination of clubs I have always admired, in which you constantly endeavoured the union of the metaphorically defunct, that is, such

as are neither serviceable to the body and entertaining part of mankind, nor entertaining to the retired and speculative. There should certainly therefore in each county be established a club of the persons whose conversations I have described, who for their own private, as also the public emolument, should exclude, and be excluded, all other society. Their attire should be the same with their huntsmen's, and none should be admitted into this green conversation-piece, except he had broke his collar-bone thrice. A broken rib or two might also admit a man without the least opposition. The president must necessarily have broken his neck, and have been taken up dead once or twice; for the more malice this brotherhood shall have met with, the easier will their conversation flow and keep up; and when any one of these vigorous invalids had finished his narration of the collar-bone, this naturally would introduce the history of the rib. Besides, the different circumstances of their falls and fractures would help to prolong and diversify their relations. There should also be another club of such men, who have not succeeded so well in maiming themselves, but are however in the constant pursuit of these accomplishments. I would by no means be suspected by what I have said to traduce in general the body of fox-hunters; for whilst I look upon a reasonable creature full speed after a pack of dogs by way of pleasure, and not of business, I shall always make honourable mention of it.

But the most irksome conversation of all others I have met with in the neighbourhood, has been among two or three of your travellers, who have overlooked men and manners, and have passed through France and Italy with the same observation that the carriers and stage-coachmen do through Great Britain; that is, their stops and stages have been regulated according to the liquor they have met with in their passage. They indeed remember the names of abundance of places, with the particular series of certain churches; but their distinguishing mark is certain pretences of foreign languages, the meaning of which they could have better expressed in their own. The entertainment of these fine observers Shakespeare has described to consist

\* In talking of the Alps and Appennines,  
The Pyrenees, and the river Po."

and then concludes with a sigh,

"How that is worshipful society!"

I would not be thought in all this to hate such honest creatures as dogs; I am only unhappy that I cannot partake in their diversions. But I love them so well, as dogs, that I often go with my pockets stuffed with bread to dispense my favours, or make my way through them at neighbour's houses. There is to particular a young hound of great expectation, vivacity, and enterprise, that attends my fights wherever he spies me. This creature observes my countenance, and behaves himself accordingly. His mirth, his frolic, and joy, upon the sight of me, has been observed, and I have been gravely desired not to encourage him so much, for it spoils his parts; but I think he shows them sufficiently in the several boundings, friskings, and showings, when he makes his court to me; but I formerly in a little time he and I must keep company with one another only, for we are fit for no other in these parts. Having informed you how I do pass my time in the country where I

\* This alludes to the horn which is used in setting medicine down a horse's throat.

am, I must proceed to tell you how I would pass it, had I such a fortune as would put me above the observance of ceremony and custom.

My scheme of a country life then should be as follows: As I am happy in three or four agreeable friends, these I would constantly have with me; and the freedom we took with one another at school and the university, we would maintain and exert upon all occasions with great courage. There should be certain hours of the day to be employed in reading, during which time it should be impossible for any one of us to enter the other's chamber, unless by storm. After this we would communicate the trash or treasure we had met with, with our own reflections upon the matter; the justness of which we would controvert with good-humoured warmth, and never spare one another out of that complaisant spirit of conversation, which makes others affirm and deny the same matter in a quarter of an hour. If any of the neighbouring gentlemen, not of our turn, should take it in their heads to visit me, I should look upon these persons in the same degree enemies to my particular state of happiness, as ever the French were to that of the public, and I would be at an annual expense in spies to observe their motions. Whenever I should be surprised with a visit, as I hate drinking, I would be brisk in swilling bumpers upon this maxim, that it is better to trouble others with my impertinence, than to be troubled myself with theirs. The necessity of an infirmary\* makes me resolve to fall into that project; and as we should be but five, the terrors of an involuntary separation, which our number cannot so well admit of, would make us exert ourselves in opposition to all the particulars mentioned in your institution of that equitable confinement. This my way of life I know would subject me to the imputation of a morose, covetous, and singular fellow. These and all other hard words, with all manner of insipid jests, and all other reproach, would be matter of mirth to me and my friends: besides I would destroy the application of the epithets morose and covetous, by a yearly relief of my undeservedly necessitous neighbours, and by treating my friends and domestics with an humanity that should express the obligation to lie rather on my side; and as for the word singular, I was always of opinion every man must be so, to be what one would desire him.

‘Your very humble servant,  
‘J. R.†.’

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘ABOUT two years ago I was called upon by the younger part of a country family, by my mother's side related to me, to visit Mr. Campbell‡, the dumb man, for they told me that that was chiefly what brought them to town, having heard wonders of him in Essex. I, who always wanted faith in matters of that kind, was not easily prevailed on to go; but, lest they should take it ill, I went with them; when, to my surprise, Mr. Campbell related all their past life; in short, had he not been prevented; such a discovery would have come out as

would have ruined the next design of their coming to town, viz. buying wedding-clothes. Our names—though he never heard of us before—and we endeavoured to conceal—were as familiar to him as to ourselves. To be sure, Mr. Spectator, he is a very learned and wise man. Being impatient to know my fortune, having paid my respects in a family Jacobus, he told me (after his manner) among several other things, that in a year and nine months I should fall ill of a new fever, be given over by my physicians, but should with much difficulty recover; that, the first time I took the air afterwards, I should be addressed to by a young gentleman of a plentiful fortune, good sense, and a generous spirit. Mr. Spectator, he is the purest man in the world, for all he said is come to pass, and I am the happiest she in Kent. I have been in quest of Mr. Campbell these three months, and cannot find him out. Now, hearing you are a dumb man too, I thought you might correspond, and be able to tell me something; for I think myself highly obliged to make his fortune, as he has mine. It is very possible your worship, who has spies all over this town, can inform me how to send to him. If you can, I beseech you be as speedy as possible, and you will highly oblige

‘Your constant reader and admirer,  
‘DULCIBELLA THANKLEY.’

Ordered, That the inspector I employ about wonders inquire at the Golden Lion, opposite to the Half-Moon tavern in Drury-lane, into the merits of this silent sage, and report accordingly.

STEELE.

T.

Nº 475. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1712.

—*Quæ res in se neque consilium, neque modum  
Habet ullum, eam consilio regere non potes.*

TER. Eun. act. 1. sc. 1.

Advice is thrown away, where the case admits of neither counsel nor moderation.

It is an old observation, which has been made of politicians who would rather ingratiate themselves with their sovereign, than promote his real service, that they accommodate their counsels to his inclinations, and advise him to such actions only as his heart is naturally set upon. The privy counsellor of one in love must observe the same conduct, unless he would forfeit the friendship of the person who desires his advice. I have known several odd cases of this nature. Hipparchus was going to marry a common woman, but being resolved to do nothing without the advice of his friend Philander, he consulted him upon the occasion. Philander told him his mind freely, and represented his mistress to him in such strong colours, that the next morning he received a challenge for his pains, and before twelve o'clock was run through the body by the man who had asked his advice. Celia was more prudent on the like occasion. She desired Leonilla to give her opinion freely upon the young fellow who made his addresses to her, Leonilla, to oblige her, told her with great frankness, that she looked upon him as one of the most worthless——Celia, foreseeing what a character she was to expect, begged her not to go on, for that she had been privately married to him above a fortnight. The truth of it is, a woman seldom asks advice before she has bought her wedding-clothes. When she made her choice, for

\* See Nos. 429, 437, and 440.

† Thought to have been written by the Rev. Mr. Richard Parker, an eminent Greek scholar, and many years vicar of Embleton, in Northumberland.

‡ A man, who, pretending to be gifted with the second sight, practised for some years on the credulity of the public in the character of a fortune-teller, and amassed considerable property. He either was, or affected to be, deaf and dumb. See Nº 560.

form's sake she sends a *congé d'elire* to her friends.

If we look into the secret springs and motives that set people at work on these occasions, and put them upon asking advice which they never intend to take, I look upon it to be none of the least, that they are incapable of keeping a secret which is so very pleasing to them. A girl longs to tell her confidant, that she hopes to be married to a little time; and, in order to talk of the pretty fellow that dwells so much in her thoughts, asks her very gravely, what she would advise her to do in a case of so much difficulty. Why else should Melissa, who had not a thousand pounds in the world, go into every quarter of the town to ask her acquaintance whether they would advise her to take Tom Townly, that made his address to her with an estate of five thousand a year? It is very pleasant on this occasion, to hear the lady propose her doubts, and to see the pains she is at to get over them.

I must not here omit a practice that is in use among the valuer part of our sex, who will often ask a friend's advice in relation to a fortune whom they are never like to come at. Will Honeycomb, who is now on the verge of threescore, took me aside not long since, and asked me in his most serious look, whether I would advise him to marry my Lady Betty Single, who, by the way, is one of the greatest fortunes about town. I stared him full in the face upon so strange a question; upon which he immediately gave me an inventory of her jewels and estate, adding that he was resolved to do nothing in a matter of such consequence without my approbation. Flanking he would have an answer, I told him, if he could get the lady's consent, he had mine. This is about the tenth match which, in my knowledge, Will has consulted his friends upon, without ever speaking his mind to the party herself.

I have been engaged in this subject by the following letter, which comes to me from some notable young female scribe, who, by the contents of it, seems to have carried matters so far, that she is ripe for asking advice; but as I would not lose her good-will, nor forfeit the reputation which I have with her for wisdom, I shall only communicate the letter to the public, without returning any answer to it.

WR. SPECTATOR,

'Now, sir, the thing is this; Mr. Shapely is the prettiest gentleman about town. He is very tall, but not too tall neither. He dances like an angel. His speech is made I do not know how, but it is the prettiest that I ever saw in my life. He is always laughing, for he has an infinite deal of wit. If you did but see how he rolls his stockings! He has a thousand pretty fancies, and I am sure, if you saw him, you would like him. He is a very good scholar, and can talk Latin as fast as English. I wish you could but see him dance. Now you must understand poor Mr. Shapely has no estate; but how can he help that, you know? And yet my friends are so unreasonable as to be always teasing me about him, because he has no estate; but I am sure he has that that is better than an estate; for he is a good-natured, generous, modest, civil, tall, well-bred, handsome man; and I am obliged to him for his civilities ever since I saw him. I forget to tell you that he has black eyes, and looks upon me now and then as if he had tears in them. And yet my friends are so unreasonable, that they would have me be uncivil to him. I

have a good portion which they cannot hinder me of, and I shall be fourteen on the 29th day of August next, and am therefore willing to settle in the world as soon as I can, and so is Mr. Shapely. But every body I advise with here is poor Mr. Shapely's enemy. I desire therefore you will give me your advice, for I know you are a wise man; and if you advise me well, I am resolved to follow it. I heartily wish you could see him dance; and am,

'SIR,

'Your most humble servant,  
'A. D.

'He loves your Spectators mightily.'

ADDISON.

C.

Nº 476. FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1719.

— Lucius erudit.  
HOM. Art. Poet. ver. 41.

Method.

Among my daily papers which I bestow on the public, there are some which are written with regularity and method, and others that run out into the wildness of those compositions which go by the name of essays. As for the first, I have the whole scheme of the discourse in my mind before I set pen to paper. In the other kind of writing, it is sufficient that I have several thoughts on a subject, without troubling myself to range them in such order, that they may seem to grow out of one another, and be disposed under the proper heads. Seneca and Montaigne are patterns for writing in this last kind, as Tully and Aristotle exert in the other. When I read an author of genius who writes without method, I fancy myself in a wood that abounds with a great many noble objects, rising among one another in the greatest confusion and disorder. When I read a methodical discourse, I am in a regular plantation, and can place myself in its several centers, so as to take a view of all the lines and walks that are struck from them. You may trouble in the one a whole day together, and every moment discover something or other that is new to you; but when you have done, you will have but a confused imperfect notion of the place; in the other, your eye commands the whole prospect, and gives you such an idea of it as is not easily worn out of the memory.

Irregularity and want of method are only supportable in men of great learning or genius, who are often too full to be exact, and therefore choose to throw down their pearls in heaps before the reader, rather than be at the pains of stringing them.

Method is of advantage to a work, both in respect to the writer and the reader. In regard to the first, it is a great help to his invention. When a man has planned his discourse, he finds a great many thoughts rising out of every head, that do not offer themselves upon the general survey of a subject. His thoughts are at the same time more intelligible, and better discover their drift and meaning, when they are placed in their proper lights, and follow one another in a regular series, than when they are thrown together without order and connection. There is always an obscurity in confusion; and the same sentence that would have enlightened the reader in one part of a discourse, perplexes him in another. For the same reason, likewise, every thought in a methodical discourse

shows itself in its greatest beauty, as the several figures in a piece of painting receive new grace from their disposition in the picture. The advantages of a reader from a methodical discourse are correspondent with those of the writer. He comprehends every thing easily, takes it in with pleasure, and retains it long.

Method is not less requisite in ordinary conversation than in writing, provided a man would talk to make himself understood. I, who hear a thousand coffee-house debates every day, am very sensible of this want of method in the thoughts of my honest countrymen. There is not one dispute in ten which is managed in those schools of politics, where, after the three first sentences, the question is not entirely lost. Our disputants put me in mind of the scuttle-fish, that when he is unable to extricate himself, blackens all the water about him until he becomes invisible. The man who does not know how to methodize his thoughts, has always, to borrow a phrase from the Dispensary, 'A barren superfluity of words;' the fruit is lost amidst the exuberance of leaves.

Tom Puzzle is one of the most immethodical disputants of any that has fallen under my observation. Tom has read enough to make him very impertinent; his knowledge is sufficient to raise doubts, but not to clear them. It is pity that he has so much learning, or that he has not a great deal more. With these qualifications Tom sets up for a free-thinker, finds a great many things to blame in the constitution of his country, and gives shrewd intimations that he does not believe another world. In short, Puzzle is an atheist as much as his parts will give him leave. He has got about half a dozen common-place topics, into which he never fails to turn the conversation, whatever was the occasion of it. Though the matter in debate be about Douay or Denain, it is ten to one but half his discourse runs upon the unreasonableness of bigotry and priestcraft. This makes Mr. Puzzle the admiration of all those who have less sense than himself, and the contempt of all those who have more. There is none in town whom Tom dreads so much as my friend Will Dry. Will, who is acquainted with Tom's logic, when he finds him running off the question, cuts him short with a 'What then? We allow all this to be true; but what is it to our present purpose?' I have known Tom eloquent half an hour together, and triumphing, as he thought, in the superiority of the argument, when he has been nonplussed on a sudden by Mr. Dry's desiring him to tell the company what it was that he endeavoured to prove. In short, Dry is a man of a clear methodical head, but few words, and gains the same advantage over Puzzle, that a small body of regular troops would gain over a numberless undisciplined militia.

ADDISON.

C.

N<sup>o</sup> 477. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1712.

— *An me ludit amabilis  
Insania? audire et videtur pios  
Errare per lucos, amena  
Quos et aquæ subcunt et auræ.*

HOR. Od. iv. l. 3. vet. 5.

— Does airy fancy cheat  
My mind, well pleas'd with the deceit?  
I seem to hear, I seem to move,  
And wander through the happy grove,  
Where smooth springs flow, and murr'ring breeze  
Wantons through the waving trees:  
CREECH.

SIR,

HAVING lately read your essay on the Pleasures of the Imagination\*, I was so taken with your thoughts upon some of our English gardens, that I cannot forbear troubling you with a letter upon that subject. I am one, you must know, who am looked upon as an humorist in gardening. I have several acres about my house, which I call my garden, and which a skilful gardener would not know what to call. It is a confusion of kitchen and parterre, orchard and flower garden, which lie so mixed and interwoven with one another, that if a foreigner, who had seen nothing of our country, should be conveyed into my garden at his first landing, he would look upon it as a natural wilderness, and one of the uncultivated parts of our country. My flowers grow up in several parts of the garden in the greatest luxuriance and profusion. I am so far from being fond of any particular one, by reason of its rarity, that if I meet with any one in a field which pleases me, I give it a place in my garden. By this means, when a stranger walks with me, he is surprised to see several large spots of ground covered with ten thousand different colours, and has often singled out flowers that he might have met with under a common hedge, in a field, or in a meadow, as some of the greatest beauties of the place. The only method I observe in this particular, is, to range in the same quarter the products of the same season, that they may make their appearance together, and compose a picture of the greatest variety. There is the same irregularity in my plantations, which run into as great a wildness as their natures will permit. I take in none that do not naturally rejoice in the soil; and am pleased, when I am walking in a labyrinth of my own raising, not to know whether the next tree I shall meet with is an apple, or an oak, an elm, or a pear-tree. My kitchen has likewise its particular quarters assigned it; for, besides the wholesome luxury which that place abounds with, I have always thought a kitchen garden a more pleasant sight than the finest orangery or artificial green-house. I love to see every thing in its perfection; and am more pleased to survey my rows of coleworts and cabbages, with a thousand nameless pot-herbs, springing up in their full fragrantcy and verdure, than to see the tender plants of foreign countries kept alive by artificial heats, or withering in an air and soil that are not adapted to them. I must not omit, that there is a fountain rising in the upper part of my garden, which forms a little wandering rill, and administers to the pleasure as well as the plenty of the place. I have so conducted it, that it visits most of my plantations; and have taken particular care to let it run in the same manner as it would do in an

form's sake she sends a *couge d'eslin* to her friends.

If we look into the secret springs and motives that set people at work on these occasions, and put them upon asking advice which they never intend to take, I look upon it to be none of the least, that they are incapable of keeping a secret which is so very pleasing to them. A girl longs to tell her confidant, that she hopes to be married in a little time; and, in order to talk of the pretty fellow that dwells so much in her thoughts, asks her very gravely, what she would advise her to do in a case of so much difficulty. Why else should Melinda, who had not a thousand pounds in the world, go into every quarter of the town to ask her acquaintance whether they would advise her to take Tom Townly, that made his addresses to her with an estate of five thousand a year? It is very pleasant on this occasion, to hear the lady propose her doubts, and to see the pains she is at to get over them.

I must not here omit a practice that is to see among the valuer part of our sex, who will often ask a friend's advice in relation to a fortune whom they are never like to come at. Will Honeycomb, who is now on the verge of threescore, took me aside not long since, and asked me in his most serious look, whether I would advise him to marry my Lady Betty Single, who, by the way, is one of the greatest fortunes about town. I stared him full in the face upon so strange a question; upon which he immediately gave me an inventory of her jewels and estate, adding that he was resolved to do nothing in a matter of such consequence without my approbation. Flushing he would have an answer, I told him, if he could get the lady's consent, he had none. This is about the tenth snatch which, to my knowledge, Will has consulted his friends upon, without ever opening his mind to the party himself.

I have been engaged in this subject by the following letter, which comes to me from some notable young female scribe, who, by the contents of it, seems to have curried matters so far, that she is ripe for asking advice; but as I would not lose her good will, nor forfeit the reputation which I have with her for wisdom, I shall only communicate the letter to the public, without returning any answer to it.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘Now, sir, the thing is this; Mr. Shapely is the prettiest gentleman about town. He is very tall, but not too tall neither. He dances like an angel. His mouth is made I do not know how, but it is the prettiest that I ever saw in my life. He is always laughing, for he has an infinite deal of wit. If you did but see how he rolls his stockings! He has a thousand pretty fancies, and I am sure, if you saw him, you would like him. He is a very good scholar, and can talk Latin as fast as English. I wish you could but see him dance. Now you must understand poor Mr. Shapely has no estate; but how can he help that, you know? And yet my friends are so unreasonable as to be always teasing me about him, because he has no estate; but I am sure he has that that is better than an estate; for he is a good-natured, ingenious, modest, civil, tall, well-bred, handsome man; and I am obliged to him for his civilities ever since I saw him. I forgot to tell you that he has black eyes, and looks upon me now and then as if he had tears in them. And yet my friends are so unreasonable, that they would have me be unkind to him. I

have a good portion which they cannot hinder me of, and I shall be fourteen on the 20th day of August next, and am therefore willing to settle in the world as soon as I can, and so is Mr. Shapely. But every body I advise with here is poor Mr. Shapely's enemy. I desire therefore you will give me your advice, for I know you are a wise man; and if you advise me well, I am resolved to follow it. I heartily wish you could see him dance; and am,

‘SIR,

‘Your most humble servant,

‘A. D.

‘He loves your Spectators mightily.’

ADONOV.

C.

N<sup>o</sup> 476. FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1712.

—*Lucides arda.*

EPIC. AN. POET. VER. 46.

Method.

Among my daily papers which I bestow on the public, there are some which are written with regularity and method, and others that run out into the wildness of those compositions which go by the name of essays. As for the first, I have the whole scheme of the discourse in my mind before I set pen to paper. In the other kind of writing, it is sufficient that I have several thoughts on a subject, without troubling myself to range them in such order, that they may seem to grow out of one another, and be disposed under the proper heads. Seneca and Montaigne are patterns for writing in this last kind, as Tully and Aristotle excel in the other. When I read an author of genius who writes without method, I fancy myself in a wood that abounds with a great many noble subjects, rising among one another in the greatest confusion and disorder. When I read a methodical discourse, I am in a regular plantation, and can place myself in its several centers, so as to take a view of all the lines and walks that are struck from them. You may ramble in the one a whole day together, and every moment discover something or other that is new to you; but when you have done, you will have but a confused imperfect notion of the place; to the other, your eye commands the whole prospect, and gives you such an idea of it as is not easily worn out of the memory.

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Tom Puzzle is one of the most immethodical disputants of any that has fallen under my observation. Tom has read enough to make him very impertinent; his knowledge is sufficient to raise doubts, but not to clear them. It is pity that he has so much learning, or that he has not a great deal more. With these qualifications Tom sets up for a free-thinker, finds a great many things to blame in the constitution of his country, and gives shrewd intimations that he does not believe another world. In short, Puzzle is an atheist as much as his parts will give him leave. He has got about half a dozen common-place topics, into which he never fails to turn the conversation, whatever was the occasion of it. Though the matter in debate be about Douay or Denain, it is ten to one but half his discourse runs upon the unreasonableness of bigotry and priestcraft. This makes Mr. Puzzle the admiration of all those who have less sense than himself, and the contempt of all those who have more. There is none in town whom Tom dreads so much as my friend Will Dry. Will, who is acquainted with Tom's logic, when he finds him running off the question, cuts him short with a 'What then? We allow all this to be true; but what is it to our present purpose?' I have known Tom eloquent half an hour together, and triumphing, as he thought, in the superiority of the argument, when he has been nonplussed on a sudden by Mr. Dry's desiring him to tell the company what it was that he endeavoured to prove. In short, Dry is a man of a clear methodical head, but few words, and gains the same advantage over Puzzle, that a small body of regular troops would gain over a numberless undisciplined militia.

ADDISON.

C.

N<sup>o</sup> 477. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1712.

— *An me ludit amabilis  
Insania? audire et videre pios  
Errare per lucos, amœnæ  
Quos et aquæ subcunt et auræ.*

HOR. Od. iv. l. 3. vet. 5.

— Does airy fancy cheat  
My mind, well pleas'd with the deceit?  
I seem to hear, I seem to move,  
And wander through the happy grove,  
Where smooth springs flow, and murmur'ing breeze  
Wantons through the waving trees:

CREECH.

SIR,

HAVING lately read your essay on the Pleasures of the Imagination\*, I was so taken with your thoughts upon some of our English gardens, that I cannot forbear troubling you with a letter upon that subject. I am one, you must know, who am looked upon as an humorist in gardening. I have several acres about my house, which I call my garden, and which a skilful gardener would not know what to call. It is a confusion of kitchen and parterre, orchard and flower garden, which lie so mixed and interwoven with one another, that if a foreigner, who had seen nothing of our country, should be conveyed into my garden at his first landing, he would look upon it as a natural wilderness, and one of the uncultivated parts of our country. My flowers grow up in several parts of the garden in the greatest luxuriance and profusion. I am so far from being fond of any particular one, by reason of its rarity, that if I meet with any one in a field which pleases me, I give it a place in my garden. By this means, when a stranger walks with me, he is surprised to see several large spots of ground covered with ten thousand different colours, and has often singled out flowers that he might have met with under a common hedge, in a field, or in a meadow, as some of the greatest beauties of the place. The only method I observe in this particular, is, to range in the same quarter the products of the same season, that they may make their appearance together, and compose a picture of the greatest variety. There is the same irregularity in my plantations, which run into as great a wildness as their natures will permit. I take in none that do not naturally rejoice in the soil; and am pleased, when I am walking in a labyrinth of my own raising, not to know whether the next tree I shall meet with is an apple, or an oak, an elm, or a pear-tree. My kitchen has likewise its particular quarters assigned it; for, besides the wholesome luxury which that place abounds with, I have always thought a kitchen garden a more pleasant sight than the finest orangery or artificial green-house. I love to see every thing in its perfection; and am more pleased to survey my rows of coleworts and cabbages, with a thousand nameless pot-herbs, springing up in their full fragrantcy and verdure, than to see the tender plants of foreign countries kept alive by artificial heats, or withering in an air and soil that are not adapted to them. I must not omit, that there is a fountain rising in the upper part of my garden, which forms a little wandering rill, and administers to the pleasure as well as the plenty of the place. I have so conducted it, that it visits most of my plantations; and have taken particular care to let it run in the same manner as it would do in an

\* See N<sup>o</sup> 411 to 421.



men, fire-women, and a number of other trades, which would be useless in a simple state of nature, draw their subsistence; though it is seldom seen that such as these are extremely rich, because their original fault of being founded upon vanity keeps them poor by the light inconstancy of its nature. The variableness of fashion turns the stream of business, which flows from it, now into one channel, and anon into another; so that the different sets of people sink or flourish in their turns by it.

'From the shops we retired to the tavern, where I found my friend express so much satisfaction for the bargains he had made, that my moral reflections (if I had told them) might have passed for a reproof; so I chose rather to fall in with him, and let the discourse run upon the use of fashions.

'Here we remembered how much man is governed by his senses, how lively he is struck by the objects which appear to him in an agreeable manner, how much clothes contribute to make us agreeable objects, and how much we owe it to ourselves that we should appear so \*.

'We considered man as belonging to societies; societies as formed of different ranks distinguished by habits, that all proper duty or respect might attend their appearance.

'We took notice of several advantages which are met with in the occurrences of conversation: how the bashful man has been sometimes so raised, as to express himself with an air of freedom, when he imagines that his habit introduces him to company with a becoming manner; and again, how a fool in fine clothes shall be suddenly heard with attention, till he has betrayed himself; whereas a man of sense, appearing with a dress of negligence, shall be but coldly received, till he be proved by time, and established in a character. Such things as these we could recollect to have happened to our own knowledge so very often, that we concluded the author † had his reasons, who advises his son to go in dress rather above his fortune than under it.

'At last the subject seemed so considerable, that it was proposed to have a repository built for fashions, as there are chambers for medals and other rarities. The building may be shaped as that which stands among the pyramids, in the form of a woman's head ‡. This may be raised upon pillars whose ornaments shall bear a just relation to the design. Thus there may be an imitation of fringe carved in the base, a sort of appearance of lace in the frieze, and a representation of curling locks, with bows of ribbon sloping over them, may fill up the work of the cornish. The inside may be divided into two apartments appropriated to each sex. The apartments may be filled with shelves, on which boxes are to stand as regularly as books in a library. These are to have folding-doors, which, being opened, you are to behold a baby § dressed out in some fashion which has flourished, and standing upon a pedestal, where the time of its reign is marked down. For its further regulation, let it be ordered, that every one who invents a fashion shall bring in his box, whose front he may at pleasure have either worked or painted with some amorous or gay device, that, like books with gilded leaves and covers, it may the sooner draw the eyes of the beholders. And to the end that these may be preserved with all due care, let there

be a keeper appointed, who shall be a gentleman qualified with a competent knowledge in clothes; so that by this means the place will be a comfortable support for some beau who has spent his estate in dressing.

'The reasons offered, by which we expected to gain the approbation of the public, were as follows:

'First, That every one who is considerable enough to be a mode, and has any imperfection of nature or chance, which it is possible to hide by the advantage of clothes, may, by coming to this repository, be furnished herself, and furnish all who are under the same misfortune, with the most agreeable manner of concealing it; and that, on the other side, every one, who has any beauty in face or shape, may also be furnished with the most agreeable manner of showing it.

'Secondly, That whereas some of our young gentlemen, who travel, give us great reason to suspect that they only go abroad to make or improve a fancy for dress, a project of this nature may be a means to keep them at home, which is in effect the keeping of so much money in the kingdom. And perhaps the balance of fashion in Europe, which now leans upon the side of France, may be so altered for the future, that it may become as common with Frenchmen to come to England for their finishing stroke of breeding, as it has been for Englishmen to go to France for it.

'Thirdly, Whereas several great scholars, who might have been otherwise useful to the world, have spent their time in studying to describe the dresses of the ancients from dark hints, which they are fain to interpret and support with much learning; it will from henceforth happen, that they shall be freed from the trouble, and the world from useless volumes. This project will be a registry, to which posterity may have recourse, for the clearing such obscure passages as tend that way in authors; and therefore we shall not for the future submit ourselves to the learning of etymology, which might persuade the age to come, that the farthingale was worn for cheapness, or the furbelow for warmth.

'Fourthly, Whereas they, who are old themselves, have often a way of railing at the extravagance of youth, and the whole age in which their children live; it is hoped that this ill-humour will be much suppressed, when we can have recourse to the fashions of their times, produce them in our vindication, and be able to show, that it might have been as expensive in Queen Elizabeth's time only to wash and quill a ruff, as it is now to buy cravats or neck handkerchiefs.

'We desire also to have it taken notice of, that because we would show a particular respect to foreigners, which may induce them to perfect their breeding here in a knowledge which is very proper for pretty gentlemen, we have conceived the motto for the house in the learned language. There is to be a picture over the door, with a looking-glass and a dressing chair in the middle of it: then on one side are to be seen, above one another, patch-boxes, pin-cushions, and little bottles; on the other powder-bags, puffs, combs, and brushes; beyond these, swords with fine knots, whose points are hidden, and fans almost closed, with the handles downward, are to stand out interchangeably from the sides, till they meet at the top, and form a semicircle over the rest of the figures: beneath all, the writing is to run in this pretty and ing manner:

\* See N<sup>o</sup> 360.

† Osborne in his 'Advice to his Son.'

‡ The Sphinx. See Denon's Travels in Egypt.

§ N<sup>o</sup> 277.



"*Adde O quodque suat, Fevers, Gravel, Cypellum,  
En robur admet in propolis  
Plores tricola, spirales;  
Illuc eligit, nudiis regit.*"

"All ye Fevers, Graces, and Cypells, attend:  
See, prepared to your bands,  
Darts, torments, and brands:  
Your weapons here choose, and your empire extend."

"I am, sir,  
Your most humble servant,  
A. R."

The proposal of my correspondent I cannot but look upon as an ingenious method of placing persons (whose parts make them ambitious to exert themselves in frivolous things) in a rank by themselves. In order to this, I would propose that there be a board of directors of the fashionable society; and, because it is a matter of too much weight for a private man to determine alone, I should be highly obliged to my correspondents if they would give in lists of persons qualified for this trust. If the chief coffee-houses, the conversations of which places are carried on by persons, each of whom has his little number of followers and admirers, would name from among themselves two or three to be inserted, they should be put up with great faithfulness. Old beaux are to be presented in the first place; but as that sect, with relation to dress, is almost extinct, it will, I fear, be absolutely necessary to take in all time-servers, properly so deemed; that is, such as, without any conviction of conscience, or view of interest, change with the world, and that merely from a terror of being out of fashion. Such also, who from facility of temper and too much obscurity, are vicious against their will, and follow leaders whom they do not approve, for want of courage to go their own way, are capable persons for this superintendency. Those who are loth to grow old, or would do any thing contrary to the course and order of things, out of fondness to be in fashion, are proper candidates. To conclude, those who are in fashion without apparent merit, must be supposed to have latent qualities, which would appear in a pot of direction; and therefore are to be regarded as forming these lists. Any, who shall be pleased according to these, or what further qualifications may occur to himself, to send a list, is desired to do it within fourteen days after this date.

A. R. The place of the physician to this society, according to the last mentioned qualification, is already engaged.

FINIS

T

Nº 410 TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1712.

— *Plene jura mariti A.*  
M. R. A. P. OCT. 1712.

To regulate the matrimonial life

MANY are the epistles I every day receive from husbands who complain of vanity, pride, haughtiness, ill-nature to their wives. I cannot tell how it is, but I think I see in all their letters that the cause of their uneasiness is in themselves; and indeed I have hardly ever observed the married condition unhappy, but for want of judgment or temper in the man. The truth is, we generally make love in a style, and with sentiments, very unfit for

ordinary life: they are half theatrical, half romantic. By this means we raise our imaginations to what is not to be expected in human life; and, because we did not beforehand think of the creature we are enamoured of, as subject to dishonour, age, sickness, impatience, or sullenness, but altogether considered her as the object of joy; human nature itself is often imputed to her as her particular imperfection, or defect.

I take it to be a rule proper to be observed in all occurrences of life, but more especially in the domestic, or matrimonial part of it, to preserve always a disposition to be pleased. This cannot be supported but by considering things in their right light, and as Nature has formed them, and not as our own fancies and appetites would have them. He then who took a young lady to his bed, with no other consideration than the expectation of scenes of dalliance, and thought of her (as I said before) only as she was to administer to the gratification of desire; as that desire flags, will, without her fault, think her charms and her merit abated; from hence must follow indifference, dislike, peevishness, and rage. But the man who brings his reason to support his passion, and beholds what he loves, as liable to all the calamities of human life both in body and mind, and even at the best what must bring upon him new cares, and new relations; such a lover, I say, will form himself accordingly, and adapt his mind to the nature of his circumstances. This latter person will be prepared to be a father, a friend, an advocate, a steward for people yet unborn, and has proper affections ready for every incident in the marriage state. Such a man can bear the cries of children with pity instead of anger; and, when they run over his head, he is not disturbed at their noise, but is glad of their mirth and health. Tom Trudy has told me, that he thinks it doubles his attention to the most intricate affair he is about, to hear his children, for whom all his cares are applied, make a noise in the next room: on the other side, Will Sparkish cannot put on his periwig, or adjust his cravat at the glass, for the noise of those damned nurses, and squalling brats; and then ends with a gallant reflection upon the comforts of matrimony, runs out of the hearing, and drives to the chocolate-house.

According as the husband is disposed in himself, every circumstance of his life is to give him torment, or pleasure. When the affection is well placed, and supported by the considerations of duty, honour, and friendship, which are in the highest degree engaged in this alliance, there can nothing rise in the common course of life, or from the blows or favours of fortune, in which a man will not find matters of some delight unknown to a single condition.

He who sincerely loves his wife and family, and studies to improve that affection in himself, conceives pleasure from the most indifferent things; while the married man, who has not his affections in the fashion and false gallantries of the town, is perplexed with every thing around him. In both these cases men cannot, indeed, make a silver figure, than in repelling such pleasures and pains to the rest of the world; but I speak of them only, as they sit upon those who are involved in them. As I shew all sorts of people, I cannot indeed but smile, when the good lady tells her husband what extraordinary things the child spoke since he went out. No longer than yesterday I was prevailed with to go home with a fond husband; and his wife to d. him, that his son, of his own head, when

the clock in the parlour struck two, said papa would come home to dinner presently. While the father has him in a rapture in his arms, and is drowning him with kisses, the wife tells me he is but just four years old. Then they both struggle for him, and bring him up to me, and repeat his observation of two o'clock. I was called upon, by looks upon the child, and then at me, to say something; and I told the father that this remark of the infant of his coming home, and joining the time with it, was a certain indication that he would be a great historian and chronologer. They are neither of them fools, yet received my compliment with great acknowledgment of my precience. I fared very well at dinner, and heard many other notable sayings of their heir, which would have given very little entertainment to one less turned to reflection than I was; but it was a pleasing speculation to remark on the happiness of a life, in which things of no moment give occasion of hope, self-satisfaction, and triumph. On the other hand, I have known an ill-natured coxcomb, who has hardly improved in any thing but bulk, for want of this disposition, silence the whole family as a set of silly women and children, for recounting things which were really above his own capacity.

When I say all this, I cannot deny but there are perverse jades that fall to men's lots, with whom it requires more than common proficiency in philosophy to be able to live. When these are joined to men of warm spirits, without temper or learning, they are frequently corrected with stripes; but one of our famous lawyers\* is of opinion, that this ought to be used sparingly; as I remember, those are his very words; but as it is proper to draw some spiritual use out of all afflictions, I should rather recommend to those who are visited with women of spirit, to form themselves for the world by patience at home. Socrates, who is by all accounts the undoubted head of the sect of the hen-pecked, owned and acknowledged that he owed great part of his virtue to the exercise which his useful wife constantly gave it. There are several good instructions may be drawn from his wise answers to people of less fortune than himself on her subject. A friend, with indignation, asked how so good a man could live with so violent a creature? He observed to him, that they who learn to keep a good seat on horseback, mount the least manageable they can get; and, when they have mastered them, they are sure never to be discomposed on the backs of steeds less restive. At several times, to different persons, on the same subject, he has said, 'My dear friend, you are beholden to Xantippe, that I hear so well your flying out in a dispute.' To another, 'My hen clacks very loud, but she brings me chickens. They that live in a trading street are not disturbed at the passage of carts.' I would have, if possible, a wise man be contented with his lot, even with a shrew; for though he cannot make her better, he may, you see, make himself better by her means.

But instead of pursuing my design of displaying conjugal love in its natural beauties and attractions, I am got into tales to the disadvantage of that state of life. I must say, therefore, that I am verily persuaded that whatever is delightful in human life, & to be enjoyed in greater perfection in the married, than in the single condition. He that has this passion in perfection, in occasions of joy, can say to himself, besides his own satisfaction, 'How happy will this make my wife and chil-

dren!' Upon occurrences of distress, or danger, can comfort himself, 'But all this while my wife and children are safe.' There is something in it that doubles satisfactions, because others participate them; and dispels afflictions, because others are exempt from them. All who are married without this relief of their circumstance, are in either a tasteless indolence and negligence which is hardly to be attained, or else live in the hourly repetition of sharp answers, eager upbraidings, and distracting reproaches. In a word, the married state, with and without the affection suitable to it, is the completest image of heaven and hell we are capable of receiving in this life\*.

STEELE.

T.

N<sup>o</sup> 480. WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1712.

*Respiciere cupidinibus, contemnere honores,  
Fortis, et in scriptis totius seculi, atque rotundus.*

HOM. Sat. vii. l. 2. ver. 95.

Who's proof against the charms of vain delight:  
Whom feeble fortune stings in vain to wound,  
So closely gather'd in a perfect round.

CREECH.

THE other day, looking over those old manuscripts of which I have formerly given some account, and which relate to the character of the mighty Pharamond of France, and the close friendship between him and his friend Euerate†, I found among the letters which had been in the custody of the latter an epistle from a country gentleman to Pharamond, wherein he excuses himself from coming to court. The gentleman, it seems, was contented with his condition, had formerly been in the king's service; but at the writing the following letter had, from leisure and reflection, quite another sense of things than that which he had in the more active part of his life.

Monsieur Chezlay to Pharamond.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE from your own hand (inclosed under the cover of Mr. Euerate, of your majesty's bed-chamber) a letter which invites me to court. I understand this great honour to be done me out of respect and inclination to me, rather than regard to your own service: for which reasons I beg leave to lay before your majesty my reasons for declining to depart from home: and will not doubt but, as your motive in desiring my attendance was to make me an happier man, when you think that will not be effected by my remove, you will permit me to stay where I am. Those who have an ambition to appear in courts, have ever an opinion that their persons, or their talents, are particularly formed for the service or ornament of that place; or else are hurried by downright desire of gain, or what they call honour, or take upon themselves whatever the generosity of their master can give them opportunities to grasp at. But your goodness shall not be thus imposed upon by me: I will therefore confess to you, that frequent solitude, and long conversation with such who know no arts which polish life, have made me the plainest creature in your dominions. Those less capacities of moving with a good

\* Dracón. See the first paragraph of N<sup>o</sup> 482.† See N<sup>o</sup> 492.

ity to all around me, and acting with ease before many, have quite left me. I am come to that, in regard to my person, that I consider it only a machine I am obliged to take care of, in order to enjoy my soul in its faculties with alacrity; well remembering, that this habitation of clay will in a few years be a meaner piece of earth than any small about my house. When this is, as it really is, the most frequent reflection I have, you will easily imagine how well I should become a drawing-room; add to this, what shall a man without cares do about the generous Pharamond? Monsieur Eocrate has hinted to me, that you have thoughts of distinguishing me with titles. As for myself, in the temper of my present mind, appellations of honour would but embarrass discourse, and new behaviour towards me perplex me in my very habitude of life. I am also to acknowledge to you, that my children, of whom your majesty descended to inquire, are all of them mean, both in their persons and genius. The estate my eldest son is heir to, is more than he can enjoy with a good grace. My self-love will not carry me so far, as to impose upon mankind the advancement of persons (merely for their being related to me) into high distinctions, who ought for their own sakes, as well as that of the public, to affect obscurity. I wish, my generous prince, as it is in your power to give honours and offices, it were also to give talents suitable to them: were it so, the noble Pharamond would reward the zeal of my youth with abilities to do him service in my age.

Those who accept of favour without merit, support themselves to it at the expense of your majesty. Give me leave to tell you, sir, this is the reason that we in the country hear so often repeated the word prerogative. That part of your law which is reserved in yourself, for the reader service and good of the public, slight men are eternally bawling in our ears, to cover their own follies and inconsiderations. It would be an addition to the high favour you have done me, if you would let Lucrate send me word how often, and in what cases, you allow a constable to look upon the prerogative. From the highest to the lowest officer in your dominions, something of their own carriage they would exempt from examination, under the shelter of the word prerogative. I would fain, most noble Pharamond, are one of your officers assert your prerogative by good and gracious actions. When is it used to help the afflicted, to rescue the innocent, in comfort the stranger? Uncommon methods, apparently undertaken to attain worthy ends, would never make power invidious. You see, sir, I talk to you with the freedom your noble nature approves to all whom you admit to your conversation.

But, to return to your majesty's letter, I humbly conceive that all distinctions are useful to men, only as they are in act in public; and it would be a reasonable madness for a man to be a lord in his closet. Nothing can be honourable to a man apart from the world, but the reflection upon worthy actions; and he that places honour in a consciousness of well-doing, will have but little relish of any outward homage that is paid him, since what gives him distinction to himself, cannot come within the observation of his beholders. Thus all the words of lordship, honour, and grace, are only repetitions to a man that the king has ordered him to be called so; but no evidences that there is any thing in himself, that would give the man, who applies to him, those ideas, without the creation of his master.

I have, most noble Pharamond, all honours and all titles in your approbation; I triumph in them as they are your gift, I refine them as they are to give me the observation of others. Indulge me, my noble master, in this chastity of renown; let me know myself in the favour of Pharamond, and look down upon the applause of the people.

I am, in all duty and loyalty,

Your majesty's most obedient

subject and servant,

JEAN CHELSEY.

SIR,

I NEED not tell with what disadvantages men of low fortunes and great modesty come into the world; what wrong measures their diffidence of themselves, and fear of offending, often oblige them to take; and what a pity it is that their greatest virtues and qualities, that should soonest recommend them, are the main obstacles in the way of their preferment.

This, sir, is my case: I was bred at a country school, where I learned Latin and Greek. The misfortunes of my family forced me up to town, where a profession of the pollster sort has protected me against infamy and want. I am now clerk to a lawyer, and in times of scarcity and reserve from business, have made myself master of Italian and French; and though the progress I have made in my business has gained me reputation enough for one of my standing, yet my mind suggests to me every day, that it is not upon that foundation I am to build my fortune.

The person I have my present dependence upon, has it in his nature, as well as in his power, to advance me, by recommending me to a gentleman that is going beyond sea in a public employment. I know the printing this letter would point me out to those I want confidence to speak to, and I hope it is not in your power to refuse making any body happy.

September 9, 1712.

Yours, &c.

M. A.

T.

STEEL.

N° 481. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1712.

COMPANIES selling from Ditch Backstreet in Jew  
Accompaniment

HOR. BAL. VII. L. I. VOL. 13.

Not better match'd with Ditch Backstreet  
To law they run, and wrangling daily live.

It is sometimes pleasant enough to consider the different notions which different persons have of the same thing. If men of low condition very often set a value on things which are not prized by those who are in a higher station of life, there are many things these esteem which are in no value among persons of an inferior rank. Common people are, in particular, very much troubled when they hear of those solemn contests and debates, which are made among the great upon the punctures of a public ceremony; and wonder to hear that any business of consequence should be retarded by these little circumstances which they represent to themselves as trifling and insignificant. I am mightily pleased with a porter's decision in one of Mr. Southern's plays, which is founded upon that

Mr. Robert Harper, an eminent conveyancer, of Lincoln's Inn.

4 The Total Marriage of, The Immortal Adultery

fine distress of a virtuous woman's marrying a second husband, while her first was yet living. The first husband, who was supposed to have been dead, returning to his house after a long absence, raises a noble perplexity for the tragic part of the play. In the meanwhile, the nurse and the porter conferring upon the difficulties that would ensue in such a case, honest Samson thinks the matter may be easily decided, and solves it very judiciously by the old proverb, that, if his master be still living, 'the man must have his share again.' There is nothing in my time which has so much surprised and confounded the greatest part of my honest countrymen, as the present controversy between Count Rechteren and Monsieur Mesnager, which employs the wise heads of so many nations, and holds all the affairs of Europe in suspense.

Upon my going into a coffee-house yesterday, and lending an ear to the next table, which was encompassed with a circle of inferior politicians, one of them, after having read over the news very attentively, broke out into the following remarks: 'I am afraid,' says he, 'this unhappy rupture between the footmen at Utrecht will retard the peace of Christendom. I wish the pope may not be at the bottom of it. His holiness has a very good hand at fomenting a division, as the poor Swiss cantons have lately experienced to their cost. If Monsieur What-d'-ye-call-his domestics will not come to an accommodation, I do not know how the quarrel can be ended but by a religious war.'

'Why, truly,' says a wiseacre that sat by him, 'were I as the king of France, I would scorn to take part with the footmen of either side: here's all the business of Europe stands still, because Monsieur Mesnager's man has had his head broke. If Count Rechteren \* had given them a pot of ale after it, all would have been well, without any of this hustle; but they say he's a warm man, and does not care to be made mouths at.'

Upon this, one that had held his tongue hitherto, began to exert himself; declaring, that he was very well pleased the plenipotentiaries of our Christian princes took this matter into their serious consideration; for that lackeys were never so saucy and pragmatical as they are now-a-days, and that he should be glad to see them taken down in the treaty of peace, if it might be done without prejudice to the public affairs.

One who sat at the other end of the table, and seemed to be in the interest of the French king, told them, that they did not take the matter right, for that his most Christian majesty did not resent this matter because it was an injury done to Monsieur Mesnager's footmen; 'for,' says he, 'what are Monsieur Mesnager's footmen to him? but because it was done to his subjects. Now,' says he, 'let me tell you, it would look very odd for a subject of France to have a bloody nose, and his sovereign not to take notice of it. He is obliged in honour to defend his people against hostilities; and, if the Dutch will be so insolent to a crowned head as, in any wise, to cuff or kick those who are under his protection, I think he is in the right to call them to an account for it.'

This distinction set the controversy upon a new foot, and seemed to be very well approved by most that heard it, until a little warm fellow, who had declared himself a friend to the house of Austria, fell most unmercifully upon his Gallic majesty, as encouraging his subjects to make mouths at their betters, and afterwards screeching them from the

punishment that was due to their insolence. To which he added, that the French nation was so addicted to grimace, that, if there was not a stop put to it at the general congress, there would be no walking the streets for them in a time of peace, especially if they continued masters of the West Indies. The little man proceeded with a great deal of warmth, declaring that, if the allies were of his mind, he would oblige the French king to burn his galleys, and tolerate the protestant religion in his dominions, before he would sheath his sword. He concluded with calling Monsieur Mesnager an insignificant prig.

The dispute was now growing very warm, and one does not know where it would have ended, had not a young man of about one-and-twenty, who seems to have been brought up with an eye to the law, taken the debate into his hand, and given it as his opinion, that neither Count Rechteren nor Monsieur Mesnager had behaved themselves right in this affair. 'Count Rechteren,' says he, 'should have made affidavit that his servants had been assaulted, and then Monsieur Mesnager would have done him justice, by taking away their liveries from them, or some other way that he might have thought the most proper; for, let me tell you, if a man makes a mouth at me, I am not to knock the teeth out of it for his pains. Then again, as for Monsieur Mesnager, upon his servants being beaten, why, he might have had his action of assault and battery. But as the case now stands, if you will have my opinion, I think they ought to bring it to referees.'

I heard a great deal more of this conference, but I must confess with little edification; for all I could learn at last from these honest gentlemen was, that the matter in debate was of too high a nature for such heads as theirs, or mine, to comprehend.

ADDISON.

O.

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Nº 492. FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1712.

*Floriferis ut apes in salibus omnia libant.*

LUCR. l. iii. ver. 11.

As from the sweetest flow'rs the lab'ring bee  
Extracts her precious sweets.

CREECH.

WHEN I have published any single paper that falls in with the popular taste, and pleases more than ordinary, it always brings me in a great return of letters. My Tuesday's discourse, wherein I gave several admonitions to the fraternity of the hen-pecked, has already produced me very many correspondents; the reason I cannot guess, unless it be that such a discourse is of general use, and every married man's money. An honest tradesman, who dutes his letter from Cheapside, sends me thanks in the name of a club, who, he tells me, meet as often as their wives will give them leave, and stay together till they are sent for home. He informs me, that my paper has administered great consolation to their whole club, and desires me to give some further account of Socrates, and to acquaint them in whose reign he lived, whether he was a citizen or a courtier, whether he buried Xantippe; with many other particulars: for that, by his sayings, he appears to have been a very wise man, and a good Christian. Another, who writes himself Benjamin Bamboo, tells me, that, being coupled with a haured

\* Count Rechteren.

to tame her by such lawful means as those which I mentioned in my last Tuesday's paper, and that in his wrath he had often gone further than Bracton allows to those cases; but that for the future he was resolved to bear it like a man of temper and learning, and consider her only as one who lives in his house to teach him philosophy. Tom Dapperwit says, that he agrees with me in that whole discourse, excepting only the last sentence, where I affirm the married state to be either a heaven or a hell. Tom has been at the charge of a penny upon this occasion to tell me, that by his experience it is neither one nor the other, but rather that middle kind of state, commonly known by the name of purgatory.

The fair sex have likewise abridged me with their reflections upon the same discourse. A lady, who calls herself *Euterpe*, and seems a woman of letters, asks me whether I am for establishing the *Salle* law in every family, and why it is not fit that a woman who has discretion and learning should sit at the helm, when the husband is weak and illiterate? Another of quite contrary character, subscribes herself *Xanthippe*, and tells me that she follows the example of her namesake; for, being married to a bookish man, who has no knowledge of the world, she is forced to take their affairs into her own hands, and to spirit him up now and then, that he may not grow munky, and unfit for conversation.

After this abridgment of some letters which are come to my hands upon this occasion, I shall publish one of them at large.

MR. SPECTATOR,

\* You have given us a lively picture of that kind of husband who comes under the denomination of the hen-pecked; but I do not remember that you have ever touched upon one that is of the quite different character, and who, in several places of England, goes by the name of "a cot-queen." I have the misfortune to be joined for life with one of this character, who, in reality, is more a woman than I am. He was bred up under the tuition of a tender mother, till she had made him as good a housewife as herself. He could preserve apricots, and make jellies, before he had been two years out of the nursery. He was never suffered to go abroad, for fear of catching cold; when he should have been hunting down a buck, he was by his mother's side learning how to season it, or put it in crust; and was making paper boats with his sisters, at an age when other young gentlemen are crowding the seas, or travelling into foreign countries. He has the whitest hand that you ever saw in your life, and raises paste better than any woman in England. These qualifications make him a sad husband. He is perpetually in the kitchen, and has a thousand squabbles with the cook-maid. He is better acquainted with the milk-score than his steward's accounts. I fret to death when I hear him find fault with a dish that is not dressed to his liking, and instructing his friends that dine with him in the best pickle for a walnut, or sauce for an haunch of venison. With all this he is a very good natured husband, and never fell out with me in his life but once, upon the over-roasting of a dish of wild fowl. At the same time I must own, I would rather be was a man of a rough temper, that would treat me harshly sometimes, than of such an effeminate busy nature, as a provoker that does not belong to him. Since you have given us the character of a wife who wears the breeches, pray say something of a husband that

wears the petticoat. Why should not a female character be as ridiculous in a man, as a male character in one of our sex?

'I am, &c.'

ADDISON.

O.

N<sup>o</sup> 483. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1712.

*See dress laid out, and dignify conduct modest  
Incident—*

HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 181.

Never presume to make a god appear,  
But let a business worthy of a god.  
KOSCOMOVIT

We cannot be guilty of a greater act of uncharitableness than to interpret the afflictions which befall our neighbours as punishments and judgments. It aggravates the evil to him who suffers, when he looks upon himself as the mark of divine vengeance, and abates the compassion of those towards him, who regard him as so dreadful a sight. The humour, of turning every misfortune into a judgment, proceeds from wrong notions of religion, which in its own nature produces good-will towards men, and puts the mildest construction upon every accident that befalls them. In this case, therefore, it is not religion that sours a man's temper, but it is his temper that sours his religion. People of gloomy uncheerful imaginations, or of envious malignant tempers, whatever kind of life they are engaged in, will discover their natural tincture of mind in all their thoughts, words, and actions. As the finest wines have often the taste of the soil, so even the most religious thoughts often draw something that is particular, from the constitution of the mind in which they arise. When folly or superstition strike in with this natural depravity of temper, it is not in the power, even of religion itself, to preserve the character of the person who is possessed with it from appearing highly absurd and ridiculous.

An old maiden gentlewoman, whom I shall conceal under the name of *Nemesis*, is the greatest discoverer of judgments that I have met with. She can tell you what sin it was that set such a man's house on fire, or blew down his barn. Talk to her of an unfortunate young lady that lost her beauty by the small-pox, she fetches a deep sigh, and tells you, that when she had a fine face she was always looking on it in her glass. Tell her of a piece of good fortune that has befallen one of her acquaintances, and she wishes it may prosper with her, but her mother used one of her pieces very barbarously. Her usual remarks turn upon people who had great estates, but never enjoyed them by reason of some flaw to their own or their father's behaviour. She can give you the reason why such an one died childless; why such an one was cut off in the flower of his youth; why such an one was unhappy in her marriage; why one broke his leg on such a particular spot of ground; and why another was killed with a back-sword, rather than with any other kind of weapon. She has a crime for every misfortune that can befall any of her acquaintance; and when she hears of a robbery that has been made, or a sword that has been committed, enlarges more on the guilt of the suffering person, than on that of the thief, or assassin. In short, she is so good a Christian, that whatever happens to herself is a trial, and whatever happens to her neighbours is a judgment.

The very description of this folly, is ordinary

life, is sufficient to expose it; but, when it appears in a pomp and dignity of style, it is very apt to amuse and terrify the mind of the reader. Herodotus and Plutarch very often apply their judgments as impertinently as the old woman I have before mentioned, though their manner of relating them makes the folly itself appear venerable. Indeed, most historians, as well Christian as pagan, have fallen into this idle superstitious, and spoken of ill success, unforeseen disasters, and terrible events, as if they had been let into the secrets of Providence, and made acquainted with that private conduct by which the world is governed. One would think several of our own historians in particular had many revelations of this kind made to them. Our old English monks seldom let any of their kings depart in peace, who had endeavoured to diminish the power or wealth of which the ecclesiastics were in those times possessed. William the Conqueror's race generally found their judgments in the New Forest, where their father had pulled down churches and monasteries. In short, read one of the chronicles written by an author of this frame of mind, and you would think you were reading an history of the kings of Israel or Judah, where the historians were actually inspired, and where, by a particular scheme of Providence, the kings were distinguished by judgments, or blessings, according as they promoted idolatry, or the worship of the true God.

I cannot but look upon this manner of judging upon misfortunes, not only to be very uncharitable in regard to the person whom they befall, but very presumptuous in regard to Him who is supposed to inflict them. It is a strong argument for a state of retribution hereafter, that in this world virtuous persons are very often unfortunate, and vicious persons prosperous; which is wholly repugnant to the nature of a Being who appears infinitely wise and good in all his works, unless we may suppose that such a promiscuous and undistinguishing distribution of good and evil, which was necessary for carrying on the designs of Providence in this life, will be rectified, and made amends for in another. We are not therefore to expect that fire should fall from heaven in the ordinary course of providence; nor when we see triumphant guilt, or depressed virtue in particular persons, that Omnipotence will make bare his holy arm in the defence of the one, or punishment of the other. It is sufficient that there is a day set apart for the hearing and requiting of both, according to their respective merits.

The folly of ascribing temporal judgments to any particular crimes, may appear from several considerations. I shall only mention two. First, that, generally speaking, there is no calamity or affliction, which is supposed to have happened as a judgment to a vicious man, which does not sometimes happen to men of approved religion and virtue. When Diagoras, the atheist, was on board one of the Athenian ships, there arose a very violent tempest: upon which the mariners told him, that it was a just judgment upon them for having taken so impious a man on board. Diagoras begged them to look upon the rest of the ships that were in the same distress, and asked them whether or no Diagoras was on board every vessel in the fleet. We are all involved in the same calamities, and subject to the same accidents: and, when we see any one of the species under any particular oppression, we should look upon it as arising from the common lot of human nature, rather than from the guilt of the person who suffers.

Another consideration, that may check our presumption in putting such a construction upon a misfortune, is this, that it is impossible for us to know what are calamities, and what are blessings. How many accidents have passed for misfortunes, which have turned to the welfare and prosperity of the persons in whose lot they have fallen! How many disappointments have, in their consequences, saved a man from ruin! If we could look into the effects of every thing, we might be allowed to pronounce boldly upon blessings and judgments; but for a man to give his opinion of what he sees but in part, and in his beginnings, is an unjustifiable piece of rashness and folly. The story of Biton and Clitobus, which was in great reputation among the heathens (for we see it quoted by all the ancient authors, both Greek and Latin, who have written upon the immortality of the soul), may teach us a caution in this matter. These two brothers, being the sons of a lady who was priestess to Juno, drew their mother's chariot to the temple at the time of a great solemnity, the persons being absent who by their office were to have drawn her chariot on that occasion. The mother was so transported with this instance of filial duty, that she petitioned her goddess to bestow upon them the greatest gift that could be given to men; upon which they were both cast into a deep sleep, and the next morning found dead in the temple. This was such an event, as would have been construed into a judgment, had it happened to the two brothers after an act of disobedience, and would doubtless have been represented as such by any ancient historian who had given us an account of it.

ADDISON.

O.

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Nº 484. MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1712.

*Neque cuiquam tam statim clarum ingenium est, ut possit emergere; nisi illi materia, occasio, fautor etiam, commendatorque contingat.*

PLIN., Epist.

No man's abilities are so remarkably shining, as not to stand in need of a proper opportunity, a patron, and even the praises of a friend, to recommend them to the notice of the world.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘Of all the young fellows who are in their progress through any profession, none seem to have so good a title to the protection of the men of eminence in it, as the modest man; not so much because his modesty is a certain indication of his merit, as because it is a certain obstacle to the producing of it. Now, as of all professions this virtue is thought to be more particularly unnecessary in that of the law than in any other, I shall only apply myself to the relief of such who follow this profession with this disadvantage. What aggravates the matter is, that those persons who, the better to prepare themselves for this study, have made some progress in others, have, by addicting themselves to letters, increased their natural modesty, and consequently heightened the obstruction to this sort of preferment; so that every one of these may emphatically be said to be such a one as “laboureth and taketh pains, and is still the more behind.” It may be a matter worth discussing then, why that, which made a youth so amiable to the ancients, should make him appear so ridiculous to the moderns? And why, in our days, there should be neglect, and even oppression of

'This I, being of an amorous complexion, saw with indignation, and had thoughts of purchasing a wig to these parts; into which, being at a greater distance from the earth, I might have thrown a very liberal mixture of white-bone hair, which would make a fairer, and consequently a handsomer appearance, while my situation would secure me against any discoveries. But the passion of the handsome gentleman seems to be so fixed to that part of the building, that it will be extremely difficult to divert it to mine; so that I am resolved to stand boldly to the complexion of my own eyebrow, and prepare me an immense black wig of the same sort of structure with that of my rival. Now, though by this I shall not, perhaps, lessen the number of the admirers of his complexion, I shall have a fair chance to divide the passengers by the irresistible force of mine.

'I expect sudden dispatches from you, with advice of the family you are in now, how to deport myself upon this so delicate a conjuncture; with some comfortable resolutions in favour of the handsome black man against the handsome fair one.

'I am, sir,

'Your most humble servant'

ADDRESS.

C.

N. B. He who writ this is a black man, two pair of stairs; the gentleman of whom he writes is fair, and one pair of stairs.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I only say, that it is impossible for me to say how much I am,

'Yours,

'ROBIN SHORTER.

'P. S. I shall think it a little hard, if you do not take as much notice of this epistle, as you have of the ingenious Mr. Shorter. I am not afraid to let the world see which is the deeper man of the two.

#### ADVERTISEMENT.

London, September 15.

WHEREAS a young woman on horseback, in an equestrian habit, on the 15th instant in the evening, met the Spectator within a mile and a half of this town, and tying to the face of justice, pulled off her hat, in which there was a feather, with the ornament of a young officer, saying at the same time, 'Your servant, Mr. Spectator, or words to that purpose; this is to give notice, that if any person can discover the name and place of abode of the said offender, so as she can be brought to justice, the informant shall have all sitting encouragement.

STEEL.

T.

N<sup>o</sup> 486. WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1719

*Audire et opere pectus procedere recte  
Quis scilicet non vult?*

HOR. Sat. lib. 1. vers. 38.

IMITATED.

All you who think the city never can thrive,  
Till every cockle-maker's day'd alive,  
Attend—

POPE.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'THERE are very many of my acquaintance followers of Socrates, with more particular regard to that part of his philosophy which we among ourselves call his domestic; under which denomina-

tion, or title, we include all the conjugal joys and sufferings. We have indeed with very great pleasure observed the honour you do the whole fraternity of the hen-pecked in placing that illustrious man at our head, and it does in a very great measure baffle the gallery of pert rogues, who have no advantage above us, but in that they are single. But, when you look about into the crowd of mankind, you will find the fair sex reigns with greater tyranny over lovers than husbands. You shall hardly meet one in a thousand who is wholly exempt from their domination, and those that are so are capable of no taste of life, and breathe and walk about the earth as insignificant. But I am going to desire your farther favour in behalf of our harmless brotherhood, and hope you will show in a true light the unmarried hen-pecked, as well as you have done justice to us, who submit to the conduct of our wives. I am very particularly acquainted with one who is under entire subjection to a kind girl, as he calls her; and though he knows I have been a witness both to the ill usage he has received from her, and his inability to resist her tyranny, he still pretends to make a jest of me for a little more than ordinary obsequiousness to my spouse. No longer than Tuesday last he took me with him to visit his mistress; and he having, it seems, been a little in disgrace before, thought by bringing me with him she would constrain herself, and inevitably fall into general discourse with him; and so he might break the ice, and save himself all the ordinary compunctions and mortifications she used to make him suffer before she would be reconciled, after any act of rebellion on his part. When we came into the room, we were received with the utmost coldness; and when he presented me as Mr. Such-a-one, his very good friend, she just had patience to suffer my salutation; but when he himself, with a very gay air, offered to follow me, she gave him a thundering box on the ear, called him a pitiful poor-spirited wretch—how durst he see her face? His wig did but fell on different parts of the floor. She seized the wig too soon for him to recover it, and kicking it down stairs, threw herself into an opposite room, pulling the door after her with a force, that you would have thought the hinges would have given way. We went down, you must think, with no very good countenance; and, as we were driving home together, he confessed to me, that her anger was thus highly raised because he did not think fit to fight a gentleman who had said she was what she was: "but," says he, "a kind letter or two, or fifty pieces, will put her to humour again." I asked him why he did not part with her? He answered, he loved her with all the tenderness imaginable, and she had too many charms to be abandoned for a little quickness of spirit. Thus does this illegitimate hen-pecked overlook the honey's having no regard to his very life and fame, in putting him upon an infamous dispute about her reputation; yet has he the confidence to laugh at me, because I obey my poor dear to keeplog out of harm's way, and not staying too late from my own family, to pry through the hazards of a town, full of rascals and debauchers. You that are a philosopher should urge to our behalf, that, when we bear with a forward woman, our patience is preserved, in consideration that a breach with her might be a dishonour to children who are descended from us, and whose concern makes us tolerate a thousand frailties, far fewer than should redound dishonour upon the innocent. This and the like circumstances, which carry with them the most valuable regard





soul beginning to be freed from the ligaments of the body, begins to reason like herself, and to disengage in a strain above mortality?

We may likewise observe, in the third place, that the passions affect the mind with greater strength when we are asleep than when we are awake. Joy and sorrow give us more vigorous sensations of pain or pleasure at this time than any other. Devotion likewise, as the excellent author above mentioned has hinted, is in a very particular manner heightened and inflamed, when it rises in the soul at a time that the body is thus laid at rest. Every man's experience will inform him in this matter, though it is very probable that this may happen differently in different constitutions. I shall conclude this head with the two following problems, which I shall leave to the solution of my reader. Supposing a man always happy in his dreams, and miserable in his waking thoughts, and that his life was equally divided between them; whether would he be more happy or miserable? Were a man a king in his dreams, and a beggar awake, and dreamt as consequentially, and in as continued unbroken schemes, as he thinks when awake; whether he would be in reality a king or beggar; or, rather, whether he would not be both?

There is another circumstance, which methinks gives us a very high idea of the nature of the soul, in regard to what passes in dreams: I mean that innumerable multitude and variety of ideas which then arise in her. Were that active watchful being only conscious of her own existence at such a time, what a painful solitude would our hours of sleep be? Were the soul sensible of her being alone in her sleeping moments, after the same manner that she is sensible of it while awake, the time would hang very heavy on her, as it often actually does when she dreams that she is in such solitude.

*Semperque reliquas  
Sola sibi semper longam inconcussa videtur  
Ere citam.*  
VIRG. ÆN. IV. VER. 406.  
*She seems alone  
To wander in her sleep through ways unknown,  
Guidelss and dark.*  
DRYDEN.

But this observation I only make by the way. What I would here remark, is, that wonderful power in the soul of producing her own company. She converses with numbers on, and is transported into her own raking. She and the bebo which I am Pictarch see they are each of  
This puts me  
nately ple.  
to Heracitus,  
in one  
he is  
man is  
sleeps

this nature in several authors, both ancient and modern, sacred and profane. Whether such dark passages, such visions of the night, proceed from any latent power in the soul, during this her state of abstraction, or from any communication with the Supreme Being, or from any operation of subordinate spirits, has been a great dispute among the learned; the matter of fact is, I think, incontestable, and has been looked upon as such by the greatest writers, who have been never suspected either of superstition or enthusiasm.

I do not suppose that the soul in these instances is entirely loose and unfettered from the body: it is sufficient if she is not so far sunk and immersed in matter, nor entangled and perplexed in her operations with such motions of blood and spirits, as when she actuates the machine in its waking hours. The corporeal union is slackened enough to give the mind more play. The soul seems gathered within herself, and recovers that spring which is broke and weakened when she operates more in concert with the body.

The speculations I have here made, if they are not arguments, are at least strong intimations: not only of the excellency of a human soul, but of its independence on the body; and, if they do not prove, do at least confirm these two great points, which are established by many other reasons that are altogether unanswerable.

ADDISON. D.

N<sup>o</sup> 468. FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1712.

*Quærit cryptæ perco. Quærit ægel ætæ andæ  
Læta!*  
HOR. SAT. III. L. 2. VER. 154.  
What doth it cost! Not much, upon my word.  
How much, pray! Why, Two-pence. Two-pence! O Lord!  
CHILDE.

I give, by several letters which I receive daily, that several of my readers would be better pleased to pay three half-pence for my paper than two-pence. The ingenious T. W.\* tells me that I have deprived him of the best part of his breakfast; for that, since the rise of my paper, he is forced every morning to drink his dish of coffee by itself, without the addition of the Spectator, that used to be better than lunch to it. Eugenius informs me, very obligingly, that he never thought he should have disliked any passage in my paper, but that of late there have been two words in every one of them, which he could heartily wish left out, viz. 'Price Two-pence.' I have a letter from a soap-baller, who consoles with me very nicely upon the necessity we both lie under of raising a higher price on our commodities, since a tax has been laid upon them, and desiring as I write next on that subject, to speak a upon the present duties on Castile soap. It is none of these my correspondents, who (in a greater turn of good sense, and expression, than the generous Philomedes, me to value every Spectator at six-pence) that he himself will engage a hundred of his acquaintance, who shall that price.

Thomas Walker, head master of the Choir which both Addison and Steele recited for beauty; as it is now called French

Letters from the female world are likewise come to me, in greater quantities, upon the same occasion; and, as I naturally bear a great deference to this part of our species, I am very glad to find that those who approve my conduct in this particular are much more numerous than those who condemn it. A large family of daughters have drawn me up a very handsome remonstrance, in which they set forth that their father having refused to take in the Spectator, since the additional price was set upon it, they offered him unanimously to bate him the article of bread and butter in the tea-table account, provided the Spectator might be served up to them every morning as usual. Upon this the old gentleman being pleased, it seems, with their desire of improving themselves, has granted them the continuance both of the Spectator and their bread and butter, having given particular orders that the tea-table shall be set forth every morning with its customary bill of fare, and without any manner of defalcation. I thought myself obliged to mention this particular, as it does honour to this worthy gentleman; and if the young lady Letitia, who sent me this account, will acquaint me with his name, I will insert it at length in one of my papers, if he desires it.

I shall be very glad to find out any expedient that might alleviate the expense which this my paper brings to any of my readers; and, in order to it, must propose two points to their consideration. First, that if they retrench any the smallest particular in their ordinary expense, it will easily make up the half-penny a day which we have now under consideration. Let a lady sacrifice but a single ribbon to her morning studies, and it will be sufficient: let a family burn but a candle a night less than their usual number, and they may take in the Spectator without detriment to their private affairs.

In the next place, if my readers will not go to the price of buying my papers by retail, let them have patience, and they may buy them in the lump, without the burthen of a tax upon them. My speculations when they are sold single, like cherries upon the stick, are delights for the rich and wealthy: after some time they come to market in greater quantities, and are every ordinary man's money. The truth of it is, they have a certain flavour at their first appearance, from several accidental circumstances of time, place, and person, which they may lose if they are not taken early; but, in this case, every reader is to consider, whether it is not better for him to be half a year behindhand with the fashionable and polite part of the world, than to strain himself beyond his circumstances. My bookseller has now about ten thousand of the third and fourth volumes, which he is ready to publish, having already disposed of as large an edition both of the first and second volume. As he is a person whose head is very well turned to his business, he thinks they would be a very proper present to be made to persons at christenings, marriages, visiting-days, and the like joyful solemnities, as several other books are frequently given at funerals. He has printed them in such a little portable volume\*, that many of them may be ranged together upon a single plate; and is of opinion, that a salver of Spectators would be as acceptable an entertainment to the ladies as a salver of sweetmeats.

I shall conclude this paper with an epigram

\* The edition of the Spectator here alluded to, duodecimo, 1712, consists only of seven volumes.

lately sent to the writer of the Spectator, after having returned my thanks to the ingenious author of it.

‘ Sir,

‘ HAVING heard the following epigram very much commended, I wonder that it has not yet had a place in any of your papers; I think the suffrage of our poet laureat should not be overlooked, which shows the opinion he entertains of your paper, whether the notion he proceeds upon be true or false. I make bold to convey it to you, not knowing if it has yet come to your hands.

### ON THE SPECTATOR.

BY MR. TATE.\*

— *Allusque et idem*  
Naveis —

HOR. CARM. SEC. VER. 10.

You the same another and the same.

WHEN first the Tatter to a mite was turn'd,  
Great Britain for her censor's silence mourn'd;  
Hobbl'd of his sprightly beams, she wept the night,  
Till the Spectator rose, and blaz'd as bright.  
So the best man the sun's first setting view'd,  
And sigh'd till circling day his joys renew'd.  
Yet doubtful how that second sun to name,  
Whether a bright success, or the same.  
So we: but now from this response are freed,  
Since all agree, who both with judgement read,  
‘Tis the same sun, and does himself succeed.

ADDE-ON.

O.

Nº 49. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1712.

— *Rebuscuntur perit et cetera* —

HOM.

The mighty force of ocean's troubled flood.

‘ Sir,

‘ UPON reading your essay concerning the Pleasures of the Imagination, I find, among the three sources of those pleasures which you have discovered, that greatness is one. This has suggested to me the reason why, of all objects that I have ever seen, there is none which affects my imagination so much as the sea, or ocean. I cannot see the heavings of this prodigious bulk of waters, even in a calm, without a very pleasing astonishment; but when it is worked up in a tempest, so that the horizon on every side is nothing but foaming billows and floating mountains, it is impossible to describe the agreeable horror that rises from such a prospect. A troubled ocean, to a man who sails upon it, is, I think, the biggest object that he can see in motion, and consequently gives his imagination one of the highest kinds of pleasure that can arise from greatness. I must confess, it is impossible for me to survey this world of fluid matter without thinking on the hand that first poured it out, and made a proper channel for its reception. Such an object naturally raises in my thoughts the idea of an Almighty Being, and convinces me of his existence as much as a metaphysical demonstration. The imagination prompts the understanding, and, by the greatness of the sensible object, produces in it the idea of a Being who is neither circumscribed by time nor space.

\* Nahum Tate, who succeeded Shadwell as poet laureat, was born at Dublin in 1653, and died in 1715.—He was author of nine dramatic performances; but is better known for his version of the Psalms of David, in conjunction with Dr. Brady, than for any other of his works.

soul beginning to be freed from the ligaments of the body, begins to reason like herself, and to disengage in a strain above mortality.

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*Scoperyne refulget  
sile alibi somper longum inaccessibilem dicitur  
cliam*  
VIRG. ÆN. IV. VER. 405.  
*— sibi æque alone  
To wander in her sleep through ways unknown,  
Globose and dark.*  
DRYDEN.

But this observation I only make by the way. What I would here remark, is, that wonderful power in the soul of producing her own company on these occasions. She converses with numberless beings of her own creation, and is transported into ten thousand scenes of her own raising. She is herself the theatre, the actor, and the beholder. This puts me in mind of a saying which I am infinitely pleased with, and which Plutarch ascribes to Heraclitus, that all men whilst they are awake are in one common world; but that each of them, when he is asleep, is in a world of his own. The waking man is conversant in the world of nature; when he sleeps he retires to a private world that is particular to himself. There seems something in this consideration that intimates to us a natural grandeur and perfection in the soul, which is rather to be admired than explained.

I must not omit that argument for the excellency of the soul, which I have seen quoted out of Tertullian, namely, its power of dividing in dreams. That several such divisions have been made, none can question, who believes the holy writings, or who has but the least degree of a common historical faith; there being innumerable instances of

this nature in several authors, both ancient and modern, sacred and profane. Whether such dark presages, such visions of the night, proceed from any latent power in the soul, during this her state of abstraction, or from any communication with the Supreme Being, or from any operation of subordinate spirits, has been a great dispute among the learned; the matter of fact is, I think, incontestable, and has been looked upon as such by the greatest writers, who have been never suspected either of superstition or enthusiasm.

I do not suppose that the soul in these instances is entirely loose and unfettered from the body; it is sufficient if she is not so far sunk and immersed in matter, nor entangled and perplexed in her operations with such motions of blood and spirits, as when she actuates the machine in its waking hours. The corporeal union is slackened enough to give the mind more play. The soul seems gathered within herself, and recovers that spring which is broke and weakened when she operates more in concert with the body.

The speculations I have here made, if they are not arguments, are at least strong intimations not only of the excellency of a human soul, but of its independence on the body; and, if they do not prove, do at least confirm these two great points, which are established by many other reasons that are altogether unanswerable.

ADDRESS.

O.

N° 488. FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1712.

*Quantus tuus? parvo. Quantus cryo? oleo anilino  
Eben!*

HON. SEC. CL. I. 2. VER. 136.

What doth it cost? Not much, upon my word.  
How much, pray? Why, Two-pence. Two-pence! O Lord!  
CAREFUL.

I SEND, by several letters which I receive daily, that several of my readers would be better pleased to pay three halfpence for my paper than two-pence. The ingenious T. W.\* tells me that I have deprived him of the best part of his breakfast; for that, since the rise of my paper, he is forced every morning to drink his dish of coffee by itself, without the addition of the Spectator, that used to be better than lace to it. Expenses inform me, very obligingly, that he never thought he should have disliked any passage in my paper, but that of late there have been two words in every one of them, which he could heartily wish left out, viz. 'Price Two-pence.' I have a letter from a soap-biller, who consoles with me very affectionately upon the necessity we both lie under of setting a higher price on our commodities, since the late tax has been laid upon them, and desiring me, when I write next on that subject, to speak a word or two upon the present duties on Candle soap. But there is none of these my correspondents, who writes with a greater turn of good sense, and elegance of expression, than the generous Patrons, who advise me to value every Spectator at six-pence, and promises that he himself will engage for above a hundred of his acquaintance, who shall take it in at that price.

\* Said to be Dr. Thomas Walker, head master of the Charterhouse-school, at which both Addison and Steele received their early education.

† The antient word for brandy; as it is now called French brandy.



"As I have made several voyages upon the sea, I have often been towed in storms, and on that occasion have frequently reflected on the descriptions of them in ancient poets. I remember Longinus highly recommends one in Homer, because the poet has not amused himself with little fancies upon the occasion, as authors of an inferior genius, whom he mentions, had done, but because he has gathered together those circumstances which are the most apt to terrify the imagination, and which really happen in the raging of a tempest. It is for the same reason that I prefer the following description of a ship in a storm, which the Psalmist has made, before any other I have ever met with. "They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters, there see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep. For he commandeth and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waters thereof. They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths, their soul is melted because of trouble. They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end. Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distresses. He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Then they are glad, because they be quiet, so he bringeth them unto their desired haven."

"By the way; how much more comfortable, as well as rational, is this system of the Psalmist, than the pagan scheme in Virgil, and other poets, where one deity is represented as raising a storm, and another as laying it! Were we only to consider the sublime in this piece of poetry, what can be nobler than the idea it gives us of the Supreme Being thus raising a tumult among the elements, and recovering them out of their confusion, thus troubling and becoming nature!

"Great painters do not only give us landscapes of gardens, groves, and meadows, but very often employ their pencils upon sea-pieces. I could wish you would follow their example. If this small sketch may deserve a place among your works, I shall accompany it with a divine ode, made by a gentleman upon the conclusion of his travels:

"How are thy servants blest, O Lord!  
How sore is their defence!  
Eternal wisdom is their guide,  
Their help, Omnipotence.

"In foreign realms and lands remote,  
Supported by thy cure,  
Through burning climes I pass'd unhurt,  
And breath'd in thine air.

"Thy mercy sweeten'd every soft,  
Made every region please;  
The heavy Alpses hills I warn'd,  
And smother'd the Tyrrhene sea.

"Think, O my soul, devoutly think,  
How, with affrighted eyes,  
Thou saw'st the wide-extended deep  
In all its horrors rise.

"Confusion dwell in every face,  
And fear in every heart;  
When waves on waves, and gulls on gulls,  
Overcome the pilot's art.

"Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord,  
Thy mercy set me free,  
Whisk'd in the confidence of prayer,  
My soul took hold on thee.

"For though in dreadful whirls we lie,  
High on the broken wave,  
I knew thou wert not slow to hear,  
Nor impotent to save.

P. Ps. cxviii. 23, et seqq.

"The storm was laid, the winds retir'd,  
Obedient to thy will;  
The sea that roar'd at thy command,  
At thy command was still.

"In midst of dangers, fears, and death,  
Thy goodness I'll adore,  
And praise thee for thy mercies past,  
And humbly hope for more.

"My life, if thou preserv'st my life,  
Thy sacrifice shall be;  
And death, if death must be thy doom,  
Shall join my soul to thee."

ADDITION.

O.

N<sup>o</sup> 400. MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1712.

*Domus et placens mare*

POB. Od. xiv. l. 2. ver. 21

Thy house and pleasing wife.  
CATCH.

I HAVE very long entertained an ambition to make the word wife the most agreeable and delightful name in nature. If it be not so in itself, all the whorl part of mankind, from the beginning of the world to this day, has consented in an error. But our unhappiness in England has been, that a few loose men, of genius for pleasure, have turned it all to the gratification of ungratified desires, in despite of good sense, form, and order; when, in truth, any satisfaction beyond the boundaries of reason is but a step towards madness and folly. But is the sense of joy and accomplishment of desire no way to be indulged, or attained? And have we appetites given us not to be at all gratified? Yes, certainly. Marriage is an institution calculated for a constant scene of as much delight, as our being is capable of. Two persons, who have chosen each other out of all the species, with design to be each other's mutual comfort and entertainment, have in that action bound themselves to be good-humoured, affable, discreet, forgiving, patient, and joyful, with respect to each other's frailties and imperfections, to the end of their lives. The wiser of the two (and it always happens one of them is such) will, for her or his own sake, keep things from outrage with the utmost sanctity. When this union is thus preserved (as I have often said) the most indifferent circumstance administers delight. Their condition is an endless source of new gratifications. The married man can say, "If I am unacceptable to all the world besides, there is one whom I entirely love, that will receive me with joy and transport, and think herself obliged to double her kindness and caresses of me from the gloom with which she sees me overcast. I need not dissemble the sorrow of my heart to be agreeable there; that very sorrow quickens her affection."

This passion towards each other, when once well fixed, enters into the very constitution, and the kindness flows as easily and silently as the blood in the veins. When this affection is enjoyed in the most sublime degree, unskillful eyes see nothing of it; but when it is subject to be changed, and has an alloy in it that may make it end in detest, it is apt to break into rage, or overflow into fondness, before the rest of the world.

Uxander and Virandira are amorous and young, have been married these two years; yet do they so much distinguish each other in company, that in your conversation with the dear things you are still put to a sort of cross-purposes. Whenever

you address yourself in ordinary discourse to Viramira, she turns her head another way, and the answer is made to the dear Uxander. If you tell a merry tale, the application is still directed to her dear; and when she should commend you, she says to him, as if he had spoke it, 'That is, my dear, so pretty.'—This puts me in mind of what I have somewhere read in the admired memoirs of the famous Cervantes; where, while honest Sancho Pança is putting some necessary humble question concerning Rozinante, his supper, or his lodging, the knight of the sorrowful countenance is ever improving the harmless lowly hints of his squire to the poetical conceit, rapture, and flight, in contemplation of the dear Dulcinea of his affections.

On the other side, Dictamnus and Moria are ever equabbling; and you may observe them, all the time they are in company, in a state of impatience. As Uxander and Viramira wish you all gone, that they may be at freedom for dalliance: Dictamnus and Morin wait your absence, that they may speak their harsh interpretations on each other's words and actions during the time you were with them.

It is certain that the greater part of the evils attending this condition of life arises from fashion. Prejudice in this case is turned the wrong way; and, instead of expecting more happiness than we shall meet with in it, we are laughed into a prepossession that we shall be disappointed if we hope for lasting satisfactions.

With all persons who have made good sense the rule of action, marriage is described as the state capable of the highest human felicity. Tully has epistles full of affectionate pleasure, when he writes to his wife, or speaks of his children. But, above all the hints of this kind I have met with in writers of ancient date, I am pleased with an epigram of Martial, in honour of the beauty of his wife Cleopatra. Commentators say it was written the day after his wedding-night. When his spouse was retired to the bathing-room in the heat of the day, he, it seems, came in upon her when she was just going into the water. To her beauty and carriage on this occasion we owe the following epigram, which I showed my friend Will Honeycomb in French, who has translated it as follows, without understanding the original. I expect it will please the English better than the Latin reader:

'When my bright consort, now nor wife nor maid,  
Asham'd and wanton, of embrace afraid,  
Fled to the streams, the streams my fair betray'd;  
To my fond eyes she all transparent stood;  
She blush'd; I smil'd at the slight-covering flood.  
Thus through the glass the lovely lily glows;  
Thus through the ambient gem shines forth the rose.  
I saw new charms, and plung'd to seize my store,  
Kisses I snatch'd—the waves prevented more.'

My friend would not allow that this luscious account could be given of a wife, and therefore used the word consort; which, he learnedly said, would serve for a mistress as well, and give a more gentlemanly turn to the epigram. But, under favour of him, and all other such fine gentlemen, I cannot be persuaded but that the passion a bridegroom has for a virtuous young woman, will, by little and little, grow into friendship, and then it is ascended to a higher pleasure than it was in its first fervour. Without this happens, he is a very unfortunate man who has entered into this state, and left the habitudes of life he might have enjoyed with a faithful friend. But when the wife proves capable of filling serious as well as joyous hours, she brings happiness unknown to friendship itself. Spenser

speaks of each kind of love with great justice, and attributes the highest praise to friendship; and indeed there is no disputing that point, but by making that friendship take place between two married persons:

'Hard is the doubt, and difficult to deem,  
When all three kinds of love together meet,  
And do dispart the heart with power extreme,  
Whether shall weigh the balance down; to wit,  
The dear affection unto kindred sweet,  
Or raging fire of love to womankind,  
Or zeal of friends combin'd by virtues meet:  
But of them all, the band of virtuous mind  
Methinks the gentle heart should most assured bind.

'For natural affection soon doth cease,  
And quenched is with Cupid's greater flame!  
But faithful friendship doth them both suppress,  
And them with mastering discipline doth tame,  
Through thoughts aspiring to eternal fame.  
For as the soul doth rule this earthly mass,  
And all the servile of the body frame;  
So love of soul doth love of body pass,  
No less than perfect gold surmounts the meanest brass.

STEELE.

T.

Nº 491. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1712.

— *Digna satis fortuna revisit.*

VIRG. Æn. iii. ver. 318.

A just reverse of fortune on him waits.

It is common with me to run from book to book, to exercise my mind with many objects, and qualify myself for my daily labours. After an hour spent in this loitering way of reading, something will remain to be food to the imagination. The writings that please me most on such occasions are stories, for the truth of which there is good authority. The mind of man is naturally a lover of justice; and when we read a story wherein a criminal is overtaken, in whom there is no quality which is the object of pity, the soul enjoys a certain revenge for the offence done to its nature, in the wicked actions committed in the preceding part of the history. This will be better understood by the reader from the following narration itself, than from any thing which I can say to introduce it.

WHEN Charles, Duke of Burgundy, surnamed the Bold, reigned over spacious dominions now swallowed up by the power of France, he heaped many favours and honours upon Claudius Rhynsault, a German, who had served him in his wars against the insults of his neighbours. A great part of Zealand was at that time in subjection to that dukedom. The prince himself was a person of singular humanity and justice. Rhynsault, with no other real quality than courage, had dissimulation enough to pass upon his generous and unsuspecting master for a person of blunt honesty and fidelity, without any vice that could bias him from the execution of justice. His highness, prepossessed to his advantage, upon the decease of the governor of his chief town of Zealand, gave Rhynsault that command. He was not long seated in that government, before he cast his eyes upon Sapphira, a woman of exquisite beauty, the wife of Paul Danelvelt, a wealthy merchant of the city under his protection and government. Rhynsault was a man of a warm constitution, and violent inclination to women, and not unskilled in the soft arts which win their favour. He knew what it was to enjoy the satisfactions which are reaped from the possession of beauty, but was an utter stranger to the

decencies, humours, and delicacies, that attend the passion towards them in elegant minds. However, he had so much of the world, that he had a great share of the language which usually prevails upon the weaker part of that sex; and he could with his tongue utter a passion with which his heart was wholly untouched. He was one of those brutal minds which can be gratified with the violation of innocence and beauty, without the least pity, passion, or love to that with which they are so much delighted. Ingratitude is a vice inseparable from a lustful man; and the possession of a woman by him, who has no thought but allaying a passion painful to himself, is necessarily followed by distaste and aversion. Rhymant, being resolved to accomplish his will on the wife of Danvelt, left no arts untied to get into a familiarity at her house; but she knew his character and disposition too well, not to shun all occasions that might ensnare her into his conversation. The governor, despairing of success by ordinary means, apprehended and imprisoned her husband, under pretence of an information, that he was guilty of a correspondence with the enemies of the duke to betray the town into their possession. This design had its desired effect; and the wife of the unfortunate Danvelt, the day before that which was appointed for his execution, presented herself in the hall of the governor's house; and, as he passed through the apartment, threw herself at his feet, and, holding his knees, beseeched his mercy. Rhymant beheld her with a dissembled satisfaction; and, assuming an air of thought and authority, he bid her arise, and told her she must follow him to his closet; and, asking her whether she knew the hand of the letter he pulled out of his pocket, went from her, leaving this admonition aloud: 'If you will save your husband, you must give me an account of all you know without prevarication; for every body is satisfied he was too fond of you to be able to hide from you the names of the rest of the conspirators, or any other particulars whatsoever.' He went to his closet, and soon after the lady was sent for to an audience. The servant knew his distance when matters of state were to be debated; and the governor, laying aside the air with which he had appeared in public, began to be the supplicant, to ally an affliction, which it was in her power easily to remove, and relieve an innocent man from his imprisonment. She easily perceived his intention; and, bathed in tears, began to deprecate so wicked a design. Lest, like ambition, takes all the faculties of the mind and body into its service and subjection. Her becoming tears, her honest anguish, the wringing of her hands, and the many changes of her posture and figure in the vehemence of speaking, were but so many attitudes in which he beheld her beauty, and farther incentives of his desire. All humanity was lost in that one appetite, and he signified to her in so many plain terms, that he was unhappy till he had possessed her, and nothing less should be the price of her husband's life: and she must, before the following noon, pronounce the death, or enlargement, of Danvelt. After this notification, when he saw Sapphira enough again distracted, to make the subject of their discourse to common eyes appear different from what it was, he called servants to conduct her to the gate. Loaded with insupportable affliction, she immediately repairs to her husband; and, having signified to his gaolers that she had a proposal to make to her husband from the governor, she was left alone with him, revealed to him all that had passed, and unrepresented the motives

which she was in, between love to his person, and fidelity to his bed. It is easy to imagine the sharp affliction this honest pair was in upon such an incident, in lives not used to any but ordinary occurrences. The man was brided by shame from speaking what his fear prompted, upon so near an approach of death; but let fall words that signified to her, he should not think her polluted, though she had not yet consented to him that the governor had violated her person, since he knew her will had no part in the action. She parted from him with this oblique permission to save a life he had not resolution enough to resign for the safety of his honour.

The next morning the unhappy Sapphira attended the governor, and, being led into a remote apartment, submitted to his desires. Rhymant commended her charms, claimed a familiarity after what had passed between them, and with an air of gaiety, in the language of a gallant, bid her return and take her husband out of prison; but, continued he, my fair one must not be offended that I have taken care he should not be an interruption to our future amangations. These last words foreboded what she found when she came to the goal—her husband executed by the order of Rhymant!

It was remarkable, that the woman, who was full of tears and lamentations during the whole course of her affliction, uttered neither sigh nor complaint, but stood fixed with grief at this commemoration of her misfortune. She betook herself to her abode; and, after having in solitude paid her devotions to Him who is the avenger of innocence, she repaired privately to court. Her person, and a certain grandeur of sorrow negligent of form, gained her passage into the presence of the duke her sovereign. As soon as she came into the presence, she broke forth into the following words: 'Behold, O mighty Charles, a wretch weary of life, though it has always been spent with innocence and virtue. It is not in your power to redress my injuries, but it is to avenge them. And if the protection of the distressed, and the punishment of oppressors, is a task worthy a prince, I bring the Duke of Burgundy ample matter for doing honour to his own great name, and wiping infamy off from mine.'

When she had spoken this, she delivered the duke a paper reciting her story. He read it with all the emotions that indignation and pity could raise to a prince jealous of his honour in the behaviour of his officers, and prosperity of his subjects.

Upon an appointed day, Rhymant was sent for to court, and, in the presence of a few of the council, confronted by Sapphira. The prince asking, 'Do you know that lady?' Rhymant, as soon as he could recover his surprise, told the duke he would marry her, if his highness would please to think that a reparation. The duke seemed contented with this answer, and stood by during the immediate solemnization of the ceremony. At the conclusion of it he told Rhymant, 'Thus far you have done as constrained by my authority: I shall not be entitled of your kind usage of her, without you sign a gift of your whole estate to her after your decease. To the performance of this also the duke was a witness. When these two acts were executed, the duke turned to the lady, and told her, 'It now remains for me to pay you a quiet possession of what your husband has so beautifully bestowed on you; and ordered the immediate execution of Rhymant.

Nº 492. WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1712.

*Quicquid est boni moris levitate extinguitur.*  
SENECA.

Levity of behaviour is the bane of all that is good and virtuous.

‘DEAR MR. SPECTATOR, ‘Tunbridge, Sept. 18.

‘I AM a young woman of eighteen years of age, and I do assure you a maid of unspotted reputation, founded upon a very careful carriage in all my looks, words, and actions. At the same time I must own to you, that it is with much constraint to flesh and blood that my behaviour is so strictly irreproachable; for I am naturally addicted to mirth, to gaiety, to a free air, to motion, and gadding. Now, what gives me a great deal of anxiety, and is some discouragement in the pursuit of virtue, is, that the young women who run into greater freedoms with the men are more taken notice of than I am. The men are such unthinking sots, that they do not prefer her who restrains all her passions and affections, and keeps much within the bounds of what is lawful, to her who goes to the utmost verge of innocence, and parlies at the very brink of vice, whether she shall be a wife or a mistress. But I must appeal to your spectatorial wisdom, who, I find, have passed very much of your time in the study of woman, whether this is not a most unreasonable proceeding. I have read somewhere that Hobbes of Malinesbury asserts, that continent persons have more of what they contain than those who give a loose to their desires. According to this rule, let there be equal age, equal wit, and equal good-humour, in the woman of prudence, and her of liberty, what stores has he to expect who takes the former? What refuse must he be contented with who chooses the latter? Well, but I sat down to write to you to vent my indignation against several pert creatures, who are addressed to and courted in this place, while poor I, and two or three like me, are wholly unregarded.

‘Every one of these affect gaining the hearts of your sex. This is generally attempted by a particular manner of carrying themselves with familiarity. Glyceria has a dancing walk, and keeps time in her ordinary gait. Chloe, her sister, who is unwilling to interrupt her conquests, comes into the room before her with a familiar run. Dulcissa takes advantage of the approach of the winter, and has introduced a very pretty shiver; closing up her shoulders, and shrinking as she moves. All that are in this mode carry their fans between both hands before them. Dulcissa herself, who is author of this air, adds the pretty run to it; and has also, when she is in very good humour, a taking familiarity in throwing herself into the lowest seat in the room, and letting her hooped petticoats fall with a lucky decency about her. I know she practises this way of sitting down in her chamber; and indeed she does it as well as you may have seen an actress fall down dead in a tragedy. Not the least indecency in her posture. If you have observed what pretty carcasses are carried off at the end of a verse at the theatre, it will give you a notion how Dulcissa plumps into a chaise. Here is a little country girl that is very cunning, that makes her use of being young and unbred, and outdoes the ensnarers, who are almost twice her age. The air that she takes is to come into company after a walk, and is very successfully out of breath upon

occasion. Her mother is in the secret, and calls her romp, and then looks round to see what young men stare at her.

‘It would take up more than can come into one of your papers, to enumerate all the particular airs of the younger company in this place. But I cannot omit Dulcicorella, whose manner is the most indolent imaginable, but still as watchful of conquest as the busiest virgin among us. She has a peculiar art of staring at a young fellow, till she sees she has got him, and inflamed him by so much observation. When she sees she has him, and he begins to toss his head upon it, she is immediately short-sighted, and labours to observe what he is at a distance, with her eyes half shut. Thus the captive that thought her first struck, is to make very near approaches, or be wholly disregarded. This artifice has done more execution than all the ogling of the rest of the women here, with the utmost variety of half-glances, attentive heedlessnesses, childish inadvertencies, haughty contempts, or artificial oversights. After I have said thus much of ladies among us who fight thus regularly, I am to complain to you of a set of familiar romps, who have broken through all common rules, and have thought of a very effectual way of showing more charms than all of us. These, Mr. Spectator, are the swingers. You are to know these careless pretty creatures are very innocents again; and it is to be no matter what they do, for it is all harmless freedom. They get on ropes, as you must have seen the children, and are swung by their men visitants. The jest is, that Mr. Such-a-one can name the colour of Mrs. Such-a-one’s stockings; and she tells him he is a lying thief, so he is, and full of roguery; and she will lay a wager, and her sister shall tell the truth if he says right, and he cannot tell what colour her garters are of. In this diversion there are very many pretty shrieks, not so much for fear of falling, as that their petticoats should untie; for there is a great care had to avoid improprieties; and the lover who swings the lady is to tie her clothes very close with his hatband, before she admits him to throw up her heels.

‘Now, Mr. Spectator, except you can note these wantonnesses in their beginnings, and bring us sober girls into observation, there is no help for it; we must swim with the tide; the coquettes are too powerful a party for us. To look into the merit of a regular and well-behaved woman is a slow thing. A loose trivial song gains the affections, when a wise homily is not attended to. There is no other way but to make war upon them, or we must go over to them. As for my part, I will show all the world it is not for want of charms that I stand so long unasked; and if you do not take measures for the immediate redress of us rigids, as the fellows call us, I can move with a speaking mien, can look significantly, can lisp, can trip, can loll, can start, can blush, can rage, can weep, if I must do it, and can be frightened as agreeably as any she in England. All which is humbly submitted to your spectatorial consideration, with all humility, by

‘Your most humble servant,

‘MATILDA MOHAIR.’

STEELE.

T.



N<sup>o</sup> 403. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1712.

*Qualcum commendatorem etiam adque etiam adspice, ne seas  
Incontinentem alium tibi potestate puerorum.*

IPOR. Ep. xviii. l. 1. ver. 76.

Considered not, till a man is thoroughly known:  
A moral preb'd, you make his faults your own.  
ANON.

It is no unpleasant matter of speculation to consider the recommendatory epistles that pass round this town from hand to hand, and the abuse people put upon one another in that kind. It is indeed come to that pass, that, instead of being the testimony of merit in the person recommended, the true reading of a letter of this sort is, 'The bearer hereof is so uneasy to me, that it will be an act of charity in you to take him off my hands; whether you prefer him or not, it is all one; for I have no manner of kindness for him, or obligation to him or his; and do what you please as to that.' As negligent as men are in this respect, a point of honour is concerned in it; and there is nothing a man should be more ashamed of, than passing a worthless creature into the service or interests of a man who has never injured you. The women indeed are a little too keen in their resentments to trespass often this way; but you shall sometimes know, that the mistress and the maid shall quarrel, and give each other very free language, and at last the lady shall be pacified to turn her ear of doors, and give her a very good word to any body else. Hence it is that you see, in a year and half's time, the same face a domestic in all parts of the town. Good-breeding and good-nature lead people in a great measure to this injustice; when suitors of no consideration will have confidence enough to press upon their superiors, those in power are tender of speaking the exceptions they have against them, and are mortgaged into promises out of their impatience of importunity. In this latter case, it would be a very useful inquiry to know the history of recommendation. There are, you must know, certain abettors of this way of torment, who make a profession to manage the affairs of candidates; gentlemen let out their impudence to their wits, and supply any defective recommendation, informing how such and such a man is to be attacked. They will tell you, get the least scrap from Mr. Such-a-one, and leave the rest to them. When one of these undertakers have your business in hand, you may be sick, absent in town or country, and the patron shall be worried, or you prevail. I remember to have been shown a gentleman some years ago, who punished a whole people for their facility in giving their credentials. This person had belonged to a regiment which did duty in the West Indies, and by the mortality of the place happened to be commanding officer in the colony. He oppressed his subjects with great frankness, till he became sensible that he was heartily hated by every man under his command. When he had carried his point to be then detestable, he pretended fit of distemper, and feigned unconsciousness of living where he found he was so universally unacceptable, he communicated to the chief inhabitants a design he had to return for England, provided they would give him ample testimonials of their approbation. The planters came late to a man, and in proportion to his deserving the quite contrary, the words justice, generosity, and courage, were inserted in his com-

mision, not omitting the general good-liking of people of all conditions in the colony. The gentleman returns for England, and within few months after came back to them their governor, on the strength of their own testimonials.

Such a rebuke as this cannot indeed happen to every recommenders, as the ordinary course of things from one hand to another; but how would a man bear to have it said to him, 'The person I took into confidence on the credit you gave him, has proved false, unjust, and has not answered any way the character you gave me of him?'

I cannot but conceive very good hopes of that rake Jack Toper of the Temple, for an honest scrupulousness in this point. A friend of his meeting with a servant that had formerly lived with Jack, and having a mind to take him, sent to him to know what faults the fellow had, since he could not please such a careless fellow as he was? His answer was as follows:

'SIR,

'THOMAS that lived with me was turned away because he was too good for me. You know I live in taverns; he is an orderly sober rascal, and thinks much to sleep in an entry till two in the morning. He told me one day, when he was dressing me, that he wondered I was not dead before now, since I went to dinner in the evening, and went to supper at two in the morning. We were coming down Essex-street one night a little latered, and I was giving him the word to alarm the watch; he had the impudence to tell me it was against the law. You that are married, and live one day after another the same way, and so on the whole week, I dare say will like him, and he will be glad to have his seat in due season. The fellow is certainly very honest. My service to your lady.

'Yours,  
'J. T.'

Now this was very fair dealing. Jack knew very well, that though the love of order made a man very awkward in his company, it was a valuable quality among the queer people who live by rule; and had too much good sense and good-nature to let the fellow starve, because he was not fit to attend his vivacities.

I shall end this discourse with a letter of recommendation from Horace to Claudius Nero. You will see in that letter a slowness to ask a favour, a strong reason for being unable to deny his good word any longer, and that it is a service to the person to whom he recommends, to comply with what is asked; all which are necessary circumstances, both in justice and good-breeding, if a man would ask so as to have reason to complain of a denial; and indeed a man should not in strictness ask otherwise. In hopes the authority of Horace, who perfectly understood how to live with great men, may have a good effect towards amending this facility in people of condition, and the confidence of those who apply to them without merit, I have translated the epistle.

'TO CLAUDIUS NERO.

'SIR,

'SEXTIMUS, who waits upon you with this, is very well acquainted with the place you are pleased to allow me in your friendship. For when he beseeches me to recommend him to your notice, in such a manner as to be received by you, who are delicate in the choice of your friends and domes-

tics, he knows our intimacy, and understands my ability to serve him better than I do myself. I have defended myself against his ambition to be yours, as long as I possibly could; but fearing the imputation of hiding my power in you out of mean and selfish considerations, I am at last prevailed upon to give you this trouble. Thus, to avoid the appearance of a greater fault, I have put on this confidence. If you can forgive this transgression of modesty in behalf of a friend, receive this gentleman into your interests and friendship, and take it from me that he is an honest and a brave man.\*

STEELE.

T.

Nº 494. FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1712.

*Ægritudinem laudare, unam rem maxime detestabilem, quorum est tandem philosophorum?*

CICERO.

What kind of philosophy is it, to extol melancholy, the most detestable thing in nature?

ABOUT an age ago, it was the fashion in England, for every one that would be thought religious, to throw as much sanctity as possible into his face, and in particular to abstain from all appearances of mirth and pleasantry, which were looked upon as the marks of a carnal mind. The saint was of a sorrowful countenance, and generally eaten up with spleen and melancholy. A gentleman, who was lately a great ornament to the learned world\*, has diverted me more than once with an account of the reception which he met with from a very famous independent minister, who was head of a college† in those times. This gentleman was then a young adventurer in the republic of letters, and just fitted out for the university with a good cargo of Latin and Greek. His friends were resolved that he should try his fortune at an election which was drawing near in the college, of which the independent minister whom I have before mentioned was governor. The youth, according to custom, waited on him in order to be examined. He was received at the door by a servant who was one of that gloomy generation that were then in fashion. He conducted him, with great silence and seriousness, to a long gallery, which was darkened at noon-day, and had only a single candle burning in it. After a short stay in this melancholy apartment, he was led into a chamber hung with black, where he entertained himself for some time by the glimmering of a taper, until at length the head of the college came out to him, from an inner room, with half a dozen night-caps upon his head, and religious horror in his countenance. The young man trembled: but his fears increased, when, instead of being asked what progress he had made in learning, he was examined how he abounded in grace. His Latin and Greek stood him in little stead; he was to give an account only of the state of his soul; whether he was of the number of the elect; what was the occasion of his conversion; upon what day of the month and hour of the day it happened; how it was carried on, and when completed. The whole examination was summed up with one short question, namely, whether he

was prepared for death? The boy, who had been bred up by honest parents, was frighted out of his wits at the solemnity of the proceeding, and by the last dreadful interrogatory; so that, upon making his escape out of the house of mourning, he could never be brought a second time to the examination, as not being able to go through the terrors of it.

Notwithstanding this general form and outside of religion is pretty well worn out among us, there are many persons who, by a natural uncheerfulness of heart, mistaken notions of piety, or weakness of understanding, love to indulge this uncomfortable way of life, and give up themselves a prey to grief and melancholy. Superstitious fears and groundless scruples cut them off from the pleasures of conversation, and all those social entertainments, which are not only innocent, but laudable: as if mirth was made for reprobates, and cheerfulness of heart denied those who are the only persons that have a proper title to it.

Sombrius is one of these sons of sorrow. He thinks himself obliged in duty to be sad and disconsolate. He looks on a sudden fit of laughter as a breach of his baptismal vow. An innocent jest startles him like blasphemy. Tell him of one who is advanced to a title of honour, he lifts up his hands and eyes; describe a public ceremony, he shakes his head; show him a gay equipage, he blesses himself. All the little ornaments of life are poms and vanities. Mirth is wanton, and wit profane. He is scandalised at youth for being lively, and at childhood for being playful. He sits at a christening, or a marriage-feast, as at a funeral; sighs at the conclusion of a merry story, and grows devout when the rest of the company grow pleasant. After all, Sombrius is a religious man, and would have behaved himself very properly, had he lived when Christianity was under a general persecution.

I would by no means presume to tax such characters with hypocrisy, as is done too frequently; that being a vice which I think none but He, who knows the secrets of men's hearts, should pretend to discover in another, where the proofs of it do not amount to a demonstration. On the contrary, as there are many excellent persons, who are weighed down with this habitual sorrow of heart, they rather deserve our compassion than our reproaches. I think, however, they would do well to consider whether such a behaviour does not deter men from a religious life, by representing it as an unsociable state, that extinguishes all joy and gladness, darkens the face of nature; and destroys the relish of being itself.

I have, in former papers, shown how great a tendency there is to cheerfulness in religion, and how such a frame of mind is not only the most lovely, but the most commendable, in a virtuous person. In short, those who represent religion in so unamiable a light, are like the spies sent by Moses to make a discovery of the land of promise, when by their reports they discouraged the people from entering upon it. Those who show us the joy, the cheerfulness, the good-humour, that naturally spring up in this happy state, are like the spies bringing along with them the clusters of grapes, and delicious fruits, that might invite their companions into the pleasant country which produced them\*.

An eminent pagan writer† has made a discourse

\* Anthony Henley, Esq. who died in Aug. 1711.

† This was Dr. Thomas Goodwin, president of Magdalen College in Oxford, and one of the assembly of divines who sat at Westminster. Dr. Goodwin attended his friend and patron, Oliver Cromwell, on his death-bed.

\* Numbers, ch. xiii.

† Plutarch.

to show that the atheist, who denies a God, does him less dishonour than the man who owns his belief, but at the same time believes him to be cruel, hard to please, and terrible to human nature. 'For my own part,' says he, 'I would rather it should be said of me, that there was never any such man as Plotarch, than that Plotarch was ill-mannered, capricious, or inhuman.'

If we may believe our logicians, man is distinguished from all other creatures by the faculty of laughter. He has a heart capable of mirth, and naturally disposed to it. It is not the business of virtue to extirpate the affections of the mind, but to regulate them. It may moderate and restrain, but was not designed, to banish gladness from the heart of man. Religion contracts the circle of our pleasures, but leaves it wide enough for her votaries to exult in. The contemplation of the Divine Being, and the exercise of virtue, are, in their own nature, so far from excluding all gladness of heart, that they are perpetual sources of it. In a word, the true spirit of religion cheers, as well as composes, the soul; it banishes indeed all levity of behaviour, all vicious and dissolute mirth, but in exchange fills the mind with a perpetual serenity, uninterrupted cheerfulness, and an habitual inclination to please others, as well as to be pleased in itself.

ADDRESS.

O.

N° 495. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1712.

*Deus ut Rex cœles bipennatus,  
Nigra seruat frontis in alga,  
Per ducunt, per cadunt, ab ipso  
Ducit opes antequamque ferat.*

HOR. Od. IV. l. 4. ver. 87.

— Like an oak on some cold mountain brow,  
At every wound they sprout and grow;  
The axe and sword new vigour give,  
And by their ruins they revive  
AFRON.

As I am one who, by my profession, am obliged to look into all kinds of men, there are none whom I consider with so much pleasure, as those who have any thing new or extraordinary in their character, or ways of living. For this reason I have amused myself with speculations on the race people called Jews, many of whom I have met with in most of the considerable towns which I have passed through in the course of my travels. They are, indeed, so disseminated through all the trading parts of the world, that they are become the instruments by which the most distant nations converse with one another, and by which mankind are knit together in a general correspondence. They are like the peep and ralls in a great building, which, though they are but little valued in themselves, are absolutely necessary to keep the whole frame together.

That I may not fall into any common beaten tracks of observation, I shall consider this people in three views. First, with regard to their numbers; secondly, their dispersion; and thirdly, their adherence to their religion; and afterwards endeavour to show, first, what natural reasons, and, secondly, what providential reasons, may be assigned for these three remarkable particulars.

The Jews are looked upon by many to be as numerous at present, as they were formerly in the land of Canaan.

This is wonderful, considering the dreadful slaughter made of them under some of the Roman

emperors, which historians describe by the death of many hundred thousands in a war; and the innumerable massacres and persecutions they have undergone in Turkey, as well as in all Christian nations of the world. The rabbins, to express the great havoc which has been sometimes made of them, tell us, after their usual manner of hyperbole, that there were such torrents of holy blood shed, as carried rocks of an hundred yards in circumference above three miles into the sea.

Their dispersion is the second remarkable particular in this people. They swarm over all the East; and are settled in the remotest parts of China. They are spread through most of the nations in Europe and Africa, and many families of them are established in the West Indies; not to mention whole nations bordering on Prester-John's country, and some discovered in the inner parts of America, if we may give any credit to their own writers.

Their firm adherence to their religion is no less remarkable than their numbers and dispersion, especially considering it is persecuted or contemned over the face of the whole earth. This is likewise the more remarkable, if we consider the frequent apostasies of this people, when they lived under their kings in the land of promise, and within sight of the temple.

If in the next place we examine what may be the natural reasons for these three particulars which we find in the Jews, and which are not to be found in any other religion or people, I can, in the first place, attribute their numbers to nothing but their constant employment, their abstinence, their exemption from wars, and, above all, their frequent marriages; for they look on celibacy as an accursed state, and generally are married before twenty, as hoping the Messiah may descend from them.

The dispersion of the Jews into all the nations of the earth, is the second remarkable particular of that people, though not so hard to be accounted for. They were always in rebellions and tumults while they had the temple and holy city to view, for which reason they have often been driven out of their old habitations in the land of promise. They have as often been banished out of most other places where they have settled, which must very much disperse and scatter a people, and oblige them to seek a livelihood where they can find it. Besides, the whole people is now a race of such merchants as are wanderers by profession, and, at the same time, are to most, if not all places, incapable of either lands or offices, that might engage them to make any part of the world their home.

This dispersion would probably have lost their religion, had it not been secured by the strength of its constitution; for they are to live all in a body, and generally within the same enclosure; to marry among themselves, and to eat no meats that are not killed or prepared their own way. This shuts them out from all table conversation, and the most agreeable intercourses of life; and, by consequence, excludes them from the most probable means of conversion.

If, in the last place, we consider what providential reasons may be assigned for these three particulars, we shall find that their numbers, dispersion, and adherence to their religion, have furnished every age, and every nation of the world, with the strongest arguments for the Christian faith, not only as these very particulars are foretold of them, but as they themselves are the depositaries of these, and all the other prophecies, which

tend to their own confusion. Their number furnishes us with a sufficient cloud of witnesses that attest the truth of the Old Bible. Their dispersion spreads these witnesses through all parts of the world. The adherence to their religion makes their testimony unquestionable. Had the whole body of the Jews been converted to Christianity, we should certainly have thought all the prophecies of the Old Testament, that relate to the coming and history of our blessed Saviour, forged by Christians, and have looked upon them, with the prophecies of the Sibyls, as made many years after the events they pretended to foretell.

ADDISON.

O.

Nº 496. MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1712.

*Gnatum pariter uti his deest aut etiam amplius,  
Quod illa ætas magis ad hæc nitenda idonea est.*

TERENT. Heaut. act. I. sc. 1.

Your son ought to have shared in these things, because youth is best suited to the enjoyment of them.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘THOSE ancients who were the most accurate in their remarks on the genius and temper of mankind, by considering the various bent and scope of our actions throughout the progress of life, have with great exactness allotted inclinations and objects of desire particular to every stage, according to the different circumstances of our conversation and fortune, through the several periods of it. Hence they were disposed easily to excuse those excesses which might possibly arise from a too eager pursuit of the affections more immediately proper to each state. They indulged the levity of childhood with tenderness, overlooked the gaiety of youth with good-nature, tempered the forward ambition and impatience of ripened manhood with discretion, and kindly imputed the tenacious avarice of old men, to their want of relish for any other enjoyment. Such allowances as these were no less advantageous to common society than obliging to particular persons; for by maintaining a decency and regularity in the course of life, they supported the dignity of human nature, which then suffers the greatest violence when the order of things is inverted; and in nothing is it more remarkably vilified and ridiculous, than when feebleness preposterously attempts to adorn itself with that outward pomp and lustre, which serve only to set off the bloom of youth with better advantage. I was insensibly carried into reflections of this nature, by just now meeting Paulino (who is in his climacteric) bedecked with the utmost splendour of dress and equipage, and giving an unbounded loose to all manner of pleasure, whilst his only son is debarred all innocent diversion, and may be seen frequently solacing himself in the Mall with no other attendance than one antiquated servant of his father’s for a companion and director.

‘It is a monstrous want of reflection, that a man cannot consider, that when he cannot resign the pleasures of life in his decay of appetite and inclination to them, his son must have a much easier task to resist the impetuosity of growing desires. The skill therefore should methinks be, to let a son want no lawful diversion, in proportion to his future fortune, and the figure he is to make in the world. The first step towards virtue that I have observed, in young men of condition that have run into excesses, has been that they had a regard to their quality and reputation in the management

of their vices. Narrowness in their circumstances has made many youths, to supply themselves as debauchees, commence cheats and rascals. The father who allows his son to his utmost ability avoids this latter evil, which as to the world is much greater than the former. But the contrary practice has prevailed so much among some men, that I have known them deny them what was merely necessary for education suitable to their quality. Poor young Antonio is a lamentable instance of ill conduct in this kind. The young man did not want natural talents; but the father of him was a coxcomb, who affected being a fine gentleman so unmercifully, that he could not endure in his sight, or the frequent mention of one, who was his son, growing into manhood, and thrusting him out of the gay world. I have often thought the father took a secret pleasure in reflecting that, when that fine house and seat came into the next hands, it would revive his memory, as a person who knew how to enjoy them, from observation of the rusticity and ignorance of his successor. Certain it is that a man may, if he will, let his heart close to the having no regard to any thing but his dear self, even with exclusion of his very children. I recommend this subject to your consideration, and am,

‘SIR,

‘Your most humble servant,

‘T. B.’

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘London, Sept. 26, 1712.

‘I AM just come from Tunbridge, and have, since my return, read Mrs. Matilda Mohair’s letter to you. She pretends to make a mighty story about the diversion of swinging in that place. What was done, was only among relations; and no man swung any woman who was not second cousin at furthest. She is pleased to say, care was taken that the gallants tied the ladies’ legs before they were wafted into the air. Since she is so spiteful, I will tell you the plain truth. There was no such nicety observed, since we were all, as I just now told you, near relations; but Mrs. Mohair herself has been swung there, and she invents all this malice, because it was observed she had crooked legs, of which I was an eye-witness.

‘Your humble servant,

‘RACHEL SHOESTRING.’

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘Tunbridge, Sept. 26, 1712.

‘WE have just now read your paper, containing Mrs. Mohair’s letter. It is an invention of her own from one end to the other; and I desire you would print the enclosed letter by itself, and shorten it so as to come within the compass of your half-sheet. She is the most malicious minx in the world, for all she looks so innocent. Do not leave out that part about her being in love with her father’s butler, which makes her shun men; for that is the truest of it all.

‘Your humble servant,

‘SARAH TRICE.

‘P. S. She has crooked legs.’

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘Tunbridge, Sept. 26, 1712.

‘ALL that Mrs. Mohair is so vexed at against the good company of this place, is, that we all know she has crooked legs. This is certainly true. I do not care for putting my name, because one would not be in the power of the creature.

‘Your humble servant, unknown.’

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘Tunbridge, Sept. 26, 1712.

‘THAT insufferable prude, Mrs. Mohair, who told such stories of the company here, is with

for all her nice aims and her crooked legs. Pray be sure to put her in for both those two things, and you will oblige every body here, especially

'Your humble servant,

'ALICE BLUEGARTEN.'

'STEELY.

T.

N° 487. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1712.

'Οὐκ ἔστι γὰρ οὐδὲν ἄλλο.  
MEMORANDUM.

A cunning old fox this!

A FAVOUR well bestowed is almost as great an honour to him who confers it, as to him who receives it. What indeed makes for the superior reputation of the patron in this case is, that he is always surrounded with specious pretences of unworthy candidates, and is often alone in the kind inclination he has towards the well-deserving. Justice is the first quality in the man who is in a post of direction; and I remember to have heard an old gentleman talk of the civil wars, and to his relation give an account of a general officer, who with this one quality, without any shining endowments, became so peculiarly beloved and honoured, that all decisions between man and man were laid before him by the parties concerned, in a private way; and they would lay by their animosities implicitly, if he bid them be friends, or submit themselves in the wrong, without reluctance, if he said it, without waiting the judgment of courts-martial. His manner was to keep the dates of all commissions in his closet, and wholly dismiss from the service such who were deficient in their duty; and after that took care to prefer according to the order of battle. His familiars were his entire friends, and could have no interested views in courtship his acquaintance; for his affection was no step to their preferment, though it was to their reputation. By this means a kind aspect, a salutation, a smile, and giving out his hand, had the weight of what is esteemed by vulgar minds more substantial. His brow was very short, and he who had nothing to do

it justice, was never affronted with a request of a familiar daily visitant for what was due to a brave man at a distance. Extraordinary merit he used to recommend to the king for some distinction at home; till the order of battle made way for his rising in the troops. Add to this, that he had an excellent manner of getting rid of such whom he observed were 'good at a halt,' as his phrase was. Under this description he comprehended all those who were contented to live without reproach, and had no promptitude in their minds towards glory. These fellows were also recommended to the king, and taken off of the general's hands into posts wherein diligence and common honesty were all that were necessary. This general had no weak part in his line, but every man had as much care upon him, and as much honour to lose as himself. Every officer could answer for what passed where he was, and the general's presence was never necessary any where but where he had placed himself at the first disposition, except that accident happened from extraordinary efforts of the enemy, which he could not foresee; but it was remarkable that it never fell out from failure in his own troops. It must be confessed, the world is just so much out of order, as so unworthy persons possess what should be in the direction of him who has better pretensions to it.

Instead of such a conduct as this old fellow used to describe in his general, all the evils which have ever happened among mankind have arose from the wanton disposition of the favours of the powerful. It is generally all that men of modesty and virtue can do, to fall in with some whimsical turn in a great man, to make way for things of real and absolute service. In the time of Don Sebastian of Portugal, or some time since, the first minister would let nothing come near him but what bore the most profound face of wisdom and gravity. They carried it so far, that, for the greater show of their profound knowledge, a pair of spectacles tied on their noses, with a black ribbon round their heads, was what completed the dress of those who made their court at his levee, and none with naked noses were admitted to his presence. A blunt honest fellow, who had a command in the train of artillery, had attempted to make an impression upon the porter day after day in vain, until at length he made his appearance in a very thoughtful dark suit of clothes, and two pair of spectacles on at once. He was conducted from room to room, with great deference, to the minister; and, carrying on the face of the place, he told his excellency that he had pretended in this manner to be wiser than he really was, but with no ill intention; but he was honest such-a-one of the train, and he came to tell him that they wanted wheelbarrows and pick-axes. The thing happened not to displease, the great man was wren to mirth, and the successful ceremony was reconnected with the same profound ceremony out of the house.

When Leo X. reigned Pope of Rome, his holiness, though a man of sense, and of an excellent taste of letters, of all things affected fools, buffoons, humorists, and conceits. Whether it were from vanity, and that he enjoyed no talents in other men but what were inferior to him, or whatever it was, he carried it so far, that his whole delight was in finding out new fools, and, as our phrase is, playing them off, and making them show themselves to advantage. A priest of his former acquaintance suffered a great many disappointments in attempting to find access to him in a regular character, until at last in despair he retired from Rome, and returned in an equipage so very fantastical, both as to the dress of himself and servants, that the whole court were in an emulation who should first introduce him to his holiness. What added to the expectation his holiness had of the pleasure he should have in his folly, was, that this fellow, in a dress the most exquisitely ridiculous, desired he might speak to him alone, for he had matters of the highest importance, upon which he wanted a conference. Nothing could be denied to a conceit of so great hope; but when they were apart, the impostor revealed himself, and spoke as follows:

'Do not be surprised, most holy Father, at seeing, instead of a conceit to laugh at, your old friend, who has taken this way of access to address you of your own folly. Can any thing show your holiness how unworthily you treat mankind, more than my being put upon this difficulty to speak with you? It is a degree of folly to delight to see it in others, and it is the greatest insolence imaginable to rejoice in the disgrace of human nature. It is a criminal insularity in a person of your holiness's understanding, to believe you cannot excel but in the conversation of half-wits, humorists, conceits, and buffoons. If your holiness has a mind to be diverted like a rational man, you have a great opportunity for it, in disproving all the in-

pertinents you have favoured, of all their riches and trappings at once, and bestowing them on the humble, the virtuous, and the meek. If your holiness is not concerned for the sake of virtue and religion, be pleased to reflect, that for the sake of your own safety, it is not proper to be so very much in jest. When the Pope is thus merry, the people will in time begin to think many things, which they have hitherto beheld with great veneration, are in themselves objects of scorn and derision. If they once get a trick of knowing how to laugh, your holiness's saying this sentence in one night-cap and the other with the other, the clange of your slippers, bringing you your staff in the midst of a prayer, then stripping you of one vest, and clapping on a second during divine service, will be found out to have nothing in it. Consider, sir, that at this rate a head will be reckoned never the wiser for being bald, and the ignorant will be apt to say, that going barefoot does not at all help on in the way to Heaven. The red cap and the cowl will fall under the same contempt; and the vulgar will tell us to our faces that we shall have no authority over them, but from the force of our arguments, and the sanctity of our lives.'

STEELE.

T.

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Nº 498. WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1712.

*Frustra retinacula tendens  
Ictur equis auriga, neque audit currus habenas.*  
VIRG. Georg. l. ver. 514.

Nor reins, nor curbs, nor cries the horses fear,  
But force along the trembling charioteer.  
DRYDEN.

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' TO THE SPECTATOR-GENERAL OF GREAT BRITAIN.

' From the further end of the Widow's Coffee-House in Devereux-Court. Monday evening, twenty-eight minutes and a half past six.

' DEAR DUMB,

' In short, to use no further preface, if I should tell you that I have seen a hackney-coachman, when he has come to set down his fare, which has consisted of two or three very fine ladies, hand them out, and salute every one of them with an air of familiarity, without giving the least offence, you would perhaps think me guilty of a gaseonade. But to clear myself from that imputation, and to explain this matter to you, I assure you that there are many illustrious youths within this city, who frequently recreate themselves by driving of a hackney-coach: but those whom, above all others, I would recommend to you, are the young gentlemen belonging to the inns of court. We have, I think, about a dozen coachmen, who have chambers here in the Temple; and, as it is reasonable to believe others will follow their example, we may perhaps in time (if it shall be thought convenient) be drove to Westminster by our own fraternity, allowing every fifth person to apply his meditations this way, which is but a modest computation, as the humour is now likely to take. It is to be hoped likewise, that there are in the other nurseries of the law to be found a proportionable number of these hopeful plants, springing up to the everlasting renown of their native country. Of how long standing this humour has been, I know not. The first time I had any particular reason to take notice of it was about this time twelve-month, when,

being upon Hampstead-Heath with some of these studious young men, who went thither purely for the sake of contemplation, nothing would serve them but I must go through a course of this philosophy too; and, being ever willing to embellish myself with any commendable qualification, it was not long ere they persuaded me into the coach-box; nor indeed much longer, before I underwent the fate of my brother Phaeton; for having drove about fifty paces with pretty good success, through my own natural sagacity, together with the good instructions of my tutors, who, to give them their due, were on all hands encouraging and assisting me in this laudable undertaking; I say, sir, having drove about fifty paces with pretty good success, I must needs be exercising the lash, which the horses resented so ill from my hands, that they gave a sudden start, and thereby pitched me directly upon my head, as I very well remembered about half an hour afterwards, which not only deprived me of all the knowledge I had gained for fifty yards before, but had like to have broke my neck into the bargain. After such a severe reprimand, you may imagine I was not very easily prevailed with to make a second attempt; and, indeed, upon mature deliberation, the whole science seemed, at least to me, to be surrounded with so many difficulties, that, notwithstanding the unknown advantages which might have accrued to me thereby, I gave over all hopes of attaining it; and I believe had never thought of it more, but that my memory has been lately refreshed by seeing some of these ingenious gentlemen ply in the open streets, one of which I saw receive so suitable a reward of his labours, that though I know you are no friend to story-telling, yet I must beg leave to trouble you with this at large.

' About a fortnight since, as I was diverting myself with a pennyworth of walnuts at the Temple-Gate, a lively young fellow in a fustian jacket shot by me, beckoned a coach, and told the coachman he wanted to go as far as Chelsea. They agreed upon the price, and this young gentleman mounts the coach-box: the fellow, staring at him, desired to know if he should not drive until they were out of town. No, no, replied he. He was then going to climb up to him, but received another check, and was then ordered to get into the coach, or behind it, for that he wanted no instructors; "but be sure, you dog you," says he, "do not you bilk me." The fellow thereupon surrendered his whip, scratched his head, and crept into the coach. Having myself occasion to go into the Strand about the same time, we started both together; but the street being very full of coaches, and he not so able a coachman as perhaps he imagined himself, I had soon got a little way before him; often, however, having the curiosity to cast my eye back upon him, to observe how he behaved himself in this high station; which he did with great composure, until he came to the pass, which is a military term the brothers of the whip have given to the strait at St. Clement's church. When he was arrived near this place, where are always coaches in waiting, the coachmen began to sneek up the muscles of their cheeks, and to tip the wink upon each other, as if they had some roguery in their heads, which I was immediately convinced of; for he no sooner came within reach, but the first of them with his whip took the exact dimension of his shoulders, which he very ingeniously called endorsing: and indeed, I must say, that every one of them took due care to endorse him as he came through their hands. He seemed at first a little

anxiety under the operation, and was going in all haste to take the numbers of their coaches; but at length, by the mediation of the worthy gentleman in the coach, his wrath was assuaged, and he prevailed upon to pursue his journey; though indeed I thought they had clapped such a spoke in his wheel, as had disabled him from being a coachman for that day at least; for I am much mistaken, Mr. Spec, if some of these endorsements were not wrote in so strong a hand that they are still legible. Upon my inquiring the reason of this unusual salutation, they told me, that it was a custom among them, whenever they saw a brother tottering or unstable in his post, to lend him a hand, in order to settle him again therein. For my part, I thought their allegations but reasonable, and so marched off. Besides our coachmen, we abound in divers other sorts of ingenious robust youth, who, I hope, will not take it ill if I defer giving you an account of their several recreations to another opportunity. In the meantime, if you would but bestow a little of your wholesome advice upon our coachmen, it might perhaps be a reprieve to some of their necks. As I understand you have several inspectors under you, if you would but send one amongst us here in the Temple, I am persuaded he would not want employment. But I leave this to your own consideration, and am,

Y<sup>r</sup>sr,

Your very humble servant,

MOSES GREENBAG.

P. S. I have heard our critics in the coffee-houses hereabout talk mightily of the utility of time and place. According to my notion of the matter, I have endeavoured at something like it in the beginning of my epistle. I desire to be informed a little as to that particular. In my next I design to give you some account of excellent watermen who are bred to the law, and far outdo the land students above mentioned.

STEELE.

T.

N<sup>o</sup> 499. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1712.

——— *Nimble warts*  
——— *Mercury indulges* ———

PER. Sat. 1. ver. 40

——— You drive the jest too far  
——— DRYDEN.

My friend Will Honeycomb has told me, for about this half year, that he had a great mind to try his hand at a Spectator, and that he would fain have one of his writings in my works. This morning I received from him the following letter, which, after having rectified some little orthographical mistakes, I shall make a present of to the public:

‘DEAR SPEC,

‘I was about two nights ago in company with very agreeable young people of both sexes, where, talking of some of your papers which are written on conjugal love, there arose a dispute among us, whether there were not more bad husbands in the world than bad wives. A gentleman, who was advocate for the ladies, took this occasion to tell us the story of a famous allego to Germany, which I have since found related in my historical dictionary, after the following manner. When the Emperor Charle the Third had besieged Guel-

phus, Duke of Bavaria, in the city of Hensberg, the women, finding that the town could not possibly hold out long, petitioned the emperor that they might depart out of it, with so much as each of them could carry. The emperor, knowing they could not convey away many of their effects, granted them their petition: when the women, to his great surprise, came out of the place with every one her husband upon her back. The emperor was so moved at the sight, that he burst into tears; and, after having very much extolled the women for their conjugal affection, gave the men to their wives, and received the duke into his favour.

‘The ladies did not a little triumph at this story, asking as at the same time, whether in our consciences we believed that the men in any town in Great Britain would, upon the same offer, and at the same conjuncture, have loaded themselves with their wives; or rather, whether they would not have been glad of such an opportunity to get rid of them? To this my very good friend, Tam Dapperwit, who took upon him to be the mouth of our sex, replied, that they would be very much to blame if they would not do the same good office for the women, considering that their strength would be greater, and their burdens lighter. As we were amusing ourselves with discourses of this nature, in order to pass away the evening, which now begins to grow tedious, we fell into that laudable and primitive diversion of questions and commands. I was no sooner vested with the regal authority, but I enjoined all the ladies, under pain of my displeasure, to tell the company largely, in case they had been in the allego above mentioned, and had the same offers made them as the good women of that place, what every one of them would have brought off with her, and have thought most worth the saving? There were several merry answers made to my question, which entertained us until bedtime. This filled my mind with such a huddle of ideas, that, upon my going to sleep, I fell into the following dream:

‘I saw a town of this island, which shall be nameless, invested on every side, and the inhabitants of it so distressed as to cry for quarter. The general refused any other terms than those granted to the above-mentioned town of Hensberg, namely, that the married women might come out with what they could bring along with them. Immediately the city-gates flew open, and a female procession appeared, multitudes of the sex following one another in a row, and staggering under their respective burdens. I took my stand upon an eminence in the enemy’s camp, which was appointed for the general rendezvous of these female carriers, being very desirous to look into their several ladlings. The first of them had a huge sack upon her shoulders, which she set down with great care. Upon the opening of it, when I expected to have seen her husband shot out of it, I found it was filled with china-ware. The next appeared in a more decent figure, carrying a handsome young fellow upon her back; I could not forbear commending the young woman for her conjugal affection, when, to my great surprise, I found that she had left the good man at home, and brought away her gallant. I saw the third, at some distance, with a little withered face peeping over her shoulder, when I could not suspect for any but her spouse, until upon her setting him down I heard her call him dear pig, and found him to be her favourite monkey. A fourth brought a huge bale of cards along with her; and the fifth a Dogue lap-dog; for her husband, it seems, being a very busy man, she thought it would be less

trouble for her to bring away little Cupid. The next was the wife of a rich usurer, laden with a bag of gold; she told us that her spouse was very obliging by the course of nature could not expect to live long; and that to show her tender regards for him, she had saved that which the poor man loved better than his life. The next came towards us with her son upon her back, who, we were told, was the greatest rake in the place, but so much the mother's darling, that she left her husband behind with a large family of hopeful sons and daughters, for the sake of this graceless youth.

It would be endless to mention the several persons, with their several loads, that appeared to me in this strange vision. All the place about me was covered with packs of ribbons, brocades, embroidery, and ten thousand other materials, sufficient to have furnished a whole street of toy-shops. One of the women, having a husband who was none of the heaviest, was bringing him off upon her shoulders, at the same time that she carried a great bundle of Flanders lace under her arm; but finding herself so overloaded, that she could not save both of them, she dropped the good man, and brought away the bundle. In short, I found but one husband among this great mountain of baggage, who was a lively cobbler, that kicked and spurred all the while his wife was carrying him on, and, as it was said, had scarce passed a day in his life without giving her the discipline of the strap.

I cannot conclude my letter, dear Spec, without telling thee one very odd whim in this my dream. I saw, methought, a dozen women employed in bringing off one man; I could not guess who it should be, until upon his nearer approach I discovered thy short phiz. The women all declared that it was for the sake of thy works, and not thy person, that they brought thee off, and that it was on condition that thou shouldst continue the Spectator. If thou thinkest this dream will make a tolerable one, it is at thy service, from,

WILLIAM.

'Thine, sleeping and waking.

'WILL MURKIN.

The ladies will see by this letter what I have often told them, that Will is one of those old-fashioned men of wit and pleasure of the town, that shows his parts by raillery on marriage, and one who has often tried his fortune that way without success. I cannot however dismiss this letter without observing, that the true story on which it is built does honour to the sex, and that, in order to abuse them, the writer is obliged to have recourse to dream and fiction.

ADDISON.

O.

Nº 500. FRIDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1712.

*Huc notas adijce septem,  
Et totidem juvenes; et mox gentrosque maritusque:  
Querite nunc, habeat quam nostra superbia causam.*  
OVID. Met. l. vi. ver. 182.

Seven are my daughters of a form divine,  
With seven fair sons, an indefinite line;  
Go, fools, consider this, and ask the cause  
From which my pride its strong presumption draws.

CROXAL.

'SIR,

'You, who are so well acquainted with the story of Socrates, must have read how, upon his making a discourse concerning love, he pressed his point with so much success, that all the bachelors in his

audience took a resolution to marry by the first opportunity, and that all the married men immediately took horse and galloped home to their wives. I am apt to think your discourses, in which you have drawn so many agreeable pictures of marriage, have had a very good effect this way in England. We are obliged to you, at least, for having taken off that senseless ridicule, which for many years the wittings of the town have turned upon their fathers and mothers. For my own part, I was born in wedlock, and I do not care who knows it: for which reason, among many others, I should look upon myself as a most insufferable cuckold, did I endeavour to maintain that cuckoldom was inseparable from marriage, or to make use of husband and wife as terms of reproach. Nay, sir, I will go one step further, and declare to you before the whole world, that I am a married man, and at the same time I have so much as grace as not to be ashamed of what I have done.

'Among the several pleasures that accompany this state of life, and which you have described in your former papers, there are two you have not taken notice of, and which are seldom cast into the account, by those who write on this subject. You must have observed, in your speculations on human nature, that nothing is more gratifying to the mind of man than power or dominion; and this I think myself amply possessed of, as I am the father of a family. I am perpetually taken up in giving out orders, in prescribing duties, in hearing parties, in administering justice, and in distributing rewards and punishment. To speak in the language of the Centurion, I say unto one, go, and he goeth; and to another, come, and he cometh; and to my servant, do this, and he doeth it. In short, sir, I look upon my family as a patriarchal sovereignty, in which I am myself both king and priest. All great governments are nothing else but clusters of these little private royalties, and therefore I consider the numbers of families as small deputy-governors presiding over the several little parcels and divisions of their fellow-subjects. As I take great pleasure in the administration of my government in particular, so I look upon myself not only as a more useful, but as a much greater and happier man than my bachelor in England of my rank and condition.

'There is another accidental advantage in marriage, which has likewise fallen to my share; I mean the having a multitude of children. These I cannot but regard as very great blessings. When I see my little troop before me, I rejoice in the additions which I have made to my species, to my country, and to my religion, in having produced such a number of reasonable creatures, citizens, and Christians. I am pleased to see myself thus perpetuated; and as there is no production comparable to that of a human creature, I am more proud of having been the occasion of ten such glorious productions, than if I had built a hundred pyramids at my own expense, or published as many volumes of the finest wit and learning. In what a beautiful light has the holy scripture represented Ahlon, one of the judges of Israel, who had forty sons and thirty grandsons, that rode on threescore and ten ass-colts, according to the magnificence of the eastern countries? How must the heart of the old man rejoice, when he saw such a beautiful procession of his own descendants, such a numerous cavalcade of his own raising? For my own part, I can sit in my parlour with great content when I take a review of  
dozen o



little boys mounting upon hobby-horses, and of as many little girls tutoring their babies, each of them endeavouring to excel the rest, and to do something that may raise my favour and approbation. I cannot question but he who has blessed me with so many children, will assist my endeavours in providing for them. There is one thing I am able to give each of them, which is a virtuous education. I think it is Sir Francis Bacon's observation, that in a numerous family of children, the eldest is often spoiled by the prospect of an estate, and the youngest by being the darling of the parent; but that some one or other in the middle, who has not perhaps been regarded, has made his way in the world, and over-topped the rest. It is my business to implant in every one of my children the same seeds of industry, and the same honest principles. By this means I think I have a fair chance, that one or other of them may grow considerable in some or other way of life, whether it be in the army, or in the fleet, in trade, or any of the three learned professions; for you must know, sir, that from long experience and observation, I am persuaded of what seems a paradox to most of those with whom I converse, namely, that a man who has many children, and gives them a good education, is more likely to raise a family, than he who has but one, notwithstanding he leaves him his whole estate. For this reason I cannot forbear amusing myself with dishing out a general, an admiral, or an alderman of London, a divine, a physician, or a lawyer, among my little people who are now perhaps in petticoats; and when I see the motherly airs of my little daughters when they are playing with their puppets, I cannot but flatter myself that their husbands and children will be happy in the possession of such wives and mothers.

If you are a father, you will not perhaps think this letter impertinent; but if you are a single man, you will not know the meaning of it, and probably throw it into the fire. Whatever you determine of it, you may assure yourself that it comes from one who is

Your most humble servant,  
'and well-wisher,  
'PHILOXENUS.'

T.

STEEL.

No 501. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1712.

*Deorum, et Lectoris fit particula  
Quinquaginta versibus est versis.  
HOR. Od. xiv. l. 1. ver. 12.*

*'Tis hard; but when we needs must bear,  
Enduring patience makes the burden light.  
CREECH.*

As some of the finest compositions among the ancients are in allegory, I have endeavoured, in several of my papers, to revive that way of writing, and hope I have not been altogether unsuccessful in it; for I find there is always a great demand for those particular papers, and cannot but observe that several authors have endeavoured of late to excel in works of this nature. Among these, I do not know any one who has succeeded better than a very ingenious gentleman, to whom I am obliged for the following piece, and who was the author of the vision in the 400th paper.

O.

How are we tortured with the absence of what we covet in possession, when it appears to be lost in us! What excruciations does the soul make in imagi-

nation after it! and how does it turn into itself again, more foolishly fond and dejected at the disappointment! Our grief, instead of having recourse to reason, which might restrain it, searches to find a further nourishment. It calls upon memory to relate the several passages and circumstances of satisfaction which we formerly enjoyed; the pleasures we purchased by those riches that are taken from us; or the power and splendour of our departed honours; or the voice, the words, the looks, the temper, and affections of our friends that are deceased. It needs must happen from hence, that the passion should often swell to such a size as to burst the heart which contains it, if time did not make these circumstances less strong and lively, so that reason should become a more equal match for the passion, or if another desire which becomes more present did not overpower them with a fiercer representation. These are thoughts which I had when I fell into a kind of vision upon this subject, and may therefore stand for a proper introduction to a relation of it.

I found myself upon a naked shore, with company whose afflicted countenances witnessed their conditions. Before us flowed a water, deep, silent, and called the River of Tears, which issuing from two fountains on an upper ground, encompassed an island that lay before us. The boat which piled in it was old and shattered, having been sometimes overtaken by the impatience and haste of single passengers to arrive at the other side. This immediately was brought to us by Misfortune, who steers it, and we were all preparing to take our places, when there appeared a woman of a wild and composed behaviour, who began to deter us from it, by representing the dangers which would attend our voyage. Hereupon some who knew her for Patience, and some of those too who till then cried the loudest, were persuaded by her, and returned back. The rest of us went in, and she (whose good-nature would not suffer her to forsake persons in trouble) desired leave to accompany us, that she might at least administer some small comfort or advice while we sailed. We were no sooner embarked but the boat was pushed off, the sheet was spread; and being filled with sighs, which are the winds of that country, we made a passage to the farther bank, through several difficulties of which the most of us seemed utterly regardless.

When we landed, we perceived the island to be strangely overcast with fogs, which no brightness could pierce, so that a kind of gloomy horror sat always brooding over it. This had something in it very shocking to easy tempers, inasmuch that some others, whom Patience had by this time galloped over, left us here, and privily conveyed themselves round the verge of the island to find a ford by which she told them they might escape.

For my part, I still went along with those who were for piercing into the centre of the place; and, joining ourselves to others whom we found upon the same journey, we marched solemnly as at a funeral, through bordering hedges of rosemary, and through a grove of yew-trees, which gave to overabundant tombs, and down to church-yards. Here we heard on every side the wallings and complaints of several of the inhabitants, who had cast themselves disconsolately at the feet of trees; and as we had a chance to approach any of these, we might perceive them wringing their hands, beating their breasts, tearing their hair, or after some other manner visibly agitated with vexation. Our sorrows were heightened by the influence of what

we heard and saw, and one of our number was wrought up to such a pitch of wildness, as to talk of hanging himself upon a bough which shot temptingly across the path we travelled in; but he was restrained from it by the kind endeavours of our above-mentioned companion.

We had now gotten into the most dusky silent part of the island, and by the redoubled sounds of sighs, which made a doleful whistling in the brauches, the thickness of air, which occasioned faintish respiration, and the violent throbbings of heart which more and more affected us, we found that we approached the Grotto of Grief. It was a wide, hollow, and melancholy cave, sunk deep in a dale, and watered by rivulets that had a colour between red and black. These crept slow and half congealed amongst its windings, and mixed their heavy murmurs with the echo of groans that rolled through all the passages. In the most retired part of it sat the doleful being herself: the path to her was strewed with goads, stings, and thorns; and her throne on which she sat was broken into a rock, with ragged pieces pointing upwards for her to lean upon. A heavy mist hung above her; her head oppressed with it reclined upon her arm. Thus did she reign over her disconsolate subjects, full of herself to stupidity, in eternal pensiveness, and the profoundest silence. On one side of her stood Dejection just dropping into a swoon, and Paleness wasting to a skeleton; on the other side were Care inwardly tormented with imaginations, and Anguish suffering outward troubles to suck the blood from her heart in the shape of vultures. The whole vault had a genuine dismalness in it, which a few scattered lamps, whose bluish flames arose and sunk in their urns, discovered to our eyes with increase. Some of us fell down, overcome and spent with what they suffered in the way, and were given over to those tormentors that stood on either hand of the presence; others, galled and mortified with pain, recovered the entrance, where Patience, whom we had left behind, was still waiting to receive us.

With her (whose company was now become more grateful to us by the want we had found of her) we winded round the grotto, and ascended at the back of it, out of the mournful dale in whose bottom it lay. On this eminence we halted, by her advice, to pant for breath; and lifting our eyes, which till then were fixed downwards, felt a sullen sort of satisfaction, in observing through the shades what numbers had entered the island. This satisfaction, which appears to have ill-nature in it, was excusable, because it happened at a time when we were too much taken up with our own concern, to have respect to that of others; and therefore we did not consider them as suffering, but ourselves as not suffering in the most forlorn estate. It had also the ground-work of humanity and compassion in it, though the mind was then too dark and too deeply engaged to perceive it; but as we proceeded onwards, it began to discover itself, and from observing that others were unhappy, we came to question one another when it was that we met, and what were the sad occasions that brought us together. Then we heard our stories, we compared them, we mutually gave and received pity, and so by degrees became tolerable company.

A considerable part of the troublesome road was thus deceived; at length the openings among the trees grew larger, the air seemed thinner, it lay with less oppression upon us, and we could now and then discern tracks in it of a lighter greyness, like the breakings of day, short in duration, much

enlivening, and called in that country Gleams of Amusement. Within a short while these gleams began to appear more frequent, and then brighter and of a longer continuance; the sighs that hitherto filled the air with so much dolfulness, altered to the sound of common breezes, and in general the horrors of the island were abated.

When we had arrived at last at the ford by which we were to pass out, we met with those fashionable mourners who had been ferried over along with us, and who, being unwilling to go as far as we, had coasted by the shore to find the place, where they waited our coming; that by showing themselves to the world only at the time when we did, they might seem also to have been among the troubles of the grotto. Here the waters that rolled on the other side so deep and silent were much dried up, and it was an easier matter for us to wade over.

The river being crossed, we were received upon the further bank, by our friends and acquaintance, whom Comfort had brought out to congratulate our appearance in the world again. Some of these blamed us for staying so long away from them, others advised us against all temptations of going back again; every one was cautious not to renew our trouble, by asking any particulars of the journey; and all concluded that, in a case of so much melancholy and affliction, we could not have made choice of a fitter companion than Patience. Here Patience, appearing serene at her praises, delivered us over to Comfort. Comfort smiled at his receiving the charge; immediately the sky purpled on that side, to which he turned, and double day at once broke in upon me.

PARNELL.

Nº 502. MONDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1712.

*Melius, pejus, prosit, obsit, nil videtur nisi quod lubet.*  
TER. Heaut. act. iv. sc. 1.

Better or worse, profitable or disadvantageous, they see nothing but what they list.

WHEN men read, they taste the matter with which they are entertained, according as their own respective studies and inclinations have prepared them, and make their reflections accordingly. Some, perusing Roman writers, would find in them, whatever the subject of the discourses were, parts which implied the grandeur of that people in their welfare, or their politics. As for my part, who am a mere Spectator, I drew this morning conclusions of their eminence in what I think great, to wit, in having worthy sentiments, from the reading a comedy of Terence. The play was the Self-tormentor. It is from the beginning to the end a perfect picture of human life, but I did not observe in the whole one passage that could raise a laugh. How well-disposed must that people be, who could be entertained with satisfaction by so sober and polite mirth? In the first scene of the comedy, when one of the old men accuses the other of impetuosity for interposing in his affairs, he answers, 'I am a man, and cannot help feeling any sorrow that can arrive at man \*.' It is said this sentence was received with an universal applause. There cannot be a greater argument of the general good understanding of a people, than a sudden consent to give their approbation of a sentiment which has no emotion in it.

\* Homo . . .

great skill in the actor, the manner of uttering that sentence could have nothing in it which could strike any but people of the greatest humanity, my people elegant and skilful in observations upon it. It is possible he might have laid his hand on his breast, and with a winning inclination in his countenance, expressed to his neighbour that he was a man who made his case his own; yet I will engage a player in Covent-garden might hit such an attitude a thousand times before he would have been regarded. I have heard that a minister of state in the reign of Queen Elizabeth had all manner of books and ballads brought to him, of what kind soever, and took great notice how much they took with the people\*, upon which he would, and certainly might, very well judge of their present dispositions, and the most proper way of applying them according to his own purposes. What pains on the stage, and the reception it meets with from the audience, is a very useful instruction of this kind. According to what you may observe on our stage, you see them often moved so directly against all common sense and humanity, that you would be apt to pronounce us a nation of savages. It cannot be called a mistake of what is pleasant, but the very contrary to it is what most assuredly takes with them. The other night an old woman carried off with a pain in her side, with all the distortions and anguish of countenance which is natural to one in that condition, was laughed and clapped off the stage. Terence's comedy, which I am speaking of, is indeed written as if he hoped to please some but such as had as good a taste as himself. I could not but reflect upon the natural description of the innocent young woman made by the servant to his master. 'When I came to the house,' said he, 'an old woman opened the door, and I followed her in, because I could, by entering upon them usual wares, better observe what was your mistress's ordinary manner of spending her time, the only way of judging any one's inclinations and genius. I found her at her needle in a sort of second ruling, which she wore for an aunt who had lost. She had nothing on but what showed breach only for herself. Her hair hung negligently about her shoulders. She had none of the usual which others use to set themselves off, but had that negligence of person which is remarkable in those who are careless of their minds. Then she had a maid who was at work near her that was a slattern, because her mistress was careless; which I take to be another argument of your security in her; for the go-betweens of women of intrigue are rewarded too well to be dirty. When you were named, and I told her you desired to see her, she threw down her work for joy, covered her face, and decently hid her tears.' He must be a very good actor, and draw attention rather from his own character than the words of the author, that could gain it among us for this speech, though so full of nature and good sense.

The intolerable folly and confidence of players putting in words of their own, does to a great measure sord the obedient taste of the audience. But however that is, it is ordinary for a cluster of coxcombs to take up the house to themselves, and equally insult both the actors and the company. These savages, who want all manner of regard and deference to the rest of mankind, come only to

show themselves to us, without any other purpose than to let us know they despise us.

The gross of an audience is composed of two sorts of people, those who know no pleasure but of the body, and those who improve or command corporeal pleasures, by the addition of fine sentiments of the mind. At present the intelligent part of the company are wholly subdued by the insinuations of those who know no satisfaction but what they have in common with all other animals.

This is the reason that when a scene tending to procreation is acted, you see the whole pit in such a chokele, and old lechers, with mouths open, stare at the loose gesticulations on the stage with shameful earnestness; when the faintest pictures of human life in its calm dignity, and the properest sentiments for the conduct of it, pass by like mere narration, as conducing only to somewhat much better which is to come after. I have seen the whole house at some times in so proper a disposition, that indeed I have trembled for the boxes, and feared the entertainment would end in a representation of the rape of the Sabines.

I would not be understood in this talk to argue that nothing is tolerable on the stage but what has an immediate tendency to the promotion of virtue. On the contrary, I can allow, provided there is nothing against the interests of virtue, and is not offensive to good manners, that things of an indifferent nature may be represented. For this reason I have no exception to the well-drawn rusticities in the Country Wake; and there is something so miraculously pleasant in Dogget's acting the awkward triumph and comic sorrow of Hob in different circumstances, that I shall not be able to stay away whenever it is acted. All that vexes me is, that the gallantry of taking the cudgels for Gloucestershire, with the pride of heart in tackling himself up, and taking aim at his adversary, as well as the other's protestation to the humanity of low romance, that he could not promise the squire to break Hob's head, but he would, if he could, do it in love; then flourish and begin: I say what vexes me is, that such excellent touches as these, as well as the squire's being out of all patience at Hob's success, and venturing himself into the crowd, are circumstances hardly taken notice of, and the height of the jest is only in the very point that heads are broken. I am confident, was there a scene written, wherein Pinkethman should break his leg by wrestling with Ballock, and Dicky come in to set it, without one word said but what should be according to the exact rules of surgery in making this extension, and binding up his leg, the whole house should be to a roar of applause at the dissembled anguish of the patient, the help given by him who threw him down, and the handy address and arch looks of the surgeon. To enumerate the entrance of ghosts, the embattling of armies, the noise of heroes to love, with a thousand other coxcombs, would be to transmute the boards of this paper, for which reason it is possible they may have hereafter distinct discourses; not forgetting any of the audience who shall set up for actors, and interrupt the play on the stage; and players who shall prefer the applause of fools, to that of the reasonable part of the company.

STEELE.

T.

POSTSCRIPT.

M. B. There are in the play of *The Self-Tormentor* of Terence, which is allowed a most excellent comedy, several incidents which would draw tears from any man of sense, and not one which would move his laughter.

[This P. A. was given at the end of M. B.'s, in the original 6th edition, with a reference to this paper.]

\* Andrew Fletcher, of Saltoun, a famous whig author in the early part of the 18th century, says, 'I knew a very wise man, who believed, that if a man were permitted to make off the battle, he need not care who should make the laws, of a nation.'

Nº 503. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1712.

*Delco omnes dehinc ex animo mulieres.*

TER. Eun. act. ii. sc. 3.

From henceforward I blot out of my thoughts all memory of womankind.

MR. SPECTATOR,

‘ You have often mentioned with great vehemence and indignation the misbehaviour of people at church; but I am at present to talk to you on that subject, and complain to you of one, whom at the same time I know not what to accuse of, except it be looking too well there, and diverting the eyes of the congregation to that one object. However I have this to say, that she might have stayed at her own parish, and not come to perplex those who are otherwise intent upon their duty.

‘ Last Sunday was seven-night I went into a church not far from London-bridge; but I wish I had been contented to go to my own parish, I am sure it had been better for me; I say I went to church thither, and got into a pew very near the pulpit. I had hardly been accommodated with a seat, before there entered into the aisle a young lady in the very bloom of youth and beauty, and dressed in the most elegant manner imaginable. Her form was such that it engaged the eyes of the whole congregation in an instant, and mine among the rest. Though we were all thus fixed upon her, she was not in the least out of countenance, or under the least disorder, though unattended by any one, and not seeming to know particularly where to place herself. However she had not in the least a confident aspect, but moved on with the most graceful modesty, every one making way till she came to a seat just over-against that in which I was placed. The deputy of the ward sat in that pew, and she stood opposite to him, and at a glance into the seat, though she did not appear the least acquainted with the gentleman, was let in, with a confusion that spoke much admiration at the novelty of the thing. The service immediately began, and she composed herself for it with an air of so much goodness and sweetness, that the confession which she uttered, so as to be heard where I sat, appeared an act of humiliation more than she had occasion for. The truth is, her beauty had something so innocent, and yet so sublime, that we all gazed upon her like a phantom. None of the pictures which we behold of the best Italian painters, have any thing like the spirit which appeared in her countenance, at the different sentiments expressed in the several parts of divine service. That gratitude and joy at a thanksgiving, that lowliness and sorrow at the prayers for the sick and distressed, that triumph at the passages which gave instances of the divine mercy, which appeared respectively in her aspect, will be in my memory to my last hour. I protest to you, sir, she suspended the devotion of every one around her; and the ease she did every thing with, soon dispersed the churlish dislike and hesitation in approving what is excellent, too frequent among us, to a general attention and entertainment in observing her behaviour. All the while that we were gazing at her, she took notice of no object about her, but had an art of seeming awkwardly attentive, whatever else her eyes were accidentally thrown upon. One thing indeed was particular, she stood the whole service, and never kneeled or sat: I do not question but that was to show herself with the greater

advantage, and set forth to better grace her hands and arms, lifted up with the most ardent devotion; and her bosom, the fairest that ever was seen, bare to observation; while she, you must think, knew nothing of the concern she gave others, any other than as an example of devotion, that threw herself out, without regard to dress or garment, all contrition, and loose of all worldly regards, in ecstacy of devotion. Well; now the organ was to play a voluntary, and she was so skilful in music, and so touched with it, that she kept time not only with some motion of her head, but also with a different air in her countenance. When the music was strong and bold, she looked exalted, but serious: when lively and airy, she was smiling and gracious; when the notes were most soft and languishing, she was kind and full of pity. When she had now made it visible to the whole congregation, by her motion and car, that she could dance, and she wanted now only to inform us that she could sing too; when the psalm was given out, her voice was distinguished above all the rest, or rather people did not exert their own, in order to hear her. Never was any heard so sweet and so strong. The organist observed it, and he thought fit to play to her only, and she swelled every note, when she found she had thrown us all out, and had the last versé to herself in such a manner as the whole congregation was intent upon her, in the same manner as we see in the cathedrals they are on the person who sings alone the anthem. Well, it came at last to the sermon, and our young lady would not lose her part in that neither; for she fixed her eye upon the preacher, and as he said any thing she approved, with one of Charles Mather's fine tablets she set down the sentence, at once showing her fine hand, the gold pen, her readiness in writing, and her judgment in choosing what to write. To sum up what I intend by this long and particular account, I appeal to you, whether it is reasonable that such a creature as this shall come from a janty part of the town, and give herself such violent airs, to the disturbance of an innocent and inoffensive congregation, with her sublimities. The fact, I assure you, was as I have related; but I had like to have forgot another very considerable particular. As soon as church was done, she immediately stepped out of her pew, and fell into the finest pitty-patty air, forsooth, wonderfully out of countenance, tossing her head up and down, as she swam along the body of the church. I, with several others of the inhabitants, followed her out, and saw her hold up her fan to a hackney-coach at a distance, who immediately came up to her, and she whipping into it with great nimbleness, pulled the door with a bowing mien, as if she had been used to a better glass. She said aloud, “ You know where to go,” and drove off. By this time the best of the congregation was at the church-door, and I could hear some say, “ A very fine lady;” others, “ I'll warrant you, she is no better than she should be:” and one very wise old lady said, she ought to have been taken up. Mr. Spectator, I think this matter lies wholly before you: for the offence does not come under any law, though it is apparent this creature came among us only to give herself airs, and enjoy her full swing in being admired. I desire you would print this, that she may be confined to her own parish; for I can assure you there is no attending any thing else in a place where she is a novelty. She has been talked of among us ever since under the name of “ the Phantom:” but I would advise her to come no more; for there is so strong a party made by the

women against her, that she must expect they will not be excused a second time to so outrageous a manner, without doing her some insult. Young women, who assume after this rate, and affect exposing themselves to view in congregations at the other end of the town, are not so mischievous, because they are rivilled by more of the same ambition, who will not let the rest of the company be particular; but in the name of the whole congregation where I was, I desire you to keep these agreeable disturbances out of the city, where sobriety of manners is still preserved, and all glaring and ostentatious behaviour, even to things laudable, discountenanced. I wish you may never see the Phantom, and am,

“THY,  
“YOUR most humble servant,  
“RALPH WRENCH.”

STEEL.

T.

Nº 504. WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1712.

*Lepus talis es, et pulcherrimum quæris*

THEL. FERN. ACT. III. SC. I.

You are a hare yourself, and want dalabam, seraph.

It is a great convenience to those who want wit to furnish out a conversation, that there is something or other in all companies where it is wanted substituted in its stead, which according to their taste, does the business as well. Of this nature is the agreeable pastime in country-halls of cross purposes, questions and commands, and the like. A little superior to these are those who can play at crambo, or cap verbes. Then above them are such as can make verses, that is, rhyme; and among those who have the Latin tongue, such as use to make what they call golden verses. Commend me also to those who have not brains enough for any of these exercises, and yet do not give up their pretensions to mirth. These can step you on the back unawares, lunge load, ask you how you do

with a traw on your shoulders, say you are dull to-day, and laugh a voluntary to put you in humour; not to mention the laborious way among the minor poets, of making things come into such and such a shape, as that of an egg, an hand, an axe, or any thing that nobody had ever thought on before for that purpose, or which would have cost a great deal of pains to accomplish it if they did it. But all these methods, though they are mechanical, and may be arrived at with the smallest capacity, do not serve an honest gentleman who wants wit for his ordinary occasions; therefore it is absolutely necessary that the poor in imagination should have something which may be serviceable to them at all hours upon all common occurrences. That which we call punning is therefore greatly affected by men of small intellects. These men need not be concerned with you for the whole sentence; but if they can say a quaint thing, or bring in a word which sounds like any one word you have spoken to them, they can turn the discourse, or distract you so that you cannot go on, and by consequence, if they cannot be as witty as you are, they can hinder your being any wittier than they are. Thus, if you talk of a candle, he ‘can deal with you; and if you ask him to help you to some bread, a powder should think himself very ‘ill-bred if he did not; and if he is not as ‘well-

bred’ as yourself, he hopes for ‘grains’ of allowance. If you do not understand that last fancy, you must recollect that bread is made of grain; and so they go on for ever, without possibility of being exhausted.

There are another kind of people of small faculties, who supply want of wit with want of breeding; and because women are both by nature and education more offended at any thing which is immodest than we men are, these are ever harping upon things they ought not to allude to, and deal mightily to double meanings. Every one’s own observation will suggest instances enough of this kind, without my mentioning any; for your double meanings are dispersed up and down through all parts of town or city, where there are any to offend, in order to set off themselves. These men are mighty loud laughers, and hold very pretty gentlemen with the sillier and unbred part of woman-kind. But above all already mentioned, or any who ever were, or even can be in the world, the happiest and surest to be pleasant, are a sort of people whom we have not indeed lately heard much of, and those are your ‘Biters.’

A Biter is one who tells you a thing you have no reason to disbelieve in itself, and perhaps has given you before he bit you, no reason to disbelieve it for his saying it; and if you give him credit, laughs in your face, and triumphs that he has deceived you. In a word, a Biter is one who thinks you a fool, because you do not think him a knave. This description of him one may insist upon to be a just one; for what else but a degree of knavery is it, to depend upon deceit for what you gain of another, be it in point of wit, or interest, or any thing else?

This way of wit is called ‘Biting,’ by a metaphor taken from beasts of prey, which devour harmless and unarmed animals, and look upon them as their food wherever they meet them. The sharpeners about town very ingenuously understood themselves to be to the undesigning part of mankind what foxes are to lambs, and therefore used the word biting, to express any exploit wherein they had ever reached any innocent and inadvertent man of his purse. These ravens of late years have been the gallants of the town, and carried it with a fashionable brightly air, to the discouragement of modesty, and all honest arts. Stallow fops, who are governed by the eye, and admire every thing that struts in vogue, took up from the sharpeners the phrase of biting, and used it upon all occasions, either to shew any comical staff they should talk themselves, or to do the force of what was reasonably said by others. Thus, when one of these cunning creatures was entered into a debate with you, whether it was practicable in the present state of affairs to accomplish such a proposition, and you thought he had let fall what destroyed his side of the question, as soon as you looked with an earnestness ready to lay hold of it, he immediately cried, ‘Bite,’ and you were immediately to acknowledge all that part was in jest. They carry this to all the extravagance imaginable; and if one of these wittlings knows any particulars which may give authority to what he says, he is still the more ingenuous if he imposes upon your credulity. I remember a remarkable instance of this kind. There came up a shrewd young fellow to a plain young man, his countryman, and taking him aside with a grave concerned countenance, goes on at this rate. ‘I see you here, and have you heard nothing out of York-shire?—You look so surprised you could not have



veyed very attentively all kinds of ranks and professions, I do not find in any quarter of the town an Oniro-critic, or, in plain English, an interpreter of dreams. For want of so useful a person, there are several good people who are very much puzzled in this particular, and dream a whole year together without being over the wber for it. I hope I am pretty well qualified for this office, having studied by candle-light all the rules of art which have been laid down upon this subject. My great uncle by my wife's side was a Scotch highlander, and second-sighted. I have four fingers and two thumbs upon one hand, and was born on the longest night of the year. My christian and air-name begin and end with the same letters. I am lodged in Moorfields, in the house that for these fifty years has been always tenanted by a conjurer.

"If you had been in company, so much as myself, with ordinary women of the town, you must know that there are many of them who every day in their lives, upon seeing or hearing of any thing that is unexpected, cry, "My dream is out;" and cannot go to sleep in quiet the next night, till something or other has happened which has expounded the visions of the preceding one. There are others who are in very great pain for not being able to recover the circumstances of a dream, that made strong impressions upon them while it lasted. In short, sir, there are many whose waking thoughts are wholly employed on their sleeping ones. For the benefit therefore of this curious and inquisitive part of my fellow-subjects, I shall in the first place tell those persons what they dreamt of, who fancy they never dream at all. In the next place, I shall make out any dream, upon hearing a single circumstance of it; and in the last place, shall expound to them the good or bad fortune which such dreams portend. If they do not premege good luck, I shall desire nothing for my pains; not questioning at the same time, that those who consult me will be so reasonable as to afford me a moderate share out of any considerable estate, profit, or emolument, which I shall discover to them. I interpret to the poor for nothing, on condition that their names may be inserted in public advertisements, to attest the truth of such my interpretations. As for people of quality, or others who are indisposed, and do not care to come in person, I can interpret their dreams by seeing their water. I act aside one day in the week for lovers; and interpret by the great for any gentleman who is turned of sixty; after the rate of half a crown per week, with the usual allowances for good luck. I have several rooms and apartments fitted up, at reasonable rates, for such as have not conveniences for dreaming at their own houses.

"TITUS TROPHIUS.

"N. B. I am not dumb."

ADDRESSES.

O.

N<sup>o</sup> 306. FRIDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1712.

*Concordia perpetua vultis concordia, lecto,  
Tamque pars vultis ut Venus vultus agere,  
Dilecti illa vultus guardam; sed et vultus maris,  
Tunc quoque curis vultus, non vultus vultus.*  
MART. Epig. xii. l. 4. ver. 7.

Perpetual harmony their bed attend,  
And Venus still the well-matched pair bedfriend.  
May she, when time has sunk him into years,  
Love her old age, and cherish his white hairs;  
Nor he perceive her charms through age decay,  
But think each happy son his bridal day.

THE following essay is written by the gentleman, to whom the world is obliged for those several excellent discourses which have been marked with the letter X \*.

I HAVE somewhere met with a fable that made Wrenth the father of Love. It is certain that a mind ought, at least, to be free from the apprehensions of want and poverty, before it can fully attend to all the softnesses and endearments of this passion. Notwithstanding we see multitudes of married people, who are utter strangers to this delightful passion amidst all the affluence of the most plentiful fortunes.

It is not sufficient to make a marriage happy, that the humours of two people should be alike; I could instance an hundred pair, who have not the least sentiment of love remaining for one another, yet are so like in their humours, that if they were not already married, the whole world would design them for man and wife.

The spirit of love has something so extremely fine in it, that it is very often disturbed and lost, by some little accidents, which the careless and unsolite never attend to, till it is gone past recovery.

Nothing has more contributed to banish it from a married state than too great a familiarity, and laying aside the common rules of decency. Though I could give instances of this in several particulars, I shall only mention that of dress. The beaux and belles about town, who dress purely to catch one another, think there is no further occasion for the bait, when their first design has succeeded. But besides the too common fault in point of neatness, there are several others which I do not remember to have seen touched upon, but in one of our modern comedies †, where a French woman, offering to undress and dress herself before the lover at the play, and smearing her mistress that it was very usual in France, the lady tells her that it is a secret in dress she never knew before, and that she was so unpollished an English woman as to resolve never to learn to dress even before her husband.

There is something so gross in the carriage of some wives, that they lose their husband's hearts for faults, which, if a man has either good-nature or good-breeding, he knows not how to tell them of. I am afraid, indeed, the ladies are generally most faulty in this particular; who at their first giving into love, find the way so smooth and pleasant, that they fancy it is scarce possible to be tired to it.

There is so much alcey and discretion required to keep love alive after marriage, and make con-

\* Fagell.

† Steele's "Familiar" or, "Grief Almada."

version still new and agreeable, after twenty or thirty years, that I know nothing which seems readily to promise it, but an earnest endeavour to please on both sides, and superior good sense on the part of the man.

By a man of sense, I mean one acquainted with business and letters.

A woman very much settles her esteem for a man, according to the figure he makes in the world, and the character he bears among his own sex. As learning is the chief advantage we have over them, it is, methinks, no scandalous and inexcusable for a man of fortune to be illiterate, as for a woman not to know how to behave herself on the most ordinary occasions. It is this which sets the two sexes at the greatest distance; a woman is vexed and surprised, to find nothing more in the conversation of a man, than in the common tattle of her own sex.

Some small engagement at least in business, not only sets a man's talents in the fairest light, and allots him a part to act, in which a wife cannot well intermeddle: but gives frequent occasion for those little absences, which, whatever seeming uneasiness they may give, are some of the best preservatives of love and desire.

The fair sex are so conscious to themselves, that they have nothing in them which can deserve entirely to engross the whole man, that they heartily despise one, who, to use their own expression, is always hanging at their apron-strings.

Lætitia is pretty, modest, tender, and has sense enough; she married Erastus, who is in a post of some business, and has a general taste in most parts of polite learning. Lætitia, wherever she visits, has the pleasure to hear of something which was handsomely said or done by Erastus. Erastus, since his marriage, is more gay in his dress than ever, and in all companies is as complaisant to Lætitia as to any other lady. I have seen him give her her fan when it has dropped, with all the gallantry of a lover. When they take the air together, Erastus is continually improving her thoughts, and, with a turn of wit and spirit which is peculiar to him, giving her an insight into things she had no notions of before. Lætitia is transported at having a new world thus opened to her, and hangs upon the man that gives her such agreeable informations. Erastus has carried this point still further, as he makes her daily not only more fond of him, but infinitely more satisfied with herself. Erastus finds a justness or beauty in whatever she says or observes, that Lætitia herself was not aware of; and by his assistance, she has discovered an hundred good qualities and accomplishments in herself, which she never before once dreamed of. Erastus, with the most artful complaisance in the world, by several remote hints, finds the means to make her say or propose almost whatever he has a mind to, which he always receives as her own discovery, and gives her all the reputation of it.

Erastus has a perfect taste in painting, and carried Lætitia with him the other day to see a collection of pictures. I sometimes visit this happy couple. As we were last week walking in the long gallery before dinner, 'I have lately laid out some money in paintings,' says Erastus; 'I bought that Venus and Adonis purely upon Lætitia's judgment; it cost me three score guineas, and I was this morning offered an hundred for it.' I turned towards Lætitia, and saw her cheeks glow with pleasure, while at the same time she cast a look upon Erastus, the most tender and affectionate I ever beheld.

Flavilla married Tom Tawdry; she was taken with his laced coat and rich sword-knot; she has the mortification to see Tom despised by all the worthy part of his own sex. Tom has nothing to do after dinner, but to determine whether he will pare his nails at St. James's, White's, or his own house. He has said nothing to Flavilla since they were married, which she might not have heard as well from her own woman. He however takes great care to keep up the saucy ill-natured authority of a husband. Whatever Flavilla happens to assert, Tom immediately contradicts with an oath by way of preface, and, 'My dear, I must tell you you talk most confoundedly silly.' Flavilla had a heart naturally as well disposed for all the tenderness of love as that of Lætitia; but as love seldom continues long after esteem, it is difficult to determine, at present, whether the unhappy Flavilla hates or despises the person most whom she is obliged to lead her whole life with.

BUDGELL.

X.

Nº 507. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1712.

*Defendit numerus, junctaque umbone phalanges.*  
JUV. Sat. ii. ver. 45.

Preserv'd from shame by numbers on our side.

THERE is something very sublime, though very fanciful, in Plato's description of the Supreme Being; that 'truth is his body, and light his shadow.' According to this definition, there is nothing so contradictory to his nature as error and falsehood. The Platonists have so just a notion of the Almighty's aversion to every thing which is false and erroneous, that they looked upon truth as no less necessary than virtue, to qualify a human soul for the enjoyment of a separate state. For this reason, as they recommended moral duties to qualify and season the will for a future life, so they prescribed several contemplations and sciences to rectify the understanding. Thus Plato has called mathematical demonstrations the cathartics or purgatives of the soul, as being the most proper means to cleanse it from error, and to give it a relish of truth; which is the natural food and nourishment of the understanding, as virtue is the perfection and happiness of the will.

There are many authors who have shown where in the malignity of a lie consists, and set forth, in proper colours, the heinousness of the offence. I shall here consider one particular kind of this crime, which has not been so much spoken to; I mean that abominable practice of party-lying. This vice is so very predominant among us at present, that a man is thought of no principles, who does not propagate a certain system of lies. The coffee-houses are supported by them, the press is choked with them, eminent authors live upon them. Our bottle conversation is so infected with them, that a party lie is grown as fashionable an entertainment as a lively catch, or a merry story. The truth of it is, half the great talkers in the nation would be struck dumb, were this fountain of discourse dried up. There is, however, one advantage resulting from this detestable practice; the very appearances of truth are so little regarded, that lies are at present discharged in the air, and begin to hurt nobody. When we hear a party-story from a stranger, we conclude they are w



honest gentleman designs to recommend his seal, without any concern for his veracity. A man is looked upon as bereft of common sense, that gives credit to the relations of party-writers; nay, his own friends shake their heads at him, and consider him in no other light than an officious tool, or a well-meaning idiot. When it was formerly the fashion to husband a lie, and trump it up in some extraordinary emergency, it generally did execution, and was not a little serviceable to the faction that made use of it; but at present every man is upon his guard: the artifice has been too often repeated to take effect.

I have frequently wondered to see men of probity, who would scorn to utter a falsehood for their own particular advantage, give so readily in to a lie, when it becomes the voice of their faction, notwithstanding they are thoroughly sensible of it as such. How is it possible for those who are men of honour in their persons, then to become notorious liars in their party? If we look into the bottom of this matter, we may find, I think, three reasons for it, and at the same time discover the insufficiency of these reasons to justify so criminal a practice.

In the first place, men are apt to think that the guilt of a lie, and consequently the punishment, may be very much diminished, if not wholly worn out, by the multitudes of those who partake in it. Though the weight of a falsehood would be too heavy for one to bear, it grows light in their imaginations when it is shared among many. But in this case a man very much deceives himself; guilt, when it spreads through numbers, is not so properly divided as multiplied. Every one is criminal in proportion to the offence which he commits, not to the number of those who are his companions in it. Both the crime and the penalty lie as heavy upon every individual of an offending multitude, as they would upon any single person had none shared with him in the offence. In a word, the division of guilt is like to that of matter; though it may be separated into infinite portions, every portion shall have the whole essence of matter in it, and consist of as many parts as the whole did before it was divided.

But in the second place, though multitudes, who join in a lie, cannot exempt themselves from the guilt, they may from the shame of it. The scandal of a lie is in a manner lost and annihilated, when diffused among several thousand; as a drop of the blackest dye runs away and vanishes, when mixed and confound in a considerable body of water; the blot is still in it, but is not able to discover itself. This is certainly a very great motive to several party-offenders, who wield crimes, not as they are prejudicial to their virtue, but to their reputation. It is enough to show the weakness of this reason, which palliates guilt without removing it, that every man who is influenced by it declares himself to effect an infamous hypocrisy, prefers the appearance of virtue to its reality, and is determined in his conduct neither by the dictates of his own conscience, the suggestions of true honour, nor the principles of religion.

The third and last great motive for men's joining in a popular falsehood, or, as I have hitherto called it, a party lie, notwithstanding they are convinced of it as such, is the doing good to a cause which every party may be supposed to look upon as the most meritorious. The unweariness of this principle has been so often exposed, and is so universally acknowledged, that a man must be an

utter stranger to the principles, either of natural religion or Christianity, who suffers himself to be guided by it. If a man might promote the supposed good of his country by the blackest calumnies and falsehoods, our nation abounds more in patriots than any other of the Christian world. When Pompey was desired not to set sail in a tempest that would hazard his life, 'It is necessary for me,' says he, 'to sail, but it is not necessary for me to live.' Every man should say to himself, with the same spirit, 'It is my duty to speak truth, though it is not my duty to be in an office.' One of the fathers hath carried this point so high as to declare he would not tell a lie, though he were sure to gain heaven by it. However extravagant such a protestation may appear, every one will own that a man may say, very reasonably, he would not tell a lie, if he were sure to gain hell by it; or, if you have a mind to soften the expression, that he would not tell a lie to gain any temporal reward by it, when he should run the hazard of losing much more than it was possible for him to gain.

ADDISON.

G.

N<sup>o</sup> 508. MONDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1712.

*Quem statum et habentem et dicentem tyrannum, qui potestatem suam perpetuam, in eo statu quod libertas non est.*

CORN. NEPOS in M<sup>ss</sup>. a. 2.

For all those are accounted and demonstrated tyrants, who exercise a perpetual power in that state, which was before free.

The following letters complain of what I have frequently observed with very much indignation; therefore I shall give them to the public in the words with which my correspondents, who suffer under the hardships mentioned in them, describe them.

\* MR. SPECTATOR,

'In former ages all pretensions to dominion have been supported and submitted to, either upon account of inheritance, conquest, or election; and all such persons, who have taken upon them any sovereignty over their fellow-creatures upon any other account, have been always called tyrants, not so much because they were guilty of any particular barbarities, as because every attempt to such a superiority was in its nature tyrannical. But there is another sort of potentates, who may with greater propriety be called tyrants than those last mentioned, both as they assume a despotic dominion over those as free as themselves, and as they support it by acts of notable oppression and injustice; and these are the rulers in all clubs and meetings. In other governments, the punishments of some have been alleviated by the rewards of others; but what makes the reign of these potentates so particularly grievous, is, that they are exquisite in punishing their subjects at the same time they have it not in their power to reward them. That the reader may the better comprehend the nature of these monarchs, as well as the miserable state of those that are their vassals, I shall give an account of the king of the company I am fallen into, whom for his particular tyranny I shall call Dionysius; as also of the seeds that sprung up in this odd sort of empire.

'Upon all meetings at taverns, it is necessary some one of the company should take it upon him

to get all things in such order and readiness, as may contribute as much as possible to the felicity of the convention; such as hastening the fire, getting a sufficient number of candles, tasting the wine with a judicious smack, fixing the snapper, and being brisk for the dispatch of it. Know then, that Dionysius went through these offices with an air that seemed to express a satisfaction rather in serving the public, than in gratifying any particular inclination of his own. We thought him a person of an exquisite palate, and therefore by consent beseeched him to be always our provider; which post, after he had handsomely denied, he could do no otherwise than accept. At first he made no other use of his power than in recommending such and such things to the company, ever allowing these points to be disputable; inso-much that I have often carried the debate for partridge, when his majesty has given intimation of the high relish of duck, but at the same time has cheerfully submitted, and devoured his partridge with most gracious resignation. The submission on his side naturally produced the like on ours; of which he in a little time made such barbarous advantage, as in all those matters, which before seemed indifferent to him, to issue out certain edicts as uncontrollable and unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. He is by turns outrageous, peevish, forward, and jovial. He thinks it our duty for the little offices, as provider, that in return all conversation is to be interrupted or promoted by his inclination for or against the present humour of the company. We feel, at present, in the utmost extremity, the insolence of office; however, I, being naturally warm, ventured to oppose him in a dispute about a haunch of venison. I was altogether for roasting, but Dionysius declared himself for boiling with so much prowess and resolution, that the cook thought it necessary to consult his own safety, rather than the luxury of my proposition. With the same authority that he orders what we shall eat and drink, he also commands us where to do it; and we change our taverns according as he suspects any treasonable practices in the settling the bill by the master, or sees any bold rebellion in point of attendance by the waiters. Another reason for changing the seat of empire, I conceive to be the pride he takes in the promulgation of our slavery, though we pay our club for our entertainments, even in these palaces of our grand monarch. When he has a mind to take the air, a party of us are commanded out by way of life-guard, and we march under as great restrictions as they do. If we meet a neighbouring king, we give or keep the way, according as we are outnumbered or not; and if the train of each is equal in number, rather than give battle, the superiority is soon adjusted by a desertion from one of them.

'Now, the expulsion of these unjust rulers out of all societies would gain a man as everlasting a reputation, as either of the Brutus's got from their endeavours to extirpate tyranny from among the Romans. I confess myself to be in a conspiracy against the usurper of our club; and to show my reading, as well as my merciful disposition, shall allow him till the ides of March to dethrone himself. If he seems to affect empire till that time, and does not gradually recede from the incursions he has made upon our liberties, he shall find a dinner dressed which he has no hand in, and shall be treated with an order, magnificence, and luxury, as shall break his proud heart; at the same time

that he shall be convinced in his stomach he was unfit for his post, and a more mild and skilful prince receive the acclamations of the people, and be set up in his room: but, as Milton says,

"—— These thoughts  
Full counsel must mature. Peace is despair'd,  
And who can think submission? War then, war,  
Open, or understood, must be resolv'd."

'I am, sir,  
'Your most obedient humble servant.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I AM a young woman at a gentleman's seat in the country, who is a particular friend of my father's, and came hither to pass away a month or two with his daughters. I have been entertained with the utmost civility by the whole family, and nothing has been omitted which can make my stay easy and agreeable on the part of the family; but there is a gentleman here, a visitant as I am, whose behaviour has given me great uneasinesses. When I first arrived here, he used me with the utmost complaisance; but, forsooth, that was not with regard to my sex; and, since he has no designs upon me, he does not know why he should distinguish me from a man in things indifferent. He is, you must know, one of those familiar coxcombs, who have observed some well-bred men with a good grace converse with women, and say no fine things, but yet treat them with that sort of respect which flows from the heart and the understanding, but is exerted in no professions or compliments. This puppy, to imitate this excellence, or avoid the contrary fault of being troublesome in complaisance, takes upon him to try his talent upon me, inso-much that he contradicts me upon all occasions, and one day told me I lied. If I had struck him with my hodkin, and behaved myself like a man, since he will not treat me as a woman, I had, I think, served him right. I wish, sir, you would please to give him some maxims of behaviour in these points, and resolve me if all maids are not in point of conversation to be treated by all bachelors as their mistresses. If not so, are they not to be used as geotly as their sisters? Is it sufferable that the fop of whom I complain should say, that he would rather have such-a-one without a groat, than me with the Indies? What right has any man to make suppositions of things not in his power, and then declare his will to the dislike of one that has never offended him? I assure you these are things worthy your consideration, and I hope we shall have your thoughts upon them. I am, though a woman justly offended, ready to forgive all this, because I have no remedy but leaving very agreeable company sooner than I desire. This also is an heinous aggravation of his offence, that he is inflicting banishment upon me. Your printing this letter may perhaps be an admonition to reform him: as soon as it appears I will write my name at the end of it, and lay it in his way: the making which just reprimand, I hope you will put in the power of,

'SIR,  
'Your constant reader,  
'and humble servant.'

T.

STEELE.

N<sup>o</sup>. 509. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1712.

*Homines frangi et temperant in secretis officium.*  
THE *Heaut.* act. III. sc. 3.

Discharging the part of a good economist.

THIS useful knowledge in the following letter shall have a place in my paper, though there is nothing in it which immediately regards the polite or the learned world; I say immediately, for upon reflection every man will find there is a remote influence upon his own affairs, in the prosperity or decay of the trading part of mankind. My present correspondent, I believe, was never to print before; but what he says well deserves a general attention, though delivered in his own homely maxims, and a kind of proverbial simplicity; which sort of learning has raised more estates than ever were, or will be, from attention to Virgil, Horace, Tully, Seneca, Pindarch, or any of the rest, whom, I dare say, this worthy citizen would hold to be indeed ingenious, but unprofitable writers. But to the letter.

MR. WILLIAM SPECTATOR,

SIR, Broad-street, Oct. 10, 1712

I APOLOGUE you of many discourses on the subject of money, which you have heretofore promised the public, but have not discharged yourself thereof. But, forasmuch as you seemed to depend upon advice from others what to do in that point, have sat down to write you the needful upon that subject. But, before I enter thereupon, I shall take this opportunity to observe to you, that the thriving frugal man shows it in every part of his expense, dress, servants, and home; and I must, in the first place, complain to you, as Spectator, that in these particulars there is at this time, throughout the city of London, a lamentable change from that simplicity of manners, which is the true source of wealth and prosperity. I just now said, the man of thrift shows regularity in every thing; but you may, perhaps, laugh that I take notice of such a particular as I am going to do, for an instance that this city is declining, if their ancient economy is not restored. The thing which gives me this prospect, and so much offence, is the neglect of the Royal Exchange, I mean the edifice so called, and the walks appertaining thereto. The Royal Exchange is a fabric that well deserves to be so called, as well to express that our monarch's highest glory and advantage consists in being the patron of trade, as that it is commodious for business, and an instance of the grandeur both of prince and people. But, alas! at present it hardly seems to be set apart for any such use or purpose. Instead of the assembly of honourable merchants, substantial tradesmen, and knowing masters of ships; the swimmers, the halt, the blind, and the lame; your vendors of trash, apples, plumbs; your rag-mongers, rakishness, and wenchers; have jostled the greater number of the former out of that place. Thus it is, especially on the evening change; so that what with the din of squallings, oaths, and cries of beggars, men of the greatest consequence in our city about themselves from the place. This particular, by the way, is of evil consequence; for, if the Change be no place for men of the highest credit (a frequent, it will not be a disgrace for those of less abilities to absent. I remember the

time when rascally company were kept out, and the unlucky boys with toys and balls were whipped away by a broom. I have seen this done indeed of late, but then it has been only to chase the lads from chink, that the benille might seize their copper.

I must repeat the abomination, that the walnut-trade is carried on by old women within the walks, which makes the place impassable by reason of shells and trash. The benches around are so filthy, that no one can sit down, yet the broodlers and officers have the impudence at Christmas to ask for their box, though they deserve the strapado. I do not think it impertinent to have mentioned this, because it speaks a neglect in the domestic care of the city, and the domestic is the truest picture of a man every where else.

But I designed to speak on the business of money and advancement of gain. The man proper for this, speaking to the general, is of a sedate, plain, good understanding, not apt to go out of his way, but so behaving himself at home, that business may come to him. Sir William Turner, that valuable citizen, has left behind him a most excellent rule, and coached it in a very few words, suited to the meanest capacity. He would say, "Keep your shop, and your shop will keep you." It must be confessed, that if a man of a great genius could add steadiness to his vivacities, or substitute slower men of fidelity to transact the methodical part of his affairs, such an one would outstrip the rest of the world; but business and trade is not to be managed by the same heads which write poetry, and make plans for the conduct of life in general. So, though we are at this day beholden to the late witty and inventive Duke of Buckingham for the whole trade and manufacture of glass, yet I suppose there is no one will avow, that, were his grace yet living, they would not rather deal with my diligent friend and neighbour, Mr. Smoley, for any goods to be prepared and delivered on such a day, than be wiled with that illustrious mechanic above mentioned.

No, no, Mr. Spectator, you will must not pretend to be rich; and it is possible the reason may be, in some measure, because you despise, or at

\* Alderman Thomas, a merchant in Peterchurch-row, made this one of the masters of his shop.

+ Steele, in his "Lover," N<sup>o</sup>. 21, speaking in terms of admiration, of Ozanby's Glass Gallery, over the New Exchange, says, "When a man walks in that illustrious room, and reflects what incredible improvement our artificers of England have made in the manufacture of glass in thirty years time, and can suppose such an alteration of our affairs in other parts of commerce, it is demonstrable that the nations who are possessed of mines of gold are but drudges to a people whose arts and industry, with other advantages natural to us, may make itself the shop of the world. We are arrived at such perfection in this way of which I am speaking, that it is not in the power of any potentate in Europe to have so beautiful a mirror as he may purchase here for a trifle, by all the cost and charge that he can lay out in his dominions. It is a modest competition, that England gives fifty thousand pounds a year by exporting this commodity for the service of foreign nations; the whole arising from the ingenuity and industry as well as liberal genius of the late Duke of Buckingham. This prodigious effect by the art of man, from parts of nature that are so trivially produced to us, would suppose a man could turn common earth to a tulip, upon a wheel of contrivance," &c. In the year 1696, some French artists, the principal of whom was Leveillé, arrived in England, under the patronage of the Duke of Buckingham, who established the manufactory of Fire-ball (Vaseball) in the parish of Lambeth, and carried it on with amazing success, in the firm of Leveillé, Bonvin, and Co. as it is called the Vaseball, or any other nation, in known plantations. The manufactory acquired by the proprietors were prodigious, till about five years ago, when a total stop was put to this great acquisition, and a descendant of Robert's magnificently left in extreme poverty. Hist. of Lambeth, 1746, p. 126.

least you do not value it enough to let it take up your chief attention; which the trader must do, or lose his credit, which is to him what honour, reputation, fame, or glory, is to other sort of men.

'I shall not speak to the point of cash itself, till I see how you approve of these my maxims in general: but I think a speculation upon "many a little makes a mickle, a penny saved is a penny got, penny wise and pound foolish, it is need that makes the old wife trot," would be very useful to the world; and, if you treated them with knowledge, would be useful to yourself, for it would make demands for your paper among those who have no notion of it at present. But of these matters more hereafter. If you did this, as you exceed many writers of the present age for politeness, you would outgo the author of the true razor-strops for use.

'I shall conclude this discourse with an explanation of a proverb, which by vulgar error is taken and used when a man is reduced to an extremity, whereas the propriety of the maxim is to use it when you would say there is plenty, but you must make such a choice as not to hurt another who is to come after you.

'Mr. Tobias Hobson, from whom we have the expression, was a very honourable man, for I shall ever call the man so who gets an estate honestly. Mr. Tobias Hobson was a carrier; and, being a man of great abilities and invention, and one that saw where there might good profit arise, though the duller men overlooked it, this ingenious man was the first in this island who let out hackney-horses. He lived in Cambridge; and, observing that the scholars rid hard, his manner was to keep a large stable of horses, with houts, bridles, and whips, to furnish the gentlemen at once, without going from college to college to borrow, as they have done since the death of this worthy man. I say, Mr. Hobson kept a stable of forty good cattle, always ready and fit for travelling; but, when a man came for a horse, he was led into the stable, where there was great choice, but he obliged him to take the horse which stood next to the stable-door; so that every customer was alike well served according to his chance, and every horse ridden with the same justice: from whence it became a proverb, when what ought to be your election was forced upon you, to say, "Hobson's choice." This memorable man stands drawn in fresco at an inn (which he used) in Bishopsgate-street, with an hundred pound bag under his arm, with this inscription upon the said bag:

"The fruitful mother of a hundred more."

'Whatever tradesman will try the experiment, and begin the day after you publish this my discourse to treat his customers all alike, and all reasonably and honestly, I will ensure him the same success.

'I am, sir,

'Your loving friend,

'REZEBIAH THRIFT.'

STEELE.

T.

Nº 510. WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1712.

Si sapi,  
Neque praterquam quas ipse anior molestias  
Habet addas; et illas, quas habet, recte feras.

TER. Eun. act. i. sc. 1.

If you are wise, neither add to the troubles which attend the passion of love, and bear patiently those which are inseparable from it.

I was the other day driving in a hack through Gerard-street, when my eye was immediately caught with the prettiest object imaginable, the face of a very fair girl, between thirteen and fourteen, fixed at the chin to a painted sash, and made part of the landscape. It seemed admirably done, and, upon throwing myself eagerly out of the coach to look at it, it laughed, and swung from the window. This amiable figure dwelt upon me; and I was considering the vanity of the girl, and her pleasant coquetry in acting a picture until she was taken notice of, and raised the admiration of the beholders. This little circumstance made me run into reflections upon the force of beauty, and the wonderful influence the female sex has upon the other part of the species. Our hearts are seized with their enchantments, and there are few of us, but brutal men, who by that hardness lose the chief pleasure in them, can resist their insinuations, though never so much against our own interests and opinion. It is common with women to destroy the good effects a man's following his own way and inclination might have upon his honour and fortune, by interposing their power over him in matters wherein they cannot influence him, but to his loss and disparagement. I do not know therefore a task so difficult in human life, as to be proof against the importunities of a woman a man loves. There is certainly no armour against tears, sullen looks, or at best constrained familiarities, in her whom you usually meet with transport and alacrity. Sir Walter Raleigh was quoted in a letter (of a very ingenious correspondent of mine) on this subject. That author, who had lived in courts, camps, travelled through many countries, and of as various complexions, speaks of our impotence to resist the wiles of women in very severe terms. His words are as follow:

'What means did the devil find out, or what instruments did his own subtilty present him, as fittest and aptest to work his mischief by? Even the unquiet vanity of the woman; so as by Adam's hearkening to the voice of his wife, contrary to the express commandment of the living God, mankind by that her incantation became the subject of labour, sorrow, and death: the woman being given to man for a comforter and companion, but not for a counsellor. It is also to be noted by whom the woman was tempted; even by the most ugly and unworthy of all beasts, into whom the devil entered and persuaded. Secondly, What was the motive of her disobedience? Even a desire to know what was most fitting her knowledge; an affection which has ever since remained in all the posterity of her sex. Thirdly, What was it that moved the man to yield to her persuasions; even the same cause which hath moved all men since to the like consent, namely, an unwillingness to grieve her, or make her sad, lest she should pine, and be overcome with sorrow. But if Adam in the state of perfection, and Solomon the son of David, God's chosen servant, and himself a

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greatest wisdom, did both of them disobey their Creator by the persuasion, and for the love they bare to a woman, it is not so wonderful as lamentable, that other men in succeeding ages have been allowed to so many inconvenient and wicked practices by the persuasion of their wives, or other beloved darlings, who cover over and shadow many malicious purposes with a counterfeit passion of deploring sorrow and uneasiness.

The motions of the minds of lovers are no where so well described as in the works of skilful writers for the stage. The scene between Folio and Clarim in the second act of Jomson's *Catiline*, is an excellent picture of the power of a lady over her gallant. The French plays with his affection; and as a man of all places in the world wishes to make a good figure with his mistress, upon her upbraiding him with want of spirit, he alludes to enterprises which he cannot reveal but with the hazard of his life. When he is worked thus far, with a little flattery of her opinion of his gallantry, and desire to know more of it out of her over-dowing sadness to him, he brags to her until his life is in her disposal.

When a man is thus liable to be vanquished by the charms of her he loves, the safest way is to determine what is proper to be done, but to avoid all expostulation with her before he executes what he has resolved. Women are ever too hard for us upon a treaty; and one must consider how senseless a thing it is to argue with one whose looks and gestures are more prevalent with you, than your reasons and arguments can be with her. It is a most tolerable slavery to submit to what you disapprove, and give up a truth for no other reason, but that you had not fortitude to support you in asserting it. A man has enough to do to conquer his own unreasonable wishes and desires; but he does that in vain, if he has those of another to gratify. Let his pride be in his wife and family, let him give them all the conveniences of life in such a manner as if he were proud of them; but let it be his own innocent pride, and not their exorbitant desires, which are indulged by him. In this case all the little arts imaginable are used to soften a man's heart, and raise his passion above his understanding. But to all concessions of this kind, a man should consider whether the present he makes flows from his own love, or the importunity of his beloved. If from the latter, he is her slave; if from the former, her friend. We laugh it off, and do not weigh this subjection in women with that seriousness which so important a circumstance deserves. Why has courage given to man, if his wife's fears are to frustrate it? When this is once indulged, you are no longer her guardian and protector, as you were designed by nature; but, in compliance to her weakness, you have disabled yourself from avoiding the misfortunes into which they will lead you both, and you are to see the hour in which you are to be reproached by herself for that very compliance to her. It is indeed the most difficult mastery over ourselves we can possibly attain, to resist the grief of her who charms us; but let the heart ache, be the anguish never so quick and painful, it is what must be suffered and passed through, if you think to live like a gentleman, or be cautious to yourself that you are a man of honesty. The old argument, that "you do not love me if you deny me this," which first was used to obtain a trifle, by habitual success, will oblige the unhappy man who gives way to it, to resign the cause even of his country and his honour.

STEELE.

T.

N° 511. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1712.

*Cicero non invenit turba quod amaret in illa?*OVID. *Art. Am. l. vii. 775.*—Who could find to find,  
In such a crowd, a mistress to his mind?

\* DEAR SPEC,

\* FINDING that my last letter took, I do intend to continue my epistolary correspondence with thee, on those dear confounded creatures, women. Thou knowest all the little learning I am master of is upon that subject; I never looked in a book, but for their sakes. I have lately met with two pure stories for a Spectator, which I am sure will please mightily, if they pass through thy hands. The first of them I found by chance in an English book, called *Herodotus*, that lay in my friend Dapper-wick's window, as I visited him one morning. It luckily opened in the place where I met with the following account. He tells us, that it was the manner among the Persians to have several fairs to the kingdom, at which all the young unmarried women were annually exposed to sale. The men who wanted wives, came thither to provide themselves. Every woman was given to the highest bidder, and the money which she fetched laid aside for the public use, to be employed as thou shalt hear by and by. By this means the richest people had the choice of the market, and called out all the most extraordinary beauties. As soon as the fair was thus picked, the refuse was to be distributed among the poor, and among those who could not go to the price of a beauty. Several of these married the agreeables, without paying a farthing for them, unless somebody chanced to think it worth his while to bid for them, in which case the best bidder was always the purchaser. But now you must know, Spec, it happened in Persia, as it does in our own country, that there were as many ugly women as beauties or agreeables; so that by consequence, after the magistrates had put off a great money, there were still a great many that stuck upon their hands. In order therefore to clear the market, the money which the beauties had sold for, was disposed of among the ugly; so that a poor man, who could not afford to have a beauty for his wife, was forced to take up with a fortune; the greatest portion being always given to the most deformed. In this the author adds, that every poor man was forced to live kindly with his wife, or, in case he repented of his bargain, to return her portion with her to the next public sale.

\* What I would recommend to thee on this occasion is, to establish such an imaginary fair in Great Britain: thou couldst make it very pleasant, by matching women of quality with coblers and carmen, or describing tilles and garters leading off in great ceremony shopkeepers and farmers' daughters. Though, to tell thee the truth, I am considerably afraid, that as the love of money prevails in our kind more than it did in Persia, we should find that some of our greatest men would choose out the portions, and rival one another for the richest piece of deformity; and that, on the contrary, the toasts and belles would be bought up by extravagant heirs, gentlemen, and spendthrifts. Thou couldst make very pretty reflections upon this occasion in honour of the Persian politics, who took care, by such marriages, to beautify the upper part of the species, and to make the greatest pri-

sons in the government the most graceful. But this I shall leave to thy judicious pen.

'I have another story to tell thee, which I likewise met with in a book. It seems the general of the Tartars, after having laid siege to a strong town in China, and taken it by storm, would yet to sale all the women that were found in it. Accordingly he put each of them into a sack, and, after having thoroughly considered the value of the woman who was inclosed, marked the price that was demanded for her upon the sack. There were a great confluence of chapmen, that resorted from every part, with a design to purchase, which they were to do "unsight unseen." The book mentions a merchant in particular, who, observing one of the sacks to be marked pretty high, bargained for it, and carried it off with him to his house. As he was resting with it upon a half-way bridge, he was resolved to take a survey of his purchase upon opening the sack, a little old woman popped her head out of it; at which the adventurer was in so great a rage, that he was going to shoot her out into the river. The old lady, however, begged him first of all to hear her story, by which he learned that she was sister to a great Mandarin, who would infallibly make the fortune of his brother-in-law as soon as he should know to whose lot she fell. Upon which the merchant again tied her up in his sack, and carried her to his house, where she proved an excellent wife, and procured him all the riches from her brother that she had promised him.

'I fancy, if I was disposed to dream a second time, I could make a tolerable vision upon this plan. I would suppose all the unmarried women in London and Westminster brought to market in sacks, with their respective prices on each sack. The first sack that is sold is marked with five thousand pound. Upon the opening of it, I find it filled with an admirable housewife, of an agreeable countenance. The purchaser, upon hearing her good qualities, pays down her price very cheerfully. The second I would open, should be a five hundred pound sack. The lady in it, to our surprise, has the face and person of a saint. As we are wondering how she came to be set at so low a price, we hear that she would have been valued at ten thousand pound, but that the public had made those abatements for her being a scold. I would afterwards find some beautiful, modest, and discreet woman, that should be the top of the market; and perhaps discover half a dozen rumps tied up together in the same sack, at one hundred pound an head. The prude and the coquette should be valued at the same price, though the first should go off the better of the two. I fancy thou wouldst like such a vision, had I time to finish it; because, to talk in thy own way, there is a moral in it. Whatever thou mayest think of it, pray thee do not make any of thy queer apologies for this letter, as thou didst for my last. The women love a gay lively fellow, and are never angry at the railleries of one who is their known admirer. I am always bitter upon them, but well with them.

'Thine,

'NONEYCOMB.'

O.

ADDISON.

Nº 512. FRIDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1712.

*Lectorem de hinc, necesse est, nonnullis*  
HOC. Vol. 2. p. 242.

*Missus est, et a p. 242. et 243.*

There is nothing which we receive with so much reluctance as advice. We look upon ourselves as giving it, and offering an advice is a considerable thing, and treating us like children or fools. We consider this instruction as a mark of our superiority, and the real which any one should receive from us, as an occasion as a piece of praise, or a sign of our superiority. The result of it, is the person who is expected to advise, does, in fact, with his own superiority over us, and can have no other reason for it, but that, in comparing our faults with his, he finds us defective either in our conduct or in our understanding. For these reasons, there is a difficulty in the art of making advice, and indeed all the writers, both in ancient and modern, have distinguished themselves from one another, according to the perfection they have arrived in this art. The way of advice has been made use of to render two better persons palatable. Some consider the instruction to be in the best manner, and others in the worst manner, some in point of wit, and others in short proverbs.

But, among all the different ways of giving counsel, I think the finest, and that which pleases the most universally, is that, in whatever shape it appears. If we consider the way of instructing or giving advice, it excels all others, because it is the least shocking, and the least subject to those exceptions which I have before mentioned.

This will appear to us, if we reflect in the first place, that upon the delivery of a tale we are able to believe we advise ourselves. We pursue the author for the sake of the story, and consider his precepts rather as our own conclusions than his instructions. The moral instructs itself imperceptibly, we are taught by surprise, and become wiser and better unawares. In short, by this method a man is so far from being as to think he is directing himself, while he is following the dictates of another, and consequently is not sensible of that which is the most unpleasant circumstance in advice.

In the next place, if we look into human nature, we shall find that the mind is never so much pleased as when she exerts herself in any action that gives her an idea of her own perfect abilities. This natural pride and ambition, soul is very much gratified in the reading; for, in writings of this kind, the reader is for half of the performance; every thing to him like a discovery of his own; he all the while in applying characters to instances, and is in this respect both a reader and a composer. It is no wonder, therefore, on occasions, when the mind is thus pleased, and amused with its own discovery, is highly delighted with the writing occasion of it. For this reason the *A. Archtophel* was one of the most popular that ever appeared in English. The piece was very true; but had it been more would not have so much pleased, witho-

greatest wisdom, did both of them disobey their Creator by the persuasion, and for the love they bare to a woman. It is not so wonderful as lamentable, that other men in succeeding ages have been allured to so many inconvenient and wicked practices by the persuasion of their wives, or other beloved darlings, who cover over and shadow many malicious purposes with a counterfeit passion of dissoluble sorrow and inquietude.

The motions of the minds of lovers are no where so well described as in the works of skillful writers for the stage. The scene between Falstaff and Cordelia in the second act of Jonson's *Catiline*, is an excellent picture of the power of a lady over her gallant. The wench plays with his affections; and as a man of all places in the world wishes to make a good figure with his mistress, upon her upbraiding him with want of spirit, he alludes to enterprises which he cannot reveal but with the hazard of his life. When he is worked thus far, with a little flattery of her opinion of his gallantry, and desire to know more of it out of her overflowing fondness to him, he brings to her until his life is in her disposal.

When a man is thus liable to be vanquished by the charms of her he loves, the safest way is to determine what is proper to be done, but to avoid all expostulation with her before he executes what he has resolved. Women are ever too hard for us upon a treaty; and one must consider how senseless a thing it is to argue with one whose looks and gestures are more prevalent with you, than your reasons and arguments can be with her. It is a most intolerable slavery to submit in what you disapprove, and give up a truth for no other reason, but that you had not fortitude to support you in asserting it. A man has enough to do to conquer his own unreasonable wishes and desires; but he does that in vain, if he has those of another to gratify. Let his pride be in his wife and family, let him give them all the conveniences of life in such a manner as if he were proud of them; but let it be his own innocent pride, and not their exorbitant desires, which are indulged by him. In this case all the little arts imaginable are used to soften a man's heart and raise his passion above his understanding. But in all concessions of this kind, a man should consider whether the present he makes flows from his own love, or the importunity of his beloved. If from the latter, he is her slave; if from the former, her friend. We laugh it off, and do not weigh this subject to women with that seriousness which so important a circumstance deserves. Why was courage given to man, if his wife's fears are to frustrate it? When this is once indulged, you are no longer her guardian and protector, as you were designed by nature; but, in compliance to her weakness, you have disabled yourself from avoiding the misfortunes into which they will lead you both, and you are to see the hour in which you are to be reproached by herself for that very complaisance to her. It is indeed the most difficult mastery over ourselves we can possibly attain, to restrain the grief of her who charms us; but let the heart ache, be the anguish never so quick and painful, it is what must be suffered and passed through, if you think to live like a gentleman, or be reasonable in yourself that you are a man of honesty. The old argument, that 'you do not love me if you deny me this,' which first was used to obtain a trifle, by habitual success, will abridge the unhappy man who gives way to it, to resign the cause even of his country and his honor.

STEELE.

T.

N° 511. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1712.

*Quis non lacrimis turbae quod amaret in illa?*OVID. *Am. Am.* l. vii. 173.— Who could fail to find,  
In such a crowd, a mistress to his mind?

‘DEAR SPEC,

‘FINDING that my last letter took, I do intend to continue my epistolary correspondence with thee, on these dear confounded creatures, women. Thou knowest all the little learning I am master of is upon that subject; I never looked in a book, but for their sakes. I have lately met with two pure stories for a Spectator, which I am sure will please mightily, if they pass through thy hands. The first of them I found by chance in an English book, called *Herodotus*, that lay in my friend Dapperwick's window, as I visited him one morning. It luckily spread in the place where I met with the following account. He tells us, that it was the manner among the Persians to have several fairs to the kingdom, at which all the young unmarried women were annually exposed to sale. The men who wanted wives came thither to provide themselves. Every woman was given to the highest bidder, and the money which she fetched laid aside for the public use, to be employed as thou shalt bear by and by. By this means the richest people had the choice of the market, and called out all the most extraordinary beauties. As soon as the fair was thus picked, the refuse was to be distributed among the poor, and among those who could not go to the price of a beauty. Several of these married the agreeables, without paying a farthing for them, unless somebody chanced to think it worth his while to bid for them, in which case the best bidder was always the purchaser. But now you must know, Spec, it happened in Persia, as it does in our own country, that there were as many ugly women as beauties or agreeables; so that by consequence, after the magistrates had put off a great many, there were still a great many that stuck upon their hands. In order therefore to clear the market, the money which the beauties had sold for, was disposed of among the ugly; so that a poor man, who could not afford to have a beauty for his wife, was forced to take up with a fortune; the greatest portion being always given to the most deformed. To this the author adds, that every poor man was forced to live kindly with his wife, or, in case he repented of his bargain, to return her portion with her to the next public sale.

‘What I would recommend to thee on this occasion is, to establish such an imaginary fair in Great Britain; thou couldst make it very pleasant, by matching women of quality with colliers and carmen, or describing livers and garters leading off in great ceremony shopkeepers and farmers' daughters. Though, to tell thee the truth, I am tremendously afraid, that as the love of money prevails in our island more than it did in Persia, we should find that some of our greatest men would choose out the portions, and rival one another for the richest piece of deformity; and that, on the contrary, the toasts and brims would be bought up by extravagant heirs, gamblers, and spendthrifts. Thou couldst make very pretty reflections upon this occasion in honour of the Persian politics, who took care, by such marriages, to beautify the upper part of the species, and to make the greatest per-

sons in the government the most graceful. But this I shall leave to thy judicious pen.

'I have another story to tell thee, which I likewise met with in a book. It seems the general of the Tartars, after having laid siege to a strange town in China, and taken it by storm, would set to sale all the women that were found in it. Accordingly he put each of them into a sack, and, after having thoroughly considered the value of the woman who was inclosed, marked the price that was demanded for her upon the sack. There were a great confluence of chapmen, that resorted from every part, with a design to purchase, which they were to do "unsight unseen." The book mentions a merchant in particular, who, observing one of the sacks to be marked pretty high, bargained for it, and carried it off with him to his house. As he was resting with it upon a half-way bridge, he was resolved to take a survey of his purchase: upon opening the sack, a little old woman popped her head out of it; at which the adventurer was in so great a rage, that he was going to shoot her out into the river. The old lady, however, begged him first of all to hear her story, by which he learned that she was sister to a great Mandarin, who would infallibly make the fortune of his brother-in-law as soon as he should know to whose lot she fell. Upon which the merchant again tied her up in his sack, and carried her to his house, where she proved an excellent wife, and procured him all the riches from her brother that she had promised him.

'I fancy, if I was disposed to dream a second time, I could make a tolerable vision upon this plan. I would suppose all the unmarried women in London and Westminster brought to market in sacks, with their respective prices on each sack. The first sack that is sold is marked with five thousand pound. Upon the opening of it, I find it filled with an admirable housewife, of an agreeable countenance. The purchaser, upon hearing her good qualities, pays down her price very cheerfully. The second I would open, should be a five hundred pound sack. The lady in it, to our surprise, has the face and person of a toast. As we are wondering how she came to be set at so low a price, we hear that she would have been valued at ten thousand pound, but that the public had made those abatements for her being a scold. I would afterwards find some beautiful, modest, and discreet woman, that should be the top of the market: and perhaps discover half a dozen romps tied up together in the same sack, at one hundred pound an head. The prude and the coquette should be valued at the same price, though the first should go off the better of the two. I fancy thou wouldst like such a vision, had I time to finish it; because, to talk in thy own way, there is a moral in it. Whatever thou mayest think of it, pray thee do not make any of thy queer apologies for this letter, as thou didst for my last. The women love a gay lively fellow, and are never angry at the railleries of one who is their known admirer. I am always bitter upon them, but well with them.

'Thine,

'HONEYCOMB.'

O.

ADDISON.

Nº 512. FRIDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1712.

*Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo.*

HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 344.

Mixing together profit and delight.

THERE is nothing which we receive with so much reluctance as advice. We look upon the man who gives it us as offering an affront to our understanding, and treating us like children or idiots. We consider the instruction as an implicit censure, and the zeal which any one shows for our good on such an occasion as a piece of presumption or impertinence. The truth of it is, the person who pretends to advise, does, in that particular, exercise a superiority over us, and can have no other reason for it, but that, in comparing us with himself, he thinks us defective either in our conduct or our understanding. For these reasons, there is nothing so difficult as the art of making advice agreeable; and indeed all the writers, both ancient and modern, have distinguished themselves among one another, according to the perfection at which they have arrived in this art. How many devices have been made use of to render this bitter potion palatable? Some convey their instructions to us in the best-chosen words, others in the most harmonious numbers; some in points of wit, and others in short proverbs.

But, among all the different ways of giving counsel, I think the finest, and that which pleases the most universally, is fable, in whatsoever shape it appears. If we consider this way of instructing or giving advice, it excels all others, because it is the least shocking, and the least subject to those exceptions which I have before mentioned.

This will appear to us, if we reflect in the first place, that upon the reading of a fable we are made to believe we advise ourselves. We peruse the author for the sake of the story, and consider the precepts rather as our own conclusions than his instructions. The moral insinuates itself imperceptibly, we are taught by surprise, and become wiser and better unawares. In short, by this method a man is so far over-reached as to think he is directing himself, while he is following the dictates of another, and consequently is not sensible of that which is the most unpleasant circumstance in advice.

In the next place, if we look into human nature, we shall find that the mind is never so much pleased as when she exerts herself in any action that gives her an idea of her own perfections and abilities. This natural pride and ambition of the soul is very much gratified in the reading of a fable; for, in writings of this kind, the reader comes in for half of the performance; every thing appears to him like a discovery of his own; he is busied all the while in applying characters and circumstances, and is in this respect both a reader and a composer. It is no wonder, therefore, that on such occasions, when the mind is thus pleased with itself, and amused with its own discoveries, that it is highly delighted with the writing which is the occasion of it. For this reason the *Absalom and Achitophel*\* was one of the most popular poems that ever appeared in English. The poetry is indeed very fine; but had it been much finer, it would not have so much pleased, without a plan;

\* A satire written



which gave the reader an opportunity of exerting his own talents.

This oblique manner of giving advice is so inoffensive, that if we look into ancient histories, we find the wise men of old chose to give counsel in their kings in fables. To omit many which will occur to every one's memory, there is a pretty instance of this nature in a Turkish tale, which I do not like the worse for that little oriental extravagance which is mixed with it.

We are told that the sultan Mahmood, by his perpetual wars abroad, and his tyranny at home, had filled his dominions with ruin and desolation, and half annihilated the Persian empire. The viceroy to this great sultan (whether an humorist or an enthusiast, we are not informed) pretended to have learned at a certain dervise to understand the language of birds, so that there was not a bird that could open his mouth but the viceroy knew what it was he said. As he was one evening with the emperor, in their return from hunting, they saw a couple of owls upon a tree that grew near an old wall out of an heap of rubbish. 'I would fain know,' says the sultan, 'what those two owls are saying to one another; listen to their discourse, and give me an account of it.' The viceroy approached the tree, pretending to be very attentive to the two owls. Upon his return to the sultan, 'Sir,' says he, 'I have heard part of their conversation, but dare not tell you what it is.' The sultan would not be satisfied with such an answer, but forced him to repeat word for word every thing the owls had said. 'You must know, then,' said the viceroy, 'that one of these owls has a son, and the other a daughter, between whom they are now upon a treaty of marriage. The father of the son said to the father of the daughter, in my hearing, "Brother, I consent to this marriage, provided you will settle upon your daughter fifty ruined villages for her portion." To which the father of the daughter replied, "Instead of fifty, I will give her five hundred, if you please. God grant a long life to sultan Mahmood; whilst he reigns over us, we shall never want ruined villages."'

The story says, the sultan was so touched with the fable, that he rebuilt the towns and villages which had been destroyed, and from that time forward realised the good of his people.

To fill up my paper, I shall add a most ridiculous piece of natural magic, which was taught by no less a philosopher than Democritus, namely, that if the blood of certain birds, which he mentioned, were mixed together, it would produce a serpent of such a wonderful virtue, that whoever did eat it should be skilled in the language of birds, and understand every thing they said to one another. Whether the dervise above mentioned might not have eaten such a serpent, I shall leave to the determination of the learned.

ADDISON.

O.

\* This story will be found in the superb Persian MS. in the Public Library at Cambridge.

Nº 513. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1712.

— *Acta et monita quorundam*  
— *Jan præpositi Dei* —

VIRG. ÆN. VI. VER. 30.

When all the God came rushing on her seat.  
DRYDEN.

THE following letter comes to me from that excellent man in holy orders, whom I have mentioned more than once as one of that society who assist me in my speculations. It is a thought in sickness, and of a very serious nature, for which reason I give it a place in the paper of this day.

\* SIR,

'That indisposition which has long hung upon me, is at last grown to such a head, that it must quickly make an end of me, or of itself. You may imagine, that whilst I am in this bad state of health, there are none of your works which I read with greater pleasure than your Saturday's papers. I should be very glad if I could furnish you with any hints for that day's entertainment. Were I able to draw up several thoughts of a serious nature which have made great impressions on my mind during a long fit of sickness, they might not be an improper entertainment for that occasion.

'Among all the reflections which usually arise to the mind of a sick man, who has time and inclination to consider his approaching end, there is none more natural than that of his going to appear naked and unadorned before Him who made him. When a man considers, that, as soon as the vital union is dissolved, he shall see the Supreme Being, whom he now contemplates at a distance, and only in his works; or, to speak more philosophically, when, by some faculty in the soul, he shall apprehend the Divine Being, and be more sensible of his presence, than we are now of the presence of any object which the eye beholds, a man must be lost in carelessness and stupidity, who is not alarmed at such a thought. Dr. Sherlock, in his excellent treatise upon Death, has represented, in very strong and lively colours, the state of the soul in its first separation from the body, with regard to that horrible world which every where surrounds us, though we are not able to discover it through this grosser world of matter, which is accommodated to our senses in this life. His words are as follow:

"That death, which is our leaving this world, is nothing else but our putting off these bodies, teaches us, that it is only our union in these bodies which intercepts the sight of the other world. The other world is not at such a distance from us as we may imagine; the throne of God indeed is at a great remove from this earth, above the third heavens, where he displays his glory to those blessed spirits which encompass his throne; but as soon as we step out of these bodies we step into the other world, which is not so properly another world (for there is the same heaven and earth still) as a new state of life. To live in these bodies is to live in this world; to live out of them is to remove into the next for while our souls are confined to these bodies, and can look only through these material elements, nothing but what is material can affect us; nothing but what is so gross, that it can reflect light, and convey the shapes and colours of things with it to the eye; so that, though within

this visible world there be a more glorious scene of things than what appears to us, we perceive nothing at all of it; for this veil of flesh parts the visible and invisible world; but when we put off these bodies, there are new and surprising wonders present themselves to our views; when these material spectacles are taken off, the soul with its own naked eyes sees what was invisible before; and then we are in the other world, when we can see it, and converse with it. Thus St. Paul tells us, that "when we are at home in the body, we are absent from the Lord; but when we are absent from the body, we are present with the Lord," 2 Cor. v. 6, 8. And methinks this is enough to cure us of our fondness for these bodies, unless we think it more desirable to be confined in a prison, and to look through a grate all our lives, which gives us but a very narrow prospect, and that none of the best neither, than to be set at liberty to view all the glories of the world. What would we give now for the least glimpse of that invisible world, which the first step we take out of these bodies will present us with? There are such things "as eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive." Death opens our eyes, enlarges our prospect, presents us with a new and more glorious world, which we can never see while we are shut up in flesh; which should make us as willing to part with this veil, as to take the film off of our eyes which hinders our sight."

As a thinking man cannot but be very much affected with the idea of his appearing in the presence of that Being "whom none can see and live," he must be much more affected when he considers that this Being which he appears before will examine all the actions of his past life, and reward or punish him accordingly. I must confess that I think there is no scheme of religion, besides that of Christianity, which can possibly support the most virtuous person under this thought. Let a man's innocence be what it will, let his virtues rise to the highest pitch of perfection attainable in this life, there will be still in him so many secret sins, so many human frailties, so many offences of ignorance, passion, and prejudice, so many unguarded words and thoughts, and, in short, so many defects in his best actions, that, without the advantages of such an expiation and atonement as Christianity has revealed to us, it is impossible that he should be cleared before his Sovereign Judge, or that he should be able to "stand in his sight." Our holy religion suggests to us the only means whereby our guilt may be taken away, and our imperfect obedience accepted.

'It is this series of thought that I have endeavoured to express in the following hymn, which I have composed during this my sickness:

"When, rising from the bed of death,  
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,  
I see my Maker, face to face,  
O how shall I appear!

"If yet, while pardon may be found,  
And mercy may be sought,  
My heart with inward horror shrinks,  
And trembles at the thought;

"When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclor'd  
In majesty severe,  
And sit in judgment on my soul,  
O how shall I appear!

"But thou hast told the troubled mind,  
Who does her sins lament,  
The timely tribute of her tears  
Shall endless woe prevent."

"Then see the sorrow of my heart,  
Ere yet it be too late;  
And hear my Saviour's dying groans,  
To give those sorrows weight."

"For never shall my soul despair,  
Her pardon to procure,  
Who knows thine only son has dy'd  
To make her pardon sure."

'There is a noble hymn in French, which Monsieur Bayle has celebrated for a very fine one, and which the famous author of the Art of Speaking calls an admirable one, that turns upon a thought of the same nature. If I could have done it justice in English, I would have sent it you translated; it was written by Monsieur des Barreaux, who had been one of the greatest wits and libertines in France, but in his last years was as remarkable a penitent.

"Grand Dieu, tes jugemens sont remplis d'équité;  
Toujours tu prens plaisir à nous être propice.  
Mals j'ai tant fait de mal, que jamais ta bonté  
Ne me pardonnera, sans choquer ta justice.  
Oui, mon Dieu, la grandeur de mon impiété  
Ne laisse à ton pouvoir que le choix du supplice:  
Ton intérêt s'oppose à ma félicité:  
Et ta clémence même attend que je perisse.  
Contente ton desir, puis qu'il t'est glorieux:  
Offense-toy des larmes qui coulent de mes yeux;  
Tonner, j'ajure, il est temps, rend-moi guerre pour guerre,  
J'ai tort en persistant la raison qui l'agresse.  
Mals devant quel endroit tombera ton tonnerre,  
Qui ne soit tout couvert du sang de Jesus Christ?"

'If these thoughts may be serviceable to you, I desire you would place them in a proper light, and am ever, with great sincerity,

'THU, yours, &c.'

ADDITION.

O.

Nº 514. MONDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1712.

— *Me Parnass' decerta per ardua dulcis  
Raptat amor; jurat ire jugis qua nulla priorum  
Castalam molli divertitur orbita clivo.*  
VIRG. Georg. III. ver. 291.

But the commanding Muse my chariot guides,  
Which o'er the dubious cliff securely rides:  
And pleas'd I am no beaten road to take,  
But first the way to new discoveries make,  
DRYDEN.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I CAME home a little later than usual the other night; and, not finding myself inclined to sleep, I took up Virgil to divert me till I should be more disposed to rest. He is the author whom I always choose on such occasions; on one writing in so divine, so harmonious, nor so equal a strain, which leaves the mind composed and softened into an agreeable melancholy; the temper, in which, of all others, I choose to close the day. The passages I turned to were those beautiful raptures in his Georgics, where he professes himself entirely given up to the Muses, and smit with the love of poetry, passionately wishing to be transported to the cool shades and retirements of the mountain Hæmuns. I closed the book and went to bed. What I had just before been reading made so strong an impression on my mind, that fancy seemed almost to fulfil to me the wish of Virgil, in presenting to me the following vision:

'Methought I was on a  
plains of Bœotia, where at  
I saw the mountain P-

laced ' 'le

The prospect was of so large an extent, that I had long wandered about to find a path which should directly lead me to it, had I not seen at some distance a grove of trees, which, in a plain that had nothing else remarkable enough in it to fix my sight, immediately determined me to go thither. When I arrived at it, I found it parted out into a great number of walks and alleys, which often widened into beautiful openings, as circles or ovals, set round with yews and cypresses, with alders, grottoes, and caves, placed on the sides, encompassed with ivy. There was no sound to be heard in the whole place, but only that of a gentle brook murmuring over the leaves of the forest; every thing beside was buried in a profound silence. I was captivated with the beauty and retirement of the place, and never so much, before that hour, was pleased with the enjoyment of myself. I indulged the humour, and suffered myself to wander without choice or design. At length, at the end of a range of trees, I saw three figures seated on a bank of moss, with a silent brook creeping at their feet. I adored them as the tutelary divinities of the place, and stood still to take a particular view of each of them. The middlemost, whose name was Solitude, sat with her arms across each other, and seemed rather pensive, and wholly taken up with her own thoughts, than any ways grieved or displeased. The only companions which she admitted into that retirement was, the goddess Silence, who sat on her right hand with her finger on her mouth, and on her left Contemplation, with her eyes fixed upon the heavens. Before her lay a celestial globe, with several schemes of mathematical theorems. She prevented my speech with the greatest affability in the world. "Fear not," said she, "I know your request before you speak it; you would be led to the mountain of the Muses; the only way to it lies through this place, and no one is so often employed in conducting persons thither as myself." When she had thus spoken, she rose from her seat, and I immediately placed myself under her direction; but whilst I passed through the grove I could not help inquiring of her *who were the persons admitted into that sweet retirement.* "Surely," said I, "there can nothing enter here but virtue and virtuous thoughts; the whole wood seems designed for the reception and reward of such persons as have spent their lives according to the dictates of their conscience, and the commands of the gods." "You imagine right," said she; "ensure yourself this place was at first designed for no others; such it continued to be in the reign of Saturn, when none entered here but holy priests, deliverers of their country from oppression and tyranny, who reposed themselves here after their labours, and those whom the study and love of wisdom had fitted for divine conversation. But now it is become no less dangerous than it was before; for vice has learned so to mimic virtue, that it often creeps in hidden under its disguise. See there! just before you, Revenge stalking by, habited in the robe of Honour. Observe not far from him Ambition standing alone; if you ask him his name, he will tell you it is Emulation, or Glory. But the most frequent intruder we have is Love, who succeeds now the deity to whom in better days this grove was entirely devoted. Virtuous Love, with Hymen and the Graces attending him, once reigned in this happy place; a whole train of virtues waited on him, and no dishonourable thought durst presume for admittance. But now, how is the whole prospect changed! and how seldom renewed by some few who dare despise

worldly wealth, and imagine themselves fit companions for so charming a divinity?"

"The goddess had no sooner said thus, but we were arrived at the utmost boundaries of the wood, which lay contiguous to a plain that ended at the foot of the mountain. Here I kept close to my guide, being solicited by several phantoms, who assured me they would show me a nearer way to the mountain of the Muses. Among the rest Vanity was extremely importunate, having deluded infinite numbers, whom I saw wandering at the foot of the hill. I turned away from this despicable troop with disdain; and, addressing myself to my guide, told her that, as I had some hopes I should be able to reach up part of the ascent, so I despaired of having strength enough to attaint the plain on the top. But, being informed by her that it was impossible to stand upon the sides, and that if I did not proceed onwards I should irrevocably fall down to the lowest verge, I resolved to hazard any labour and hardship in the attempt; so great a desire had I of enjoying the satisfaction I hoped to meet with at the end of my enterprise."

"There were two paths, which led up by different ways to the summit of the mountain; the one was guarded by the genius which presides over the moment of our births. He had it in charge to examine the several pretensions of those who desired to pass that way, but to admit none excepting those only on whom Melpomene had looked with a propitious eye at the hour of their nativity. The other way was guarded by Diligence, to whom many of those persons applied who had met with a denial the other way; but he was so tedious in granting their request, and indeed after admittance the way was so very intricate and laborious, that many, after they had made some progress, chose rather to return back than proceed, and very few persisted so long as to arrive at the end they proposed. Besides these two paths, which at length severally led to the top of the mountain, there was a third made up of these two, which a little after the entrance joined in one. These carried those happy few, whose good fortune it was to find it, directly to the throne of Apollo. I do not know whether I should even now have had the resolution to have demanded entrance at either of these doors, had I not seen a pleasant-like man (followed by a numerous and lovely train of youth of both sexes) insist upon entrance for all whom he led up. He put me in mind of the country clown who is pointed in the map for leading princes hagen over the Alps. He had a bundle of papers in his hand; and, producing several, that he said were given to him by hands which he knew Apollo would allow as passes; among which, methought I saw some of my own writings; the whole assembly was admitted, and gave by their presence a new beauty and pleasure to these happy mountains. I found the man did not pretend to enter himself, but served as a kind of forerunner in the laws, to direct passengers, who by their own merit, or instruction he procured for them, had virtue enough to travel that way. I looked very attentively upon this kind homely benefactor and saviour, Mr. Spectator, if I saw in you I took him for yourself. We were no sooner entered, but we were sprinkled three times with the water at the fountain of Aganippe, which had power to deliver us from all harm, but only envy, which reacheth even to the end of our journey. We had not proceeded far in the middle path, when we arrived at the summit of the hill, where there immediately appeared to us two figures, which extremely



at affection: but she that has the joy of seeing a man's heart leap into his eyes at beholding her, is in no pain for want of esteem among the crew of that part of her own sex, who have no spirit but that of envy, and no language but that of malice. I do not in this, I hope, express myself insensible of the merit of Lendacia, who lowers her beauty in all but her husband, and never spreads her charms but to gladden him who has a right in them; I do honour to those who can be coquettes, and are not such; but I despise all who would be so; and, to despair of arriving at it themselves, hate and vilify all those who can. But be that as it will, in answer to your desire of knowing my history; one of my chief present pleasures is in country dances; and, in obedience to me, as well as the pleasure of coming up to me with a good grace, showing themselves in their address to others in my presence, and the like opportunities, they are all proficient in that way; and I had the happiness of being the other night where we made six couple, and every woman's partner a professed lover of mine. The wildest imagination cannot form to itself, on any occasion, higher delight than I acknowledge myself to have been in all that evening. I chose out of my admirers a set of men who most love me, and gave them partners of such of my own sex who most envied me.

"My way is, when any man who is my admirer pretends to give himself airs of merit, as at this time a certain gentleman you know did, to mortify him by favouring in his presence the most insignificant creature I can find. At this ball I was led into the company by pretty Mr. Family, who, you know, is the most obsequious, well shaped, well bred woman's man in town. I at first entrance declared him my partner if I danced at all; which put the whole assembly into a grin, as forming no terrors from such a rival. But we had not been long in the room before I overheard the meritorious gentleman above mentioned say with an oath, 'There is no rivalry to the thing, she certainly loves the puppy.' My gentleman, when we were dancing, took an occasion to be very soft to his partner upon a lady he danced with, and whom he knew of all women I love most to outshone. The contest began who should plague the other most. I, who do not care a farthing for him, had no hard task to outwit him. I made Family, with a very little encouragement, cut capers caprice, and then sink with all the air and tenderness imaginable. When he performed this, I observed the gentleman you know of, fall into the same way, and imitate, as well as he could, the despatch Family. I cannot well give you, you are so grave a country lady, the idea of the joy we have when we see a stubborn heart breaking, or a man of sense turning fool for our sakes; but this happened to our friend, and I expect his attendance whenever I go to church, to court, to the play, or the park. This is a sacrifice due to us women of genius, who have the eloquence of beauty, an easy mind. I mean by an easy man, one which can be on occasion easily affected: for I must tell you, dear Jersey, I hold one maxim, which is an uncommon one, to wit, that our greatest charms are owing to affection. It is to that our arms can lodge so quietly just over our hips, and the fan can play without any force or motion but just of the wrist. It is to affection we owe the pensive attention of Delidamia at a tragedy, the scornful approbation of Dulcamara at a comedy, and the lively aspect of Laquerlema at a sermon.

"To tell you the plain truth, I knew no plea-

sure but in being admired, and have yet never failed of attaining the approbation of the man whose regard I had a mind to. You see all the men who make a figure in the world (as wise a look as they are pleased to put upon the matter) are moved by the same vanity as I am. What is there in ambition, but to make other people's wills depend upon your's? This indeed is not to be allowed at by one who has a genius no higher than to think of being a very good housewife in a country gentleman's family. The care of poultry and pigs are great enemies to the countenance; the vacant look of a fine lady is not to be preserved, if she admits any thing to take up her thoughts but her own dear person. But I interrupt you too long from your cares, and myself from my conquests.

"I am, MAM,

"Your most humble servant."

"Give me leave, Mr. Spectator, to add her friend's answer to this epistle, who is a very discreet ingenious woman.

"DEAR GATTY,

"I thank you for the free air with which you speak of your own gaiety. But this is but a barren superficial pleasure; for, indeed, Gatty, we are made for man; and in serious sadness I must tell you, whether you yourself know it or no, all these gallantries tend to no other end but to be a wife and a mother as fast as you can.

"I am, MADAM,

"Your most humble servant!"

STILL

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T.

Nº 516. WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1712.

*Immortale celsum et summae brevis habet  
Inda ferre vulgo, quod maxime uisum  
Odit utroque laque, quoniam solus erudit Ambrosius  
Eius dicit quoniam Quod celsum*

JUV. Sat. xv. ver. 34.

— A scratch, time out of mind begun,  
And mortally beset with from thro' is on;  
Religious spite and phoe spleen breed first  
The quarrel which so long the hypocrites;  
Each calls the other's god a senseless stock;  
But own divine.

TATE.

Of all the monstrous passions and opinions which have crept into the world, there is none so wonderful as that those, who profess the common name of Christians, should pursue each other with rancour and hatred for differences in their way of following the example of their Saviour. It seems so natural that all who pursue the steps of any leader should form themselves after his manner, that it is impossible to account for effects so different from what we might expect from those who profess themselves followers of the highest pattern of meekness and charity, but by ascribing such effects to the ambition and corruption of those who are so undaunted, with souls full of fury, to serve at the altars of the God of Peace.

The maxims to which the Church of Rome has animated the ordinary people, are dreadful instances of the truth of this observation; and whoever reads the history of the Irish rebellion, and the cruelties which ensued thereupon, will be sufficiently convinced to what rage poor ignorants may be worked up by those who profess holiness, and become incendiaries, and under the dispensation of grace promote evils abhorrent to nature.

This subject and catastrophe, which deserves so well to be remarked by the protestant world, will, I doubt not, be considered, by the reverend and learned prelate that preaches to-morrow before many of the descendants of those who perished on that lamentable day, in a manner suitable to the occasion, and worthy his own great virtue and eloquence.

I shall not dwell upon it any further, but only transcribe out of a little tract, called 'The Christian Hero,' published in 1701, what I find there in honour of the renowned hero, William III. who rescued that nation from the repetition of the same disasters. His late majesty, of glorious memory, and the most christian king, are considered at the conclusion of that treatise as heads of the protestant and Roman catholic world in the following manner:

'There were not ever, before the entrance of the Christian name into the world, men who have maintained a more renowned carriage, than the two great rivals who possess the full fame of the present age, and will be the theme and examination of the future. They are exactly formed by nature for those ends to which heaven seems to have sent them amongst us: both animated with a restless desire of glory, but pursue it by different means, and with different motives. To one it consists in an extensive undisputed empire over his subjects, to the other in their rational and voluntary obedience. One's happiness is founded in their want of power, the other's in their want of desire to oppose him. The one enjoys the summit of fortune with the luxury of a Persian, the other with the moderation of a Spartan. One is made to oppress, the other to relieve the oppressed. The one is satisfied with the pomp and ostentation of power to prefer and debase his inferiors, the other delighted only with the cause and foundation of it to cherish and protect them. To one therefore religion is but a convenient disguise, to the other a vigorous motive of action.

'For, without such ties of real and solid honour, there is no way of forming a monarch, but after the Machiavelian scheme, by which a prince must ever seem to have all virtues, but really to be master of none; but is to be liberal, merciful, and just, only as they serve his interests; while, with the noble art of hypocrisy, empire would be to be extended, and new conquests be made by new devices, by which prompt address his creatures might insensibly give law in the business of life, by leading men in the entertainment of it.

'Thus, when words and show are apt to pass for the substantial things they are only to express, there would need no more to enslave a country but to adorn a court; for, while every man's vanity makes him believe himself capable of becoming luxury, enjoyments are a ready bait for sufferings, and the hopes of preferment invitations to servitude; which slavery would be coloured with all the agreements, as they call it, imaginable. The noblest arts and artists, the finest pens and most elegant minds, jointly employed to set it off with the various embellishments of sumptuous entertainments, charming assemblies, and polished discourses, and those apostate abilities of men, the adored monarch might profusely and skilfully encourage, while they flatter his virtue, and gild his vice at so high a rate, that he, without scorn of the one, or love of the other, would alternately and occasionally use both: so that his bounty should support him in his rapines, his mercy in his cruelties.

'Nor is it to give things a more severe look than is natural, to suppose such must be the consequences of a prince's having no other pursuit than that of his own glory; for if we consider an infant born into the world, and beholding itself the mightiest thing in it, itself the present admiration and future prospect of a fawning people, who profess themselves great or mean, according to the figure he is to make amongst them, what fancy would not be debauched to believe they were but what they professed themselves, his mere creatures, and use them as such by purchasing with their lives a boundless renown, which he, for want of a more just prospect, would place in the number of his slaves, and the extent of his territories? Such undoubtedly would be the tragical effects of a prince's living with no religion, which are not to be surpassed but by his having a false one.

'If ambition were spirited with zeal, what would follow, but that his people should be converted into an army, whose swords can make right in power, and solve controversy in belief? And if men should be stiff-necked to the doctrine of that visible church, let them be contented with an oar and a chain, in the midst of stripes and anguish, to contemplate on him, whose yoke is easy, and whose burden is light.

'With a tyranny begun on his own subjects, and indignation that others draw their breath independent of his frown or smile, why should he not proceed to the seizure of the world? And if nothing but the thirst of sway were the motive of his actions, why should treaties be other than merc words, or solemn national compacts be any thing but an halt in the march of that army, who are never to lay down their arms till all men are reduced to the necessity of hanging their lives on his wayward will; who might supinely, and at leisure, expiate his own sins by other men's sufferings, while he daily meditates new slaughter and new conquests?

'For mere man, when giddy with unbridled power, is an insatiate idol, not to be appeased with myriads offered to his pride, which may be passed up by the adulation of a base and prostrate world, into an opinion that he is something more than human, by being something less: and, alas, what is there that mortal man will not believe of himself, when complimented with the attributes of God? He can then conceive thoughts of a power as omnipresent as his. But, should there be such a foe of mankind now upon earth, have our sins so far provoked Heaven, that we are left utterly naked to his fury? Is there no power, no leader, no genius, that can conduct and animate us to our death, or our defence? Yes; our great God never gave one to reign by his permission, but he gave to another also to reign by his grace.

'All the circumstances of the illustrious life of our prince seem to have conspired to make him the check and bridle of tyranny; for his mind has been strengthened and confirmed by one continued struggle, and Heaven has educated him by adversity to a quick sense of the distresses and miseries of mankind, which he was born to redress. In just scorn of the trivial glories and light ostentations of power, that glorious instrument of Providence moves, like that, in a steady, calm, and silent course, independent either of applause or calumny; which renders him, if not in a political, yet in a moral, a philosophic, an heroic, and a Christian sense, an absolute monarch; who, satisfied with this unchangeable, just, and ample glory, must needs turn all his regards from himself to the service of others; for he begins his

enterprises with his own share in the success of them; for integrity bears to itself its reward, nor can that which depends not on event ever know disappointment.

With the undoubted character of a glorious captain, and (what he much more values than the most splendid titles) that of a sincere and honest man, he is the hope and stay of Europe, an universal good; not to be engrossed by us only, for distant potentates implore his friendship, and injured empires court his assistance. He rules the world, not by an invasion of the people of the earth, but the address of its prince; and, if that world should be again roused from the repose which his prevailing arms had given it, why should we not hope that there is an Almighty, by whose influence the terrible enemy that thinks himself prepared for battle may find he is but ripe for destruction?—and that there may be in the womb of time great incidents, which may make the catastrophe of a prosperous life as unfortunate as the particular scenes of it were successful—for there does not want a skillful eye and resolute arm to observe and grasp the occasion. A prince, who from—

"—Faint Ilium et lugens  
Gloria—"

VIRG. *Æn. ii.* ver. 325.

"Troy is no more, and Ilium was a town."  
DRYDEN

STEEL.

T.

N<sup>o</sup> 517. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1712.

*Here plates! here prices! here!*

VIRG. *Æn. vi.* ver. 575.

Mirror of ancient faith!  
Undeclared worth! Inevitable truth!  
DRYDEN.

We last night received a piece of ill news at our club, which very sensibly afflicted every one of us. I question not but my readers themselves will be troubled at the hearing of it. To keep them no longer in suspense, Sir Roger de Coverley is dead\*. He departed this life at his house in the country, after a few weeks sickness. Sir Andrew Freeport has a letter from one of his correspondents to those parts, that informs him the old man caught a cold at the county-sessions, as he was very warmly promoting an address of his own penning in which he succeeded according to his wishes. But this particular comes from a whig justice of peace, who was always Sir Roger's enemy and antagonist. I have letters both from the chaplain and Captain Sentry, which mention nothing of it, but are filled with many particulars to the honour of the good old man. I have likewise a letter from the butler, who took so much care of me last summer when I was at the knight's house. As my friend the butler mentions, in the simplicity of his heart, several circumstances the others have passed over in silence,

I shall give my reader a copy of his letter, without any alteration or diminution

\* HONOURED SIR,

"KNOWING that you was my old master's good friend, I could not forbear sending you the melancholy news of his death, which has afflicted the whole country, as well as his poor servants, who loved him, I may say, better than we did our lives. I am afraid he caught his death the last county-sessions, where he would go to see justice done to a poor widow woman, and her fatherless children, that had been wronged by a neighbouring gentleman; for you know, sir, my good master was always the poor man's friend. Upon his coming home, the first complaint he made was, that he had lost his roast-beef stomach, not being able to touch a shrold, which was served up according to custom; and you know he used to take great delight in it. From that time forward he grew worse and worse, but still kept a good heart to the last. Indeed we were once in great hope of his recovery, upon a kind message that was sent him from the widow lady whom he had made love to the forty last years of his life; but this only proved a lightning before death. He has bequeathed to this lady, as a token of his love, a great pearl necklace, and a couple of silver bracelets set with jewels, which belonged to my good old lady his mother. He has bequeathed the fine white gelding that he used to ride a hunting upon, to his chaplain, because he thought he would be kind to him, and has left you all his books. He has, moreover, bequeathed to the chaplain a very pretty tenement with good lands about it. It being a very cold day when he made his will, he left for mourning to every man in the parish a great frize-coat, and to every woman a black riding-hood. It was a most moving sight to see him take leave of his poor servants, commending us all for our fidelity, whilst we were not able to speak a word for weeping. As we most of us are grown grey-headed in our dear master's service, he has left us pensions and legacies, which we may live very comfortably upon the remaining part of our days. He has bequeathed a great deal more in charity, which is not yet come to my knowledge, and it is presumptuously said in the parish, that he has left money to build a steeple to the church; for he was heard to say some time ago, that, if he lived two years longer, Coverley church should have a steeple to it. The chaplain tells every body that he made a very good end, and never speaks of him without tears. He was buried, according to his own directions, among the family of the Coverleys, on the left hand of his father Sir Andrew. The coffin was carried by six of his tenants, and the pall held up by six of the quorum. The whole parish followed the corpse with heavy hearts, and in their mourning suits; the men in frize, and the women in riding-hoods. Captain Sentry, my master's nephew, has taken possession of the hall-house, and the whole estate. When my old master saw him a little before his death, he shook him by the hand, and wished him joy of the estate which was falling to him, desiring him only to make a good use of it, and to pay the several legacies, and the gifts of charity, which he told him he had left as quit-rents upon the estate. The captain truly seems a courteous man, though he says but little. He makes much of those whom my master loved, and shows great kindness to the old house-dog, that you know my poor master was so fond of. It would have gone to your heart to

\* Badgell, in a weekly pamphlet which he set up in 1707-8, under the title of *The Bee*, says: "Mr Addison was so fond of this character, that a little before he laid down the *Spectator*, (foreseeing that some sensible gentleman would catch up his pen the moment he quitted it) he said to an intimate friend, with a certain warmth in his expression, which he was not often guilty of, 'By O—, I'll kill Sir Roger, that nobody else may murder him.' Accordingly the whole *Spectator*, N<sup>o</sup> 377, consists of nothing else but an account of the old knight's death, and some moving circumstances which attended it."—It is, however, very probable that the character of Sir Roger de Coverley was originally the invention of Steele, and afterwards wrought up by Addison.

have heard the moans the dumb creature made on the day of my master's death. He has never joyed himself since; no more has any of us. It was the melancholiest day for the poor people that ever happened in Worcestershire. This is all from,

'HONOUR'D SIR,  
'Your most sorrowful servant,  
'EDWARD DISCOTT.

'P. S. My master desired, some weeks before he died, that a book, which comes up to you by the carrier, should be given to Sir Andrew Freeport in his name.'

This letter, notwithstanding the poor butler's manner of writing it, gave us such an idea of our good old friend, that upon the reading of it there was not a dry eye in the club. Sir Andrew opening the book, found it to be a collection of acts of parliament. There was in particular the Act of Uniformity, with some passages in it marked by Sir Roger's own hand. Sir Andrew found that they related to two or three points which he had disputed with Sir Roger the last time he appeared at the club. Sir Andrew, who would have been merry at such an incident on another occasion, at the sight of the old man's hand-writing burst into tears, and put the book into his pocket. Captain Sentry informs me that the knight has left rings and mourning for every one in the club.

ANDISON.

O.

Nº 518. FRIDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1719.

— *Miserum est aliena incumbere fama,  
Ne collapsa ruant subductis lecta columnis.*  
JUV. Sat. viii. ver. 76.

'Tis poor relying on another's fame;  
For, take the pillars but away, and all  
The superstructure must in ruins fall.  
STEPNEY.

Thus being a day of business with me, I must make the present entertainment like a treat at an house-warming, out of such presents as have been sent me by my guests. The first illsh which I serve up is a letter come fresh to my hand.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'It is with inexpressible sorrow that I hear of the death of good Sir Roger, and do heartily condole with you upon so melancholy an occasion. I think you ought to have blackened the edges of a paper which brought us so ill news, and to have had it stamped likewise in black. It is expected of you that you should write his epitaph, and if possible fill his place in the club with as worthy and diverting a member. I question not but you will receive many recommendations from the public of such as will appear candidates for that post.

'Since I am talking of death, and have mentioned an epitaph, I must tell you, sir, that I have made discovery of a church-yard, in which I believe you might spend an afternoon, with great pleasure to yourself and to the public. It belongs to the church of Stebon-Heath, commonly called Stepney. Whether or no it be that the people of that parish have a particular genius for an epitaph, or that there be some poet among them who undertakes that work by the great, I cannot tell; but there are more remarkable inscriptions in that place than in any other I have met with; and I

may say, without vanity, that there is not a gentleman in England better read in tomb-stones than myself, my studies having laid very much in church-yards. I shall beg leave to send you a couple of epitaphs, for a sample of those I have just now mentioned. They are written in a different manner: the first being in the diffused and luxuriant, the second in the close contracted style. The first has much of the simple and pathetic; the second is something light, but nervous. The first is thus:

"Here Thomas Sapper lies interr'd. Ah why!  
Born in New England, did in London die;  
Was the third son of eight, begot upon  
His mother Martha, by his father John.  
Much favour'd by his prince he 'gan to be,  
But nipt by death at th' age of twenty-three.  
Fatal to him was that we small-pox name,  
By which his mother and two brethren came  
Also to breathe their last, nine years before,  
And now have left their father to deplore  
The loss of all his children, with his wife,  
Who was the joy and comfort of his life."

'The second is as follows:

"Here lies the body of Daniel Saul,  
Spittlefields weaver, and that's all."

'I will not dismiss you, whilst I am upon this subject, without sending a short epitaph which I once met with, though I cannot possibly recollect the place. The thought of it is serious, and in my opinion the finest that I ever met with upon this occasion. You know, sir, it is usual, after having told us the name of the person who lies interred, to launch out into his praises. This epitaph takes a quite contrary turn, having been made by the person himself some time before his death.

"*Hic jacet R. C. in expectatione diei supremi. Qualis erat, dies istuc indicabit.*"

"Here lieth R. C. In expectation of the last day. What sort of a man he was, that day will discover."

'I am, sir, &c.' \*

The following letter is dated from Cambridge:

'SIR,

'HAVING lately read among your speculations an essay upon Physiognomy †, I cannot but think that, if you made a visit to this ancient university, you might receive very considerable lights upon that subject, there being scarce a young fellow in it who does not give certain indications of his particular humour and disposition, conformable to the rules of that art. In courts and cities every body lays a constraint upon his countenance, and endeavours to look like the rest of the world; but the youth of this place, having not yet formed themselves by conversation and the knowledge of the world, give their limbs and features their full play.

'As you have considered human nature in all its lights, you must be extremely well apprised, that there is a very close correspondence between the outward and the inward man; that scarce the least dawning, the least parturiency towards a thought can be stirring in the mind of man, without pro-

\* A writer in the European Magazine gives the following as an exact copy of this epitaph on Thomas Crouch, who died in 1679.

'*Aperiet Deus tumulos, et educet nos de sepulchris.  
Qualis eram, dies isthac cum venerit, scies.*  
Mag. Jul. v. 9.

† See Nos. 86 and 206.



during a suitable revolution in his exterior, which will easily discover itself to an adept in the theory of the phiz. Hence it is that the intrinsic worth and merit of a son of Alma Mater is ordinarily calculated from the cast of his visage, the contour of his person, the mechanism of his dress, the disposition of his limbs, the manner of his gait and air, with a number of circumstances of equal consequence and information. The practitellers in this art often make use of a gentleman's eyes to give them light into the posture of his brains; take a handle from his pose to judge of the size of his intellects; and interpret the overmuch visibility and pertness of one ear as an infallible mark of reprobation, and a sign the owner of so uncanny a member fears neither God nor man. In conformity to this scheme, a contracted brow, a lumpy downcast look, a sober sedate pace, with both hands dangling quiet and steady in lines exactly parallel to each lateral pocket of his galligaskins, is logic, metaphysics, and mathematics, in perfection. So likewise the belles lettres are typified by a smelter in the gait, a fall of one wing of the peruke backward, an insertion of one hand in the fob, and a negligent swing of the other, with a pinch of right and fine Barcelona between finger and thumb, a doe quantity of the same upon the upper lip, and a modic-concealer with pulv. Again, a grave solemn strolling pace is heroic poetry, and politics; an unequal one, a genius for the ode, and the modern ballad; and an open breast, with an audacious display of the Holland shirt, is construed a fatal tendency in the art military.

'I might be much larger upon these hints, but I know whom I write to. If you can graft any speculation upon them, or turn them to the advantage of the persons concerned in them, you will do a work very becoming the British Spectator, and oblige

'Your very humble servant,  
'TOM TWEED.'

Nº 519. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1712.

*Inde hominum perindeque pecorum, ceteraque volentium,  
Et quæ marmoreo sunt monstra sub æquæ potestate.*  
VIRG. ÆN. VI. VER. 728.

Hence men and beasts the breath of life obtain,  
And birds of air, and monsters of the sea.  
DRYDEN.

THOUGH there is a great deal of pleasure in contemplating the material world, by which I mean that system of bodies into which nature has so curiously wrought the mass of dead matter, with the several relations which these bodies bear to one another; there is still, methinks, something more wonderful and surprising in contemplations on the world of life, by which I mean all those animals with which every part of the universe is furnished. The material world is only the shell of the universe; the world of life are its inhabitants.

If we consider those parts of the material world which lie the nearest to us, and are therefore subject to our observations and inquiries, it is amazing to consider the infinity of animals with which it is stocked. Every part of matter is peopled; every green leaf swarms with inhabitants. There is scarce a single humour in the body of a man, or of any other animal, in which our glasses do not discover

myriads of living creatures. The surface of animals is also covered with other animals, which are in the same manner the basis of other animals that live upon it; nay, we find in the most solid bodies, as in marble itself, innumerable cells and cavities that are crowded with such imperceptible inhabitants, as are too little for the naked eye to discover. On the other hand, if we look into the more bulky parts of nature, we see the seas, lakes, and rivers, teeming with numberless kinds of living creatures. We find every mountain and marsh, wilderness and wood, plentifully stocked with birds and beasts; and every part of matter affording proper necessities and conveniences for the livelihood of multitudes which inhabit it.

The author of the Plurality of worlds\* draws a very good argument from this consideration for the peopling of every planet; as indeed it seems very probable, from the analogy of reason, that if no part of matter, which we are acquainted with, lies waste and melior, those great bodies, which are at such a distance from us, should not be desert and unpeopled, but rather that they should be furnished with beings adapted to their respective situations.

Existence is a blessing in these beings only which are endowed with perception; and is in a manner thrown away upon dead matter, any farther than as it is subservient to beings which are conscious of their existence. Accordingly we find, from the bodies which lie under our observation, that matter is only made as the basis and support of animals, and that there is no more of the one than what is necessary for the existence of the other.

Infinite goodness is of so communicative a nature, that it seems to delight in the conferring of existence upon every degree of perceptive being. As this is a speculation which I have often pursued with great pleasure to myself, I shall enlarge further upon it, by considering that part of the scale of beings which comes within our knowledge.

There are some living creatures which are raised but just above dead matter. To mention only that species of shell-fish, which are formed in the fashion of a coat, that grow in the surface of several rocks, and immediately die upon their being severed from the place where they grow. There are many other creatures but one remove from these, which have no other sense but that of feeling and taste. Others have still an additional one of hearing; others of smell, and others of sight. It is wonderful to observe by what a gradual progress the world of life advances through a prodigious variety of species before a creature is formed that is complete in all its senses; and even among these there is such a different degree of perfection in the sense which one animal enjoys beyond what appears in another, that though the sense in different animals be distinguished by the same common denomination, it seems almost of a different nature. If after this we look into the several inward perfection of curling and sagacity, or what we generally call instinct, we find them rising after the same manner imperceptibly one above another, and receiving additional improvements, according to the species in which they are implanted. This progress in nature is so very gradual, that the most perfect of an inferior species comes very near to the most imperfect of that which is immediately above it.

The exuberant and overdone goodness of the Supreme Being, whose mercy extends to all his works, is plainly seen, as I have before intimated,

\* This last letter was written by the noted writer Hicely.

\* Fantasia.

from his having made so very little matter, not least what falls within our knowledge, that does not swarm with life. Nor is his goodness less seen in the diversity than in the multitude of living creatures. Had he only made one species of animals, none of the rest would have enjoyed the happiness of existence; he has, therefore, specified in his creation every degree of life, every capacity of being. The whole chasm of nature, from a plant to a man, is filled up with diverse kinds of creatures, rising one over another, by such a gentle and easy ascent, that the little transitions and deviations from one species to another are almost insensible. This intermediate space is so well husbanded and managed, that there is scarce a degree of perception which does not appear in some one part of the world of life. Is the goodness or wisdom of the Divine Being more manifested in this his proceeding?

There is a consequence, besides those I have already mentioned, which seems very naturally deducible from the foregoing considerations. If the scale of being rises by such a regular progress so high as man, we may, by a parity of reason, suppose that it still proceeds gradually through those beings which are of a superior nature to him; since there is an infinitely greater space and room for different degrees of perfection, between the Supreme Being and man, than between man and the most despicable insect. The consequence of so great a variety of beings which are superior to us, from that variety which is inferior to us, is made by Mr. Locke, in a passage which I shall here set down, after having premised, that notwithstanding there is such infinite room between man and his Maker for the creative power to exert itself in, it is impossible that it should ever be filled up, since there will be still an infinite gap or distance between the highest created being and the Power which produced him.

That there should be more species of intelligent creatures above us, than there are of sensible and material below us, is probable to me from hence: that in all the visible corporeal world we see no chasms, or no gaps. All quite down from us the descent is by easy steps, and a continued series of things, that in each remove differ very little one from the other. There are fishes that have wings, and are not strangers to the airy region; and there are some birds that are inhabitants of the water; whose blood is cold as fishes, and their flesh so like in taste, that the scrupulous are allowed them on fish days. There are animals so near of kin both to birds and beasts, that they are in the middle between both. Amphibious animals link the terrestrial and aquatic together. Seals live at land and at sea, and porpoises have the warm blood and entrails of a hog; not to mention what is confidently reported of mermaids, or sea-men, there are some brutes that seem to have as much knowledge and reason as some that are called men; and the animal and vegetable kingdoms are so nearly joined, that if you will take the lowest of one, and the highest of the other, there will scarce be perceived any great difference between them: and so on, till we come to the lowest and the most inorganic parts of matter, we shall find every where that the several species are linked together, and differ but in almost insensible degrees. And, when we consider the infinite power and wisdom of the Maker, we have reason to think that it is suitable to the magnificent harmony of the universe, and the great design and infinite goodness of the architect, that the species of creatures should also by

gentle degrees ascend upward from us toward his infinite perfection, as we see they gradually descend from us downward: which if it be probable, we have reason then to be persuaded that there are far more species of creatures above us than there are beneath; we being in degrees of perfection much more remote from the infinite being of God, than we are from the lowest state of being, and that which approaches nearest to nothing. And yet of all those distinct species we have no clear distinct ideas.

In this system of being, there is no creature so wonderful in its nature, and which so much deserves our particular attention, as man, who fills up the middle space between the animal and intellectual nature, the visible and invisible world, and is that link in the chain of beings which has been often termed the *nexus utriusque mundi*. So that he who in one respect is associated with angels and archangels, may look upon a Being 'of infinite perfection' as his father, and the highest order of spirits as his brethren, may in another respect say to corruption, 'Thou art my father; and to the worm, 'Thou art my mother and my sister.'

ADDISON.

O.

N<sup>o</sup> 520. MONDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1712.

*Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus  
Tam chari capitis?*

HOR. Od. xxiv. l. 1. ver. 1.

And who can grieve too much? What time shall end  
Our mourning for so dear a friend?  
CRELCH.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'THE just value you have expressed for the matrimonial state is the reason that I now venture to write to you, without fear of being ridiculous, and confess to you, that, though it is three months since I lost a very agreeable woman, who was my wife, my sorrow is still fresh; and I am often, in the midst of company, upon any circumstance that revives her memory, with a reflection what she would say or do on such an occasion: I say, upon any occurrence of that nature, which I can give you a sense of, though I cannot express it wholly, I am all over softness, and am obliged to retire and give way to a few sighs and tears before I can be easy. I cannot but recommend the subject of male widowhood to you, and beg of you to touch upon it by the first opportunity. To those who have not lived like husbands during the lives of their spouses, this would be a tasteless jumble of words; but to such (of whom there are not a few) who have enjoyed that state with the sentiments proper for it, you will have every line, which hits the sorrow, attended with a tear of pity and consolation; for I know not by what goodness of Providence it is that every gush of passion is a step towards the relief of it; and there is a certain comfort in the very act of sorrowing, which, I suppose, arises from a secret consciousness in the mind, that the affliction it is under flows from a virtuous cause. My concern is not indeed so outrageous as at the first transport; for I think it has subsided rather into a sober state of mind than any actual perturbation of spirit. There might be rules formed for men's behaviour on this great incident to bring them from that misfortune into the condition I am at present; which is, I think, that my sorrow has converted all roughness of temper into meekness, good-nature, and complacency. But indeed, when in a serious

and lonely hour I present my departed consort to my imagination, with that air of permission in her countenance when I have been in passion, that sweet affability when I have been in good-humour, that tender compassion when I have had any thing which gave me uneasiness; I confess to you I am inconsolable, and my eyes gush with grief, as if I had seen her but just then expire. In this condition I am broken in upon by a charming young woman, my daughter, who is the picture of what her mother was on her wedding-day. The good girl strives to comfort me; but how shall I let you know that all the comfort she gives me is to make my tears flow more easily? The child knows she quickens my sorrows, and rejoices my heart at the same time. Oh, ye learned! tell me by what word to speak a motion of the soul for which there is no name. When she kneels, and bids me be comforted, she is my child; when I take her in my arms, and bid her say no more, she is my very wife, and is the very comforter I lament the loss of. I hush her the room, and weep aloud that I have lost her mother, and that I have her.

Mr. Spectator, I wish it were possible for you to have a sense of these pleasing perplexities; you might communicate to the guilty part of mankind that they are incapable of the happiness which is in the very sorrows of the virtuous.

But pray spare me a little longer; give me leave to tell you the manner of her death. She took leave of all her family, and bore the vain application of medicines with the greatest patience imaginable. When the physician told her she must certainly die, she desired, as well as she could, that all who were present, except myself, might depart the room. She said she had nothing to say, for she was resigned, and I knew all she knew that concerned us in this world; but she desired to be alone, that in the presence of God only she might, without interruption, do her last duty to me, of thanking me for all my kindness to her; adding, that she hoped in my last moments I should feel the same comfort for my goodness to her, as she did in that she had acquitted herself with honour, truth, and virtue, to me.

I curb myself, and will not tell you that this kindness cut my heart in twain, when I expected an accusation for some passionate starts of mine, in some parts of our time together, to say nothing but thank me for the good, if there was any good suitable to her own excellence! All that I had ever said to her, all the circumstances of sorrow and joy between us, crowded upon my mind in the same instant; and when, immediately after, I saw the pang of death come upon that dear body which I had often embraced with transports; when I saw those cherishing eyes begin to be glassy, and their last struggle to be to fix themselves on me, how did I lose all patience! She expired in my arms, and in my distraction I thought I saw her bosom still heave. There was certainly life yet still left. I cried, "She just now spoke to me." But alas! I grew giddy, and all things moved about me, from the discomposure of my own head; for the best of women was breathless, and gone for ever.

Now the doctrine I would, methinks, have you take from this account I have given you, is, that there is a certain equality in those who are good and just, which runs into their very sorrow, and disappoints the force of it. Though they must pass through afflictions in common with all who are in human nature, yet their comely integrity shall underwrite their afflictions; nay, that very affliction shall add force to their integrity, from a

reflection of the use of virtue in the hour of affliction. I sat down with a design to put you upon giving us rules how to overcome such griefs as these, but I should rather advise you to teach men to be capable of them.

You men of letters have what you call the fine taste in your apprehensions of what is properly done or said. There is something like this deeply grafted in the soul of him who is honest and faithful in all his thoughts and actions. Every thing which is false, vicious, or unworthy, is despicable to him, though all the world should approve it. At the same time he has the most lively sensibility in all enjoyments and sufferings which it is proper for him to have, where any duty of life is concerned. To want sorrow when you in decency and truth should be afflicted, is, I should think, a greater instance of a man's being a blockhead than not to know the beauty of any passage in Virgil. You have not yet observed, Mr. Spectator, that the fine gentlemen of this age set up for hardness of heart, and humanity has very little share in their pretences. He is a brave fellow who is always ready to kill a man he hates, but he does not stand in the same degree of esteem who laments for the woman he loves. I should fancy you might work up a thousand pretty thoughts, by reflecting upon the persons most susceptible of the sort of sorrow I have spoken of; and I dare say you will find upon examination, that they are the wisest and the bravest of mankind who are the most capable of it.

Morwick,  
To Osborn,  
1712.

WILLIAM.

'I AM, SIR,  
'Your most humble servant,  
'P. J. S.'

N<sup>o</sup> 591. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1712.

*Fera rutil ferax, distulcata perit.*

P. ABB.

*The real face returns, the counterfeit is lost.*

'MR. SPECTATOR,

I HAVE been for many years loud in this assertion, that there are very few that can see or hear! I mean, that can report what they have seen or heard; and this through incapacity or prejudice, one of which disables almost every man who talks to you from representing things as he ought. For which reason I am come to a resolution of believing nothing I hear; and I constrain the man gives a narration under the appellation of "a matter-of-fact man" and, according to me, a matter-of-fact man is one whose life and conversation is spent in the report of what is not matter of fact.

I remember when Prince Eugene was here there was no knowing his height or figure, till you, Mr. Spectator, gave the public satisfaction in that matter. In relations, the force of the expression lies very often more in the look, the tone of voice, or the gesture, than the words themselves; which, being repeated in any other manner by the non-seeing, bear a very different interpretation from the original meaning. I must confess I formerly have turned this humour of mine to very good account; for whenever I heard any narration uttered with extraordinary vehemence, and grounded upon

\* Though this paper bears Black's editorial signature (T) the letter is believed to have been written by a Mr. Frankland of Morwick.

considerable authority, I was always ready to lay any wager that it was not so. Indeed I never pretended to be so rash as to fix the matter any particular way in opposition to theirs; but, as there are a hundred ways of any thing happening, besides that it has happened, I only controverted its falling out in that one manner as they settled it, and left it to the ninety-nine other ways, and consequently had more probability of success. I had arrived at a particular skill in warming a man so far in his narration, as to make him throw in a little of the marvellous, and then, if he has much fire, the next degree is the impossible. Now this is always the time for fixing the wager. But this requires the nicest management, otherwise very probably the dispute may arise to the old determination by battle. In these conceits I have been very fortunate, and have won some wagers of those who have professedly valued themselves upon intelligence, and have put themselves to great charge and expence to be misinformed considerably sooner than the rest of the world.

‘Having got a comfortable sum by this my opposition to public report, I have brought myself now to so great a perfection in inattention, more especially to party-relations\*, that at the same time I seem with greedy ears to devour up the discourse, I certainly do not know one word of it, but pursue my own course of thought, whether upon business or amusement, with much tranquillity; I say inattention, because a late act of parliament has secured all party-liars from the penalty of a wager†, and consequently made it unprofitable to attend to them. However, good-breeding obliges a man to maintain the figure of the keenest attention, the true posture of which in a coffee-house I take to consist in leaning over a table with the edge of it pressing hard upon your stomach: for the more pain the narration is received with, the more gracious is your bending over; besides that the narrator thinks you forget your pain by the pleasure of hearing him.

‘Fort Knock has occasioned several very perplexed and inelegant heats and animosities; and there was one the other day in a coffee-house where I was, that took upon him to clear that business to me, for he said he was there. I knew him to be that sort of man that had not strength of capacity to be informed of any thing that depended merely upon his being an eye-witness, and therefore was fully satisfied he could give me no information, for the very same reason he believed he could, for he was there. However, I heard him with the same greediness as Shakspeare describes in the following lines:

“I saw a smith stand on his hammer, thus,  
With open mouth, swallowing a taylor’s news.”

‘I confess of late I have not been so much amazed at the declaimers in coffee-houses as I formerly was, being satisfied that they expect to be rewarded for their vociferations. Of these liars there are two sorts: the genius of the first consists in much impudence and a strong memory; the others have added to these qualifications a good understanding and smooth language. These therefore have only certain heads, which they are as eloquent upon as they can, and may be called “embellishers;” the others repeat only what they

hear from others as literally as their parts or zeal will permit, and are called “reciters.” Here was a fellow in town some years ago, who used to divert himself by telling a lie at Charing-cross in the morning at eight of the clock, and then following it through all parts of the town till eight at night; at which time he came to a club of his friends, and diverted them with an account what censure it had at Will’s in Covent-garden, how dangerous it was believed to be at Child’s, and what inference they drew from it with relation to stocks at Jonathan’s. I have had the honour to travel with this gentleman I speak of in search of one of his falsehoods; and have been present when they have described the very man they have spoken to, as him who first reported it, tall or short, black or fair, a gentleman or a raggamuffin, according as they liked the intelligence. I have heard one of our ingenious writers of news say, that, when he has had a customer come with an advertisement of an apprentice or a wife run away, he has desired the advertiser to compose himself a little before he dictated the description of the offender: for when a person is put into a public paper by a man who is angry with him, the real description of such person is hid in the deformity with which the angry man describes him; therefore this fellow always made his customers describe him as he would the day before he offended, or else he was sure he would never find him out. These and many other hints I could suggest to you for the elucidation of all fictions; but I leave it to your own sagacity to improve or neglect this speculation.

‘I am, sir,  
‘Your most obedient,  
‘humble servant.’

STEELE.

T.

Nº 522. WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1712.

—*Adjuro nunquam eam me deserturum;*  
*Non, si capiundos mihi sciam esse inimicos omnes homines.*  
*Hanc mihi expetor, contigit: conveniunt mores: valeant,*  
*Qui inter nos discidium volunt: hanc, nisi mors, mi adimet nemo.*

TER. Andr. act. iv. sc. 2.

I swear never to forsake her; no, though I were sure to make all men my enemies. Her I desired; her I have obtained; our humours agree. Perish all those who separate us; Death alone shall deprive me of her.

I SHOULD esteem myself a very happy man if my speculations could in the least contribute to the rectifying the conduct of my readers in one of the most important affairs of life, to wit, their choice in marriage. This state is the foundation of community, and the chief band of society; and I do not think I can be too frequent on subjects which may give light to my unmarried readers in a particular which is so essential to their following happiness or misery. A virtuous disposition, a good understanding, an agreeable person, and an easy fortune, are the things which should be chiefly regarded on this occasion. Because my present view is to direct a young lady, who I think is now in doubt whom to take of many lovers, I shall talk at this time to my female readers. The advantages, as I was going to say, of sense, beauty, and riches, are what are certainly the chief motives to a prudent young woman of fortune for changing her condition; but, as she is to have her eye upon each of these, she is to ask herself, whether the man who has most of these recommendations in the lump is not the most desirable.

\* See Nº 507.

† 7 Anne, cap. 17. whereby all wagers laid upon a contingency relative to the war with France were declared null and void.

lents, with a moderate estate, and an agreeable person, is preferable to him who is only rich. If it were only that good faculties may purchase riches, but riches cannot purchase worthy endowments. I do not mean that wit, and a capacity to entertain, is what should be highly valued, except it is founded upon good-nature and humanity. There are many ingenious men, whose abilities do little else but make themselves and those about them uneasy. Such are those who are far gone to the pleasures of the town, who cannot support life without quick sensations and gay reflections, and are strangers to tranquillity, to right reason, and a calm motion of spirits, without transport or dejection. These ingenious men, of all men living, are most to be avoided by her who would be happy to a husband. They are immediately sated with possession, and must necessarily fly to new acquisitions of beauty to pass away the whiling moments and intervals of life; for with them every hour is heavy that is not joyful. But there is a sort of man of wit and sense, that can reflect upon his own make, and that of his partner, with the eyes of reason and honour, and who believes he offends against both these, if he does not look upon the woman who chose him, to be under his protection to sickness and health, with the utmost gratitude, whether from that moment she is shining or defective to person or mind; I say, there are those who think themselves bound to supply with good-nature the fallings of those who love them, and who always think those the objects of love and pity who come to their arms the objects of joy and admiration.

Of this latter sort is Lyander, a man of wit, learning, sobriety, and good-nature; of birth and estate below no woman to accept; and of whom it might be said, should he succeed in his present wishes, his mistress raised his fortune, but not that she made it. When a woman is deliberating with herself whom she shall choose of many near each other in other pretensions, certainly he of best understanding is to be preferred. Life hangs heavily in the repeated conversation of one who has no imagination to be fired at the several occasions and objects which come before him, or who cannot strike out of his reflections new paths of pleasing discourse. Honest Will Thrush and his wife, though not married above four months, have scarce had a word to say to each other these six weeks; and one cannot form to one's self a sillier picture than these two creatures in solemn peep and plenty, unable to enjoy their fortunes, and at a full step among a crowd of servants, to whose state of life they are beholden for the little satisfactions by which they can be understood to be so much as barely in being. The hours of the day, the distinctions of noon and night, dinner and supper, are the greatest notices they are capable of. This is perhaps representing the life of a very foolish woman, joined to a dull fellow, more stupid than it really deserves; but I am sure it is not to exalt the commerce with an ingenious companion too high, to say that every new accident or object which comes into such a gentleman's way, gives his wife new pleasures and satisfactions. The approbation of his words and actions is a continual new feast to her; nor can she enough applaud her good fortune in having her life varied every hour, her mind more improved, and her heart more glad, from every circumstance which they meet with. He will lay out his invention in forming new pleasures and amusements, and make the fortune she has brought him subservient to the honour and reputation of her and hers. A man of sense, who is

thus obliged, is ever contriving the happiness of her who did him so great a distinction; while the fool is ungrateful without vice, and never returns a favour because he is not sensible of it. I would, methinks, have so much to say for myself, that, if I fell into the hands of him who treated me ill, he should be sensible when he did so. His conscience should be of my side, whatever because of his inclination. I do not know but it is the stupid choice which has been made by those who have the care of young women, that the marriage state itself has been liable to so much ridicule. But a well-chosen love, moved by passion on both sides, and perfected by the generosity of one party, must be adorned with so many handsome incidents on the other side, that every particular couple would be an example in many circumstances to all the rest of the species. I shall end the chat upon this subject with a couple of letters, one from a lover, who is very well acquainted with the way of bargaining on these occasions; and the other from his rival, who has a less estate, but great gallantry of temper. As to my man of prudence, he makes love, as he says, as if he were already a father, and, laying aside the passion, comes to the reason of the thing.

'MADAM,

'My counsel has perused the inventory of your estate, and considered what estate you have, which it seems is only yours, and to the male-heirs of your body; but, in default of such issue, to the right heirs of your uncle Edward for ever. Thus, madam, I am advised you cannot (the remainder not being in you) dock the entail; by which means my estate, which is fee-simple, will come by the settlement proposed to your children begotten by me, whether they are males or females; but my children begotten upon you will not inherit your lands, except I beget a son. Now, madam, since things are so, you are a woman of that prudence, and understand the world so well, as not to expect I should give you more than you can give me.

'I AM, MADAM,

(with great respect)

'Your most obedient humble servant,

'T. W.

The other lover's estate is less than this gentleman's, but he expressed himself as follows:

'MADAM,

'I HAVE given in my estate to your counsel, and desired my own lawyer to insist upon no terms which your friends can propose for your certain ease and advantage; for indeed I have no notion of making difficulties of presenting you with what cannot make me happy without you.

'I AM, MADAM,

'Your most devoted humble servant,

'H. T.

You must know the relations have met upon this; and the girl, being mightily taken with the latter epistle, she is laughed at, and woe to Edward is to be dealt with to make her a suitable match to the worthy gentleman who has told her he does not care a farthing for her. All I hope for is, that the fair lady will make use of the first light night to show H. T. she understands a marriage is not to be considered as a common bargain.

STILL.

T.

N<sup>o</sup> 523. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1712.

— Nunc augur Apollo,  
*Nunc Lycia sortes, nunc et Jove missus ab ipso  
 Interpret dictum fert horrida jussa per auras.  
 Scilicet is superis labor —*

VIRG. Æn. iv. ver. 376.

Now Lycian lots, and now the Delian god;  
 Now Hermes is employ'd from Jove's abode,  
 To warn him hence, as if the peaceful state  
 Of heav'nly pow'rs were touch'd with human fate!

DRYDEN.

I AM always highly delighted with the discovery of any rising genius among my countrymen. For this reason I have read over, with great pleasure, the late miscellany published by Mr. Pope, in which there are many excellent compositions of that ingenious gentleman. I have had a pleasure of the same kind in perusing a poem that is just published, *On the Prospect of Peace* \*; and which, I hope, will meet with such a reward from its patrons as so noble a performance deserves. I was particularly well pleased to find that the author had not amused himself with fables out of the pagan theology, and that when he hints at any thing of this nature he alludes to it only as to a fable.

Many of our modern authors, whose learning very often extends no further than Ovid's Metamorphoses, do not know how to celebrate a great man, without mixing a parcel of school-boy tales with the recital of his actions. If you read a poem on a fine woman, among the authors of this class, you shall see that it turns more upon Venus or Helen than on the party concerned. I have known a copy of verses on a great hero highly commended; but, upon asking to hear some of the beautiful passages, the admirer of it has repeated to me a speech of Apollo, or a description of Polyphemus. At other times, when I have searched for the actions of a great man, who gave a subject to the writer, I have been entertained with the exploits of a river god, or have been forced to attend a fury in her mischievous progress, from one end of the poem to the other. When we are at school it is necessary for us to be acquainted with the system of pagan theology; and may be allowed to enliven a theme, or point an epigram with an heathen god; but when we would write a manly panegyric, that should carry in it all the colours of truth, nothing can be more ridiculous than to have recourse to our Jupiters and Junos.

No thought is beautiful which is not just; and no thought can be just which is not founded in truth, or at least in that which passes for such.

In mock heroic poems the use of the heathen mythology is not only excusable, but graceful, because it is the design of such compositions to divert, by adapting the fabulous machines of the ancients to low subjects, and at the same time by ridiculing such kinds of machinery in modern writers. If any are of opinion that there is a necessity of admitting these classical legends into our serious compositions, in order to give them a more poetical turn, I would recommend to their consideration the pastoral of Mr. Phillips. One would have thought it impossible for this kind of poetry to have subsisted without fawns and satyrs, wood-nymphs and water-nymphs, with all the tribe of rural deities. But we see he has given a new life and a more

natural beauty to this way of writing, by substituting in the place of these antiquated fables, the superstitious mythology which prevails among the shepherds of our own country.

Virgil and Homer might compliment their heroes, by interweaving the actions of deities with their achievements; but for a Christian author to write in the pagan creed, to make Prince Eugene a favourite of Mars, or to carry on a correspondence between Bellona and the Marshal de Villars, would be downright puerility, and unpardonable in a poet that is past sixteen. It is want of sufficient elevation in a genius to describe realities, and place them in a shining light, that makes him have recourse to such trifling antiquated fables; as a man may write a fine description of Bacchus or Apollo that does not know how to draw the character of any of his contemporaries.

In order therefore to put a stop to this absurd practice, I shall publish the following edict, by virtue of that spectatorial authority with which I stand invested:

'Whereas the time of a general peace is, in all appearance, drawing near, being informed that there are several ingenious persons who intend to show their talents on so happy an occasion; and being willing, as much as in me lies, to prevent that effusion of nonsense which we have good cause to apprehend; I do hereby strictly require every person who shall write on this subject, to remember that he is a Christian, and not to sacrifice his catechism to his poetry. In order to it, I do expect of him in the first place to make his own poem, without depending upon Phœbus for any part of it, or calling out for aid upon any one of the Muses by name. I do likewise positively forbid the sending of Mercury with any particular message or dispatch relating to the peace, and shall by no means suffer Minerva to take upon her the shape of any plenipotentiary concerned in this great work. I do further declare, that I shall not allow the Destinies to have had a hand in the deaths of the several thousands who have been slain in the late war, being of opinion that all such deaths may be very well accounted for by the Christian system of powder and ball. I do therefore strictly forbid the Fates to cut the thread of man's life upon any pretence whatsoever, unless it be for the sake of the rhyme. And whereas I have good reason to fear that Neptune will have a great deal of business on his hands, in several poems which we may now suppose are upon the anvil, I do also prohibit his appearance, unless it be done in metaphor, simile, or any very short allusion; and that even here he be not permitted to enter but with great caution and circumspection. I desire that the same rule may be extended to his whole fraternity of heathen gods, it being my design to condemn every poem to the flames in which Jupiter thunders, or exercises any other act of authority which does not belong to him: in short, I expect that no pagan agent shall be introduced, or any fact related, which a man cannot give credit to with a good conscience. Provided always, that nothing herein contained shall extend, or be construed to extend, to several of the female poets in this nation, who shall still be left in full possession of their gods and goddesses, in the same manner as if this paper had never been written.'

ADDISON.

O.

\* By Tickell. 'The tendency of this poem (says Johnson) was, to reclaim the nation from the pride of conquest to the pleasures of tranquillity.' *Lives of the English Poets*.

N<sup>o</sup> 524. FRIDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1712.

*Non populo datus—*

SEN.

As the world leads, we follow

WHEN I first of all took it into my head to write dreams and visions, I determined to print nothing of that nature which was not of my own invention. But several laborious dreamers have of late communicated to me works of this nature, which, for their reputations and my own, I have hitherto suppressed. Had I printed every one that came to my hands, my book of speculations would have been little else but a book of visions. Some of my correspondents have indeed been so very modest as to offer an excuse for their not being in a capacity to dream better. I have by me, for example, the dream of a young gentleman not past fifteen. I have likewise by me the dream of a person of quality, and another called *The Lady's Dream*. In these, and other pieces of the same nature, it is supposed the usual allowances will be made to the age, condition, and sex of the dreamer. To prevent this inundation of dreams, which daily flows in upon me, I shall apply to all dreamers of dreams the advice which Epictetus has couched, after his manner, in a very simple and concise precept. 'Never tell thy dream,' says that philosopher; 'for though thou thyself mayest take a pleasure in telling thy dream, another will take no pleasure in hearing it.' After this short preface, I must do justice to two or three visions which I have lately published, and which I have owned to have been written by other hands. I shall add a dream to those which come to me from Scotland, by one who declares himself of that country; and, for all I know, may be second-sighted. There is, indeed, something in it of the spirit of John Banian\*; but at the same time a certain sublime which that author was never master of; I shall publish it, because I question not but it will fall in with the taste of all my popular readers, and amuse the imaginations of those who are more profound; declaring, at the same time, that this is the last dream which I intend to publish this season.

\* viz,

'I was last Sunday in the evening led into a serious reflection on the reasonableness of virtue, and great fully at vice, from an excellent sermon I had heard that afternoon in my parish church. Among other observations, the preacher showed us that the temptations which the tempter proposed were all on a supposition, that we are either madmen or fools, or with an intention to render us such; that to no other affair we would suffer ourselves to be thus imposed upon, in a case so plainly and clearly against our visible interest. His illustrations and arguments carried so much persuasion and conviction with them, that they remained a considerable while fresh, and working in my memory; until at last the mind, fatigued with thought, gave way to the forcible oppression of slumber and sleep, whilst fancy, unwilling yet to drop the subject, presented me with the following vision:

'Methought I was just awake out of a sleep that I could never remember the beginning of; the

place where I found myself to be was a wide and spacious plain, full of people that wandered up and down through several beaten paths, whereof some few were straight and in direct lines, but most of them winding and turning like a labyrinth; but yet it appeared to me afterwards that these last all met in one issue, so that many that seemed to steer quite contrary courses, did at length meet and face one another, to the no little amazement of many of them.

'In the midst of the plain there was a great fountain; they called it the spring of Self-love; out of it issued two rivulets to the eastward and westward; the name of the first was Heavenly-Wisdom, its water was wonderfully clear, but of a yet more wonderful effect; the other a name was Worldly-Wisdom, its water was thick, and yet far from being dormant or stagnating, for it was in a continual violent agitation; which kept the travellers, whom I shall mention by and by, from being sensible of the foulness and thickness of the water; which had this effect, that it intoxicated those who drank it, and made them mistake every object that lay before them. Both rivulets were parted near their springs into so many others, as there were straight and crooked paths, which they attended all along to their respective issues.

'I observed from the several paths many new and then diverting, to refresh and otherwise qualify themselves for their journey, to the respective rivulets that ran near them; they contracted a very observable courage and steadiness in what they were about, by drinking these waters. At the end of the perspective of every straight path, all which did end in one house and point, appeared a high pillar, all of diamond, casting rays as bright as those of the sun into the paths; which rays had also certain sympathizing and alluring virtues in them; so that whosoever had made some considerable progress in his journey towards towards the pillar, by the repeated impressions of these rays upon him, was wrought into an habitual inclination and conversion of his sight towards it, so that it grew at last in a manner natural to him to look and gaze upon it, whereby he was kept steady in the straight paths, which alone went to that radiant body, the beholding of which was now grown a gratification to his nature.

'At the issue of the crooked paths there was a great black tower, out of the centre of which streamed a long succession of flames, which did rise even above the clouds; it gave a very great light to the whole plain, which did sometimes enshrine the light, and oppressed the beams of the adamantine pillar; though by the observation I made afterwards, it appeared that it was not for any diminution of light, but that this lay in the travellers, who would sometimes step out of the straight paths, where they lost the full prospect of the radiant pillar, and saw it but sideways; but the great light from the black tower, which was somewhat particularly scorching to them, would generally light and hasten them to their proper climate again.

'Round about the black tower there were, methought, many thousands of huge misshapen ugly monsters; these had great nets, which they were perpetually plying, and casting towards the crooked paths, and they would now and then catch up those that were nearest to them; these they took up straight, and whirled over the walls into the flaming tower, and they were no more were nor heard of.

'They would sometimes cast their nets towards

\* Author of 'The Pilgrim's Progress,' and of 'The Holy War.'

the right paths to catch the stragglers, whose eyes, for want of frequent drinking at the brook, that ran by them, grew dim, whereby they lost their way; these would sometimes very narrowly miss being caught away, but I could not hear whether any of these had ever been so unfortunate, that had been before very hearty in the straight paths.

“I considered all these strange sights with great attention, till at last I was interrupted by a cluster of the travellers in the crooked paths, who came up to me, bid me go along with them, and presently fell to singing and dancing; they took me by the hand, and so carried me away along with them. After I had followed them a considerable while, I perceived I had lost the black tower of light, at which I greatly wondered; but as I looked and gazed round about me, and saw nothing, I began to fancy my first vision had been but a dream, and there was no such thing in reality; but when I considered that if I could fancy to see what was not, I might as well have an illusion wrought on me at present, and not see what was really before me. I was very much confirmed in this thought, by the effect I then just observed the water of Worldly-Wisdom had upon me; for, as I had drunk a little of it again, I felt a very sensible effect in my head; methought it distracted and disordered all there; this made me stop of a sudden, suspecting some charm or enchantment. As I was casting about within myself what I should do, and whom to apply to in this case, I spied at some distance off me a man beckoning, and making signs to me to come over to him. I cried to him, I did not know the way. He then called to me audibly, to step at least out of the path I was in; for if I stayed there any longer I was in danger to be catched in a great net that was just hanging over me, and ready to catch me up; that he wondered I was so blind, or so distracted, as not to see so imminent and visible a danger, assuring me, that as soon as I was out of that way, he would come to me to lead me into a more secure path. This he did, and he brought me his palm full of the water of Heavenly-Wisdom, which was of very great use to me, for my eyes were straight cleared, and I saw the great black tower just before me; but the great net which I spied so near me cast me in such a terror, that I ran back as far as I could in one breath, without looking behind me. Then my benefactor thus bespoke me: “You have made the wonderfulest escape in the world; the water you used to drink is of a bewitching nature, you would else have been mightily shocked at the deformities and meanness of the place; for, beside the set of blind fools in whose company you was, you may now behold many others who are only bewitched after another no less dangerous manner. Look a little that way, there goes a crowd of passengers; they have indeed so good a head as not to suffer themselves to be blinded by this bewitching water; the black tower is not vanished out of their sight, they see it whenever they look up to it; but see how they go sideways, and with their eyes downwards, as if they were mad, that they may thus rush into the net, without being beforehand troubled at the thought of so miserable a destruction. Their wills are so perverse, and their hearts so fond of the pleasures of the place, that rather than forego them they will run all hazards, and venture upon all the miseries and woes before them.

“See there that other company: though they should drink none of the bewitching water, yet they take a course bewitching and deluding; see how

they choose the crookedest paths, whereby they have often the black tower behind them, and sometimes see the radiant column sideways, which gives them some weak glimpse of it. These fools content themselves with that, not knowing whether any other have any more of its influence and light than themselves: this road is called that of Superstition or Human Invention; they grossly overlook that which the rules and laws of the place prescribe to them, and contrive some other scheme, and set of directions and prescriptions for themselves, which they hope will serve their turn.” He showed me many other kind of fools, which put me quite out of humour with the place. At last he carried me to the right paths, where I found true and solid pleasure, which entertained me all the way, till we came in closer sight of the pillar, where the satisfaction increased to that measure that my faculties were not able to contain it; in the straining of them I was violently waked, not a little grieved at the vanishing of so pleasing a dream.

“Glasgow, Sept. 29<sup>th</sup>.”

N<sup>o</sup> 525. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1712.

Οὐκ ἔστιν ἀρετὴ ἡ ἀνθρώπων  
ἐν τῷ κόσμῳ, ἀλλὰ τῶν θεῶν.

HERIP.

That base alone which virtue's laws control  
Deserves reception to the human soul.

It is my custom to take frequent opportunities of inquiring from time to time what success my speculations meet with in the town. I am glad to find, in particular, that my di-courses on marriage have been well received. A friend of mine gives me to understand, from Doctor-commons, that more licenses have been taken out there of late than usual. I am likewise informed of several pretty fellows, who have resolved to commence heads of families by the first favourable opportunity. One of them writes me word that he is ready to enter into the bonds of matrimony, provided I will give it him under my hand (as I now do) that a man may show his face in good company after he is married, and that he need not be ashamed to treat a woman with kindness, who puts herself into his power for life.

I have other letters on this subject, which say that I am attempting to make a revolution in the world of gallantry, and that the consequence of it will be that a great deal of the sprightliest wit and satire of the last age will be lost; that a bashful fellow, upon changing his condition, will be no longer puzzled how to stand the rally of his facetious companions; that he need not own he married only to plunder an heiress of her fortune, nor pretend that he uses her ill, to avoid the ridiculous name of a fowl husband.

Indeed, if I may speak my opinion of great part of the writings which once prevailed among us under the notion of humour, they are such as would tempt one to think there had been an association among the wits of those times to rally legitimacy out of our island. A state of wedlock was the common mark of all the adventures in farce and comedy, as well as the essayers in lampoon and

\* This paper, having no signature, has been variously ascribed, to Professor Simpson, “Glasgow; to M<sup>r</sup> Montop, then Greek professor of the University; and to a Merchant, a merchant.



saire, to shoot at: and nothing was a more standing jest, in all clubs of fashionable mirth and gay conversation. It was determined among those airy critics, that the appellation of a sober man should signify a spiritless fellow. And I am apt to think it was about the same time that good-nature, a word so peculiarly elegant in our language, that some have affirmed it cannot well be expressed in any other, came first to be rendered unpoliteness, and in danger of being transferred from its original sense to so distant an idea as that of folly.

I must confess it has been my ambition, in the course of my writings, to restore, as well as I was able, the proper ideas of things. And as I have attempted this already on the subject of marriage in several papers\*, I shall here add some further observations which occur to me on the same head.

Nothing seems to be thought, by our fine gentlemen, so indispensable an ornament in fashionable life, as love. 'A knight errant,' says Don Quixote, 'without a mistress, is like a tree without leaves'; and a man of mode among us who has not some fair one to sigh for, might as well pretend to appear dressed without his periwig. We have lovers in prose innumerable. All our pretenders to rhyme are professed innamorati; and there is scarce a poet, good or bad, to be heard of, who has not some real or supposed Saccharissa to improve his vein.

If love be any reformation, conjugal love must be certainly so in a much higher degree. There is no comparison between the frivolous affectation of attracting the eyes of women with whom you are only captivated by way of amusement, and of whom perhaps you know nothing more than their features, and a regular and uniform endeavour to make yourself valuable, both as a friend and lover, to one whom you have chosen to be the companion of your life. The first is the spring of a thousand soppetries, silly artifices, falsehoods, and perhaps barbarities; or at best rises no higher than to a kind of dancing-school breeding, to give the person a more sparkling air. The latter is the parent of substantial virtues and agreeable qualities, and cultivates the mind while it improves the behaviour. The passion of love to a mistress, even where it is most sincere, resembles too much the flame of a fever; that to a wife is like the vital heat.

I have often thought, if the letters written by men of good-nature to their wives, were to be compared with those written by men of gallantry to their mistresses, the former, notwithstanding any inequality of style, would appear to have the advantage. Friendship, tenderness, and constancy, dressed in a simplicity of expression, recommend themselves by a more native elegance, than passionate raptures, extravagant encomiums, and slavish adoration. If we were admitted to search the cabinet of the beautiful Narcissa, among heaps of epistles from several admirers, which are there preserved with equal care, how few should we find but would make any one sick in the reading, except her who is flattered by them? But is how different a style must the wise Benetrolas†, who converses with that good sense and good humour among all his friends, write to a wife who is the worthy object of his utmost affection? Benetrolas, both in public and private, and all occasions of life, appears to have every good quality and desirable ornament. Abroad he is respected and esteemed; at home beloved and happy. The satis-

faction he enjoys there settles into an habitual complacency, which shines in his countenance, callevens his wit, and seasons his conversation. Even those of his acquaintance, who have never seen him in his retirement, are sharers in the happiness of it; and it is very much owing to his being the best and best beloved of husbands, that he is the most steadfast of friends, and the most agreeable of companions.

There is a sensible pleasure in contemplating such beautiful instances of domestic life. The happiness of the conjugal state appears heightened to the highest degree it is capable of when we see two persons of accomplished minds, not only united in the same interests and affections, but in their taste of the same improvements, pleasures, and diversions. Pilny, one of the finest gentlemen and politest writers of the age in which he lived, has left us, in his letter to Hippolla, his wife's own, one of the most agreeable family pieces of this kind I ever met with. I shall end this discourse with a translation of it; and I believe the reader will be of my opinion, that conjugal love is drawn to it with a delicacy which makes it appear to be, as I have represented it, an ornament as well as a virtue.

#### \* FLETY TO HIPPOLA.

'As I remember the great affection which was between you and your excellent brother, and know you love his daughter as your own, so as not only to express the tenderness of the best of sons, but even to supply that of the best of fathers; I am sure it will be a pleasure to you to hear that the proofs worthy of her father, worthy of you, and of your and her ancestors. Her ingenuity is admirable; her frugality extraordinary. She loves me, the rarest pledge of her virtue; and adds to this a wonderful disposition to learning, which she has acquired from her affection to me. She reads my writings, studies them, and even gets them by heart. You would smile to see the concern she is in when I have a cause to plead, and the joy she shows when it is over. She finds means to have the first news brought her of the success I meet with in court, how I am heard, and what decree is made. If I recite any thing in public, she cannot refrain from placing herself privately in some corner to hear, where, with the utmost delight, she seats upon my applauses. Sometimes she begs my verses, and accompanies them with the lute, without any manner except love, the best of instructors. From these instances I take the most certain signs of our perpetual and increasing happiness; since her affection is not founded on my youth and person, which might gradually decay, but she is in love with the immortal part of me, my glory and reputation. Nor indeed could less be expected from one who had the happiness to receive her education from you, who in your house was accustomed to every thing that was virtuous and decent, and even began to love me by your recommendation. Far, as you had always the greatest respect for my mother, you were pleased from my infancy to form me, in commend me, and kindly to preface I should be one day what my wife favours I am. Accept therefore our united thanks; mine, that you have bestowed her on me; and hers, that you have given me a her, as a mutual grant of joy and felicity.'

FINIS.

\* Nos. 23, 47, 430, 527, &c.

† Supposed to have been meant as an allusion to Steele

N<sup>o</sup> 326. MONDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1712.*Fortius ultra fortis.*

OVID. Met. l. 6. ver. 177.

Keep a stiff ion.

ADDISON.

I am very loth to come to extremities with the young gentlemen mentioned in the following letter, and do not care to chastise them with my own hand, till I am forced by provocations too great to be suffered without the absolute destruction of my spectatorial dignity. The crimes of these offenders are placed under the observation of one of my chief officers, who is posted just at the entrance of the pass between London and Westminster. As I have great confidence in the capacity, resolution, and integrity, of the person deputed by me to give an account of enormities, I doubt not but I shall soon have before me all proper notices which are requisite for the amendment of manners in public, and the instruction of each individual of the human species in what is due from him in respect to the whole body of mankind. The present paper shall consist only of the above-mentioned letter, and the copy of a deputation which I have given to my trusty friend Mr. John Sly; wherein he is charged to notify to me all that is necessary for my animadversion upon the delinquents mentioned by my correspondent, as well as all others described in the said deputation.

TO THE SPECTATOR-GENERAL OF GREAT-BRITAIN.

I GRANT it does look a little familiar, but I must call you

DEAR HUSB,

BEING got again to the further end of the Widow's coffee-house, I shall from hence give you some account of the behaviour of our hackney-coachmen since my last. These indefatigable gentlemen, without the least design, I dare say, of self-interest or advantage to themselves, do still ply as volunteers day and night for the good of their country. I will not trouble you with enumerating many particulars, but I must by no means omit to inform you of an infant about six feet high, and between twenty and thirty years of age, who was seen in the arms of a hackney-coachman, driving by Will's coffee-house in Covent-garden, between the hours of four and five in the afternoon of that very day wherein you published a memorial against them. This impudent young cur, though he could not sit in a coach-box without holding, yet would he venture his neck, to bid defiance to your spectatorial authority, or to any thing that you countennanced. Who he was I know not, but I heard this relation this morning from a gentleman who was an eye-witness of this his impudence; and I was willing to take the first opportunity to inform you of him, as holding it extremely requisite that you should nip him in the bud. But I am myself most concerned for my fellow-templars, fellow-students, and fellow-labourers in the law. I mean such of them as are disgraced and distinguished under the denomination of hackney-coachmen. Such aspiring minds have these ambitious young men, that they cannot enjoy themselves out of a coach-box. It is, however, an unspeakable comfort to me that I can now

tell you that some of them are grown so bashful as to study only in the night-time, or in the country. The other night I spied one of our young gentlemen very diligent at his lubrications in Fleet-street; and, by the way, I should be under some concern lest this hard student should one time or other crack his brain with studying, but that I am in hopes nature has taken care to fortify him in proportion to the great undertakings he was designed for. Another of my fellow-templars on Thursday last was getting up into his study at the bottom of Gray's-inn-lane, in order, I suppose, to contemplate in the fresh air. Now, sir, my request is, that the great modesty of these two gentlemen may be recorded as a pattern to the rest: and if you would but give them two or three touches with your own pen, though you might not perhaps prevail with them to desist entirely from their meditations, yet I doubt not but you would at least preserve them from being public spectacles of folly in our streets. I say, two or three touches with your own pen; for I have really observed, Mr. Spee, that those Spectators which are so prettily laced down the sides with little e's, how instructive soever they may be, do not carry with them that authority as the others. I do again therefore desire, that, for the sake of their dear necks, you would bestow one penful of your own ink upon them. I know you are loth to expose them; and it is, I must confess, a thousand pities that any young gentleman, who is come of honest parents, should be brought to public shame. And indeed I should be glad to have them handled a little tenderly at the first; but if fair means will not prevail, there is then no other way to reclaim them but by making use of some wholesome severities; and I think it is better that a dozen or two of such good-for-nothing fellows should be made examples of, than that the reputation of some hundreds of as hopeful young gentlemen as myself should suffer through their folly. It is not, however, for me to direct you what to do; but, in short, if our coachmen will drive on this trade, the very first of them that I do find meditating in the street, I shall make bold to "take the number of his chambers," together with a note of his name, and dispatch them to you, that you may chastise him at your own discretion.

I AM, DEAR SPEE,

For ever yours,

MOSES GREENBAG,

Esq. if you please.

P. S. Tom Hamnercloth, one of our coachmen, is now pleading at the bar at the other end of the room, but has a little too much vehemence, and throws out his arms too much to take his audience with a good grace.

To my loving and well-beloved John Sly, haberdasher of hats, and tobaccoist, between the cities of London and Westminster†.

WHEREAS frequent disorders, affronts, indignities, omissions, and trespasses, for which there are no remedies by any form of law, but which apparently

\* Alluding to the precaution of taking the number of a hackney-coach before you enter it.

† Dr. John Hoadly relates an anecdote of this eccentric character in the following words: "My father, on a pressing invitation, once attended, when Bishop of Bangor, one of the whig meetings at the Trumpet in Shire-lane, where Steele rather exposed himself in his having the duty of the day upon him, as was the memory of King William, it being to drink legm."



noon expecting to see him. His answer is, it is only a trick of hers, and that he neither can nor will believe me. The parting kiss I find nightly nettles him, and confirms him in all his errors. Ben Jonson, as I remember, makes a foreigner, in one of his comedies, "admire the desperate valour of the bold English, who let out their wives to all encounters." The general custom of salutation should excuse the favour done me, or you should lay down rules when such distinctions are to be given or omitted. You cannot imagine, sir, how troubled I am for this unhappy lady's misfortune, and beg you would insert this letter, that the husband may reflect upon this accident coolly. It is no small matter, the case of a virtuous woman for her whole life. I know she will conform to any regularities (though more strict than the common rules of our country require) to which his particular temper shall incline him to oblige her. This accident puts me in mind how generously Pisistratus, the Athenian tyrant, behaved himself on a like occasion, when he was instigated by his wife to put to death a young gentleman, because, being passionately fond of his daughter, he had kissed her in public as he met her in the street. "What," says he, "shall we do to those who are our enemies, if we do this to those who are our friends?" I will not trouble you much longer, but am exceedingly concerned lest this accident may cause a virtuous lady to lead a miserable life with a husband who has no grounds for his jealousy but what I have fruitfully related, and ought to be reckoned none. It is to be feared too, if at last he sees his mistake, yet people will be as slow and unwilling in disbelieving scandal, as they are quick and forward in believing it. I shall endeavour to enliven this plain honest letter with Ovid's relation about Cybele's image. The ship wherein it was aboard was stranded at the mouth of the Tiber, and the men were unable to move it, until Claudia, a virgin, but suspected of uncleanness, by a slight pull hauled it in. The story is told in the fourth book of the *Fæsti*.

"Parent of gods," began the weeping fair,  
 "Reward or punish, but oh! hear my prayer:  
 If Lewdness e'er desil'd my virgin bloom,  
 From heaven with justice I receive my doom;  
 But if my honour yet has known no stain,  
 Thou, goddess, thou my Innocence maintain;  
 Thou, whom the nicest rules of goodness sway'd,  
 Vouchsafe to follow an amble-h'd maid."  
 She spoke, and touch'd the cord with glad surprise,  
 (The truth was witness'd by ten thousand eyes)  
 The plying goddess easily comply'd,  
 Follow'd in triumph, and adorn'd her guide;  
 While Claudia, blushing still for past disgrace,  
 March'd silent on, with a slow solemn pace:  
 Nor yet from some was all illustrious remov'd,  
 Tho' heaven such virtue by such wonders prov'd.

"I am, sir,

"Your very humble servant,  
 "PHILAGNOTES.

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"You will oblige a languishing lover if you will please to print the inclosed verses in your next paper. If you remember the *Metamorphoses*, you know Procris, the fond wife of Cephalus, is said to have made her husband, who delighted in the sports of the wood, a present of an unerring javelin. In process of time he was so much in the forest, that his lady suspected he was pursuing some nymph, under the pretence of following a chase more innocent. Under this suspicion she hid herself among the trees, to observe his motions. While she lay concealed, her husband, tired with

the labour of hunting, came within her hearing. As he was fainting with heat he cried out, *Aura veni*; "Oh, charming air, approach!"

"The unfortunate wife, taking the word air to be the name of a woman, hagen to move among the bushes; and the husband, believing it a deer, threw his javelin, and killed her. This history painted on a fan, which I presented to a lady, gave occasion to my graving poetical.

"Come, gentle air!" th' Italian shepherd said,  
 While Procris pined in the secret shade;  
 "Come, gentle air!" the fairer Delia cries,  
 While at her feet her swain expiring lies.  
 Lo the glad rales o'er all her scabbies stray,  
 Breathe on her lips, and in her bosom play.  
 In Delia's hand this toy is fatal found,  
 Nor did that fabled dart more surely wound.  
 Both gifts destructive to the givers prove,  
 Alike both lovers fall by those they love:  
 Yet guiltless too this bright destroyer lives,  
 At random wounds, nor knows the wounds she gives:  
 She views the story with attentive eyes,  
 And pities Procris, while her lover dies\*.

Nº 528. WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1712.

*Dum potuit, solita gemitum virtute repressit.*  
 OVID. Met. ix. ver. 163.

With wonted fortitude she bore the smart,  
 And not a groan confess'd her burning heart.  
 GAY.

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"I was now write to you am a woman loaded with injuries; and the aggravation of my misfortune is, that they are such which are overlooked by the generality of mankind; and, though the most afflictive imaginable, not regarded as such in the general sense of the world. I have hid my vexation from all mankind; but have now taken pen, ink, and paper, and am resolved to unhorse myself to you, and lay before you what grieves me and ail the sex. You have very often mentioned particular hardships done to this or that lady; but methinks you have not, in any one speculation, directly pointed at the partial freedom men take, the unreasonable confinement women are obliged to, in the only circumstance in which we are necessarily to have commerce with them, that of love. The case of celibacy is the great evil of our nation; and the indulgence of the vicious conduct of men in that state, with the ridicule to which women are exposed, though ever so virtuous, if long unmarried, is the root of the greatest irregularities of this nation. To show you, sir, that though you never have given us the catalogue of a lady's library, as you promised, we read books of our own choosing, I shall insert on this occasion a paragraph or two out of Echard's *Roman History*. In the 44th page of the second volume the author observes that Augustus, upon his return to Rome at the end of a war, received complaints that too great a number of the young men of quality were unmarried. The emperor thereupon assembled the whole equestrian order; and, having separated the married from the single, did particular honours to the former; but he told the latter, that is to say, Mr. Spectator, he told the bachelors, that their lives and actions had been so peculiar, that he knew not by what

\* These verses, and the letter by which they are introduced, were written by Pope. It is not known who wrote the rest of the paper, as it was not lettered at the end; but it might probably be Hughes. See the concluding paragraph of Nº 537.

name to call them; not by that of men, for they performed nothing that was manly; not by that of citizens, for the city might perish notwithstanding their care; nor by that of Romans, for they designed to extirpate the Roman name. Then, proceeding to show his tender care and hearty affection for his people, he further told them, that their course of life was of such pernicious consequence to the glory and grandeur of the Roman nation, that he could not choose but tell them, that all other crimes put together could not equalize theirs, for they were guilty of murder, in not suffering those to be born which should proceed from them of impurity, in calling the names and honours of their ancestors to cease; and of sacrilege, in destroying their kind, which proceed from the immortal gods, and human nature, the principal thing consecrated to them; therefore, in this respect, they dissolved the government in disobeying its laws; betrayed their country by making it barren and waste; nay, and demolished their city, by depriving it of inhabitants. And he was sensible that all this proceeded not from any kind of virtue or abstinence, but from a looseness and wantonness which ought never to be encouraged in any civil government. There are no particulars dwelt upon that let us into the conduct of these young worthies, whom this great emperor treated with so much justice and indignation; but any one who observes what passes in this town, may very well frame to himself a notion of their riots and debaucheries all night, and their apparent preparations for them all day. It is not to be doubted but these Romans never passed any of their time innocently but when they were asleep, and never slept but when they were weary and heavy with excess, and slept only to prepare themselves for the repetition of them. If you did your duty as a Spectator, you would carefully examine into the number of births, marriages, and burials; and when you had deducted out of your deaths all such as went out of the world without marrying, then cast up the number of both sexes born within such a term of years last past; you might, from the single people departed, make some useful inferences or guesses how many there are unmarried, and raise some useful scheme for the amendment of the age in that particular. I have not patience to proceed gravely on this abominable libertinism; for I cannot but reflect, as I am writing to you, upon a certain lascivious manner which all our young gentlemen use in public, and examine our eyes with a petulancy in their own which is a downright affront to modesty. A dissipated look on such an occasion is returned with a countenance rebuked, but by averting their eyes from the woman of honour and decency to some flippant creature, who will, as the phrase is, be kinder. I must let down things as they come into my head, without standing upon order. Ten thousand to one but the gay gentleman who stared at the same time is no house-keeper; for you must know they have got into an humour of late of being very regular in their sins; and a young fellow shall keep his four maids and three footmen with the greatest gravity imaginable. There are no less than six of these venerable house-keepers of my acquaintance. This humour among young men of condition is imitated by all the world below them, and a general dissolution of manners arises from this one source of libertinism, without shame or reprehension in the male youth. It is from this one fountain that so many beautiful helpless young women are sacr-

ced and given up to lewdness, shame, poverty, and disease. It is in this also that so many excellent young women, who might be patterns of conjugal affection, and parents of a worthy race, plunge under unhappy passions for such as have not attention enough to observe, or virtue enough to prefer them to their common venders. Now, Mr. Spectator, I must be free to own to you that I myself suffer a tasteless insipid being, from a consideration I have for a man who would not, as he has said in my hearing, resign his liberty, as he calls it, for all the beauty and wealth the whole sex is possessed of. Such calamities as these would not happen, if it could possibly be brought about that, by fining bachelors as papists convict, or the like, they were distinguished to their disadvantage from the rest of the world, who fall in with the measures of civil society. Lest you should think I speak this as being, according to the senseless rude phrase, a malicious old maid, I shall acquaint you I am a woman of condition, not now three-and-twenty, and have had proposals from at least ten different men, and the greater number of them have upon the spot refused me. Something or other is always amiss when the lover takes to some new wench. A settlement is easily excepted against; and there is very little recourse to avoid the vicious part of our youth, but throwing oneself away upon some lifeless blockhead, who, though he is without vice, is also without virtue. Now-a-days we must be contented if we can get creatures which are not bad, good are not to be expected. Mr. Spectator, I sat near you the other day, and think I did not displease your spectral eye-sight; which I shall be a better judge of when I see whether you take notice of these evils your own way, or print this memorial dictated from the dissipated heavy heart of,

‘SIR,  
‘Your most obedient humble servant,  
‘MABEL WELLDAY’  
T.

STEELE.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THIS PAPER IN THE FOLIO EDITION.

Whereas there hath lately been published a certain legendary story of an unknown Theologian, concerning the priesthood of Christ, translated out of Sueton, under the title of A very ancient, authentic, and respectable Testimony, concerning our blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, which the translator has taken the liberty not only to dedicate to me, but to use my name in the title-page, thereby giving occasion to think I countenance the authority of that testimony; now there is to certify, that the person who published that pamphlet is altogether a stranger to me; and that I was no ways acquainted with his design till I saw it in print; for though the passage produced may appear reasonable, yet I cannot think the testimony either ancient or authentic.

Nov. 4. 1712.

ROR. NELSON.

Nº 529 THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1712.

Angula quæque locum tenent partes obstrictæ  
HOC. Ars Poet. ver. 92.

Let every thing have its due place  
EPIGRAMMOV

Upon the hearing of several late disputes concerning rank and precedence, I could not forbear reminding myself with some observations, which I have made upon the learned world, as to this great particular. By the learned world I here mean all large all those who are in any way concerned in works of literature, whether in the writing, printing, or repeating part. To begin with the writers, I have observed that the author of a fable, in all

companies and conversations, sets himself above the author of a quarto; the author of a quarto, above the author of an octavo; and so on, by a gradual descent and subordination, to an author in twenty-fours. This distinction is so well observed, that, in an assembly of the learned, I have seen a folio writer place himself in an elbow chair, when the author of a duodecimo has, out of a just deference to his superior quality, seated himself upon a squab. In a word, authors are usually ranged in company after the same manner as their works are upon a shelf.

The most minute pocket author hath beneath him the writers of all pamphlets, or works that are only stitched. As for the pamphleteer, he takes place of none but of the authors of single sheets, and of that fraternity who publish their labours on certain days, or on every day of the week. I do not find that the precedence among the individuals in this latter class of writers is yet settled.

For my own part, I have had so strict a regard to the ceremonial which prevails in the learned world, that I never presumed to take place of a pamphleteer, until my daily papers were gathered into those two first volumes which have already appeared. After which, I naturally jumped over the heads not only of all pamphleteers, but of every octavo writer in Great Britain that had written but one book. I am also informed by my bookseller, that six octavos have at all times been looked upon as an equivalent to a folio; which I take notice of the rather, because I would not have the learned world surprised if, after the publication of half a dozen volumes, I take my place accordingly. When my scattered forces are thus rallied, and reduced into regular bodies, I flatter myself that I shall make no despicable figure at the head of them.

Whether these rules, which have been received time out of mind in the commonwealth of letters, were not originally established with an eye to our paper manufacture, I shall leave to the discussion of others; and shall only remark further in this place, that all printers and booksellers take the wall of one another according to the above-mentioned merits of the authors to whom they respectively belong.

I come now to that point of precedence which is settled among the three learned professions by the wisdom of our laws. I need not here take notice of the rank which is allotted to every doctor in each of these professions, who are all of them; though not so high as knights, yet a degree above squires; this last order of men, being the illiterate body of the nation, are consequently thrown together in a class below the three learned professions. I mention this for the sake of several rural squires, whose reading does not rise so high as to the present state of England, and who are often apt to usurp that precedence which by the laws of their country is not due to them. Their want of learning, which has planted them in this station, may in some measure extenuate their misdemeanour; and our professors ought to pardon them when they offend in this particular, considering that they are in a state of ignorance, or, as we usually say, do not know their right hand from their left.

There is another tribe of persons who are retainers to the learned world, and who regulate themselves upon all occasions by several laws peculiar to their body; I mean the players or actors of both sexes. Among these it is a standing and uncontroverted principle, that a tragedian always takes place of a comedian; and it is very well known the merry drolls who make us laugh are

always placed at the lower end of the table, and in every entertainment give way to the dignity of the buskin. It is a stage maxim, 'Once a king, and always a king.' For this reason it would be thought very absurd in Mr. Bullock, notwithstanding the height and gracefulness of his person, to sit at the right hand of an hero, though he were but five foot high. The same distinction is observed among the ladies of the theatre. Queens and heroines preserve their rank in private conversation, while those who are waiting-women and maids of honour upon the stage, keep their distance also behind the scenes.

I shall only add that, by a parity of reason, all writers of tragedy look upon it as their due to be seated, served, or saluted, before comic writers, those who deal in tragic-comedy usually taking their seats between the authors of either side. There has been a long dispute for precedence between the tragic and heroic poets. Aristotle would have the latter yield the *pas* to the former; but Mr. Dryden, and many others, would never submit to this decision. Burlesque writers pay the same deference to the heroic, as comic writers to their serious brothers in the drama.

By this short table of laws order is kept up, and distinction is preserved, in the whole republic of letters.

ADDISON.

O.

Nº 530. FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1712.

*Sic visum Veneri; cui placet impares  
Formas atque animos sub jura aliena  
Sævo mittere cum joco.*

HOR. Od. xxxiii. l. 1. ver. 10.

Thus Venus sports: the rich, the base,  
Unlike in fortune and in face,  
To disagreeing love provokes;  
When cruelly jocose,  
She ties the fatal noose,  
And binds unequals to the brazen yokes.

CREECH.

It is very usual for those who have been severe upon marriage, in some part or other of their lives, to enter into the fraternity which they have ridiculed, and to see their raillery return upon their own heads. I scarce ever knew a woman-hater that did not, sooner or later, pay for it. Marriage, which is a blessing to another man, falls upon such an one as a judgment. Mr. Congreve's Old Bachelor is set forth to us with much wit and humour as an example of this kind. In short, those who have most distinguished themselves by railing at the sex in general, very often make an honourable amends by choosing one of the most worthless persons of it for a companion and yoke-fellow. Hymen takes his revenge in kind on those who turn his mysteries into ridicule.

My friend Will Honeycomb, who was so unmercifully witty upon the women in a couple of letters, which I lately communicated to the public, has given the ladies ample satisfaction by marrying a farmer's daughter; a piece of news which came to our club by the last post. The Templar is very positive that he has married a dairy-maid; but Will, in his letter to me on this occasion, sets the best face upon the matter that he can, and gives a more tolerable account of his spouse. I must confess I suspected something more than ordinary, when upon opening the letter I found that Will was fallen oil from his former gaiety, having changed 'Dear Spec,' which was his usual salute at the beginning of the letter, into 'My worthy Friend,' and subscribed himself in the latter end

It at full length William Honeycomb. In short, he gay, the lord, the valio Will Honeycomb, who had made love to every great fortune that has appeared in town for above thirty years together, and boasted of favours from ladies whom he had never seen, is at length wedded to a plain country girl.

His letter gives us the picture of a converted rake. The sober character of the husband is dashed with the man of the town, and enlivened with those little cant-phrases, which have made my friend Will often thought very pretty company. But let us hear what he says for himself.

‘MY WORTHY FRIEND,

‘I QUESTION not but you, and the rest of my acquaintance, wonder that I, who have lived in the smoke and gallantries of the town for thirty years together, should all on a sudden grow fond of a country life. Had not my dog of a steward run away as he did without making up his accounts, I had still been immersed in sin and sea-coal. But since my late forced visit to my estate I am so pleased with it, that I am resolved to live and die upon it. I am every day abroad among my acres, and can scarce forbear hilling my letter with breezes, shades, flowers, meadows, and purling streams. The simplicity of manners which I have been used to so often speak of, and which appears here in perfection, charms me wonderfully. As an instance of it, I must acquaint you, and by your means the whole clob, that I have lately married one of my tenant's daughters. She is born of honest parents, and though she has no portion, she has a great deal of virtue. The natural sweetness and innocence of her behaviour, the freshness of her complexion, the unaffected turn of her shape and person, shot me through and through every time I saw her, and did more execution upon me in grogram, than the greatest beauty in town or court had ever done in brocade. In short, she is such an one as promises me a good heir to my estate; and if by her means I cannot leave to my children what are falsely called the gifts of birth, high titles and alliances, I will convey to them the more real and valuable is of birth, strong bodies, and healthy constitutions. As for your fine women, I need not tell you that I know them. I have had my share to their graces, but no more of that. It shall be my business hereafter to live the life of an honest man and to net as becomes the master of a family. I question not but I shall draw upon me the gallantry of the town, and be treated to the taste of ‘The Marriage-batter blatched; but I am prepared for it. I have been as witty upon others in my time. To tell thee truly, I saw such a tribe of fashionable young flattering coxcombs shot up that I did not think my post of an *homme de sens* any longer tenable. I felt a certain stiffness in my limbs, which entirely destroyed that jantiness of air I was once master of. Besides, for I may now confess my age to thee, I have been eight-and-forty above these twelve years. Since my retirement into the country will make a vacancy in the club, I could wish you would fill up my place with my friend Tom Dapperwit. He has an infinite deal of fire, and knows the town. For my own part, as I have said before, I shall endeavour to live hereafter suitable to a man in my station, as a prudent head of a family, a good husband, a careful father (when it shall so happen), and as

‘Your most sincere friend,

‘and humble servant,

‘WILLIAM HONEYCOMB.’

O.

Nº 531. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1712.

*Qui mare et terras versilapae mundum*

*Temperat horis:*

*Unde nil majus generatur typo,*

*Ac citigat quicquam simile aut secundum.*

HOR. Od. xii. l. 1 ver. 13.

Who guides below, and rules above,

The great disposer, and the mighty King;

Than he none greater, next him none,

That can be, is, or was;

Supreme he singly fits the throne

CREECH.

DIOSYRUS being asked by DIOGENES the tyrant what God was, desired a day's time to consider of it before he made his reply. When the day was expired he desired two days; and afterwards, instead of returning his answer, demanded still double time to consider of it. This great poet and philosopher, the more he contemplated the nature of the Deity, found that he wanted but the more out of his depth; and that he lost himself in the thought, instead of finding an end of it.

If we consider the idea which wise men, by the light of reason, have framed of the Divine Being, it amounts to this: that he has in him all the perfection of a spiritual nature. And, since we have no notion of any kind of spiritual perfection but what we discover in our own souls, we join infinitely to each kind of these perfections, and what is a faculty in a human soul becomes an attribute in God. We exist in place and time; the Divine Being fills the immensity of space with his presence, and inhabits eternity. We are powered with a little power and a little knowledge; the Divine Being is almighty and omniscient. In short, by adding infinity to any kind of perfection we enjoy, and by joining all these different kinds of perfection in one being, we form our idea of the great Sovereign of nature.

Though every one who thinks must have made this observation, I shall produce Mr. Locke's authority to the same purpose, out of his Essay on Human Understanding. ‘If we examine the idea we have of the incomprehensible Supreme Being, we shall find that he was come by it the same way, and that the complex ideas we have both of God and separate spirits, are made up of the simple ideas we receive from reflection: v.g. having, from what we experience in ourselves, got the ideas of existence and duration, of knowledge and power, of pleasure and happiness, and of several other qualities and powers, which it is better to have than to be without; when we would frame an idea the most suitable we can to the Supreme Being, we enlarge every one of these with our idea of infinity; and so putting them together make our complex idea of God.’

It is not impossible that there may be many kinds of spiritual perfection, besides those which are lodged in a human soul; but it is impossible that we should have the ideas of any kind of perfection, except those of which we have some small rays and short imperfect strokes in ourselves. It would be therefore a very high presumption to determine whether the Supreme Being has not many more attributes than those which enter into our conceptions of him. This is certain, that, if there be any kind of spiritual perfection which is not marked out in a human soul, it belongs to its fullness to the divine nature.

Several eminent philosophers have imagined that the soul, in her separate state, may have new fa-

culties springing up in her, which she is not capable of exerting during her present union with the body; and whether these faculties may not correspond with other attributes in the divine nature, and open to us hereafter new matter of wonder and adoration, we are altogether ignorant. This, as I have said before, we ought to acquiesce in, that the Sovereign Being, the great Author of nature, has in him all possible perfection, as well in kind as in degree; to speak according to our methods of conceiving, I shall only add under this head, that when we have raised our notion of this Infinite Being as high as it is possible for the mind of man to go, it will fall infinitely short of what he really is. 'There is no end of his greatness.' The most exalted creature he has made is only capable of adoring it, none but himself can comprehend it.

The advice of the son of Sirach is very just and sublime in this light. 'By his word all things consist. We may speak much, and yet come short: wherefore in sum he is all. How shall we be able to magnify him? for he is great above all his works. The Lord is terrible and very great; and marvelous in his power. When you glorify the Lord, exalt him as much as you can; for even yet will he far exceed. And when you exalt him, put forth all your strength, and be not weary; for you can never go far enough. Who hath seen him, that he might tell us? and who can magnify him as he is? There are yet hid greater things than these be, for we have seen but a few of his works.'

I have here only considered the Supreme Being by the light of reason and philosophy. If we would see him in all the wonders of his mercy, we must have recourse to revelation, which represents him to us not only as infinitely great and glorious, but as infinitely good and just in his dispensations towards man. But as this is a theory which falls under every one's consideration, though indeed it can never be sufficiently considered, I shall here only take notice of that habitual worship and veneration which we ought to pay to this Almighty Being. We should often refresh our minds with the thought of him, and annihilate ourselves before him, in the contemplation of our own worthlessness, and of his transcendent excellency and perfection. This would imprint in our minds such a constant and uninterrupted awe and veneration as that which I am here recommending, and which is in reality a kind of incessant prayer, and reasonable humiliation of the soul before him who made it.

This would effectually kill in us all the little seeds of pride, vanity, and self-conceit, which are apt to shoot up in the minds of such whose thoughts turn more on those comparative advantages which they enjoy over some of their fellow-creatures, than on that infinite distance which is placed between them and the supreme model of all perfection. It would likewise quicken our desires and endeavours of uniting ourselves to him by all the acts of religion and virtue.

Such an habitual homage to the Supreme Being would, in a particular manner, banish from among us that prevailing impiety of using his name on the most trivial occasions.

I find the following passage in an excellent sermon, preached at the funeral of a gentleman\* who was an honour to his country, and a more diligent as well as successful inquirer into the works of nature than any other our nation has ever produced. 'He had the profoundest veneration for the great

God of heaven and earth that I have ever observed in any person. The very name of God was never mentioned by him without a pause and a visible stop in his discourse; in which, one that knew him most particularly above twenty years, has told me that he was so exact, that he does not remember to have observed him once to fail in it.'

Every one knows the veneration which was paid by the Jews to a name so great, wonderful, and holy. They would not let it enter even into their religious discourses. What can we then think of those who make use of so tremendous a name in the ordinary expressions of their anger, mirth, and most impertinent passions? Of those who admit it into the most familiar questions and assertions, ludicrous phrases, and works of humour? Not to mention those who violate it by solemn perjuries! It would be an affront to reason to endeavour to set forth the horror and profaneness of such a practice. The very mention of it exposes it sufficiently to those in whom the light of nature, not to say religion, is not utterly extinguished.

ADDISON.

O.

N<sup>o</sup> 532. MONDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1712.

— *Fungor vice cotis, acutum*  
*Reddere quæ ferrum valet, exors ipsa secandi.*  
 HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 304.

I play the whetstone: 'useless, and unfit  
 To cut myself, I sharpen others with.  
 CREECH.

It is a very honest action to be studious to produce other men's merit; and I make no scruple of saying, I have as much of this temper as any man in the world. It would not be a thing to be bragged of, but that it is what any man may be master of, who will take pains enough for it. Much observation of the unworthiness in being pained at the excellence of another, will bring you to a scorn of yourself for that unwillingness: and when you have got so far, you will find it a greater pleasure than you ever before knew, to be zealous in promoting the fame and welfare of the praise-worthy. I do not speak this as pretending to be a mortified self-denying man, but as one who has turned his ambition into a right channel. I claim to myself the merit of having extorted excellent productions from a person of the greatest abilities, who would not have let them appear by any other means\*; to have animated a few young gentlemen into worthy pursuits, who will be a glory to our age; and at all times, and by all possible means in my power, undermined the interest of ignorance, vice, and folly, and attempted to substitute in their stead learning, piety, and good sense. It is from this honest heart that I find myself honoured as a gentleman-usher to the arts and sciences. Mr. Tickell and Mr. Pope have, it seems, this idea of me. The former has writ me an excellent paper of verses in praise, forsooth, of myself; and the other inclosed for my perusal an admirable poem†, which I hope will shortly see the light. In the mean time I cannot suppress any thought of his, but insert his sentiment, about the dying words of Adrian‡. I will not determine in the case he mentions; but have thus much to say in favour of his argument, that many of his own works which I have seen, convince me that very pretty and very sublime sen-

\* Addison.

† The Temple of Fame.

‡ See Pope's Works.

\* Bishop Burnet's, at the funeral of the Honourable Robert Boyle.



time might be lodged in the same bosom without diminution to its greatness.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I WAS the other day in company with five or six men of some learning; where, chancing to mention the famous verses which the emperor Adrian spoke on his death-bed, they were all agreed that it was a piece of gaudy unworthy that prince in those circumstances. I could not but dissent from this opinion. Methinks it was by no means a gay but a very serious soliloquy to his soul at the point of his departure; in which sense I naturally took the verses at my first reading them, when I was very young, and before I knew what interpretation the world generally put upon them:

*"Anima regula, blandula,  
Hesper comens corpora,  
Qua nunc abides in loca?  
Pallidula, rigida, nudula,  
Nec (ut solent) dabilem fore."*

"Alas, my soul! thou pleasing companion of this body, thou fleeting thing that art now deserting it, whither art thou flying? To what unknown region? Thou art all trembling, fearful, and painful. Now what is become of thy former wit and humour? Thou shalt jest and be gay no more."

I confess I cannot apprehend where lies the trifling in all this; it is the most natural and obvious reflection imaginable to a dying man; and, if we consider the emperor was an heathen, that doubt concerning the future state of his soul will seem so far from being the effect of want of thought, that it was scarce reasonable he should think otherwise; not to mention that here is a plain confession included of his belief in its immortality. This diminutive epithets of *regula, blandula*, and the rest, appear not to me as expressions of levity, but rather of endearment and concern: such as we find in Catullus, and the authors of *Hendecasyllabi* after him, where they are used to express the utmost love and tenderness for their mistresses.—If you think me right in my notion of the last words of Adrian, be pleased to insert this in the Spectator; not, to suppress it.

I am, &c.

TO THE SUPPOSED ALTHEA OF THE SPECTATOR.

In courts hecatons, and a thousand stage,  
How long the war shall wit with virtue wage!  
Enamoured by this prostituted fair,  
Our youth run how long in the fatal snare;  
In height of rapture clasp unheeded pains,  
And rack pollution through their tingling veins.

Thy poetous thoughts unheeded the priest may hear,  
And the pure vestal in her bosom wear,  
Thy conscious blushes and dimmish'd pride  
Thy glass betray what trencher robs would hide;  
Nor learn thy precepts, but follow'd by stealth,  
Please while they cure, and cheat us into health.  
Thy works in Chloe's toilet gain a part,  
And with his tender shawl the kinsman's heart;  
Look'd on thy sister, the perniceous cat  
Laughs at himself, and finds no harm in wit:  
From below groaneth the raw beggar in fire,  
And Britain sees her royal oak to thee;  
Her name the frolic viandant's darts to tell,  
Or his third care the shallow temple's bell;  
And the rash fool, who would the bottom mend,  
Dares quake at thunder, and own his God.

The brainless stripling, who, expelled the town,  
Turn'd the stiff college and posture gown,

An allusion to Mr. T's papers against the Whigs, &c. in the Tatler, particularly to a letter in Tatler, No. 7, signed Will Trowly, and written by Mr. Hogben.  
+ Bolognola.

And by thy name is drunk, and thence a week  
Speaks sacrothe Latin, and pretends to Greek.  
A matting tribe! such, born to wide estates,  
With "you" and "no" in amatory debates;  
At length despoil'd, each to his fields retire,  
First with the dogs, and long amidst the quires;  
From pent to stupid stinks superciliously down,  
In youth a cuckoo, and in age a clown.

Each reader scorn'd, then wrapt thy daring sight  
Above the stars, and trad'd the fields of light;  
Fame, heav'n, and hell, are thy exalted themes,  
And visions such as Ajax himself might dream;  
Man sunk to shew, though in glory born,  
Hear'st his pride when upright, and despoil'd his scorn.

Each brute alone could British Virgil lend,  
And thou alone deserve from such a friend:  
A debt no borrow'd is illustrious shame,  
And fame when shar'd with him is double shame;  
So much with sweets, by Beauty's queen bestow'd,  
With more than mortal charms these glow'd,  
Such genius strife Eugene and Marlowe try,  
And as in glory so in friendship vie.

Permit these lines by thee in five—our blame  
A sense that poets and languages for blame;  
That seem to sink when hammer they on the stage,  
Lost in the mass of men's forgotten things.  
Received by thee, I prophesy my rhymes  
The praise of virgins in succeeding times;  
Mirth with thy works, their life no bounds shall see,  
But sound protected as harp'd by thee.

So some what short, which else would poorly rise,  
Jure's true adopts, and lifts him in the skies;  
Thou the new paper fast'ning joins new,  
Tapest forth the prize, and give the show to blow  
About immortal name the plant unknown,  
With borrow'd life, and vigour not his own."

TO THE SPECTATOR GENERAL.

MR. JOHN SLY humbly sheweth,

THAT upon reading the deputation given to the said Mr. John Sly, all persons passing by his observatory behaved themselves with the same decorum as if your honour yourself had been present.

That your said officer is preparing, according to your honour's secret instructions, hats for the several kind of heads that make figures in the realms of Great Britain, with cocks significant of their powers and faculties.

That your said officer has taken due notice of your instructions and admonitions concerning the interiors of the head from the outward form of the same. His hats for men of the faculties of law and physic do but just turn up, to give a little life to their sagacity; his military hats glare full in the faces; and he has prepared a familiar easy cock for all good companions between the above-mentioned extremes. For this end he has consulted the most learned of his acquaintance for the true form and dimensions of the *lepidum caput*, and made a hat fit for it.

Your said officer does further represent, That the young divots about town are many of them got into the cock military, and desires your instructions therein.

That the town has been for several days very well behaved, and further your said officer saith not.

STEEL.

Y.

ADVERTISEMENT.

An entertainment by Mr. Church, of Bunnet, who imitates the French, double variety, the organ with three voices, the horn, hautman, and parts of himself; the drum-major; the old woman; the drunken man; the bell; the style of dog; &c. All instruments are performed by his natural voice. To which is added, an *Exercice*, by Mr. Church himself. Price 1s.

Advertisements. These verses were written by Theophilus, for No. 532, and note.

Nº 533. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1712.

*Immo duas dabo, inquit ille, una si parum est:  
Et si duarum pœnlebit, addentur duæ.*

PLAUT.

Nay, says he, If one is too little, I will give you too;  
And if two won't satisfy you, I will add two more.

‘TO THE SPECTATOR.

‘sir,

‘You have often given us very excellent discourses against that unnatural custom of parents, in forcing their children to marry contrary to their inclinations. My own case, without further preface, I will lay before you, and leave you to judge of it. My father and mother both being in declining years, would fain see me, their eldest son, as they call it, settled. I am as much for that as they can be: but I must be settled, it seems, not according to my own, but their liking. Upon this account I am teased every day, because I have not yet fallen in love, in spite of nature, with one of a neighbouring gentleman's daughters; for, out of their abundant generosity, they give me the choice of four. “Jack,” begins my father, “Mrs. Catharine is a fine woman.”—“Yes, sir, but she is rather too old.”—“She will make the more discreet manager, boy.” Then my mother plays her part. “Is not Mrs. Betty exceeding fair?”—Yes, madam, but she is of no conversation; she has no fire, no agreeable vivacity; she neither speaks nor looks with spirit.” “True, son; but for those very reasons she will be an easy, soft, obliging, tractable creature.”—“After all,” cries an old aunt (who belongs to the class of those who read plays with spectacles on), “what think you, nephew, of proper Mrs. Dorothy?”—“What do I think! why, I think she cannot be above six foot two inches high.”—“Well, well, you may banter as long as you please; but height of stature is commanding and majestic.”—“Come, come,” says a cousin of mine in the family, “I will fit him; Fidelia is yet behind: pretty Miss Fiddy must please you.”—“Oh! your very humble servant, dear coz, she is as much too young as her eldest sister is too old.”—“Is it so indeed,” quoth she, “good Mr. Pert? You who are but barely turned of twenty-two, and Miss Fiddy in half a year's time will be in her teens, and she is capable of learning any thing. Then she will be so observant; she will cry perhaps now and then, but never be angry.” Thus they will think for me in this matter wherein I am more particularly concerned than any body else. If I name any woman in the world, one of these daughters has certainly the same qualities. You see by these few hints, Mr. Spectator, what a comfortable life I lead. To be still more open and free with you, I have been passionately fond of a young lady (whom give me leave to call Miranda) now for these three years. I have often urged the matter home to my parents with all the submission of a son, but the impatience of a lover. Pray, sir, think of three years: what inexpressible scenes of iniquitude, what variety of misery must I have gone through in three long whole years? Miranda's fortune is equal to those I have mentioned; but her relations are not intimates with mine. Ah! there's the rub! Miranda's person, wit, and humour, are what the nicest fancy could imagine; and, though we know you to be so elegant a judge of beauty; yet there is none among all your various characters of fine women preferable to Miranda. In a word, she is

never guilty of doing any thing but one amiss (if she can be thought to do amiss by me), in being as blind to my faults as she is to her own perfections.

‘I am, sir,

“Your very humble,

‘obedient servant,

‘DUSTERERASTUS.’

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘WHEN you spent so much time as you did lately in censuring the ambitious young gentlemen who ride in triumph through town and country on coach-boxes, I wished you had employed those moments in consideration of what passes sometimes within-side of those vehicles. I am sure I suffered sufficiently by the insolence and ill-breeding of some persons who travelled lately with me in the stage-coach out of Essex to London. I am sure, when you have heard what I have to say, you will think there are persons under the character of gentlemen that are fit to be no where else but on the coach-box. Sir, I am a young woman of a sober and religious education, and have preserved that character; but on Munday was fortnight, it was my misfortune to come to London. I was no sooner clapped in the coach, but to my great surprise, two persons in the habit of gentlemen attacked me with such indecent discourse as I cannot repeat to you, so you may conclude not fit for me to hear. I had no relief but the hopes of a speedy end of my short journey. Sir, form to yourself what a persecution this must needs be to a virtuous and chaste mind; and, in order to your proper handling such a subject, fancy your wife or daughter, if you had any, in such circumstances, and what treatment you would think then due to such dragoons. One of them was called a captain, and entertained us with nothing but silly stupid questions, or lewd songs, all the way. Ready to burst with shame and indignation, I repined that nature had not allowed us as easily to shut our ears as our eyes. But was not this a kind of rape? Why should there be accessaries in ravishment any more than murder? Why should not every contributor to the abuse of chastity suffer death? I am sure these shameless hell-hounds deserved it highly. Can you exert yourself better than on such an occasion? If you do not do it effectually I will read no more of your papers. Has every impertinent fellow a privilege to torment me who pay my coach-hire as well as he? Sir, pray consider us in this respect as the weakest sex, who have nothing to defend ourselves; and I think it is as gentleman-like to challenge a woman to fight as to talk obscenely in her company, especially when she has not power to stir. Pray let me tell you a story which you can make fit for public view. I knew a gentleman, who having a very good opinion of the gentlemen of the army, invited ten or twelve of them to sup with him; and at the same time invited two or three friends, who were very severe against the manners and morals of gentlemen of that profession. It happened one of them brought two captains of his regiment newly come into the army, who at the first onset engaged the company with very lewd healths and suitable discourse. You may easily imagine the confusion of the entertainer, who finding some of his friends very uneasy desired to tell them the story of a great man, one Mr. Locke (whom I find you frequently mention), that being invited to dine with the then Lords Halifax, Anglesey, and Shaftesbury, immediately after dinner, instead of conversation, the cards were called for, where the bad or good success produced the ions of ga

Mr. Locke retiring to a window, and writing, my Lord Angelsey desired to know what he was writing: "Why, my lords," answered he, "I could not sleep last night for the pleasure and improvement I expected from the conversation of the greatest men of the age." This so awfully stung them, that they gladly compounded to throw their cards in the fire, if he would his paper, and so a conversation ensued fit for such persons. This story pressed so hard upon the young captains, together with the concurrence of their superior officers, that the young fellows left the company in confusion. Sir I know you hate long things; but if you like it, you may contract it, or how you will; but I think it has a moral in it.

"Bet, sir, I am told you are a famous mechanic as well as a looker-on, and therefore humbly propose you would invent some padlock, with full power under your hand and seal, for all modest persons, either men or women, to clap upon the mouths of all such impertinent impudent fellows; and I wish you would publish a proclamation that no modest person that has a value for her countenance, and consequently would not be put out of it, presume to travel after such a day without one of them in their pockets. I fancy a smart Spectator upon this subject would serve for such a padlock; and that public notice may be given in your paper where they may be had, with directions, price two-pence, and that part of the directions may be, when any person presumes to be guilty of the above-mentioned crime, the party aggrieved may produce it to his face, with a request to read it to the company. He must be very much hardened that could outface that rebuke; and his further punishment I leave you to prescribe.

"Your humble servant,

"FINANCE CRUEL."

STEEL

7.

N<sup>o</sup> 334. WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1712.

*Notes taken from several conversations in the Portico.*

JUV. SAT. VII. VER. 73.

"We seldom find much sense with an exalted Fortune."

STEPLEY

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"I am a young woman of nineteen, the only daughter of very wealthy parents, and have my whole life been used with a tenderness which did me no great service in my education. I have perhaps an uncommon desire for knowledge of what is suitable to my sex and quality; but, as far as I can remember, the whole dispute about me has been, whether such a thing was proper for the child to do, or not; or whether such or such a food was the more wholesome for the young lady to eat? This was ill for my shape, that for my complexion, and the other for my eyes. I am not extravagant when I tell you I do not know that I have trod upon the very earth ever since I was ten years old. A coach or chair I am obliged to for all my motions from one place to another ever since I can remember. All who had to do to instruct me, have ever been bringing stories of the notable things I have said, and the womanly manner of my behaving myself upon such and such an occasion. This has been my state till I came into my eighteenth year of womanhood; and ever since I grew towards the age of fifteen I have been abused after another manner. Now, forsooth, I

am so killing, no one can safely speak to me. Our house is frequented by men of sense, and I love to ask questions when I fall into such conversation; but I am cut short with something or other about my bright eyes. There is, sir, a language particular for talking to women in; and none but those of the very first good-breeding (who are very few, and who seldom come into my way) can speak to us without regard to our sex. Among the generality of those they call gentlemen, it is impossible for me to speak upon any subject whatsoever, without provoking somebody to say, "Obl! to be sure, fine Mrs. Such-a-one must be very particularly acquainted with all that; all the world would contribute to her entertainment and information." Thus, sir, I am so handsome that I murder all who approach me; so wise that I want no new notions; and so well-bred that I am treated by all that know me like a fool, for no one will answer as if I were their friend or companion. Pray, sir, be pleased to take the part of our beauties and fortunes into your consideration, and do not let us be thus flattered out of our senses. I have got as busy of a maid who is most craftily given to this ill quality. I was at first diverted with a certain absurdity the creature was guilty of in every thing she said. She is a country girl; and in the dialect of the shire she was born in, would tell me that every body reckoned her lady had the purest red and white in the world; then she would tell me I was the most like one Blay Dobson in their town, who made the miller make away with himself, and walk afterwards in the corn-field where they used to meet. With all this, this cunning hussy can lay letters in my way, and put a billet in my gloves, and then stand in it she knows nothing of it. I do not know, from my birth to this day, that I have been ever treated by any one as I ought; and if I were not for a few books which I delight in, I should be at this hour a novice to all common sense. Would it not be worth your while to lay down rules for behaviour in this case, and tell people, that we fair ones expect honest plain answers as well as other people? Why must I, good sir, because I have a good air, a fine complexion, and am in the bloom of my years, be mistreated in all my actions; and have the notions of good and ill confounded in my mind, for no other offence, but because I have the advantages of beauty and fortune? Indeed, sir, what with the silly homage which is paid to us by the sort of people I have above spoken of, and the utter negligence which others have for us, the conversation of us young women of condition is no other than what must expose us to ignorance and vanity, if not vice. All this is humbly submitted to your spectatorial wisdom, by,

"SIR,

"Your most humble servant,

"CHARLOT WEALTHY."

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"WILL'S coffee-house.

"Pray, sir, it will serve to fill up a paper if you put in this; which is only to ask, whether that copy of verses which is a paraphrase of Isaiah, is one of your speculations? It is not written by Mr. Pope? Then you get on another line, by putting in, with proper distances, as at the end of a letter,

"I am, sir,

"Your humble servant,

"ABRAHAM DAPPAWIT."

MR. DUFFERWIT.

I AM glad to get another line forward, by saying that excellent piece is Mr. Pope's and so, with proper distances,

I am, sir,

Your humble servant,

THE SPECTATOR.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I WAS a wealthy grocer in the city, and no fortune as diligent; but I was a single man, and you know there are no men. One in particular came to my shop, who I liked might, but was afraid never would make a grocer's wife. I thought, however, to take an effectual way of coming and told her at a friend's in I thought, that I might buy at less price than I sold. She, you may be sure, often came and helped me to many customers at the same rate, for saying I was obliged to her. You must needs think this was a good living trade, and my riches must be vastly improved. In time, I was high being declared bankrupt, when I declared myself her lover, and she herself married. I was just in a condition to support myself, and am now in hopes of growing rich by losing my customers.

Yours,

JIMMY COMIT.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I WAS in the condition of the idol you was once pleased to mention, and housekeeper of a coffee-house. I believe it is needless to tell you the opportunities I must give, and the importunities I suffer. But there is one gentleman who he is as close as the French did Bouchain. His gravity makes him work cautious, and his regular approaches denote a good engineer. You need not doubt of his oratory, as he is a lawyer; and especially since he has had so little use of it at Westminster, he may spare the more for me.

What then can weak woman do? I am willing to surrender, but he would have it at discretion, and I with discretion. In the mean time, whilst we parley, our several interests are neglected. As his siege grows stronger, my ten grows weaker; and while he pleads at my bar, none come to him for counsel but in *ferma pauperis*. Dear Mr. Spectator, advise him not to insist upon hard articles, nor by his irregular desires contradict the well-meaning lines of his countenance. If we were agreed, we might settle to something, as soon as we could determine where we should get most by the law, at the coffee-house, or at Westminster.

Your humble servant,

LUCINDA PARLEY.

*A Minute from Mr. John Sly.*

THE world is pretty regular for about forty rod east, and ten west of the observatory of the said Mr. Sly; but he is credibly informed, that when they are got beyond the pass into the Strand, or those who move city-ward are got within Temple-har, they are just as they were before. It is therefore humbly proposed, that moving entries may be appointed all the busy hours of the day between the Exchange and Westminster, and report what passes to your honour, or your subordinate officers, from time to time.

Ordered,

That Mr. Sly name the said officers, provided he will answer for their principles and morals.

STEEL,

T.

Nº 555. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1712.

*A Minute from Mr. Sly.*

ROB. OL. xi. l. t. ver. 7.

Catch it vain hope.

My four hundred and seventy-first speculation turned upon the subject of hope in general. I design this paper as a speculation upon that vain and foolish hope, which is mis-employed on temporal objects, and produces many sorrows and calamities in human life.

It is a precept several times inculcated by Horace, that we should not entertain a hope of any thing in life, which lies at a great distance from us. The shortness and uncertainty of our time here makes such a kind of hope unreasonable and absurd. The grave lies in view between us and the object which we reach after. Where one man lives to enjoy the good he has in view, ten thousand are cut off in the pursuit of it.

It happens likewise unluckily, that one hope no sooner dies in us but another rises up in its stead. We are apt to fancy that we shall be happy and satisfied if we possess ourselves of such and such particular enjoyments; but either by reason of their elusiveness, or the natural inquietude of the mind, we have no sooner gained one point, but we extend our hopes to another. We still find new inviting scenes and landscapes lying behind those which at a distance terminated our view.

The natural consequences of such reflections are these; that we should take care not to let our hopes run out into too great a length; that we should sufficiently weigh the objects of our hope, whether they be such as we may reasonably expect from them what they propose in their fruition, and whether they are such as we are pretty sure of attaining, in case our life extend itself so far. If we hope for things which are at too great a distance from us, it is possible that we may be intercepted by death in our progress towards them. If we hope for things which we have not thoroughly considered the value of, our disappointment will be greater than our pleasure in the fruition of them. If we hope for what we are not likely to possess, we act and think in vain, and make life a greater dream and shadow than it really is.

Many of the miseries and misfortunes of life proceed from our want of consideration, in one or all of these particulars. They are the rocks on which the sanguine tribe of lovers daily split, and on which the bankrupt, the politician, the alchymist, and projector, are cast away in every age. Men of warm imaginations and towering thoughts are apt to overlook the goods of fortune which are near them, for something that glitters in the sight at a distance; to neglect solid and substantial happiness, for what is showy and superficial; and to condemn that good which lies within their reach, for that which they are not capable of attaining. Hope calculates its schemes for a long and durable life; presses forward to imaginary points of bliss; and grasps at impossibilities; and consequently very often ensnares men into beggary, ruin, and dishonour.

What I have here said may serve as a moral to an Arabian fable, which I find translated into French by Monsieur Galland. The fable has in it such a wild, but natural simplicity, that I question not but my reader will be as much pleased with it as I have been, and that he

id.

If,

If he reflects on the several amusements of hope which have sometimes passed in his mind, as a near relation to the Persian glassman.

Alnaschar, says the fable, was a very idle fellow, that never would set his hand to any business during his father's life. When his father died he left him to the value of an hundred drachmas in Persian money. Alnaschar, in order to make the best of it, laid it out in glasses, bottles, and the finest earthen ware. These he piled up in a large open basket, and, having made choice of a very little shop, placed the basket at his feet, and leaned his back upon the wall, in expectation of customers. As he sat in this posture, with his eyes upon the basket, he fell into a most amusing train of thought, and was overheard by one of his neighbours, as he talked to himself to the following manner: 'This basket,' says he, 'cost me at the wholesale merchant's an hundred drachmas, which is all I have in the world. I shall quickly make two hundred of it, by selling it in retail. These two hundred drachmas will to a very little while rise to four hundred, which of course will amount in time to four thousand. Four thousand drachmas cannot fail of making eight thousand. As soon as by these means I am master of ten thousand, I will lay aside my trade of a glass-man, and turn Jeweller. I shall then deal in diamonds, pearls, and all sorts of rich stones. When I have got together as much wealth as I can well desire, I will make a purchase of the finest house I can find, with lands, slaves, camels, and horses. I shall then begin to enjoy myself, and make a noise to the world. I will not however stop there, but still continue my traffic, till I have got together a hundred thousand drachmas. When I have thus made myself master of a hundred thousand drachmas, I shall naturally set myself on the foot of a prince, and will demand the grand vizier's daughter in marriage, after having represented to that minister the information which I have received of the beauty, wit, discretion, and other high qualities which his daughter possesses. I will let him know at the same time, that it is my intention to make him a present of a thousand pieces of gold on our marriage night. As soon as I have married the grand vizier's daughter, I will buy her ten black camels, the youngest and best that can be got for money. I must afterwards make my father-in-law a visit, with a great train of equipage. And when I am placed at his right hand, which he will do of course, if it be only to honour his daughter, I will give him the thousand pieces of gold which I promised him; and afterwards, to his great surprise, will present him another purse of the same value, with some short speech as, "Sir, you see I am a man of my word: I always give more than I promise."

When I have brought the princess to my house, I shall take particular care to breed her in a due respect to me, before I give the reins to love and dalliance. To this end I shall confine her to her own apartment, make her a short visit, and talk but little to her. Her women will represent to me, that she is inconsolable by reason of my unkindness, and beg me with tears to correct her, and let her sit down by me; but I shall still remain inexorable, and will turn my back upon her all the first night. Her mother will then come and bring her daughter to me, as I am seated upon my sofa. The daughter, with tears in her eyes, will fling herself at my feet, and beg of me to receive her into my favour. Then will I, in imprint in her a thorough veneration for my person, draw up my legs and spurs her from me with my feet, in such

a manner, that she shall fall down several paces from the sofa.'

Alnaschar was entirely swallowed up in this chimerical vision, and could not forbear acting with his foot what he had in his thoughts: so that unluckily striking his basket of brittle ware, which was the foundation of all his grandeur, he kicked his glasses to a great distance from him into the street, and broke them into ten thousand pieces.

ADDENDUM.

N<sup>o</sup> 536. FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1712.

Of *very* Phrygia, *very* *exile* Phrygia /  
VIRG. *Æn.* *lib.* *ver.* 617.

Of less than women, in the shapes of men /  
DRYDEN.

As I was the other day standing to my bookseller's shop, a pretty young thing about eighteen years of age stepped out of her coach, and, brushing by me, beckoned the man of the shop to the further end of his counter, where she whispered something to him, with an attentive look, and at the same time presented him with a letter; after which, pressing the end of her fan upon his hand, she withdrew. I observed, in the midst of her discourse, that she flushed, and cast an eye upon me over her shoulder, having been informed by my bookseller that I was the man with the short face whom she had so often read of. Upon her passing by me, the pretty blooming creature smiled in my face, and dropped me a curtsy. She scarce gave me time to return her salute, before she quitted the shop with an easy gait, and stepped again into her coach, giving the footmen directions to drive where they were bid. Upon her departure, the ingenious Spectator, which the young lady had desired him to deliver into my own hands, and to tell me, that the speedy publication of it would not only oblige herself but a whole tea-table of my friends. I opened it therefore with a resolution to publish it, whatever it should contain, and am sure (if any of my male readers will be so severely critical as not to like it, they would have been as well pleased with it as myself, had they seen the face of the pretty scribe.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'London, Nov. 1712.

'You are always ready to receive any useful hint or proposal, and such, I believe, you will think one that may put you in a way to employ the most idle part of the kingdom; I mean that part of mankind who are known by the name of the women's men, or beaux, &c. Mr. Spectator, you are sensible these pretty gentlemen are not made for any manly employments, and for want of business are often so much in the vapours as the ladies to fashion, which has been found a very pretty amusement, that you will recommend it to these gentlemen as something that may make them useful to the ladies they admire. And since it is not inconsistent with any game, or other diversion, for it may be done in the play-house, in their coaches, at the tea-table, and in short in all places where they come for the sake of the ladies (except at church, be pleased to forbid it there to prevent mistakes) it will be easily complied with. It is besides an employment that affords, as we see by

the fair sex, of many graces, which will make the beaux more readily come into it; it shows a white hand and diamond ring to great advantage; it leaves the eyes at full liberty to be employed as before, as also the thoughts and the tongue. In short, it seems in every respect so proper, that it is needless to urge it further, by speaking of the satisfaction these male knitters will find, when they see their work mixed up in a fringe, and worn by the fair lady for whom and with whom it was done. Truly, Mr. Spectator, I cannot but be pleased I have hit upon something that these gentlemen are capable of; for it is said a considerable part of the kingdom (I mean for numbers) should be of no manner of use. I shall not trouble you further at this time, but only to say, that I am always your reader, and generally your admirer,

C. N.

'P. S. The sooner these fine gentlemen are set to work the better; there being at this time several fine fringes, that only stay for more hands.'

I shall in the next place present my reader with the description of a set of men who are common enough in the world, though I do not remember that I have yet taken notice of them, as they are drawn in the following letter.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'Since you have taken, to a good purpose, enlarged upon conjugal love, it is to be hoped you will discountenance every practice that is rather proceeds from a regard to interest, than to happiness. Now you cannot but observe, that most of our fine young ladies readily fall in with the direction of the grave sort, to retain in their service by some small encouragement as great a number as they can of supererogatory and insignificant fellows, which they call like whiffers, and commonly call "shoeing horns." These are never designed to know the length of the foot, but only, when a good offer comes, to whet and spur him up to the point. Nay, it is the opinion of that grave lady, Madam Matchwell, that it is absolutely convenient for every prudent family to have several of these implements about the house, to clip on as occasion serves; and that every spark ought to produce a certificate of his being a shoeing horn before he be admitted as a shoe. A certain lady, whose name, if it was necessary, lies at present more shoeing horns of all sizes, countries, and colours, in her service, than ever she had new shoes in her life. I have known a woman make use of a shoeing horn for several years, and, finding him unsuccessful in that function, convert him at length into a shoe. I am mistaken if your friend, Mr. William Honeycomb, was not a cast shoeing horn before his late marriage. As for myself, I must frankly declare to you, that I have been an errant shoeing horn for above these twenty years. I served my first mistress in that capacity above five of the number before she was shod. I confess, though she had many who made their applications to her, I always thought myself the best shoe in her shop; and it was not till a month before her marriage that I discovered what I was. This had like to have broke my heart, and raised such suspicions in me, that I told the next I made love to, upon receiving some unkind usage from her, that I began to look upon myself as no more than a shoeing horn. Upon which, my dear, who was a coquette in her nature, told me I was hypochondriacal, and that I might as well look upon myself to be an egg, or a pipkin. But in a very

short time after she gave me to know that I was not mistaken in myself. It would be tedious to recount to you the life of an unfortunate shoeing horn; or I might entertain you with a very long and melancholy relation of my sufferings. Upon the whole, I think, sir, it would very well become a man in your post, to determine in what cases a woman may be allowed with honour to make use of a shoeing horn, as also to declare whether a maid on this side five-and-twenty, or a widow who has not been three years in that state, may be granted such a privilege, with other difficulties which will naturally occur to you upon that subject.

I am, sir,

'with the most profound veneration,

'Yours, &c.'

O.

AUDITOR.

N<sup>o</sup> 537. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1712.

TO THE SPECTATOR.

ABAT.

For we are his of printing.

Acta xiv. 23.

'TO THE SPECTATOR.

'SIR,

'It has been usual to remind persons of rank, on great occasions in life, of their race and quality, and to what expectations they were born; that by considering what is worthy of them, they may be withdrawn from mean pursuits, and encouraged to laudable undertakings. This is turning nobility into a principle of virtue, and making it productive of merit, as it is understood to have been originally a reward of it.

'If I for the like reason, I imagine, that you have in some of your speculations asserted to your readers the dignity of human nature. But you cannot be insensible that this is a controverted doctrine; there are authors who consider human nature in a very different view, and books of maxims have been written to show the falsity of all human virtues. The reflections which are made on this subject usually take some tincture from the temper and characters of those that make them. Politicians can resolve the most shining actions among men into artifice and design; others, who are soured by discontent, repulses, or ill-usage, are apt to mistake their spleen for philosophy; men of profligate lives, and such as find themselves incapable of rising to any distinction among their fellow-creatures, are for pulling down all appearances of merit which seem to upbraid them; and satirists describe nothing but deformity. From all these hands we have such draughts of mankind as are represented in those burlesque pictures which the Italians call caricatures; where the art consists in preserving, amidst distorted proportions and aggravated features, some distinguishing likeness of the person, but in such a manner as to transform the most agreeable beauty into the most odious monster.

'It is very disingenuous to level the best of mankind with the worst, and for the faults of particulars to degrade the whole species. Such methods tend not only to remove a man's good opinion of others, but to destroy that reverence for himself,

\* Reflexions et Maximes Morales de M. le Duc de la Rochefoucault. Ninon de L'Enclos. of him, "that he had no more belief in he is."

which is a great guard of innocence, and a spring of virtue.

"It is true indeed that there are surprising mixtures of beauty and deformity, of wisdom and folly, virtue and vice, in the human make; such a disparity is found among numbers of the same kind, and every individual in some instances, or at some times, is so unequal to himself, that man seems to be the most wavering and inconsistent being in the whole creation. So that the question in morality concerning the dignity of our nature, may at first sight appear like some difficult questions to natural philosophy, to which the arguments on both sides seem to be of equal strength. But, as I began with considering this point as it relates to action, I shall here borrow an admirable reflection from Monsieur Pascal, which I think sets it in its proper light.

"It is of dangerous consequence," says he, "to represent to man how near he is to the level of beasts, without showing him at the same time his greatness. It is likewise dangerous to let him see his greatness without his meanness. It is more dangerous yet to leave him ignorant of either; but very beneficial that he should be made sensible of both." Whatever imperfections we may have to our nature, it is the business of religion and virtue to rectify them, as far as is consistent with our present state. In the meantime, it is no small encouragement to generous minds to consider, that we shall put them all off with our mortality. That sublime manner of salvation with which the Jews approached their kings.

"O king, live for ever!"

may be addressed to the lowest and most deformed mortal among us, under all the infirmities and distresses with which we see him surrounded. And whoever believes the immortality of the soul, will not need a better argument for the dignity of his nature, nor a stronger incitement to actions suitable to it.

"I am naturally led by this reflection to a subject I have already touched upon in a former letter, and cannot without pleasure call to mind the thoughts of Cicero to this purpose, in the close of his book concerning old age. Every one who is acquainted with his writings will remember that the elder Cato is introduced in that discourse as the speaker, and Scipio and Lælius as his auditors. This venerable person is represented looking forward as it were from the verge of extreme old age into a future state, and rising into a contemplation on the unspeakable part of his nature, and its existence after death. I shall collect part of his discourse. And as you have formerly offered some arguments for the soul's immortality, agreeable both to reason and the Christian doctrine, I believe your readers will not be displeased to see how the same great truth shines in the pomp of the Roman eloquence.

"This," says Cato, "is my firm persuasion, that since the human soul exists itself with so great activity; since it has such a remembrance of the past, such a concern for the future; since it is enriched with so many arts, sciences, and discoveries; it is impossible but the being which contains all these must be immortal.

"The elder Cato", just before his death, is represented by Xenophon speaking after this manner: "Think not, my dearest children, that when I depart from you I shall be no more; but remem-

ber, that my soul, even while I lived among you, was invisible to you; yet by my actions you were sensible it existed in this body. Believe it therefore existing still, though it be still unseen. How quickly would the honours of illustrious men perish after death, if their souls performed nothing to preserve their fame! For my own part, I never could think that the soul while in a mortal body lives, but when departed out of it dies; or that its consciousness is lost when it is discharged out of an unconscious habitation. But when it is freed from all corporal alliances, then it truly exists. Further, since the human frame is broken by death, tell us what becomes of its parts? It is visible whether the materials of other beings are translated, namely, to the source from whence they had their birth. The soul alone, neither present nor departed, is the object of our eyes."

"Thus Cato. But to proceed. No one shall persuade me, Scipio, that your worthy father, or your grandfathers Paulus and Africanus, or Africanus his father or uncle, or many other excellent men whom I need not name, performed so many actions to be remembered by posterity, without being sensible that futurity was their right. And, if I may be allowed an old man's privilege to speak of myself, do you think I would have endured the fatigue of so many wearisome days and nights, both at home and abroad, if I imagined that the same boundary which is set to my life must terminate my glory? Were it not more desirable to have worn out my days in ease and tranquillity, free from labour, and without emulation? But, I know not how, my soul has always raised itself, and looked forward on futurity, in this view and expectation, that when it shall depart out of life it shall then live for ever; and if this were not true, that the mind is immortal, the souls of the most worthy would not above all others have the strongest impulse to glory.

"What besides this is the cause that the wisest men die with the greatest equality, the ignorant with the greatest concern? Does it not seem that those minds which have the most extensive views foresee they are removing to a happier condition, which those of a narrow sight do not perceive? I, for my part, am transported with the hope of seeing your ancestors, whom I have honoured and loved, and am earnestly desirous of meeting not only those excellent persons whom I have known, but those too of whom I have heard and read, and of whom I myself have written; nor would I be detained from so pleasing a journey. O happy day, when I shall escape from this crowd, this heap of pollution, and be admitted to that divine assembly of exalted spirits! When I shall go not only to those great persons I have named, but to my Cato, my son, than whom a better man was never born, and whose funeral rites I myself performed, whereas he ought rather to have attended mine. Yet has not his soul deserted me, but, seeming to cast back a look on me, is gone before to those habitations to which it was sensible I should follow him. And though I might appear to have borne my loss with courage, I was not unaffected with it; but I comforted myself in the assurance, that it would not be long before we should meet again, and be divorced no more."

"I am, sir, &c."

ROBERT.

"I question not but my reader will be very much pleased to hear that the gentleman who has obliged the world with the foregoing letter, and who was the author of the 210th speculation on

the Immortality of the Soul, the 375th on Virtue in Distress, the 525th on Conjugal Love, and two or three other very fine ones among those which are not lettered at the end, will soon publish a noble poem, entitled *An Ode to the Creator of the World*, occasioned by the Fragments of Orpheus.

Nº 538. MONDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1712.

— Ultra  
*Finem tendere opus.*

HOR. Sat. i. l. 2. ver. 1.

To launch beyond all bounds.

SURPRISE is so much the life of stories, that every one aims at it who endeavours to please by telling them. Smooth delivery, an elegant choice of words, and a sweet arrangement, are all beautifying graces, but not the particulars in this point of conversation which either long command the attention, or strike with the violence of a sudden passion, or occasion the burst of laughter which accompanies humour. I have sometimes fancied that the mind is in this case like a traveller who sees a fine seat in haste; he acknowledges the delightfulness of a walk set with regularity, but would be uneasy if he were obliged to pass it over, when the first view had let him into all its beauties from one end to the other.

However, a knowledge of the success which stories will have when they are attended with a turn of surprise, as it has happily made the characters of some, so has it also been the ruin of the characters of others. There is a set of men who outrage truth, instead of affecting us with a manner in telling it; who overleap the line of probability, that they may be seen to move out of the common road; and endeavour only to make their hearers stare by imposing upon them with a kind of nonsense against the philosophy of nature, or such a heap of wonders told upon their own knowledge, as it is not likely one man should have ever met with.

I have been led to this observation by a company into which I fell accidentally. The subject of antipathies was a proper field wherein such false surprisers might expatiate, and there were those present who appeared very fond to show it in its full extent of traditional history. Some of them, in a learned manner, offered to our consideration the miraculous powers which the effluvia of cheese have over bodies whose pores are disposed to receive them in a noxious manner; others gave an account of such who could indeed bear the sight of cheese, but not the taste; for which they brought a reason from the milk of their nurses. Others again discoursed, without endeavouring at reasons, concerning an unconquerable aversion which some stomachs have against a joint of meat when it is whole, and the eager inclination they have for it when by its being cut up the shape which had affected them is altered. From hence they passed to eels, then to parsnips, and so from one aversion to another, until we had worked up ourselves to such a pitch of complaisance, that when the dinner was to come in we inquired the name of every dish, and hoped it would be no offence to any in company, before it was admitted. When we had sat down, this civility among us turned the discourse from catables to other sorts of aversion; and the eternal cat, which plagues every conversation of this nature, began then to engross the subject. One had sweated at the sight of it, another had smelt it out as it lay concealed in a

very distant cupboard; and he who crowned the whole set of these stories, reckoned up the number of times in which it had occasioned him to swoon away. 'At last,' says he, 'that you may all be satisfied of my invincible aversion to a cat, I shall give an unanswerable instance:—As I was going through a street of London, where I never had been until then, I felt a general damp and faintness all over me, which I could not tell how to account for, until I chanced to cast my eyes upwards, and found that I was passing under a sign-post on which the picture of a cat was hung.'

The extravagance of this turn in the way of surprise, gave a stop to the talk we had been carrying on. Some were silent because they doubted, and others because they were conquered in their own way; so that the gentleman had opportunity to press the belief of it upon us, and let us see that he was rather exposing himself than ridiculing others.

I must freely own that I did not all this while disbelieve every thing that was said; but yet I thought some in the company had been endeavouring who should pitch the bar furthest; that it had for some time been a measuring east, and at last my friend of the cat and sign-post had thrown beyond them all.

I then considered the manner in which this story had been received, and the possibility that it might have passed for a jest upon others, if he had not laboured against himself. From hence, thought I, there are two ways which the well-bred world generally takes to correct such a practice, when they do not think fit to contradict it flatly.

The first of these is a general silence, which I would not advise any one to interpret in his own behalf. It is often the effect of prudence in avoiding a quarrel, when they see another drive so fast that there is no stopping him without being run against; and but very seldom the effect of weakness in believing suddenly. The generality of mankind are not so grossly ignorant, as some overbearing spirits would persuade themselves; and if the authority of a character or a caution against danger make us suppress our opinions, yet neither of these are of force enough to suppress our thoughts of them. If a man who has endeavoured to amuse his company with improbabilities could but look into their minds, he would find that they imagine he lightly esteems of their sense when he thinks to impose upon them, and that he is less esteemed by them for his attempt in doing so. His endeavour to glory at their expense becomes a ground of quarrel, and the scorn and indifference with which they entertain it begins the immediate punishment; and indeed (if we should go no further) silence, or a negligent indifference, has a deeper way of wounding than opposition, because opposition proceeds from an anger that has a sort of generous sentiment for the adversary mingling along with it, while it shows that there is some esteem in your mind for him: in short, that you think him worth while to contest with. But silence, or a negligent indifference, proceeds from anger, mixed with a scorn that shows another he is thought by you too contemptible to be regarded.

The other method which the world has taken for correcting this practice of false surprise, is to overshoot such talkers in their own bow, or to raise the story with further degrees of impossibility, and set up for a voucher to them in such a manner as must let them see they stand detected. Thus I have heard a discourse was once managed upon the effects of fear. One of the company had given an



account how it had turned his friend's hair grey in a night, while the terrors of a shipwreck encompassed him. Another, taking the hint from hence, began upon his own knowledge to enlarge his instances of the like nature to such a number, that it was not probable he could ever have met with them; and as he still promixed these upon different causes for the sake of variety, it might seem at last, from his share of the conversation, almost impossible that any one who can feel the passion of fear should all his life escape so common an effect of it. By this time some of the company grew negligent, or desirous to contradict him; but one rebuked the rest with an appearance of severity, and, with the known old story in his head, assured them they need not scruple to believe that the fear of any thing can make a man's hair grey, since he knew one whose periwig had suffered so by it. Thus he stopped the talk, and made them easy. This is the same method taken to bring us to shame, which we fondly take to increase our character. It is indeed a kind of mimicry, by which another puts on our air of conversation to show us to ourselves. He seems to look ridiculous before you, that you may remember how near a resemblance you bear to him, or that you may know that he will not lie under the imputation of believing you. Then it is that you are struck dumb immediately with a conclusion of shame for what you have been saying. Then it is that you are inwardly grieved at the sentiments which you cannot but perceive others entertain concerning you. In short, you are against yourself; the laugh of the company runs against you; the censorious world is obliged to you for that triumph which you have allowed them at your own expense; and truth, which you have injured, has a new way of being revenged on you, when by the bare repetition of your story you become a frequent diversion for the public.

MR. SPECTATOR,

THE other day walking in POSEY church-yard, I thought of your paper wherein you mention epitaphs\*, and am of opinion this has a thought in it worth being communicated to your readers.

"Here Innocence and beauty lies, whose breath was snatch'd by early, but untimely death. Hence did she go, just as she did begin sorrow to know, before she knew to rue. Death, that does sin and sorrow thus prevent, Is the next blessing to a life well spent."

I am, sir,

Your servant,

[Ascribed to ANDREW.]

N<sup>o</sup> 830. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1712.

*Heteroclitus munda.*

QUE GENUS.

Be they heteroclitus.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I AM a young widow of good fortune and family, and just come to town; where I find I have clusters of pretty fellows come already to visit me, some dyleg with hopes, others with fears, though they never saw me. Now what I would beg of you would be to know whether I may venture to see these pest fellows with the same freedom as I did my country acquaintance. I desire your leave to see them as to me shall seem meet, without imputation of a flirt; for since I make declaration that not one of them shall have me, I think I ought to be allowed the liberty of insulting those who have the vanity to believe it is in their power to make me break that resolution. There are schools for learning to use folly, frequented by those who never design to fight; and this useless way of obling at the heart, without design to wound it on either side, is the play with which I am resolved to divert myself. The man who pretends to win, I shall use like him who comes into a fencing-school to pick a quarrel. I hope upon this foundation you will give me the free use of the natural and artificial force of my eyes, looks, and gestures. As for verbal promises, I will make none, but shall have no merry on the conceited interpreters of glances and motions. I am particularly skilled in the downcast eye, and the recovery into a sudden full aspect and away again, as you may have seen sometimes practised by my country beauties beyond all that you have observed in courts and cities. Add to this, sir, that I have a ruddy headless look, which covers artifice the best of any thing. Though I can dance very well, I affect a tottering unsteady way of walking, by which I appear an easy prey; and never exert my instructed charms, until I find I have engaged a pursuer. Be pleased, sir, to print this letter, which will certainly begin the chase of a rich widow. The many foldings, escapes, returns, and doublings, which I make, I shall from time to time communicate to you, for the better instruction of all females, who set up, like me, for reducing the present exorbitant power and insolence of man.

I am, sir,

Your faithful correspondent,  
RELICTA LOVELY.

DEAR MR. SPECTATOR,

I EXPAND upon your professed respect for virtuous love, for your immediately answering the design of this letter; which is no other than to lay before the world the severity of certain parents, who desire to suspend the marriage of a discreet young woman of eighteen, three years longer for no other reason but that of her being too young to enter into that state. As to the consideration of riches, my circumstances are such, that I cannot be suspected to make my addresses to her on such low motives as avarice or ambition. If ever innocence, wit, and beauty, united their utmost charms, they have in her. I wish you would expatiate a little on this subject, and admonish her parents that it may be from the very imperfection of human nature itself, and not any personal frailty of her or me, that our inclinations baffled at present may alter; and while we are arguing with ourselves to put off the enjoyment of our present passions, our affections may change their objects in the operation. It is a very delicate subject to talk upon; but if it were but hinted, I am in hopes it would give the parties concerned some reflection that might expedite our happiness. There is a possibility, and I hope I may say it without imputation of insolence to her I love with the highest honour: I say there is a possibility this delay may be as painful to her as it is to me; if it be as much, it must be more, by reason of the severe rules the sex are under, in being delayed even the relief of complaint. If you oblige me in this, and I succeed, I promise you a place at my wedding, and a treatment suitable to your spectralial dignity.

Your most humble servant,

ACTACE.

[Supposed by BLADELL.]

'SIR,  
'I YESTERDAY heard a young gentleman, that looked as if he was just come to the gown and a scarf, upon evil-speaking; which subject you know Archbishop Tillotson has so nobly handled in a sermon in his folio. As soon as ever he had named his text, and had opened a little the drift of his discourse, I was in great hopes he had been one of Sir Roger's chaplains\*. I have conceived so great an idea of the charming discourse above, that I should have thought one part of my sabbath very well spent in hearing a repetition of it. But, alas! Mr. Spectator, this reverend divine gave us his grace's sermon, and yet I do not know how; even I, that I am sure have read it at least twenty times, could not tell what to make of it, and was at a loss sometimes to guess what the man aimed at. He was so just indeed as to give us all the heads and the subdivisions of the sermon; and further I think there was not one beautiful thought in it but what we had. But then, sir, this gentleman made so many pretty additions; and he could never give us a paragraph of the sermon, but he introduced it with something which methought looked more like a design to show his own ingenuity, than to instruct the people. In short, he added and curtailed in such a manner, that he vexed me: insomuch that I could not forbear thinking (what I confess I ought not to have thought of in so holy a place) that this young spark was as justly blameable as Bullock or Penkethman, when they mend a noble play of Shakspeare or Jonson. Pray, sir, take this into your consideration; and, if we must be entertained with the works of any of those great men, desire these gentlemen to give them us as they find them, that so when we read them to our families at home, they may the better remember they have heard them at church.

'SIR,  
'Your humble servant.'

[Supposed by HUGHES.]

N<sup>o</sup> 540. WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1712.

—Non deficit alter.

VIRG. Æn. vi. ver. 143.

A second is not wanting.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'THERE is no part of your writings which I have in more esteem than your criticism upon Milton. It is an honourable and candid endeavour to set the works of our noble writers in the graceful light which they deserve. You will lose much of my kind inclination towards you, if you do not attempt the encomium of Spenser also, or at least indulge my passion for that charming author so far as to print the loose hints I now give you on that subject.

'Spenser's general plan is, the representation of six virtues, holiness, temperance, chastity, friendship, justice, and courtesy, in six legends by six persons. The six personages are supposed, under proper allegories suitable to their respective characters, to do all that is necessary for the full manifestation of the respective virtues which they are to exert.

'These one might undertake to show under the several heads are admirably drawn; no images im-

proper, and most surprisingly beautiful. The Red-cross Knight runs through the whole steps of the Christian life; Guyon does all that temperance can possibly require; Britomartis (a woman) observes the true rules of unaffected chastity; Arthegal is in every respect of life strictly and wisely just; Calidore is rightly courteous.

'In short, in Fairy-land, where knights-errant have a full scope to range, and to do even what Ariostos or Orlandos could not do in the world without breaking into credibility, Spenser's knights have, under those six heads, given a full and truly poetical system of Christian, public, and low life.

'His legend of friendship is more diffuse, and yet even there the allegory is finely drawn, only the heads various; one knight could not there support all the parts.

'To do honour to his country, Prince Arthur is an universal hero; in holiness, temperance, chastity, and justice, super-excellent. For the same reason, and to compliment Queen Elizabeth, Gloriana, queen of fairies, whose court was the asylum of the oppressed, represents that glorious queen. At her commands all these knights set forth, and only at hers the Red-cross Knight destroys the dragon, Guyon overturns the Bower of Bliss, Arthegal (i.e. Justice) beats down Geryoneo (i.e. Philip II. King of Spain) to rescue Belge (i.e. Holland), and he bends the Grantorto (the same Philip in another light) to restore Irena (i.e. Peace to Europe.)

'Chastity being the first female virtue, Britomartis is a Briton; her part is fine, though it requires explication. His style is very poetical; no puns, affectations of wit, forced antitheses, or any of that low tribe.

'His old words are all true English, and numbers exquisite; and since of words there is the *multa renascentur*, since they are all proper, such a poem should not (any more than Milton's) consist all of it of common ordinary words. See instances of descriptions.

*Causeless jealousy in Britomartis, v. 6, 14, in its restlessness.*

"Like as a wayward child, whose sounder sleeper  
Is broken with some fearful dream's affright,  
With froward will doth set himself to weep,  
Ne can be still'd for all his nurse's might,  
But kicks and squalls, and shrieks for fell despite;  
Now scratching her, and her loose locks misusing,  
Now seeking darkness, and now seeking light;  
Then craving suck, and then the suck refusing:  
Such was this lady's loves in her love's fond accusing."

*Curiosity occasioned by jealousy, upon occasion of her lover's absence. Ibid. Stan. 8, 9.*

"Then as she looked long, at last she spy'd  
One coming towards her with hasty speed,  
Well woe'd she then, ere him she plain descri'd,  
That it was one sent from her love indeed:  
Whereat her heart was fill'd with hope and dread,  
Ne would she stay till he in place could come,  
But ran to meet him forth to know his tidings some:  
Even in the door him meeting, she begun,  
'And where is he, thy lord, and how far hence?  
Declare at once; and hath he lost or won?'"

*Care and his house are described thus, iv. 6,  
33, 34, 35.*

"Not far away, nor meet for any guest,  
They spy'd a little cottage, like some poor man's nest.

34.

"There entering in, they found the good man's self,  
Full busily unto his work ybent,  
Who was so wretched a wretched wearish elf,  
With hollow eyes and raw-bone cheeks far spent,  
As if he had in prison long been pent.

N<sup>o</sup> 542. FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1712.*Et sibi præferri se gaudet.*

OVID. MET. l. II. ver. 430.

—He heard,  
Well pleas'd, himself before himself prefer'd.  
ADDISON

WHEN I have been present to assemblies where my paper has been talk'd of, I have been very well pleas'd to hear those who would detract from the author of it observe, that the letters which are sent to the Spectator are as good, if not better, than any of his works. Upon this occasion many letters of mirth are usually mentioned, which some think the Spectator writ to himself, and which others commend because they fancy he received them from his correspondents. Such are those from the valetudinarian \*; the Inspector of the sign-posts †; the master of the fan-exercise ‡; with that of the hooped petticoat §; that of Nicholas Hart, the annual sleeper ¶; that from Sir John Evelyn ¶; that upon the London cries \*\*; with multitudes of the same nature. As I love nothing more than to mortify the ill-natured, that I may do it effectually, I must acquaint them they have very often praised me when they did not design it, and that they have approved my writings when they thought they had derogated from them. I have heard several of these unhappy gentlemen proving, by undeniable arguments, that I was not able to pen a letter which I had written the day before. Nay, I have heard some of them throwing out ambiguous expressions, and giving the company reason to suspect that they themselves did me the honour to send me such and such a particular epistle, which happened to be talk'd of with the esteem or approbation of those who were present. These rigid critics are so afraid of allowing me any thing which does not belong to me, that they will not be positive whether the lion, the wild boar, and the flowerpot in the play-house, did not actually write those letters which came to me in their names. I must therefore inform these gentlemen, that I often choose this way of casting my thoughts into a letter, for the following reasons. First, out of the policy of those who, their jest upon another, before they own it themselves. Secondly, because I would extort a little praise from such who will never applaud any thing whose author is known and certain. Thirdly, because it gave me an opportunity of introducing a great variety of characters into my work, which could not have been done had I always written to the person of the Spectator. Fourthly, because the dignity spectatorial would have suffered had I published as from myself those several ludicrous compositions which I have ascribed to fictitious names and characters. And lastly, because they often serve to bring in more naturally such additional reflections as have been placed at the end of them.

There are others who have likewise done me a very particular honour, though undesignedly. These are such who will needs have it that I have translated or borrow'd many of my thoughts out of books which are written in other languages. I have heard of a person, who is more famous for his library than his learning, that has asserted this

more than once in his private conversation \*. Were it true, I am sure he could not speak it from his own knowledge; but, had he read the books which he has collected, he would find this assertion to be wholly groundless. Those who are truly learned will acquit me in this point, in which I have been so far from offending, that I have been scrupulous, perhaps to a fault, in quoting the authors of several passages which I might have made my own. But, as this assertion is in reality an encomium on what I have published, I ought rather to glory in it than endeavour to confute it.

Some are so very willing to alienate from me that small reputation which might accrue to me from any of these my speculations, that they attribute some of the best of them to those imaginary manuscripts with which I have introduced them. There are others, I must confess, whose objections have given me a greater concern, as they seem to reflect, under this head, rather on my morality, than on my invention. These are they who say an author is guilty of falsehood, when he talks to the public of manuscripts which he never saw, or describes scenes of action or discourse in which he was never engaged. But these gentlemen would do well to consider, that there is not a fable or parable, which ever was made use of, that is not liable to this exception; since nothing, according to this notion, can be related innocently, which was not once matter of fact. Besides, I think the most ordinary reader may be able to discover, by my way of writing, what I deliver in these occurrences as truth, and what as fiction.

Since I am unawares engaged in answering the several objections which have been made against these my works, I must take notice that there are some who affirm a paper of this nature should always turn upon diverting subjects, and others who find fault with every one of them that hath not an immediate tendency to the advancement of religion or learning. I shall leave these gentlemen to dispute it out among themselves; since I see one half of my conduct patronized by each side. Were I serious on an improper subject, or trifling in a serious one, I should deservedly draw upon me the censure of my readers; or were I conscious of any thing in my writings that is not innocent at least, or that the greatest part of them were not sincerely designed to discountenance vice and ignorance, and support the interest of true wisdom and virtue, I should be more severe upon myself than the public is disposed to be. In the meanwhile I desire my reader to consider every particular paper or discourse as a distinct tract by itself, and independent of every thing that goes before or after it.

I shall end this paper with the following letter, which was really sent me, as some others have been which I have published, and for which I must own myself indebted to their respective writers.

\* &amp;c.

\* I WAS this morning in a company of your well-wishers, when we read over, with great satisfaction, Tully's observations on action adapted to the British theatre; though, by the way, we were very sorry to find that you have dispos'd of another member of your club. Poor Sir Roger is dead, and the worthy clergyman dying. Captain Kentry has taken possession of a fair estate; Will Henry-cowb has married a farmer's daughter; and the Templar withdraws himself into the business of his

\* N<sup>o</sup> 25.† N<sup>o</sup> 109, 127, and 147.‡ N<sup>o</sup> 259.§ N<sup>o</sup> 102.¶ N<sup>o</sup> 181.\*\* N<sup>o</sup> 214.

\* Thought to be an allusion to a Mr Thomas Errol now, ridicul'd by Addison under the name of Tom Fallow. See Tat. No. 134.

own profession. What will all this end in? We are afraid it portends no good to the public. Unless you very speedily fix a day for the election of new members, we are under apprehensions of losing the British Spectator. I hear of a party of ladies who intend to address you on this subject; and question not, if you do not give us the slip very suddenly, that you will receive addresses from all parts of the kingdom to continue so useful a work. Pray deliver us out of this perplexity; and, among the multitude of your readers, you will particularly oblige,

‘Your most sincere,

‘friend and servant,

‘PHILO-SPEC.’

ADDISON.

O.

Nº 543. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1712.

— *Facies non omnibus una,  
Nec diversa tamen* —

OVID. Met. l. ii. ver. 13.

Tho’ not alike, consenting parts agree,  
Fashion’d with similar variety.

Those who were skilful in anatomy among the ancients concluded, from the outward and inward make of an human body, that it was the work of a Being transcendently wise and powerful. As the world grew more enlightened in this art, their discoveries gave them fresh opportunities of admiring the conduct of Providence in the formation of an human body. Galen was converted by his dissections, and could not but own a Supreme Being upon a survey of this his handy-work. There were, indeed, many parts of which the old anatomists did not know the certain use; but, as they saw that most of those which they examined were adapted with admirable art to their several functions, they did not question but those, whose uses they could not determine, were contrived with the same wisdom for respective ends and purposes. Since the circulation of the blood has been found out, and many other great discoveries have been made by our modern anatomists, we see new wonders in the human frame, and discern several important uses for those parts, which uses the ancients knew nothing of. In short, the body of man is such a subject as stands the utmost test of examination. Though it appears formed with the nicest wisdom, upon the most superficial survey of it, it still mends upon the search, and produces our surprise and amazement in proportion as we pry into it. What I have here said of an human body may be applied to the body of every animal which has been the subject of anatomical observations.

The body of an animal is an object adequate to our senses. It is a particular system of Providence that lies in a narrow compass. The eye is able to command it, and by successive inquiries can search into all its parts. Could the body of the whole earth, or indeed the whole universe, be thus submitted to the examination of our senses, were it not too big and disproportioned for our inquiries, too unwieldy for the management of the eye and hand, there is no question but it would appear to us as curious and well-contrived a frame as that of the human body. We should see the same concatenation and subserviency, the same necessity and usefulness, the same beauty and harmony, in all and every of its parts, as what we discover in the body of every single animal.

The more extended our reason is, and the more able to grapple with immense objects, the greater still are those discoveries which it makes of wisdom and providence in the works of the creation. A Sir Isaac Newton, who stands up as the miracle of the present age, can look through a whole planetary system; consider it in its weight, number, and measure; and draw from it as many demonstrations of infinite power and wisdom, as a more confined understanding is able to deduce from the system of an human body.

But to return to our speculations on anatomy, I shall here consider the fabric and texture of the bodies of animals in one particular view; which, in my opinion, shows the hand of a thinking and all-wise Being in their formation, with the evidence of a thousand demonstrations. I think we may lay this down as an uncontested principle, that chance never acts in a perpetual uniformity and consistence with itself. If one should always fling the same number with ten thousand dice, or see every throw just five times less, or five times more in number, than the throw which immediately preceded it, who would not imagine there is some invisible power which directs the cast? This is the proceeding which we find in the operations of nature. Every kind of animal is diversified by different magnitudes, each of which gives rise to a different species. Let a man trace the dog or lion kind, and he will observe how many of the works of nature are published, if I may use the expression, in a variety of editions. If we look into the reptile world, or into those different kinds of animals that fill the element of water, we meet with the same repetitions among several species, that differ very little from one another, but in size and bulk. You find the same creature that is drawn at large copied out in several proportions and ending in miniature. It would be tedious to produce instances of this regular conduct in Providence, as it would be superfluous to those who are versed in the natural history of animals. The magnificent harmony of the universe is such, that we may observe innumerable divisions running upon the same ground. I might also extend this speculation to the dead parts of nature, in which we may find matter disposed into many similar systems, as well in our survey of stars and planets, as of stones, vegetables, and other sublunary parts of the creation. In a word, Providence has shown the richness of its goodness and wisdom, not only in the production of many original species, but in the multiplicity of descants \* which it has made on every original species in particular.

But to pursue this thought still further. Every living creature considered in itself has many very complicated parts that are exact copies of some other parts which it possesses, and which are complicated in the same manner. One eye would have been sufficient for the subsistence and preservation of an animal; but, in order to better his condition, we see another placed with a mathematical exactness in the same most advantageous situation, and in every particular of the same size and texture. Is it possible for chance to be thus delicate and uniform in her operations? Should a million of dice turn up twice together the same number, the wonder would be nothing in comparison with this. But when we see this similitude and resemblance in the arm, the hand, the fingers; when we see one half of the body entirely correspond with the other in all those minute strokes, without which a man

\* Probably a typographical erratum for *descents*.

N° 542. FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1712.

*Et sibi praeferri se gaudet.*

OVID. MET. l. ii. ver. 430.

— He heard,  
Well pleas'd, himself before his self prefer'd.  
ADDISON

When I have been present in assemblies where my paper has been talk'd of, I have been very well pleas'd to hear those who would detract from the author of it observe, that the letters which are sent to the Spectator are as good, if not better, than any of his works. Upon this occasion many letters of mirth are usually mention'd, which some think the Spectator writ to himself, and which others commend because they fancy he received them from his correspondents. Such are those from the valetudinarian \*; the inspector of the sign-posts †; the master of the fan-exercise ‡; with that of the hooped petticoat §; that of Nicholas Hart, the annual sleeper ¶; that from Sir John Earl †† that upon the London cries \*\*; with multitudes of the same nature. As I have nothing more than to mortify the ill-temper'd, that I may do it effectually, I must acquaint them they have very often praised me when they did not design it, and that they have approved my writings when they thought they had derogated from them. I have heard several of these unhappy gentlemen proving, by undeniable arguments, that I was not able to pen a letter which I had written the day before. Nay, I have heard some of them throwing out ambiguous expressions, and giving the company reason to suspect that they themselves did me the honour to send me such and such a particular epistle, which happened to be talk'd of with the esteem or approbation of those who were present. These rigid critics are so afraid of allowing me any thing which does not belong to me, that they will not be positive whether the lion, the wild boar, and the flowerpots in the play-house, did not actually write those letters which came to me in their names. I must therefore inform these gentlemen, that I often choose this way of casting my thoughts into a letter, for the following reasons. First, out of the policy of those who put their feet upon another, before they owe it themselves. Secondly, because I would extort a little praise from such who will never applaud any thing whose author is known and certain. Thirdly, because it gave me an opportunity of introducing a great variety of characters into my work, which could not have been done had I always written in the person of the Spectator. Fourthly, because the dignity spectralorial would have suffered had I published as from myself those several ludicrous compositions which I have ascribed to fictitious names and characters. And lastly, because they often serve to bring in more naturally such additional reflections as have been placed at the end of them.

There are others who have likewise done me a very particular honour, though undesignedly. These are such who will needs have it that I have translated or borrowed many of my thoughts out of books which are written in other languages. I have heard of a person, who is more famous for his library than his learning, that has asserted this

more than once in his private conversation \*  
Were it true, I am sure he could not speak it from his own knowledge; but, had he read the books which he has collected, he would find this assertion to be wholly groundless. Those who are truly learned will acquit me in this point, in which I have been so far from offending, that I have been scrupulous, perhaps to a fault, in quoting the authors of several passages which I might have made my own. But, as this assertion is in reality an encomium on what I have published, I ought rather to glory in it than endeavour to confute it.

Some are so very willing to alienate from me that small reputation which might accrue to me from any of these my speculations, that they attribute some of the best of them to those imaginary manuscripts with which I have introduced them. There are others, I must confess, whose objections have given me a greater concern, as they seem to reflect, under this head, rather on my morality, than on my invention. These are they who say an author is guilty of falsehood, when he talks to the public of manuscripts which he never saw, or describes scenes of action or discourse in which he was never engag'd. But these gentlemen would do well to consider, that there is not a fable or parable, which ever was made use of, that is not liable to this exception; since nothing, according to this notion, can be related innocently, which was not once matter of fact. Besides, I think the most ordinary reader may be able to discover, by my way of writing, what I deliver in these occurrences as truth, and what as fiction.

Since I am unweariedly engag'd in answering the several objections which have been made against these my works, I must take notice that there are some who affirm a paper of this nature should always turn upon diverting subjects, and others who find fault with every one of them that hath not an immediate tendency to the advancement of religion or learning. I shall leave these gentlemen to dispute it out among themselves; since I see one half of my conduct patroniz'd by each side. Were I serious on an improper subject, or trifling in a serious one, I should deservedly draw upon me the censure of my readers; or were I conscious of any thing in my writings that is not innocent at least, or that the greatest part of them were not sincerely designed to discountenance vice and ignorance, and support the interest of true wisdom and virtue, I should be more severe upon myself than the public is dispos'd to be. Is the reasonable I desire my reader to consider every particular paper or discourse as a distinct tract by itself, and independent of every thing that goes before or after it.

I shall end this paper with the following letter, which was really sent me, as some others have been which I have published, and for which I must own myself indebted to their respective writers.

\* STU.

I WAS this morning in a company of your well-wishers, when we read over, with great satisfaction, Tully's observations on actions adapted to the British theatre; though, by the way, we were very sorry to find that you have disposed of another member of your club. Poor Sir Roger is dead, and the worthy clergyman dying. Captain Scrooby has taken possession of a fair estate. Will Honeycomb has married a farmer's daughter; and the Templar withdraws himself into the bosom of his

own profession. What will all this end in? We are afraid it portends no good to the public. Unless you very speedily fix a day for the election of new members, we are under apprehensions of losing the British Spectator. I hear of a party of ladies who intend to address you on this subject; and question not, if you do not give us the slip very suddenly, that you will receive addresses from all parts of the kingdom to continue so useful a work. Pray deliver us out of this perplexity; and, among the multitude of your readers, you will particularly oblige,

Your most sincere

friend and servant,

PHILOSPER.

ADDISON.

O.

N<sup>o</sup> 513. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1712.

*Facies non omnia sunt,*

*Nec dactylus tantus.*

OVUM. Met. l. ii. ver. 13.

Th' not alike, representing pain, agree,  
Fashion'd with similar variety.

Those who were skilful in anatomy among the ancients concluded, from the outward and inward make of an human body, that it was the work of a Being transcendently wise and powerful. As the world grew more enlightened in this art, their discoveries gave them fresh opportunities of admiring the conduct of Providence in the formation of an human body. Galen was converted by his dissections, and could not but own a Supreme Being upon a survey of this his handy-work. There were, indeed, many parts of which the old anatomists did not know the certain use; but, as they saw that most of those which they examined were adapted with admirable art to their several functions, they did not question but those, whose uses they could not determine, were contrived with the same wisdom for respective ends and purposes. Since the circulation of the blood has been found out, and many other great discoveries have been made by our modern anatomists, we see new wonders in the human frame, and discern several important uses for those parts, which the ancients knew nothing of. In short, the body of man is such a subject as stands the utmost test of examination. Though it appears formed with the nicest wisdom, upon the most superficial survey of it, it still mends upon the search, and produces our surprise and amazement in proportion as we pry into it. What I have here said of an human body may be applied to the body of every animal which has been the subject of anatomical observations.

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The more extended our reason is, and the more able to grapple with immense objects, the greater still are those discoveries which it makes of wisdom and providence in the works of the creator. A Sir Isaac Newton, who stands up as the miracle of the present age, can look through a whole planetary system; consider it in its weight, number, and measure; and draw from it as many demonstrations of infinite power and wisdom, as a more confined understanding is able to deduce from the system of an human body.

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\* Probably a typographical erratum for descents.

might have very well subsisted; nay, when we often see a single part repeated an hundred times in the same body notwithstanding it consists of the most intricate weaving of numberless fibres, and these parts differing still in magnitude, as the convenience of their particular situation requires; were a man must have a strange taste of understanding, who does not discover the finger of God in so wonderful a work. These duplicates in those parts of the body, without which a man might have very well subsisted, though not so well as with them, are a plain demonstration of an all-wise Contriver, as those more numerous copyings which are found among the vessels of the same body are evident demonstrations that they could not be the work of chance. This argument receives additional strength, if we apply it to every animal and insect within our knowledge, as well as to those numberless living creatures that are objects too minute for a human eye; and if we consider how the several species in this whole world of life resemble one another in very many particulars, so far as is convenient for their respective states of existence, it is much more probable that an hundred million of dice should be casually thrown an hundred million of times in the same number, than that the body of any single animal should be produced by the fortuitous concourse of matter. And that the like chance should arise in innumerable instances requires a degree of credulity that is not under the direction of common sense. We may carry this consideration yet further, if we reflect on the two sexes in every living species, with their resemblances to each other, and those particular dislocations that were necessary for the keeping up of this great world of life.

There are many more demonstrations of a Supreme Being, and of his transcendent wisdom, power, and goodness, in the formation of the body of a living creature, for which I refer my reader to other writings, particularly to the sixth book of the poem entitled *Creation*\*, where the anatomy of the human body is described with great perspicuity and elegance. I have been particular on the thought which runs through this speculation, because I have not seen it enlarged upon by others.

ADDITION. Q.

N° 514. MONDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1712.

*Nuncupem illa quinquem bene subducta cellam ad vitam  
fulli;  
Quinque alios vixit, prout aliquid oportet noct.  
Allegit monent; ut alio quae leuare crederet, auerit.  
At, quae libe pueris prima, in experientia ut reposita.  
Tibi. Adolph. act v. sc. 2.*

No man was ever so completely skilled in the conduct of life, as not to receive new information from age and experience; inasmuch that we find ourselves really ignorant of what we thought we understood, and are scarce to reject what we fancied our truest interest.

There are, I think, sentiments in the following letter from my friend Captain Bentry, which discover a rational and equal frame of mind, as well prepared for an advantageous as an unfortunate change of condition.

\* *See*, *Cowley-hall, Nov. 13, Worcestershire*  
I AM come to the succession of the estate of my deceased kinsman, Sir Roger de Coverley; I assure you I find it no easy task to keep up the figure

of master of the fortune which was so handsomely enjoyed by that honest plain man. I cannot (with respect to the great obligations I have, be it spoken) reflect upon his character, but I am confirmed in the truth which I have, I think, heard spoken at the club, to wit, that a man of a warm and well-disposed heart, with a very small capacity, is highly superior to human society to him who with the greatest talents is cold and languid in his affections. But, alas! why do I make a difficulty in speaking of my worthy ancestor's fallings? His little absurdities and incapacity for the conversation of the politest men are dead with him, and his greater qualities are even now useful to him. I know not whether by naming those disabilities I do not enhance his merit, since he has left behind him a reputation in his country, which would be worth the palm of the wisest man's whole life to arrive at. By the way I must observe to you, that many of your readers have mistook that passage in your writings, wherein Sir Roger is reported to have inquired into the private character of the young woman at the tavern\*. I know you mentioned that circumstance as an instance of the simplicity and innocence of his mind, which made him imagine it a very easy thing to reclaim one of those criminals, and not as an inclination in him to be gaily with her. The less discerning of your readers cannot enter into that delicacy of description in the character: but indeed my chief business at this time is to represent to you my present state of mind, and the satisfaction I promise to myself in the possession of my new fortune. I have continued all Sir Roger's servants, except such as it was a relief to disengage into little beings within my manor. Those who are in a plot of the good knight's own hand to be taken care of by me, I have quartered upon such as have taken new leases of me, and added so many advantages during the lives of the persons so quartered, that it is the interest of those whom they are joined with to cherish and befriend them upon all occasions. I find a considerable sum of ready money, which I am laying out among my dependants at the common interest, but with a design to lend it according to their merit, rather than according to their ability. I shall lay a tax upon such as I have highly obliged, to become security to me for such of their own poor youth, whether male or female, as want help towards getting into some being in the world. I hope I shall be able to manage my affairs so as to improve my fortune every year by doing acts of kindness. I will lend my money to the use of none but indigent men, secured by such as have ceased to be indigent by the favour of my family or myself. What makes this the more practicable is, that if they will do any one good with my money, they are welcome to it upon their own security: and I make no exception against it, because the persons who enter into the obligations do it for their own family. I have laid out four thousand pounds this way, and it is not to be imagined what a crowd of people are obliged by it. In cases where Sir Roger has recommended, I have lent money to put out children, with a clause which makes void the obligation in case the infant dies before he is out of his apprenticeship; by which means the kindred and masters are extremely careful of breeding him to industry, that he may repay himself by his labour, in three years journey-work after his time is out, for the use of his securities. Opportunities of this kind are all that have

occurred since I came to my estate; but I assure you I will preserve a constant disposition to catch at all the occasions I can to promote the good and happiness of my neighbourhood.

‘But give me leave to lay before you a little establishment which has grown out of my past life, that I doubt not will administer great satisfaction to me in that part of it, whatever that is, which is to come.

‘There is a prejudice in favour of the way of life to which a man has been educated, which I know not whether it would not be faulty to overcome. It is like a partiality to the interest of one’s own country before that of any other nation. It is from an habit of thinking, grown upon me from my youth spent in arms, that I have ever held gentlemen, who have preserved modesty, good-nature, justice, and humanity, in a soldier’s life, to be the most valuable and worthy persons of the human race. To pass through imminent dangers, suffer painful watchings, frightful alarms, and laborious marches, for the greater part of a man’s time, and pass the rest in sobriety conformable to the rules of the most virtuous civil life, is a merit too great to deserve the treatment it usually meets with among the other part of the world. But I assure you, sir, were there not very many who have this worth, we could never have seen the glorious events which we have in our days. I need not say more to illustrate the character of a soldier, than to tell you he is the very contrary to him you observe loud, saucy, and overbearing, in a red coat about town. But I was going to tell you that, in honour of the profession of arms, I have set apart a certain sum of money for a table for such gentlemen as have served their country in the army, and will please from time to time to sojourn all, or any part of the year, at Coverley, such of them as will do me that honour shall find horses, servants, and all things necessary for their accommodation and enjoyment of all the conveniences of life, in a pleasant various country. If Colonel Camperfelt\* be in town, and his abilities are not employed another way in the service, there is no man would be more welcome here. That gentleman’s thorough knowledge in his profession, together with the simplicity of his manners and goodness of his heart, would induce others like him to honour my abode; and I should be glad my acquaintance would take themselves to be invited or not, as their characters have an affinity to his.

‘I would have all my friends know, that they need not fear (though I am become a country gentleman) I will trespass against their temperance and sobriety. No, sir, I shall retain so much of the good sentiments for the conduct of life, which we cultivated in each other at our club, as to condemn all inordinate pleasures; but particularly remember, with our beloved Tully, that the delight in food consists in desire, not satiety. They who most passionately pursue pleasure seldomst arrive at it. Now I am writing to a philosopher, I cannot forbear mentioning the satisfaction I took in the passage I read yesterday in the same Tully. A nobleman of Athens made a compliment to Plato the morning after he had supped at his house: “Your entertainments do not only please when you give them, but also the day after.”

‘I am, my worthy friend,

‘Your most obedient humble servant,

‘WILLIAM SENTRY.’

STEELE.

T.

\* By this delicate misnomer, a just compliment is paid to the father of the late Admiral Kempenfelt, who was drowned in the Royal George at Spithead, Aug. 29, 1782.

Nº 545. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1712.

*Quin potius pacem aeternam pactosque hymenaeos  
Exercemus*—

VIRG. Æn. iv. ver. 99.

Let us in bonds of lasting peace unite,  
And celebrate the hymeneal rite.

I CANNOT but think the following letter from the Emperor of China to the Pope of Rome, proposing a coalition of the Chinese and Roman churches, will be acceptable to the curious. I must confess I myself being of opinion, that the emperor has as much authority to be interpreter to him he pretends to expound, as the pope has to be vicar of the sacred person he takes upon him to represent; I was not a little pleased with their treaty of alliance. What progress the negociation between his majesty of Rome and his holiness of China makes (as we daily writers say upon subjects where we are at a loss) time will let us know. In the meantime, since they agree in the fundamentals of power and authority, and differ only in matters of faith, we may expect the matter will go on without difficulty.

Copia di Lettera del Re della China al Papa, interpretata dal Padre Segretario dell’ India della Compagnia di Giesu.

*A Voi Benedetto sopra i benedetti P. P. ed interprete grande de Pontifici e Pastore Xmo dispensatore dell’ oglio de i Re d’ Europe Clemente XI.*

‘Il favorito amico di Dio Gionata 7º potentissimo sopra tutti i potentissimi della terra, altissimo sopra tutti gl’ altissimi sotto il sole e la luna, che siede nella sede di smeraldo della China a sopra cento scalini d’ oro, ad interpretare la lingua di Dio a tutti i descendenti fedeli d’ Abramo, che de la vita e la morte a cento quindici regni, ed a cento settante isole, scrive con la penna dello struzzo vergine, e manda salute ed accrescimento di vecchiezza.

‘Essendo arrivato il tempo in cui il fiore della reale nostro gioventu deve maturare i frutti della nostra vecchiezza, e confortare con quell’ i desiderii de i populi nostri devoti, e propagare il seme di quella pianta che deve proteggerli, habbiamo stabilito d’accompagnarci con una vergine eccelsa ed amorosa allattata alla mammella della leonessa forte e dell’ agnella mansueta. Percio essendo ci stato figurato sempre il vostro popolo Europeo Romano per paese di donne invitte, i forte, e caste; allougiamo la nostra mano potente, n stringere una di loro, e questa sara una vostro nipote, o nipote di qualche altrograi Sacerdote Latino, che sia guardata dall’ occhio dritto di Dio, sara seminata in lei l’autorita di Sara, la fedelta d’ Esther, e la sapienza di Abba; la vogliamo con l’ occhio che guarda il cielo, e la terra, e con la bocca della conchiglia che si puoce della ruggiada del mattino. La sua eta non passi ducento cori della luna, la sua statura sia alta quanto la spicca dritta del grano verde, e la sua grossezza quanto un manipolo di grano secco. Noi la mandaremmo a vestire per li nostri mandatici ambasciadori, e eli la condurranno a noi, e noi incontreremo alla riva del fiume grande facendola salire suo nostro cocchio. Ella potra adorare apresso di noi il suo Dio, con venti quatro altre a sua elezzione, e potra cantare con loro come la tortora alla primavera.



'Sodisfando noi padre e amico nostro questa nostra brama, sarete cagione di unire in perpetua amicitia cotesti vostri regni d'Europa al nostro dominante imperio, e si abbracciaranno le nostri leggi come l'edera abbraccia la pianta o nel medesimo spargeremo del nostro sacro reale in coteste provincie, riscaldando i letti di vostri principi con il fuoco amoroso delle nostre Amazoni, d'alceae dello quali i nostri mandati ambasciadori vi porteranno le somiglianza dipinte. V. Confermiamo di tenere in pace le due buone religiose famiglie dell'indianariti gli' neri figliuoli d'Ignazio, e li bianchi e neri figliuoli di Dominico, il cui consiglio degli' uni e degli' altri ci serve di scorta nel nostro regimento e di lume ad interpretare le divine e Legge come appunto fa lume l'occhio che si getta in mare. In tanto alandoci dal nostro trono per abbracciarvi, vi di chiariamo nostro consaguito e confederato ed ordiniamo che questo foglio sia segnato col nostro segno imperiale dalla nostra città, capo del mondo, il quarto giorno della terza lunatione l'anno quarto del nostro imperio.

'Sigillo e un sole nello cui faccia o anche quella della luna ed intorno tra i raggi vi sono traposte alcune spade.

'Dico il traduttore che secondo il ceremonial di questo lettere o recedentissimo specialmente fisco scritto con la penna dello struzzo virgilio con la quale non sogliosi scrivere quel re che lo pregiera a Dio e scrivendo a qualche altro a principe del mondo, la maggior finezza che talora o scrivergli con la penna del pavone.'

A Letter from the Emperor of China to the Pope, interpreted by a father Jesuit, secretary of the India.

'To you Monarch above the blessed, great emperor of Cathay and pastor of Christian, dispenser of the oil of the kings of Europe, Clement XI.

'Two favourite friend of God, Glorietta the VIIth, the most powerful above the most powerful of the earth, highest above the highest under the sun and moon, who sits on a throne of emerald of China, above an hundred steps of gold, to interpret the language of God to the faithful, and who gives life and death to an hundred and fifteen kingdoms and an hundred and seventeen islands; we writes with the quill of a virgin ostrich, and sends health and increase of old age.

'Being arrived at the time of our age, in which the flower of our royal youth ought to ripen into fruit towards old age, to comfort therewith the desire of our devoted people, and to propagate the seed of that plant which must protect them; we have determined to accompany ourselves with an high amorous virgin, suckled at the breast of a wild lioness, and a meek lamb; and, laughing with ourselves that your European Roman people is the father of many unconquerable and chaste ladies, we stretch out our powerful arm to embrace one of them, and she shall be one of your sisters, or the niece of some other great Latin priest, the darling of God's right eye. Let the authority of Sarah be sown in her, the fidelity of Esther, and the wisdom of Abba. We would have her eye like that of a dove, which may look upon heaven and earth, with the mouth of a shell-fish to feed upon the dew of the morning; her age must not exceed two hundred courses of the moon; let her stature be equal to that of an ear of green corn, and her girth a handful.

'We will send our mandarins ambassadors to clothe her, and to conduct her to us, and we will

her to leap up into our chariot. She may with us worship her own God, together with twenty-four virgins of her own choosing; and she may sing with them as the turtle in the spring. You, O father and friend, complying with this our desire, may be an occasion of uniting in perpetual friendship our high empire with your European kingdoms, and we may embrace your laws as the ivy embraces the tree; and we ourselves may scatter our royal blood into your provinces, warming the chief of your princes with the amorous fire of our amazon, the resembling pictures of some of which our said mandarins ambassadors shall convey to you.

'We exhort you to keep in peace two good religious families of missionaries, the black sons of Ignazio, and the white and black sons of Dominico; that the counsel, both of the one and the other, may serve as a guide to us in our government, and a light to interpret the divine law, as the oil cast into the sea produces light.

'To conclude, we rising up to our throne to embrace you, we declare you our ally and confederate; and have ordered this leaf to be sealed with our imperial signet; in our royal city the head of the world. The eighth day of the third lunation, and the fourth year of our reign.'

Letters from Rome say, the whole conversation both amongst gentlemen and ladies has turned upon the subject of this epistle, ever since it arrived. The Jesuit who translated it says, it loses much of the majesty of the original in the Italian. It seems there was an offer of the same pattern made by a predecessor of the present emperor to Lewis XIII. of France, but no lady of that court would take the voyage, that sex not being at that time so much used in politic negotiations. The manner of treating the pope is, according to the Chinese ceremonial, very respectful; for the emperor writes to him with the quill of a virgin ostrich, which was never used before but in writing prayers. Instructions are preparing for the lady who shall have so much zeal as to undertake this pilgrimage, and be an empress for the sake of her religion. The principal of the Indian missionaries has given in a list of the reigning sins in China, in order to prepare indulgences necessary to this lady and her retinue, in advancing the interests of the Roman catholic religion in those kingdoms.

#### TO THE SPECTATOR GENERAL.

'May it please your Honour,  
'I HAVE of late seen French hats of a prodigious magnitude pass by my observatory.

'JOHN RY.'

STEEL.

T.

\* To any other person (it is said in the untranslated part of the letter) the emperor would have written with the pen of a peacock.

+ This paper is a satire on the immoral practices of the Jesuit missionaries in China.

Nº 546. WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1712.

*Omnia patefacienda, ut ne quid omnino quod venditor norit, emptor ignoret.*

TULL.

Every thing should be fairly told, that the buyer may not be ignorant of any thing which the seller knows.

It gives me very great scandal to observe, wherever I go, how much skill, in buying all manner of goods, there is necessary to defend yourself from being cheated in whatever you see exposed to sale. My reading makes such a strong impression upon me, that I should think myself a cheat in my way; if I should translate any thing from another tongue, and not acknowledge it to my readers. I understood from common report, that Mr. Cibber was introducing a French play upon our stage, and thought myself concerned to let the town know what was his, and what was foreign\*. When I came to the rehearsal, I found the house so partial to one of their own fraternity, that they gave every thing which was said such grace, emphasis, and force in their action, that it was no easy matter to make any judgment of the performance. Mrs. Oldfield, who, it seems, is the heroic daughter, had so just a conception of her part, that her action made what she spoke appear decent, just, and noble. The passions of terror and compassion they made me believe were very artfully raised, and the whole conduct of the play artful and surprising. We authors do not much relish the endeavours of players in this kind; but have the same disdain as physicians and lawyers have when attorneys and apothecaries give advice. Cibber himself took the liberty to tell me, that he expected I would do him justice, and allow the play well prepared for his spectators, whatever it was for his readers. He added very many particulars not unenrions, concerning the manner of taking an audience, and laying wait not only for their superficial applause, but also for insinuating into their affections and passions, by the artful management of the look, voice, and gesture of the speaker. I could not but consent that the Heroic Daughter appeared in the rehearsal a moving entertainment wrought out of a great and exemplary virtue.

The advantages of action, show, and dress, on these occasions, are allowable, because the merit consists in being capable of imposing upon us to our advantage and entertainment. All that I was going to say about the honesty of an author in the sale of his ware, was that he ought to own all that he had borrowed from others, and lay in a clear light all that he gives his spectators for their money, with an account of the first manufactures. But I intended to give the lecture of this day upon the common and prostituted behaviour of traders in ordinary commerce. The philosopher made it a rule of trade, that your profit ought to be the common profit; and it is unjust to make any step towards gain, wherein the gain of even those to whom you sell is not also consulted. A man may deceive himself if he thinks fit, but he is no better than a cheat who sells any thing without telling the exceptions against it, as well as what is to be said to its advantage. The scandalous abuse of language and hardening of conscience, which may be observed every day, in going from one place to another, is what makes a whole city to an unpreju-

diced eye a den of thieves. It was no small pleasure to me for this reason to remark, as I passed by Cornhill, that the shop of that worthy, honest, though lately unfortunate citizen, Mr. John Morton\*, so well known in the linen trade, is sitting up anew. Since a man has been in a distressed condition, it ought to be a great satisfaction to have passed through it in such a manner as not to have lost the friendship of those who suffered with him, but to receive an honourable acknowledgment of his honesty from those very persons to whom the law had consigned his estate.

The misfortune of this citizen is like to prove of a very general advantage to those who shall deal with him hereafter; for the stock with which he now sets up being the loan of his friends, he cannot expose that to the hazard of giving credit, but enters into a ready money trade, by which means he will both buy and sell the best and cheapest. He imposes upon himself a rule of affixing the value of each piece he sells to the piece itself; so that the most ignorant servant or child will be as good a buyer at his shop as the most skilful in the trade. For all which, you have all his hopes and fortune for your security. To encourage dealing after this way, there is not only the avoiding the most infamous guilt in ordinary bartering; but this observation, that he who buys with ready money saves as much to his family as the state exacts out of his land for the security and service of his country; that is to say, in plain English, sixteen will do as much as twenty shillings.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘My heart is so swelled with grateful sentiments on account of some favours which I have lately received, that I must beg leave to give them utterance amongst the crowd of other anonymous correspondents; and writing, I hope, will be as great a relief to my forced silence, as it is to your natural taciturnity.—My generous benefactor will not suffer me to speak to him in any terms of acknowledgment, but ever treats me as if he had the greatest obligations, and uses me with a distinction that is not to be expected from one so much my superior in fortune, years, and understanding. He insinuates as if I had a certain right to his favours from some merit, which his particular indulgence to me has discovered; but that is only a beautiful artifice to lessen the pain an honest mind feels in receiving obligations when there is no probability of returning them.

A gift is doubled when accompanied with such a delicacy of address; but what to me gives it an inexpressible value is its coming from the man I most esteem in the world. It pleases me indeed, as it is an advantage and addition to my fortune; but when I consider it as an instance of that good man's friendship, it overjoys, it transports me; I look on it with a lover's eye, and no longer regard the gift, but the hand that gave it. For my friendship is so entirely void of any painful views, that it often gives me pain to think it should have been chargeable to him; and I cannot at some melancholy hours help doing his generosity the injury of fearing it should cool on this account, and that the last favour might be a sort of legacy of a departing friendship.

‘I confess these fears seem very groundless and unjust, but you must forgive them to the apprehension of one possessed of a great treasure, who is not disposed to shadow of danger.

Yours most obliged servant

\* Ximena; or, The Heroic Daughter: a tragedy taken from the Cid of Spain.



'I Samuel Self, of the parish of St. James, having a constitution which naturally abounds with acids, made use of a paper of directions marked No. 177, recommending a healthful exercise called good-nature, and have found it a most excellent sweetner of the blood.'

'Whereas I, Elizabeth Rainbow, was troubled with that distemper in my head, which about a year ago was pretty epidemical among the ladies, and discovered itself in the colour of their hoods, having made use of the doctor's cephalic tincture, which he exhibited to the public in one of his last year's papers, I recovered in a very few days.'

'I George Gloom, having for a long time been troubled with the spleen, and being advised by my friends to put myself into a course of Steele, did for that end make use of remedies conveyed to me several mornings, in short letters, from the hands of the invisible doctor. They were marked at the bottom Nathaniel Henroost, Alice Threadneedle, Rebecca Nettle-top, Tom Loveless, Mary Mennwell, Thomas Smoky, Anthony Freeman, Tom Meggot, Rustick Sprightly, &c. which have had so good an effect upon me, that I now find myself cheerful, lightsome, and easy; and therefore do recommend them to all such as labour under the same distemper.'

Not having room to insert all the advertisements which were sent me, I have only picked out some few from the third volume, reserving the fourth for another opportunity.

ADDISON.

O.

\* \* Loss of memory certainly cured by an electuary, that strikes at the prime cause, which few apprehend, of forgetfulness, &c.

Nº 548. FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1712.

— *Vitiis nemo sine nascitur, optimus ille  
Qui minimis urgetur* —

HOR. Sat. III. l. 1. ver. 68.

There's none but has some fault; and he's the best,  
Most virtuous he, that's spotted with the least.  
CREECH.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

Nov. 27, 1712.

'I HAVE read this day's paper with a great deal of pleasure, and could send you an account of several elixirs and antidotes in your third volume, which your correspondents have not taken notice of in their advertisements; and at the same time must own to you, that I have seldom seen a shop furnished with such a variety of medicaments, and in which there are fewer soporifics. The several vehicles you have invented for conveying your unacceptable truths to us, are what I most particularly admire, as I am afraid they are secrets which will die with you. I do not find that any of your critical essays are taken notice of in this paper, notwithstanding I look upon them to be excellent cleansers of the brain, and could venture to superscribe them with an advertisement which I have lately seen in one of our newspapers, wherein there is an account given of a sovereign remedy for restoring the taste of all such persons whose palates have been vitiated by distempers, unwholesome food, or any the like occasions. But to let fall the allusion, notwithstanding your criticisms, and particularly the candour which you have discovered in

them, are not the least taking part of your work, I find your opinion concerning poetical justice, as it is expressed in the first part of your fortieth Spectator, is controverted by some eminent critics; and as you now seem, to our great grief of heart, to be winding up your bottoms, I hoped you would have enlarged a little upon that subject. It is indeed but a single paragraph in your works; and I believe those who have read it with the same attention I have done, will think there is nothing to be objected against it. I have however drawn up some additional arguments to strengthen the opinion which you have there delivered, having endeavoured to go to the bottom of that matter, which you may either publish or suppress as you think fit.

'Horace in my motto says, that all men are vicious, and that they differ from one another only as they are more or less so. Boileau has given the same account of our wisdom, as Horace has of our virtue:

*"Tous les hommes sont fous, et malgré tous leurs soins,  
Ne diffèrent entre eux, que du plus et du moins."*

"All men," says he, "are fools; and, in spite of their endeavours to the contrary, differ from one another only as they are more or less so."

'Two or three of the old Greek poets have given the same turn to a sentence which describes the happiness of man in this life:

*Τὸ ἥττις ἀλυπῶς ἀνδρῶν ἐστὶν εὐτυχία.*

"That man is most happy who is the least miserable."

'It will not perhaps be unentertaining to the polite reader to observe how these three beautiful sentences are formed upon different subjects by the same way of thinking; but I shall return to the first of them.

'Our goodness being of a comparative and not an absolute nature, there is none who in strictness can be called a virtuous man. Every one has in him a natural alloy, though one may be fuller of dross than another: for this reason I cannot think it right to introduce a perfect or a faultless man upon the stage; not only because such a character is improper to move compassion, but because there is no such thing in nature. This might probably be one reason why the Spectator in one of his papers took notice of that late invented term, called Poetical Justice, and the wrong notions into which it has led some tragic writers. The most perfect man has vices enough to draw down punishments upon his head, and to justify Providence in regard to any miseries that may befall him. For this reason I cannot think but that the instruction and moral are much finer, where a man who is virtuous in the main of his character falls into distress, and sinks under the blows of fortune at the end of a tragedy, than when he is represented as happy and triumphant. Such an example corrects the insolence of human nature, softens the mind of the beholder with sentiments of pity and compassion, comforts him under his own private affliction, and teaches him not to judge of men's virtues by their successes. I cannot think of one real hero in all antiquity so far raised above human infirmities, that he might not be very naturally represented in a tragedy as plunged in misfortunes and calamities. The poet may still find out some prevailing passion or indiscretion in his character, and show it in such a manner as will sufficiently acquit the gods of any injustice in his sufferings. For, as Horace observes in my text, the best man is faulty, though not in so great a degree as those whom we generally call vicious men.

'If such a strict poetical justice as some gentlemen insist upon was to be observed in this art, there is no manner of reason why it should not extend to heroic poetry as well as tragedy. But we find it so little observed in Homer, that his Achilles is placed in the greatest point of glory and success, though his character is morally vicious, and only poetically good, if I may use the phrase of our modern critics. The *Æneid* is filled with innocent, unhappy persons. Nisus and Euryalus, Lausus and Pallas, come all to unfortunate ends. The poet takes notice in particular, that, in the sacking of Troy, Rhipheus's son, who was the most just man among the Trojans—

"—Cecidit et Rhipheus iustissimus viri,  
Qui fuit in Troia, et acerrimissimus hostis:  
Dux illius castrum est

ÆN. II. VER. 471

And that Pantheus could neither be preserved by his transcendent piety, nor by the holy fillets of Apollo, whose priest he was.

"Non la tua plurima Pantheus,  
Labentem pietas, nec Apollineus infusa latus."  
Ibid. ver. 620

I might here mention the practice of ancient tragic poets, both Greek and Latin; but as this particular is touched upon in the paper above mentioned, I shall pass it over in silence. I could produce passages out of Aristotle in favour of my opinion, and if in one place he says that an absolutely virtuous man should not be represented as unhappy, this does not justify any one who shall think fit to bring in an absolutely virtuous man upon the stage. Those who are acquainted with that author's way of writing, know very well that, to take the whole extent of his subject into his divisions of it, he often makes use of such cases as are imaginary, and not reducible to practice. He himself declares that such tragedies as ended unhappily, bore away the prize in theatrical contentions, from those which ended happily; and for the forthright speculation, which I am now considering as it has given reasons why these are more apt to please an audience, so it only proves that these are generally preferable to the other, though at the same time it affirms that many excellent tragedies have and may be written in both kinds.

I shall conclude with observing, that though the Spectator above mentioned is so far against the rule of poetical justice, as to affirm that good men may meet with an unhappy catastrophe in tragedy, it does not say that ill men may go off unpunished. The reason for this distinction is very plain, namely, because the best of men are vicious enough to justify providence for any misfortunes and afflictions which may befall them, but there are many men so criminal that they can have no claim or pretence to happiness. The best of men may deserve punishment, but the worst of men cannot deserve happiness.

[Author uncertain.]

Nº 510 SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1712.

*Quamvis dignum ceteris confusum amicti  
Laude torrens*——

JUV. SAT. III. VER. 1.

The grief's at the departure of my friend,  
His purpose of retiring I considered.

I BELIEVE most people begin the world with a resolution to withdraw from it into a serious kind of solitude or retirement when they have made them-

selves easy in it. Our happiness is, that we find out some excuse or other for deferring such our good resolutions until our intended retreat is cut off by death. But among all kinds of people there are none who are so hard to part with the world as those who are grown old in the heaping up of riches. Their minds are so warped with their constant attention to gain, that it is very difficult for them to give their souls another bent, and convert them towards those objects, which, though they are proper for every stage of life, are so more especially for the last. Horace describes an old miser as so charmed with the pleasures of a country life, that in order to make a purchase he called in all his money; but what was the great of it? Why in a very few days after he put it out again. I am engaged in this series of thought by a discourse which I had last week with my worthy friend Sir Andrew Freeport, a man of so much natural eloquence, good sense, and probity of mind, that I always hear him with a particular pleasure. As we were sitting together, being the sole remaining members of our club, Sir Andrew gave me an account of the many busy scenes of life in which he had been engaged, and at the same time reckoned up to me abundance of those lucky hits, which at another time he would have called pieces of good fortune; but in the temper of mind he was then, he termed them mercies, favours of Providence, and blessings upon an honest industry. 'Now,' says he, 'you must know, my good friend, I am so used to consider myself as creditor and debtor, that I often state my accounts after the same manner with regard to heaven and my own soul. In this case, when I look upon the debtor side, I find such innumerable articles, that I want arithmetic to count them up; but when I look upon the creditor side, I find little more than blank paper. Now, though I am very well satisfied that it is not in my power to balance accounts with my Maker, I am resolved however to turn all my future endeavours that way. You must not therefore be surprised, my friend, if you hear that I am detaching myself to a more thoughtful kind of life, and if I meet you no more in this place.'

I could not but approve so good a resolution, notwithstanding the loss I shall suffer by it. Sir Andrew has since explained himself to me more at large in the following letter, which is just come to my hands:

'GOOD MR. SPECTATOR,  
'NOTWITHSTANDING my friends at the club have always rallied me, when I have talked of retiring from business, and repeated to me one of my own sayings, that "a merchant has never enough until he has got a little more;" I can now inform you, that there is one in the world who thinks he has enough, and is determined to pass the remainder of his life in the enjoyment of what he has. You know me so well, that I need not tell you, I mean by the enjoyments of my possessions, the making of them useful to the public. As the greatest part of my estate has been hitherto of an untidy and volatile nature, either tied upon annuities or fluctuating in funds, it is now fixed and settled in substantial acres and tenements. I have removed it from the uncertainty of stocks, winds, and waves, and disposed of it in a considerable purchase. This will give me great opportunity of being charitable in my way, that is, in settling my poor neighbours to work, and giving them a comfortable subsistence out of their own industry. My gardens, my shops, my arable and pasture grounds, shall be my

several hospitals, or rather workhouses, in which I propose to maintain a great many indigent persons, who are now starving in my neighbourhood. I have got a fine spread of improvable lands, and in my own thoughts am already plunging up some of them, fencing others; planting woods, and draining marshes. In fine, as I have my share in the surface of this island, I am resolved to make it as beautiful a spot as any in her majesty's dominions; at least there is not an inch of it which shall not be cultivated to the best advantage, and do its utmost for its owner. As in my mercantile employment I so disposed of my affairs, that, from whatever corner of the compass the wind blew, it was bringing home one or other of my ships, I hope as a husbandman to contrive it so, that not a shower of rain, or a glimpse of sunshine, shall fall upon my estate without bettering some part of it, and contributing to the products of the season. You know it has been hitherto my opinion of life, that it is thrown away when it is not some way useful to others. But when I am riding out by myself, in the fresh air on the open heath that lies by my house, I find several other thoughts growing up in me. I am now of opinion, that a man of my age may find business enough in himself, by setting his mind in order, preparing it for another world, and reconciling it to the thoughts of death. I must therefore acquaint you, that besides those usual methods of charity, of which I have before spoken, I am at this very instant finding out a convenient place where I may build an alms-house, which I intend to endow very handsomely for a dozen superannuated husbandmen. It will be a great pleasure to me to say my prayers twice a day with men of my own years, who all of them, as well as myself, may have their thoughts taken up how they shall die, rather than how they shall live. I remember an excellent saying that I learned at school, *finis coronat opus*. You know best whether it be in Virgil or in Horace, it is my business to apply it. If your affairs will permit you to take the country air with me sometimes, you shall find an apartment fitted up for you, and shall be every day entertained with beef or mutton of my own feeding; fish out of my own ponds; and fruit out of my own gardens. You shall have free egress and regress about my house, without having any questions asked you; and, in a word, such an hearty welcome as you may expect from

‘Your most sincere friend

‘and humble servant,

‘ANDREW FREEPORT.’

The club of which I am a member being entirely dispersed, I shall consult my reader next week upon a project relating to the institution of a new one.

ADDISON.

O.

Nº 550. MONDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1712.

*Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor hatu?*  
HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 138.

In what will all this ostentation end?

ROSCOMMON.

SINCE the late dissolution of the club, whereof I have often declared myself a member, there are very many persons who by letters, petitions, and recommendations, put up for the next election. At the same time I must complain, that several indirect and underhand practices have been made use

of upon this occasion. A certain country gentleman began to tap upon the first information he received of Sir Roger's death: when he sent me up word that, if I would get him chosen in the place of the deceased, he would present me with a barrel of the best October I had ever drank in my life. The ladies are in great pain to know whom I intend to elect in the room of Will Honeycomb. Some of them indeed are of opinion that Mr. Honeycomb did not take sufficient care of their interest in the club, and are therefore desirous of having in it hereafter a representative of their own sex. A citizen who subscribes himself Y. Z. tells me that he has one-and-twenty shares in the African company, and offers to bribe me with the odd one in case he may succeed Sir Andrew Freeport, which he thinks would raise the credit of that fund. I have several letters dated from Jenny Man's, by gentlemen who are candidates for Captain Sentry's place; and as many from a coffee-house in Paul's church-yard of such who would fill up the vacancy occasioned by the death of my worthy friend the clergyman, whom I can never mention but with a particular respect.

Having maturely weighed these several particulars, with the many remonstrances that have been made to me on this subject, and considering how invidious an office I shall take upon me if I make the whole election depend upon my single voice, and being unwilling to expose myself to those clamours which on such an occasion will not fail to be raised against me for partiality, injustice, corruption, and other qualities, which my nature abhors, I have formed to myself the project of a club as follows:

I have thoughts of issuing out writs to all and every of the clubs that are established in the cities of London and Westminster, requiring them to choose out of their respective bodies a person of the greatest merit, and to return his name to me before Lady-day, at which time I intend to sit upon business.

By this means I may have reason to hope, that the club over which I shall preside will be the very flower and quintessence of all other clubs. I have communicated this my project to none but a particular friend of mine, whom I have celebrated twice or thrice for his happiness in that kind of wit which is commonly known by the name of a pun. The only objection he makes to it is, that I shall raise up enemies to myself if I act with so regal an air, and that my detractors, instead of giving me the usual title of Spectator, will be apt to call me the King of Clubs.

But to proceed on my intended project: it is very well known that I at first set forth in this work with the character of a silent man; and I think I have so well preserved my taciturnity, that I do not remember to have violated it with three sentences in the space of almost two years. As a monosyllable is my delight, I have made very few excursions in the conversations which I have related beyond a Yes or a No. By this means my readers have lost many good things which I have had in my heart, though I did not care for uttering them.

Now in order to diversify my character, and to show the world how well I can talk if I have a mind, I have thoughts of being very loquacious in the club which I have now under consideration. But that I may proceed the more regularly in this affair, I design, upon the first meeting of the said club, to have my month opened in form; intending to regulate myself in this particular by a cer-

tain ritual which I have by me, that contains all the ceremonies which are practised at the opening of the mouth of a cardinal. I have likewise examined the forms which were used of old by Pythagoras, when any of his scholars, after an apprenticeship of silence, was made free of his speech. In the mean time, as I have of late found my name in foreign gazettes upon less occasions, I question not but in their next articles from Great Britain they will inform the world, that 'the Spectator's mouth is to be opened on the twenty-fifth of March next.' I may perhaps publish a very useful paper at that time of the proceedings in that solemnity, and of the persons who shall assist at it. But of this more hereafter.

ADDISON.

O.

N° 531. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1712.

*Sic honor et numerus dilata collibus atque,  
Cernitur inanis.*—

HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 403.

No ancient is the pedigree of verse,  
And so divine a poet's function.

BOCCACCIO.

MR. SPECTATOR,

WHEN men of worthy and excellent qualities have obliged the world with beautiful and instructive writings, it is in the nature of gratitude that praise should be returned them, as one proper consequence reward of their performances. Nor has mankind ever been so degenerately sunk but they have made this return, and even when they have not been wrought up by the generous endeavour so as to receive the advantages designed by it. This praise, which arises first in the mouth of particular persons, spreads and lasts according to the merit of authors; and when it thus meets with a full success, changes its denomination, and is called Fame. They, who have happily arrived at this, are, even while they live, inflamed by the acknowledgments of others, and spurred on to new undertakings for the benefit of mankind, notwithstanding the destruction which some sordid tempers would cast upon them; but when they decay, their characters being freed from the shadow which envy laid them under, begin to shine out with greater splendour; their spirits survive in their works; they are admitted into the highest companies, and they continue pleasing and instructing posterity from age to age. Some of the best gain a character, by being able to show that they are no strangers to them; and others obtain a new warmth to labour for the happiness and ease of mankind, from a reflection upon those honours which are paid to their memories.

The thought of this took me up as I turned over those epigrams which are the remains of several of the wits of Greece, and perceived many dedicated to the fame of those who had excelled in beautiful poetic performances. Wherefore, in pursuance to my thought, I concluded to do something along with them to bring their praises into a new light and language, for the encouragement of those whose modest tempers may be deterred by the fear of envy or detraction from fair attempts, to which their parts might render them equal. You will perceive them as they follow to be conceived in the form of epigrams, a sort of writing which is wholly set apart for a short-petted method of praise.

## ON ORPHEUS, WRITTEN BY ANTIPATER.

"No longer, Orpheus, shall thy sacred strains  
Lead steers, and trees, and beasts, along the plains;  
No longer seek the hollows where he sleeps,  
Or still the billows of the raging deep;  
For thou art gone, the Muses inward fall  
In solemn strains, thy number most of all.  
Ye mortals, why for your woes ye moan,  
If thus a godhead could not save her own."

Observe here, that if we take the fable for granted, as it was believed to be in that age when the epigram was written, the turn appears to have piety to the gods, and a reigning spirit in its application. But if we consider the point with respect to our present knowledge, it will be less esteemed; though the author himself, because he believed it, may still be more valued than any one who should now write with a point of the same nature.

## ON HOMER, BY ALPHEUS OF MYTILENE.

"Still in our ears Andromache complains,  
And still in sight the fate of Troy remains;  
Still Ajax fights, still Hector's drugg'd along,  
Such strange enchantment dwells in Homer's song!  
Whose birth could more than one poor reared alone,  
For all the world was proud that he was born."

The thought in the first part of this is natural, and depending upon the force of poetry; in the latter part it looks as if it would aim at the history of seven towns contending for the honour of Homer's birth-place; but when you expect to meet with that common story, the poet slides by, and raises the whole world for a kind of arbitrer, which is to end the contention amongst its several parts.

## ON ANACREON, BY ANTIPATER.

"This tomb be thine, Anacreon; all around  
Let joy wreath, let flowers deck the ground;  
And from its earth, cherish'd with such a pile,  
Let wine of milk and streams of wine arise;  
So will thine shades yet a pleasure know,  
If any pleasure reach the shades below."

The poet here written upon is an easy gay author, and he who writes upon him has filled his own head with the character of his subject. He seems to love his theme so much, that he thinks of nothing but pleasing him as if he were still alive, by entering into his libertine spirit; as that the humour is easy and gay, resembling Anacreon in its air, raised by such images, and pointed with such a turn as he might have used. I give it a place here, because the author may have designed it for his honour; and I take an opportunity from it to advise others, that when they would praise they constantly avoid every lower qualification, and fix only where there is a real foundation in merit.

## ON EURIPIDES, BY ION.

"Divine Euripides, this tomb we see,  
As false is not a monument for thee,  
As much as thou for us since all will own  
Thy name and lasting praise adorn the stone."

The thought here is fine, but its fault is, that it is general, that it may belong to any great man, because it points out no particular character. It would be better if, when we light upon such a turn, we join it with something that circumscribes and bounds it to the qualities of our subject. He who gives his praise in general, will often appear either to have been a stranger to those he writes upon, or not to have forced any thing in them which is praise-worthy.

## ON SOPHOCLES, BY SIMONIDES.

"Winde, gentle ever-green, to form a shade,  
Around the tomb where Sophocles is laid;  
Sweet ivy winde thy boughs, and interwine  
With blushing roses and the clust'ring vine:  
Thus wilt thy lasting leaves, with beauties hung,  
Prove grateful emblems of the lays he sung,  
Whose soul, exalted like a god of wit,  
Among the Muses and the Graces writ."

"This epigram I have opened more than any one of the former: the thought towards the latter end seemed closer couched, so as to require an explication. I fancied the poet aimed at the picture which is generally made of Apollo and the Muses; he sitting with his harp in the middle, and they around him. This looked beautiful to my thought, and because the image arose before me out of the words of the original as I was reading it, I ventured to explain them so."

## ON MENANDER; THE AUTHOR UNNAMED.

"The very bees, O sweet Menander, hung  
To taste the Muses' spring upon thy tongue;  
The very Graces made the scenes you writ  
Their happy point of fine expression hit.  
Thus still you live, you make your Athens shine,  
And raise its glory to the skies in thine."

"This epigram has a respect to the character of its subject; for Menander writ remarkably with a justness and purity of language. It has also told the country he was born in, without either a set or a hidden manner, while it twists together the glory of the poet and his nation, so as to make the nation depend upon his for an increase of its own."

"I will offer no more instances at present, to show that they who deserve praise have it returned them from different ages: let these which have been laid down shew men that envy will not always prevail. And to the end that writers may more successfully enliven the endeavours of one another, let them consider, in some such manner as I have attempted, what may be the justest spirit and art of praise. It is indeed very hard to come up to it. Our praise is trifling when it depends upon fable; it is false when it depends upon wrong qualifications; it means nothing when it is general; it is extremely difficult to hit when we propose to raise characters high, while we keep to them justly. I shall end this with transcribing that excellent epitaph of Mr. Cowley, wherein, with a kind of grave and philosophic humour, he very beautifully speaks of himself (withdrawn from the world, and dead to all the interests of it) as of a man really deceased. At the same time it is an instruction how to leave the public with a good grace."

## EPITAPHIUM VIVI AUCTORIS.

"Hic, O viator, sub lare parvulo  
Coulcius hic est constitutus, hic jacet  
Defunctus humani laboris  
Sorte, supervacuæque vita;  
Non indecora pauperie nitens,  
Et non inerti nobilitas otio,  
I'anoque dilectis popello  
Dilectis animosus hostis.  
Ponis ut illum dicere mortuum,  
En terra jam nunc quantula sufficit!  
Exempla sit curis, viator,  
Terra sit illa levis, precare.  
Hic sparge flores, sparge breves rosas,  
Nam illa gaudet mortua floribus,  
Herbisque odoratis corona  
Vatis adhuc cinerem calentem."

## THE LIVING AUTHOR'S EPITAPH.

"From life's superfluous cares enlarged  
His debt of life to all mankind."

Here Cowley lies, beneath this shed,  
To ev'ry worldly interest dead;  
With decent poverty content;  
His hours of ease not idly spent;  
To fortune's goods a for-profit'st,  
And halting wealth, by all caress'd,  
'Tis sure, he's dead; for lo! how small  
A spot of earth is now his all!  
O! wish that earth may lightly lay,  
And ev'ry care be far away!  
Bring flowers, the short-lived roses bring,  
To life deceased fit offering!  
And sweets around the poets throw,  
Whilst yet with life his ashes glow."

The publication of these criticisms having procured me the following letter from a very ingenious gentleman, I cannot forbear inserting it in the volume, though it did not come soon enough to have a place in any of my single papers.

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"HAVING read over in your paper, N<sup>o</sup> 551, some of the epigrams made by the Grecian wits, in commendation of their celebrated poets, I could not forbear sending you another, out of the same collection; which I take to be as great a compliment to Homer as any that has yet been paid him."

Τῆς πόλ' ἔστι Τροίης πόλιμα, &c.

"Who first transcrib'd the famous Trojan war,  
And woe Ulysses' acts, O Jove, make known:  
For since 'tis certain thine those poems are,  
No more let Homer boast they are his own."

"If you think it worthy of a place in your speculations, for aught I know (by that means) it may in time be printed as often in English as it has already been in Greek. I am (like the rest of the world),

"SIR,

"4th Dec.

"Your great admirer,

"G. N."

The reader may observe that the beauty of this epigram is different from that of any in the foregoing. An irony is looked upon as the finest palliative of praise; and very often conveys the noblest panegyric under the appearance of satire. Homer is here seemingly accused and treated as a plagiarist; but what is drawn up in the form of an accusation is certainly, as my correspondent observes, the greatest compliment that could have been paid to that divine poet.

"DEAR MR. SPECTATOR,

"I AM a gentleman of a pretty good fortune, and of a temper impatient of any thing which I think an injury; however, I always quarrelled according to law, and, instead of attacking my adversary by the dangerous method of sword and pistol, I made my assaults by that more secure one of writ or warrant. I cannot help telling you, that either by the justice of my causes or the superiority of my counsel, I have been generally successful; and to my great satisfaction I can say it, that by three actions of slander, and half a dozen trespasses, I have for several years enjoyed a perfect tranquillity in my reputation and estate: by these means also I have been made known to the judges; the serjeants of our circuit are my intimate friends, and the ornamental part of the law is my acquaintance."



me to town, I had the curiosity the other day to visit Westminster-hall; and, having placed myself in one of the courts, expected to be most agreeably entertained. After the court and counsel were with due ceremony seated, up stands a learned gentleman, and began, When this matter was last "advised" before your lordships; the next humble moved to "quash" an indictment; another complained that his adversary had "snapped" a judgment; the next informed the court that his client was "stripped" of his possessions; another begged leave to acquaint his lordship they had been "saddled" with costs. At last up got a grave gentleman, and told us his client had been "hung up" a whole term by a writ of error. At this I could bear it no longer, but came blither, and resolved to apply myself to your honour to interpose with these gentlemen, that they would leave off such low and unnatural expressions: for surely though the lawyers subscribe to hideous French and false Latin, yet they should let their clients have a little decent and proper English for their money. What man that has a value for a good name would like to have it said in a public court, that Mr Such-a-one was stripped, saddled, or hung up? This being what has escaped your spectatorial observation, be pleased to correct such an illiberal cant among professed speakers, and you will infinitely oblige

Your humble servant,

Joe's Coffee-house,  
Nov. 25.

'PHILOTEUS.'

[Author uncertain.]

Nº 552. WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1712.

— *Qui progreditur ante  
Infra se posita, ardentius emendat idem.*

HOR. Ep. l. 1.2. ver. 13.

For those are hated that excel the rest,  
Although, when dead, they are beloved and blest.  
CICERO.

As I was tumbling about the town the other day in a hackney-coach, and delighting myself with busy scenes to the shops of each side of me, it came into my head, with no small remorse, that I had not been frequent enough to the auction and recommendation of the industrious part of mankind. It very naturally upon this occasion touched my conscience in particular, that I had not acquitted myself to my friend Mr Peter Motteux.\* That industrious man of trade, and formerly brother of the quill, has dedicated to me a poem upon tea. It would injure him, as a man of business, if I did not let the world know that the author of so good verses writ them before he was concerned in traffic. In order to expiate my negligence towards him, I immediately resolved to make him a visit. I found his spacious warehouses filled and adorned with tea, China and India ware. I could observe a beautiful ordonnance of the wholes; and such different and considerable branches of trade carried on in the same house I exalted in *verlag* disposed by a poetical brood. In one place were exposed to view silks of various shades and colours, rich brocades, and the wealthiest products of foreign looms. Here you might see the finest faces held

up by the fairest hands; and there examined by the beautiful eyes of the buyers, the most delicate cambrics, muslins, and lincens. I could not but congratulate my friend on the humble, but I hoped beneficial, use he had made of his talents, and wished I could be a patron to his trade, as he had been pleased to make me of his poetry. The honest man has, I know, that modest desire of gain which is peculiar to those who understand better things than riches; and I dare say he would be contented with such less than what is called wealth at that quarter of the town which he inhabits, and will oblige all his customers with demands agreeable to the moderation of his desires.

Among other omisions of which I have been also guilty, with relation to men of industry of a superior order, I must acknowledge my silence towards a proposal frequently intreated to me by Mr. Remond Harris, organ-builder. The ambition of this artificer is to erect an organ in St Paul's cathedral, over the west door, at the entrance into the body of the church, which in art and magnificence shall transcend any work of that kind ever before invented. The proposal is perspicuous (language sets forth the honour and advantage such a performance would be to the British name, as well as that it would apply the power of sounds in a manner more amazingly forcible than perhaps has yet been known, and I am sure to no end much more worthy. Had the vast sum which has been laid out upon operas without skill or conduct, and to no other purpose but to suspend or vitiate our understandings, been disposed this way, we should now perhaps have an engine so formed as to strike the minds of half the people at once in a place of worship with a forgetfulness of present care and calamity, and a hope of endless rapture, joy, and hallesjahs hereafter.

When I am doing this justice, I am not to forget the best mechanic of my acquaintance, that useful servant to science and knowledge Mr John Rowley †; but I think I lay a great obligation on the public, by acquainting them with his proposals for a pair of new globes. After his preamble, he promises in the said proposals that,

#### IN THE CELESTIAL GLOBE,

\* Care should be taken that the fixed stars be placed according to their true longitude and latitude, from the many and correct observations of Hevelius, Cassini, Mr Flamstead, &c. astronomer; Dr Halley, Savilian professor of geometry in Oxford; and from whatever else can be procured to render the globe more exact, instructive, and useful.

† That all the constellations be drawn in a curious, new, and particular manner; each star in its just, distinct, and conspicuous a proportion, that its magnitude may be readily known by bare inspection, according to the different light and stars of the stars. That the track or way of such comets as have been well observed, but not hitherto expressed in any globe, be carefully delineated in this.

#### IN THE TERRESTRIAL GLOBE,

\* That by reason of the descriptions formerly made, both in the English and Dutch great globe, are erroneous, Asia, Africa, and America, be drawn in a manner wholly new; by which means it is to be noted that the undertakers will be obliged to

\* See an account of him in the Biographical Memoirs, vol. 1. He was buried last on his birth-day, Feb. 15, 1717 18, in a house of ill-fame in Moor-court, Berkhurst, Temple-hart; and several circumstances tended to confirm a suspicion that he was a Quaker.

\* See Flamstead's History of Stars, vol. 1. p. 243.  
† Memoirs of Motteux, vol. 2. p. 101.



companion in the world: that kind of conversation which you hold with the town has the good fortune of being always pleasing to the men of taste and leisure, and never offensive to those of hurry and business. You are never heard but at what Horace calls *castro tempore*, and have the happiness to observe the politic rule, which the same discerning author gave his friend when he enjoined him to deliver his book to Augustus;

*"Nellibus ut locus erit, si desique possit."*

*Ep. xiv. l. l. ver. 3.*

"— When visiting courts are done,  
When well, when merry, when befits to read."

CREECH.

You never begin to talk but when people are desirous to hear you; and I defy any one to be out of humour till you leave off. But I am led unawares into reflections foreign to the original design of this epistle; which was to let you know, that some unfeigned admirers of your insatiable papers, who could, without any flattery, greet you with the salutation used to the eastern monarchs, viz. "O Spec, live for ever," have lately been under the same apprehensions with Mr Philo-Spec; that the haste you have made to dispatch your best friends portends no long duration to your own short ymge. We could not, indeed, find any just grounds for complaint in the method you took to dissolve that venerable body; no, the world was not worthy of your Divlce. Will Honeycomb could not, with any reputation, live single any longer. It was high time for the Templar to turn himself to Coke; and Sir Rogers's dylog was the wisest thing he ever did in his life. It was, however, matter of great grief to us, to think that we were in danger of losing so elegant and valuable an entertainment. And we could not, without sorrow, reflect that we were likely to have nothing to interrupt our slaps in a morning, and to suspend our coffee in mid-air, between our lips and right ear, but the ordinary trash of newspapers. We resolved, therefore, not to part with you so. But since, to make use of your own allusion, the cherries began now to crowd the market, and their season was almost over, we committed our future enjoyments, and endeavoured to make the exquisite pleasure that delicious fruit gave our taste as lasting as we could, and by drying them protract their stay beyond its natural date. We own that they they have not a flavour equal to that of their juicy bloom; but yet, under this disadvantage, they plique the palate, and become a salver better than any other fruit at its first appearance. To speak plain, there are a number of us who have begun your works afresh, and meet two nights in the week in order to give you a rehearing. We never come together without drinking your health, and as seldom part without general expressions of thanks to you for our night's improvement. This we conceive to be a more useful institution than any other club whatever, not excepting even that of Ugly Faces. We have one manifest advantage over that renowned society, with respect to Mr. Spectator's company. For though they may brag that you sometimes make your personal appearance amongst them, it is impossible they should ever get a word from you, whereas you are with us the reverse of what Phaedria would have his mistress be to his rival's company, "present in your absence." We make you talk as much and as long as we please; and, let me tell you, you seldom hold your tongue for the whole evening. I presume myself you will look with an eye of favour upon a meeting which owes its original to a mutual emula-

tion among its members, who shall show the most profound respect for your papers; not but we have a very great value for your person; and I dare say you can no where find four more sincere admirers, and humble servants, than

'T. F. G. L. J. T. L. T.'

N<sup>o</sup> 551. FRIDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1712.

— *Tandem ridet, quæ nec quæque possit*  
*Thollere hæc, sociisque struere tali, etc. etc.*  
VIRG. Georg. lib. vet. 3.

New ways I must attempt, my groveling nature  
To raise aloft, and wing my flight to fame.  
DAVIDEN.

I AM obliged for the following essay, as well as for that which lays down rules out of Thully for pronunciation and action \*, to the ingenious author of a poem just published, entitled An Ode to the Creator of the World, occasioned by the Fragments of Orpheus †.

\* It is a remark, made as I remember by a celebrated French author, that no man ever pushed his capacity as far as it was able to extend. I shall not inquire whether this assertion be strictly true. It may suffice to say, that men of the greatest application and acquirements can look back upon many vacant spaces, and neglected parts of those, which have slipped away from them unemployed; and there is hardly any one considering persons in the world but is apt to fancy with himself, at some time or other, that if his life were to begin again he could fill it up better.

† The mind is most provoked to cast on itself this ingenious reproach, when the examples of such men are presented to it so have far outshone the generality of their species in learning, arts, or any valuable improvements.

\* One of the most extensive and improved geniuses we have had any instance of in our own nation, or in any other, was that of Sir Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam. This great man, by an extraordinary force of nature, compass of thought, and indefatigable study, had amassed to himself such stores of knowledge as we cannot look upon without amazement. His capacity seemed to have stretched all that was revealed in books before his time; and, not satisfied with that, he began to strike out new tracks of science, too many to be travelled over by any one man in the compass of the longest life. These therefore he could only mark down like imperfect coastings in maps, or supposed points of land, to be further discovered and ascertained by the industry of after-ages, who should proceed upon his notices or conjectures.

\* The excellent Mr. Boyle \* was the person who seems to have been designed by nature to succeed to the labours and inquiries of that extraordinary genius I have just mentioned. By innumerable experiments, he in a great measure filled up those plans and outlines of science, which his predecessor has sketched out. His life was spent in the pursuit of nature through a great variety of forms and changes, and in the most rational as well as devout adoration of its divine Author.

\* It would be impossible to name many persons who have extended their capacities as far as these two, in the studies they pursued; but my learned readers on this occasion will naturally turn their thoughts to a third †, who is yet living, and is like

\* N<sup>o</sup> 511.

† See N<sup>o</sup> 511.

† Hargreaves.

† See N<sup>o</sup> 511.

wise the glory of our own nation. The improvements which others had made in natural and mathematical knowledge have so vastly increased in his hands, as to afford at once a wonderful instance how great the capacity is of a human soul, and how inexhaustible the subject of its inquiries; so true is that remark in holy writ, that "though a wise man seek to find out the works of God from the beginning to the end, yet shall he not be able to do it."

'I cannot help mentioning here one character more of a different kind indeed from these, yet such an one as may serve to show the wonderful force of nature and of application, and is the most singular instance of an universal genius I have ever met with. The person I mean is Leonardo da Vinci, an Italian painter, descended from a noble family in Tuscany, about the beginning of the sixteenth century \*. In his profession of history-painting he was so great a master, that some have affirmed he excelled all who went before him. It is certain that he raised the envy of Michael Angelo, who was his contemporary, and that from the study of his works Raphael himself learned his best manner of designing. He was a master too in sculpture and architecture, and skilful in anatomy, mathematics, and mechanics. The aqueduct from the river Adda to Milan is mentioned as a work of his contrivance. He had learned several languages, and was acquainted with the studies of history, philosophy, poetry, and music. Though it is not necessary to my present purpose, I cannot but take notice, that all who have writ of him mentioned likewise his perfection of body. The instances of his strength are almost incredible. He is described to have been of a well-formed person, and a master of all genteel exercises. And lastly, we are told that his moral qualities were agreeable to his natural and intellectual endowments, and that he was of an honest and generous mind, adorned with great sweetness of manners. I might break off the account of him here, but I imagine it will be an entertainment to the curiosity of my readers, to find so remarkable a character distinguished by us remarkable a circumstance at his death. The fame of his works having gained him an universal esteem, he was invited to the court of France, where, after some time, he fell sick; and Francis the first coming to see him, he raised himself in his bed to acknowledge the honour which was done him by that visit. The king embraced him, and Leonardo, fainting at the same instant, expired in the arms of that great monarch.

'It is impossible to attend to such instances as these, without being raised into a contemplation on the wonderful nature of an human mind; which is capable of such progressions in knowledge, and can contain such a variety of ideas without perplexity or confusion. How reasonable is it from hence to infer its divine original? And whilst we find unthinking matter endued with a natural power to last for ever, unless annihilated by Omnipotence, how absurd would it be to imagine that a Being so much superior to it should not have the same privilege?

'At the same time it is very surprising, when we remove our thoughts from such instances as I have mentioned, to consider those we so frequently meet with in the accounts of barbarous nations among the Indians; where we find numbers of people who scarce show the first glimmerings of rea-

son, and seem to have few ideas above those of sense and appetite. These, methinks, appear like large wilds, or vast uncultivated tracts of human nature; and, when we compare them with men of the most exalted characters in arts and learning, we find it difficult to believe that they are creatures of the same species.

'Some are of opinion, that the souls of men are all naturally equal, and that the great disparity we so often observe arises from the different organization or structure of the bodies to which they are united. But, whatever constitutes this first disparity, the next great difference which we find between men in their several acquirements is owing to accidental differences in their education, fortunes, or course of life. The soul is a kind of rough diamond, which requires art, labour, and time, to polish it. For want of which many a good natural genius is lost, or lies unfashioned, like a jewel in the mine.

'One of the strongest incitements to excel in such arts and accomplishments as are in the highest esteem among men, is the natural passion which the mind of man has for glory; which, though it may be faulty in the excess of it, ought by no means to be discouraged. Perhaps some moralists are too severe in beating down this principle, which seems to be a spring implanted by nature to give motion to all the latent powers of the soul, and is always observed to exert itself with the greatest force in the most generous dispositions. The men whose characters have shone the brightest among the ancient Romans, appear to have been strongly animated by this passion. Cicero, whose learning and services to his country are so well known, was inflamed by it to an extravagant degree, and warmly presses Lucceius, who was composing a history of those times, to be very particular and zealous in relating the story of his consulship; and to execute it speedily, that he might have the pleasure of enjoying in his life-time some part of the honour which he foresaw would be paid to his memory. This was the ambition of a great mind; but he is faulty in the degree of it, and cannot refrain from soliciting the historian upon this occasion to neglect the strict laws of history, and, in praising him, even to exceed the bounds of truth. The younger Pliny appears to have had the same passion for fame, but accompanied with greater chasteness and modesty. His ingenuous manner of owning it to a friend, who had prompted him to undertake some great work is exquisitely beautiful, and raises him to a certain grandeur above the imputation of vanity. "I must confess," says he, that nothing employs my thoughts more than the desire I have of perpetuating my name; which in my opinion is a design worthy of a man, at least of such an one, who, being conscious of no guilt, is not afraid to be remembered by posterity."

'I think I ought not to conclude without interesting all my readers in the subject of this discourse: I shall therefore lay it down as a maxim, that though all are not capable of shining in learning or the politer arts, yet every one is capable of excelling in something. The soul has in this respect a certain vegetative power which cannot lie wholly idle. If it is not laid out and cultivated into a regular and beautiful garden, it will of itself shoot up in weeds or flowers of a wilder growth.'

HUGHES.

\* He was born in 1445, and died in 1520, in the arms of Francis I. King of France.



The following letter regards an ingenious set of gentlemen, who have done me the honour to make me one of their society:

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'Dec. 4, 1712.

'THE academy of painting lately established in London, having done you and themselves the honour to choose you one of their directors; that noble and lively art, which before was entitled to your regard as a Spectator, has an additional claim to you, and you seem to be under a double obligation to take some care of her interests.

'The honour of our country is also concerned in the matter I am going to lay before you. We (and perhaps other nations as well as we) have a national false humility as well as a national vain glory; and, though we boast ourselves to excel all the world in things wherein we are outdone abroad, in other things we attribute to others a superiority, which we ourselves possess. This is what is done, particularly in the art of portrait or face-painting.

'Painting is an art of a vast extent, too great by much for any mortal man to be in full possession of in all its parts; it is enough if any one succeed in painting faces, history, battles, landscapes, seapieces, fruit, flowers, or drolls, &c. Nay, no man ever was excellent in all the branches (though many in number) of these several arts, for a distinct art I take upon me to call every one of those several kinds of painting.

'And as one man may be a good landscape painter, but unable to paint a face or a history tolerably well, and so of the rest; one nation may excel in some kinds of painting, and other kinds may thrive better in other climates.

'Italy may have the preference of all other nations for history-painting; Holland for drolls, and a near finished manner of working; France for gay, janty, fluttering pictures; and England for portraits: but to give the honour of every one of these kinds of painting to any one of those nations on account of their excellence in any of these parts of it, is like adjudging the prize of heroic, dramatic, lyric, or burlesque poetry, to him who has done well in any one of them.

'Where there are the greatest geniuses, and most helps and encouragements, it is reasonable to suppose an art will arrive to the greatest perfection: by this rule let us consider our own country with respect to face-painting. No nation in the world delights so much in having their own, or friends or relations pictures; whether from their national good-nature, or having a love to painting, and not being encouraged in the great article of religious pictures, which the purity of our worship refuses the free use of, or from whatever other cause. Our helps are not inferior to those of any other people, but rather they are greater; for what the antique statues and bas reliefs which Italy enjoys are to the history-painters, the beautiful and noble faces with which England is confessed to abound

are to face-painters; and, besides, we have the greatest number of the works of the best masters in that kind of any people, not without a competent number of those of the most excellent in every other part of painting. And for encouragement, the wealth and generosity of the English nation affords that in such a degree as artists have no reason to complain.

'And accordingly, in fact, face-painting is nowhere so well performed as in England: I know not whether it has lain in your way to observe it, but I have, and pretend to be a tolerable judge. I have seen what is done abroad; and can assure you that the honour of that branch of painting is justly due to us. I appeal to the judicious observers for the truth of what I assert. If foreigners have often times, or even for the most part, excelled our natives, it ought to be imputed to the advantages they have met with here, joined to their own ingenuity and industry; nor has any one nation distinguished themselves so as to raise an argument in favour of their country: but it is to be observed, that neither French nor Italians, nor any one of either nation, notwithstanding all our prejudices in their favour, have, or ever had, for any considerable time, any character among us as face-painters.

'This honour is due to our own country, and has been so for near an age: so that, instead of going to Italy, or elsewhere, one that designs for portrait-painting ought to study in England. Hither such should come from Holland, France, Italy, Germany, &c. as he that intends to practise any other kinds of painting should go to those parts where it is in the greatest perfection. It is said the Blessed Virgin descended from heaven to sit to St. Luke. I dare venture to affirm, that if she should desire another Madonna to be painted by the life, she would come to England; and am of opinion that your present president, Sir Godfrey Kneller, from his improvement since he arrived in this kingdom, would perform that office better than any foreigner living. I am, with all possible respect,

'sin,

'Yours most humble and

'most obedient servant, &c.'

\* \* \* The ingenious letter signed The Weather Glass, with several others, were received, but came too late.

#### POSTSCRIPT.

It had not come to my knowledge, when I left off the Spectator, that I owe several excellent sentiments and agreeable pieces in this work to Mr. Ince of Gray's-Inn\*.

ft. STEELE.

\* Mr. Ince died, we are told, a student in Christ-church, Oxford, October 12, 1758.

lie stock, in order to be equally distributed among the whole species, those who now think themselves the most unhappy would prefer the share they are already possessed of before that which would fall to them by such a division. Horace has carried this thought a great deal further in the motto of my paper, which implies, that the hardships of misfortunes we lie under are more easy to us than those of any other person would be, in case we could change conditions with him.

As I was ruminating on these two remarks, and seated in my elbow-chair, I insensibly fell asleep; when on a sudden methought there was a proclamation made by Japiter, that every mortal should bring in his griefs and calamities, and throw them together in a heap. There was a large plain appointed for this purpose. I took my stand in the centre of it, and saw with a great deal of pleasure the whole human species marching one after another, and throwing down their several loads, which immediately grew up into a prodigious mountain, that seemed to rise above the clouds.

There was a certain lady of a thin airy shape, who was very active in this solemnity. She carried a magnifying glass in one of her hands, and was clothed in a loose flowing robe, embroidered with several figures of fiends and spectres, that discovered themselves in a thousand chimerical shapes as her garment hovered in the wind. There was something wild and distracted in her looks. Her name was Fancy. She led up every mortal to the appointed place, after having very officiously assisted him in making up his pack, and laying it upon his shoulders. My heart melted within me to see my fellow-creatures groaning under their respective burdens, and to consider that prodigious bulk of human calamities which lay before me.

There were, however, several persons who gave me great diversion upon this occasion. I observed one bringing in a fardel very carefully concealed under an old embroidered cloak, which, upon his throwing it into the heap, I discovered to be Poverty. Another, after a great deal of puffing, threw down his luggage, which, upon examining, I found to be his wife.

There were multitudes of lovers addled with very whimsical burdens composed of darts and flames; but what was very odd, though they sighed as if their hearts would break under these broodes of calamities, they could not persuade themselves to cast them into the heap, when they came up to it; but, after a few faint efforts, shook their heads and marched away, as heavy loads as they came. I saw multitudes of old women throw down their wrinkles, and several young ones who stripped themselves of a tawny skin. There were very great heaps of red noses, large lips, and ratty teeth. The truth of it is, I was surprised to see the greatest part of the mountain made up of bodily deformities. Observing one advancing towards the heap with a larger cargo than ordinary upon his back, I found upon his near approach that it was only a natural hump, which he disposed of with great joy of heart among this collection of human misery. There were likewise distempers of all sorts; though I could not but observe, that there were many more imaginary than real. One little packet I could not but take notice of, which was a compilation of all the diseases incident to human nature, and was in the hand of a great many fine people; this was called the spleen. But what most of all surprised me, was a remark I made, that there was not a single vice or folly thrown into the whole heap; at which I was very much astonished, hav-

ing concluded within myself, that every one would take this opportunity of getting rid of his passions, prejudices, and frailties.

I took notice in particular of a very prodigal fellow, who I did not question came loaded with his crimes; but upon searching into his bundle I found that, instead of throwing his guilt from him, he had only laid down his memory. He was followed by another worthless rogue, who flung away his modesty instead of his ignorance.

When the whole race of mankind had thus cast their burdens, the phantom which had been so busy on this occasion, seeing me an idle Spectator of what passed, approached towards me. I grew uneasy at her presence, when of a sudden she held her magnifying glass full before my eyes. I no sooner saw my face in it, but was startled at the shortness of it, which now appeared to me in its almost aggravation. The immoderate breadth of the features made me very much out of humour with my own countenance, upon which I threw it from me like a mask. It happened very luckily that one who stood by me had just before thrown down his visage, which it seems was too long for him. It was indeed extended to a most shameful length; I believe the very chin was, modestly speaking, as long as my whole face. We had both of us an opportunity of mending ourselves; and all the contributions being now brought in, every man was at liberty to exchange his misfortunes for those of another person. But as there arose many new incidents in the sequel of my vision, I shall reserve them for the subject of my next paper.

ADDISON.

N<sup>o</sup> 359. FRIDAY, JUNE 25, 1714.

*Gold coars red, merita quam libe Jupiter ambo  
Drois bonos in fletu, neque in fletu pueri  
Tunc faciem ducit, totis ut probet aures*  
HOM. Sat. I. l. 1. v. 20.

Were it not just that Jove, should bid to beat,  
Should drive these riders from the pillow'd seat,  
And warbling stand when they retreat?  
HOMER.

In my last paper I gave my reader a sight of that mountain of misery which was made up of those several calamities that afflict the minds of men. I saw with unspeakable pleasure the whole species thus delivered from its sorrows; though at the same time, as we stood round the heap, and surveyed the several materials of which it was composed, there was scarcely a mortal in this vast multitude, who did not discover what he thought plagues and bleedings of life, and wondered how the owners of them ever came to look upon them as burdens and grievances.

As we were regarding very attentively this confusion of miseries, this chaos of calamity, Jupiter turned out a second proclamation, that every one was now at liberty to exchange his affliction, and in return to his habitation with any such other bundle as should be delivered to him.

Upon this fancy began again to breathe herself, and, parcelling out the whole heap with incredible activity, recommended to every one his particular packet. The hurry and confusion at this time was not to be expressed. Some observations which I made upon the occasion, I shall communicate to the public. A venerable grey-headed man, who had laid down the critic, and who I found wanted

an heir to his estate, snatched up an undutiful son that had been thrown into the heap by an angry father. The graceless youth, in less than a quarter of an hour, pulled the old gentleman by the beard, and had like to have knocked his brains out; so that meeting the true father, who came towards him with a fit of the gripes, he begged him to take his son again, and give him back his colic; but they were incapable either of them to recede from the choice they had made. A poor galley-slave, who had thrown down his chains, took up the gout in their stead, but made such wry faces, that one might easily perceive he was no great gainer by the bargain. It was pleasant enough to see the several exchanges that were made, for sickness against poverty, hunger against want of appetite, and care against pain.

The female world were very busy among themselves in bartering for features: one was trucking a lock of grey hairs for a carbuncle, another was making over a short waist for a pair of round shoulders, and a third cheapening a bad face for a lost reputation: but on all these occasions there was not one of them who did not think the new blemish, as soon as she had got it into her possession, much more disagreeable than the old one. I made the same observation on every other misfortune or calamity which every one in the assembly brought upon himself in lieu of what he had parted with; whether it be that all the evils which befall us are in some measure suited and proportioned to our strength, or that every evil becomes more supportable by our being accustomed to it, I shall not determine.

I could not from my heart forbear pitying the poor hump-backed gentleman mentioned in the former paper, who went off a very well shaped person with a stone in his bladder; nor the fine gentleman who had struck up this bargain with him, that limped through a whole assembly of ladies, who used to admire him, with a pair of shoulders peeping over his head.

I must not omit my own particular adventure. My friend with a long visage had no sooner taken upon him my short face but he made such a grotesque figure in it, that as I looked upon him I could not forbear laughing at myself, insomuch that I put my own face out of countenance. The poor gentleman was so sensible of the ridicule, that I found he was ashamed of what he had done: on the other side, I found that I myself had no great reason to triumph; for as I went to touch my forehead I missed the place, and clapped my finger upon my upper lip. Besides, as my nose was exceeding prominent, I gave it two or three unlucky knocks as I was playing my hand about my face, and aiming at some other part of it. I saw two other gentlemen by me who were in the same ridiculous circumstances. These had made a foolish swap between a couple of thick bandy legs and two long trapsticks that had no calves to them. One of these looked like a man walking upon stilts, and was so lifted up into the air, above his ordinary height, that his head turned round with it: while the other made such awkward circles as he attempted to walk, that he scarcely knew how to move forward upon his new supporters. Observing him to be a pleasant kind of fellow, I stuck my cane in the ground, and told him I would lay him a bottle of wine that he did not march up to it on a line that I drew for him in a quarter of an hour.

The heap was at last distributed among the two sexes, who made a most piteous sight, as they

wandered up and down under the pressure of their several burthens. The whole plain was filled with murmurs and complaints, groans and lamentations. Jupiter, at length taking compassion on the poor mortals, ordered them a second time to lay down their loads, with a design to give every one his own again. They discharged themselves with a great deal of pleasure; after which, the phantom who had led them into such gross delusions was commanded to disappear. There was sent in her stead a goddess of a quite different figure: her motions were steady and composed, and her aspect serious but cheerful. She every now and then cast her eyes towards heaven, and fixed them upon Jupiter; her name was Patience. She had no sooner placed herself by the Mount of Sorrows, but, what I thought very remarkable, the whole heap sunk to such a degree, that it did not appear a third part so big as it was before. She afterwards returned every man his own proper calamity, and, teaching him how to bear it in the most commodious manner, he marched off with it contentedly, being very well pleased that he had not been left to his own choice as to the kind of evils which fell to his lot.

Besides the several pieces of morality to be drawn out of this vision, I learnt from it never to repine at my own misfortunes, or to envy the happiness of another, since it is impossible for any man to form a right judgment of his neighbour's sufferings; for which reason also I have determined never to think too lightly of another's complaints, but to regard the sorrows of my fellow-creatures with sentiments of humanity and compassion.

ADDISON\*.

Nº 560. MONDAY, JUNE 28, 1714.

—*Verba intermissa retentat.*

OVID. Met. l. i. ver. 746.

He tries his tongue, his silence softly breaks.

DRYDEN.

EVERY one has heard of the famous conjuror†, who, according to the opinion of the vulgar, has studied himself dumb; for which reason, as it is believed, he delivers out all his oracles in writing. Be that as it will, the blind Teresias was not more famous in Greece than this dumb artist has been for some years last past in the cities of London and Westminster. Thus much for the profound gentleman who honours me with the following epistle:

'SIR,

From my cell, June 24, 1714.

'BRING informed that you have lately got the use of your tongue, I have some thoughts of following your example, that I may be a fortune-teller properly speaking. I am grown weary of my taciturnity, and having served my country many years under the title of "the dumb doctor," I shall now prophesy by word of mouth, and (as Mr. Lee says of the magpie, who you know was a great fortune-teller among the ancients) chatter

\* "The Spectator, from its commencement in this eighth volume, was published only three times a week, and no criminal marks were added to the papers. Mr. Tickell has ascribed twenty-three to Addison; viz. Nº 556, 557, 558, 559, 561, 562, 565, 567, 568, 569, 571, 574, 575, 576, 583, 584, 585, 590, 592, 598, and 600. Addison therefore produced more than a fourth part of this volume." *D. Johnson's Lives of Eng. Poets*, art. Addison, vol. ii. p. 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

appear that Steele was cc

† Duncan Campbell.



futurity I have hitherto chosen to receive questions and return answers in writing, that I might avoid the tediousness and trouble of debates, my queries being generally of a nature to think that they have never predilections enough for their money. In short, sir, my case has been something like that of those discreet animals the monkeys, who, as the Indians tell us, can speak if they would, but purposely avoid it that they may not be made to work. I have hitherto gained a livelihood by holding my tongue, but shall now open my mouth in order to fill it. If I appear a little word-bound in my first solutions and responses, I hope it will not be imputed to any want of force of sight, but to the long drama of speech. I doubt not by this invention to have all my former customers over again; for, if I have promised any of them lovers or husbands, riches or good luck, it is my design to confirm to them, woe, woe, what I have already given them under my hand. If you will honour me with a visit, I will compliment you with the first opening of my mouth; and if you please you may make an entertaining dialogue out of the conversation of two dumb men. Excuse this trouble, worthy sir, from one who has been a long time

'Your silent admirer,  
'CORNELIUS AGRIPPA'

I have received the following letter, or rather billet-doux, from a pert young baggage, who congratulates with me upon the same occasion.

'DEAR MR. PRATE-AFACE, June 23, 1714.  
'I AM a member of a female society who call ourselves the Chit-chat Club, and am ordered by the whole sisterhood to congratulate you upon the use of your tongue. We have all of us a mighty mind to hear you talk, and if you will take your place among us for an evening, we have unanimously agreed to allow you one minute in ten, without interruption

'I am, SIR,  
'Your humble servant,  
'S. T.'

'P. S. You may find us at my Lady Betty Clack's, who will leave orders with her porter, that if an elderly gentleman, with a short face, inquires for her, he shall be admitted, and no questions asked.'

As this particular paper shall consist wholly of what I have received from my correspondents, I shall fill up the remaining part of it with other congratulatory letters of the same nature.

'SIR, Oxford, June 23, 1714.  
'WE are here wonderfully pleased with the opening of your mouth, and very frequently open ours to approbation of your design; especially since we find you are resolved to preserve your taciturnity as to all party-matters. We do not question but you are as great an orator as Sir Modibras, of whom the poet sweetly sings,

"He said I but open  
His mouth, but out there flew a troop"

If you will send us down the half dozen well-turned periods that produced such dismal effects in your muscles, we will deposit them near an old manuscript of Tully's orations, among the archives of the university; for we all agree with you, that there is not a more remarkable accident recorded

in history, since that which happened to the son of Croesus; nay, I believe you might have gone higher, and have added Baalam's ass. We are impatient to see more of your production, and expect what words will next fall from you, with as much attention as those who were set to watch the speaking head which Friar Bacon formerly erected in this place

'We are, worthy sir,  
'Your most humble servant,  
'B. R. T. D. &c.'

'HONEST SPEC, Middle Temple, June 24.  
'I AM very glad to hear that thou beginnest to prate; and find, by thy yesterday's vision, thou art so used to it that thou canst not forbear talking in thy sleep. Let me only advise thee to speak like other men, for I am afraid thou wilt be very queer if thou dost not intend to use the phrases in fashion, as thou callest them in thy second paper. Hast thou a mind to pass for a Rastamite\*, or to make us all Quakers? I do assure thee, dear Spec, I am not polished out of my veracity, when I subscribe myself

'Thy constant admirer,  
'And humble servant,  
'FRANK TOWNLEY'

N<sup>o</sup> 661 WEDNESDAY, JUNE 30, 1714.

*Prostitution abhors Riches  
Indign, et vix tentat percurrere aurem  
Jam pridem ruides omnes decipitq; corda.*  
VIRG. *Æn.* l. vii. 724.

But be  
Works to the pleasant bottom of the pie  
And moulds her heart there, and bleats her former care  
The deed is to the living love unpaid,  
And all *Æneas* enters in her mind.  
DANTE.

'SIR,  
'I AM a tall, broad-shouldered, impudent, black fellow, and, as I thought, every way qualified for a rich widow; but after having tried my fortune for above three years together, I have not been able to get one single relit in the mind. My first attacks were generally successful, but always broke off as soon as they came to the word settlement. Though I have not improved my fortune this way, I have my experience, and have learnt several secrets which may be of use to those unhappy gentlemen, who are commonly distinguished by the name of widow-hunters, and who do not know that this tribe of women are, generally speaking, as much upon the catch as themselves. I shall here communicate to you the mysteries of a certain female cabal of this order, who call themselves the Widow-club. This club consists of nine experienced dancers, who take their places once a week round a large oval table

'I Mrs. President is a person who has divorced of six husbands, and is now determined to take a seventh, being of opinion that there is as much virtue in the touch of a seventh husband as of a seventh son. Her comrades are as follows:

'Mrs. Pump, who has four jointures, by four different bedfellows, of four different climes. She is at present upon the point of marriage with a Middlesex man, and is said to have an ambition of extending her power through all the counties in England on this side the Trent.

\* See N<sup>o</sup> 557.

3. Mrs. Medlar, who, after two husbands and a gallant, is now wedded to an old gentleman of sixty. Upon her making her report to the club after a week's cohabitation, she is still allowed to sit as a widow, and accordingly takes her place at the board.

4. The widow Quick, married within a fortnight after the death of her last husband. Her weeds have served her thrice, and are still as good as new.

5. Lady Catharine Swallow. She was a widow at eighteen, and has since buried a second husband and two coachmen.

6. The Lady Waddle. She was married in the 15th year of her age to Sir Simon Waddle, Knight, aged threescore and twelve, by whom she had twins nine months after his decease. In the 55th year of her age she was married to James Spindle, Esq. a youth of one-and-twenty, who did not outlive the honey-moon.

7. Deborah Conquest. The case of this lady is something particular. She is the relict of Sir Sampson Conquest, some time justice of the quorum. Sir Sampson was seven foot high, and two foot in breadth from the tip of one shoulder to the other. He had married three wives, who all of them died in childbed. This terrified the whole sex, who none of them durst venture on Sir Sampson. At length Mrs. Deborah undertook him, and gave so good an account of him, that in three years time she very fairly laid him out, and measured his length upon the ground. This exploit has gained her so great a reputation in the club, that they have added Sir Sampson's three victories to hers, and give her the merit of a fourth widowhood; and she takes her place accordingly.

8. The widow Wildfire, relict of Mr. John Wildfire, fox hunter, who broke his neck over a six-bar gate. She took his death so much to heart, that it was thought it would have put an end to her life, had she not diverted her sorrows by receiving the addresses of a gentleman in the neighbourhood, who made love to her in the second month of her widowhood. This gentleman was discarded in a fortnight for the sake of a young Templar, who had the possession of her for six weeks after, till he was beaten out by a broken officer, who likewise gave up his place to a gentleman at court. The courtier was as short-lived a favourite as his predecessors, but had the pleasure to see himself succeeded by a long series of lovers, who followed the widow Wildfire to the 37th year of her age, at which time there ensued a cessation of ten years, when John Felt, haberdasher, took it in his head to be in love with her, and it is thought will very suddenly carry her off.

9. The last is pretty Mrs. Runnet, who broke her first husband's heart before she was sixteen, at which time she was entered of the club, but soon after left it upon account of a second, whom she made so quick a dispatch of, that she returned to her seat in less than a twelvemonth. This young matron is looked upon as the most rising member of the society, and will probably be in the president's chair before she dies.

These ladies, upon their first institution, resolved to give the pictures of their deceased husbands to the club-room; but two of them bringing in their dead at full length, they covered all the walls. Upon which they came to a second resolution, that every matron should give her own picture, and set it round with her husbands' in miniature.

As they have most of them the misfortune to be troubled with the colic, they have a noble cel-

lar of cordials and strong waters. When they grow mandlin, they are very apt to commemorate their former partners with a tear. But ask them which of their husbands they condole, they are not able to tell you, and discover plainly that they do not weep so much for the loss of a husband as for the want of one.

The principal rule by which the whole society are to govern themselves is this, to cry up the pleasures of a single life upon all occasions, in order to deter the rest of their sex from marriage, and engross the whole male world to themselves.

They are obliged, when any one makes love to a member of the society, to communicate his name; at which time the whole assembly sit upon his reputation, person, fortune, and good humour; and if they find him qualified for a sister of the club, they lay their heads together how to make him sure. By this means they are acquainted with all the widow-hunters about town, who often afford them great diversion. There is an honest Irish gentleman, it seems, who knows nothing of this society, but at different times has made love to the whole club.

Their conversation often turns upon their former husbands, and it is very diverting to hear them relate their several arts and stratagems with which they amused the jealous, pacified the choleric, or wheedled the good-natured man, till at last, to use the club phrase, "they sent him out of the house with his heels foremost."

The politics which are most cultivated by this society of She-Machiavels, relate chiefly to these two points, how to treat a lover, and how to manage a husband. As for the first set of artifices, they are too numerous to come within the compass of your paper, and shall therefore be reserved for a second letter.

The management of a husband is built upon the following doctrines, which are universally assented to by the whole club. Not to give him his head at first. Not to allow him too great freedoms and familiarities. Not to be treated by him like a raw girl, but as a woman that knows the world. Not to lessen any thing of her former figure. To celebrate the generosity, or any other virtue, of a deceased husband, which she would recommend to his successor. To turn away all his old friends and servants, that she may have the dear man to herself. To make him disinherit the undutiful children of any former wife. Never to be thoroughly convinced of his affection, until he has made over to her all his goods and chattels.

After so long a letter, I am, without more ceremony,

'Your humble servant, &c.'

ADDISON.

Nº 562. FRIDAY, JULY 2, 1714.

— *Præsens, absens ut sit.*

TER. Eun. act. 1. sc. 2.

Be present as if absent.

'It is a hard and nice subject for a man to write of himself,' says Cowley\*; 'it grates his own heart to say any thing of disparagement, and the reader's ears to hear any thing of praise from him.' Let the tenour of his discourse be what it will upon this subject, it generally proceeds from vanity.



and John a Noakes; and then, I am told, came in with the Conqueror. I am remembered officer in both houses of parliament than any other person in Great Britain. My name is written, or, more properly speaking, not written, thus

I am one that can turn my hand to every thing, and appear under any of his whatsoever. I can make my self, man, woman, or child. I am now eleven months employed in a year of our Lord, a day of the month, or an hour of the day. I very often represent a year of money, and am generally the first body that is granted to the crown. I have now and then supplied the place of several thousands of land soldiers, and have as frequently been employed in the navy.

Now, sir, my complaint is this, that I am only made use of to serve a turn, being always discarded as soon as a proper person is found out to fill up my place.

If you have ever been in the playhouse before the curtain risen, you see the most of the front-boxes filled with one of my family, who forthwith turn out and re-go their stations upon the appearance of those for whom they are retained.

But the most illustrious branch of the Blank are those who are placed in high posts, till such time as some one of greater consequence can be found out to supply them. One of these Blanks is equally qualified for all of us; he can serve in the most need for a soldier, a politician, a lawyer, or what you please. I have known in my time many a brother Blank that has been torn under a lucky planet, he is up great riches, and well into a train of friends and importance, before the grandees of his party could agree among themselves which of them should step into his place. Nay, I have known a Blank continue so long in one of the vacant posts (for such it is) to be reckoned all the time a Blank is in it, that he has grown too formidable and dangerous to be removed.

But to return to my self. Since I am so very commodious a person, and so very necessary in all well-regulated governments, I desire you will take my case into consideration, that I may be no longer made a tool of, and only employed to stop a gap. Such usage, without a pun, makes me look very blank. For all which reasons I humbly recommend myself to your protection, and am

Your most obedient servant,

BLANK.

P. S. Therewith send you a paper drawn up by a country attorney, employed by two gentlemen, whose names he was not acquainted with, and who did not think fit to let him into the secret which they were transacting. I heard him call it "a blank instrument," and read it after the following manner. You may see by this single instance of what use I am to the busy world.

"I, T. Blank, Esquire, of Blank Town, in the County of Blank, do owe myself indebted in the sum of Blank, to Goodman Blank, for the service he did me in procuring for me the goods following, Blank; and I do hereby promise the said Blank to pay unto him the said sum of Blank, on the Blank day of the month of Blank next ensuing, under the penalty and forfeiture of Blank."

I shall take time to consider the case of this my imaginry correspondent, and in the meanwhile shall present my reader with a letter which seems to come from a person that is made up of flesh and blood.

GOOD MR. SPECTATOR,

I AM married to a very honest gentleman that is exceeding good-natured, and at the same time very choleric. There is no standing before him when he is in passion; but as soon as it is over he is the best-natured creature in the world. When he is angry he breaks all my china-ware that chances to be in his way, and the next morning sends me in twice as much as he broke the day before. I may positively say that he has broke me a child's fortune since we were first married together.

As soon as he begins to fret, down goes every thing that is within reach of his cane. I once prevailed upon him never to carry a stick in his hand, but this saved me nothing; for upon seeing me do something that did not please him, he kicked down a great jar, that cost him above ten pounds but the week before. I then ladd the fragments together in a basket, and gave him his cane again, desiring him that, if he chanced to be in anger, he would spend his passion upon the china that was broke to his hand; but the very next day, upon my giving a wrong answer to one of the servants, he flew into such a rage, that he swept down a dozen tea-dishes, which, to my misfortune, stood very convenient for a side blow.

I then removed all my china into a room which he never frequents; but I got nothing by this neither, for my looking-glasses immediately went to rack.

In short, sir, whenever he is in a passion, he is angry at every thing that is brittle; and if on such occasion he had nothing to vent his rage upon, I do not know whether my bones would be in safety. Let me be beg of you, sir, to let me know whether there be any cure for this unaccountable distemper; or if not, that you will be pleased to publish this letter: for my husband, having a great veneration for your writings, will by that means know you do not approve of his conduct.

I am, your most humble servant, &c.

No 561. WEDNESDAY, JULY 7, 1714.

Adit

*Regula, precantibus quae prius irascebat equas;*

*Ne sententia diuina horribili rectere flagella.*

HOLL. SAT. III. L. I. VER. 117.

Let rules be fix'd that may our rage contain,  
And punish fault, with a proportion'd pain;  
And do not flay him who deserves alone  
A whipping for the fault that he hath done.

CRITICAL.

It is the work of a philosopher to be every day subduing his passions, and laying aside his prejudices. I endeavour at least to look upon men and their actions only as an impartial Spectator, without any regard to them as they happen to advance or cross my own private interest. But while I am thus employed myself, I cannot help observing how those about me suffer themselves to be blinded by prejudice and inclination, how readily they pronounce on every man's character, which they can give in two words, and make him either good for nothing, or qualified for every thing. On the contrary, those who search thoroughly into human nature will find it much more difficult to determine the value of their fellow-creature, and that men's characters are not thus to be given in general words. There is indeed no such thing as a person entirely good or bad; virtue and vice are blended and mixed together: a greater or less propor-

tion, in every one; and if you would search for some particular good quality in its most eminent degree of perfection, you will often find it in a mind where it is darkened and eclipsed by a hundred other irregular passions.

Men have either no character at all, says a celebrated author, or it is that of being inconsistent with themselves. They find it easier to join extremities than to be uniform and of a piece. This is finely illustrated in Xanthophon's life of Cyrus the Great. That author tells us, that Cyrus having taken a most beautiful lady named Panthen, the wife of Abradates, committed her to the custody of Araspas, a young Persian nobleman, who had a little before maintained in discourse, that a mind truly virtuous was incapable of entertaining an unlawful passion. The young gentleman had not long been in possession of his fair captive, when a complaint was made to Cyrus, that he not only solicited the Lady Panthen to receive him in the room of her absent husband; but that, finding his entreaties had no effect, he was preparing to make use of force. Cyrus, who loved the young man, immediately sent for him, and in a gentle manner representing to him his fault, and putting him in mind of his former assertion, the unhappy youth, confounded with a quick access of his guilt and shame, burst out into a flood of tears, and spoke as follows:

'Oh Cyrus, I am convinced that I have two souls. Love has taught me this piece of philosophy. If I had but one soul, it could not at the same time part after virtue and vice, wish and abhor the same thing. It is certain therefore we have two souls; when the good soul rules I undertake noble and virtuous actions; but when the bad soul predominates, I am forced to do evil. All I can say at present is, that I find my good soul, encouraged by your presence, has got the better of my bad.'

I know not whether my readers will allow of this piece of philosophy; but if they will not, they must confess we meet with as different passions in one and the same soul as can be supposed in two. We can hardly read the life of a great man who lived in former ages, or converse with any who is eminent among our contemporaries, that is not an instance of what I am saying.

But as I have hitherto only argued against the partiality and injustice of giving our judgment upon men in gross, who are such a composition of virtues and vices, of good and evil, I might carry this reflection still further, and make it extend to most of their actions. If on the one hand we fairly weighed every circumstance, we should frequently find them obliged to do that action we at first sight condemn, in order to avoid another we should have been much more displeased with. If on the other hand we nicely examined such actions as appear most dazzling to the eye, we should find most of them either deficient and lame in several parts, produced by a bad ambition, or directed to an ill end. The very same action may sometimes be so oddly circumstanced, that it is difficult to determine whether it ought to be rewarded or punished. Those who compiled the laws of England were so sensible of this, that they laid it down as one of their first maxims, 'It is better suffering a mischief than an inconvenience; which is as much as to say in other words, that, since no law can take in or provide for all cases, it is better private men should have some injustice done them, than that a public grievance should not be redressed. This is exactly pleaded in defence of all those hardships which fall

on particular persons in particular occasions, which could not be foreseen when a law was made. To remedy this however as much as possible, the court of chancery was erected, which frequently mild gates and breaks the teeth of the common law, in cases of men's properties, while in criminal cases there is a power of pardoning still lodged in the crown.

Notwithstanding this, it is perhaps impossible in a large government to distribute rewards and punishments strictly proportioned to the merits of every action. The Spartan commonwealth was indeed wonderfully exact in this particular; and I do not remember in all my reading to have met with so nice an example of justice as that recorded by Piniarch, with which I shall close my paper of this day.

The city of Sparta being unexpectedly attacked by a powerful army of Thebans, was in very great danger of falling into the hands of their enemies. The citizens suddenly gathered themselves into a body, fought with a resolution equal to the necessity of their affairs, yet no one so remarkably distinguished himself on this occasion, to the amazement of both armies, as Isidus, the son of Phœbidas, who was at that time in the bloom of his youth, and very remarkable for the comeliness of his person. He was coming out of the bath when the alarm was given, so that he had not time to put on his clothes, much less his armour; however, transported with a desire to serve his country in so great an emergency, snatching up a spear in one hand and a sword in the other, he sang himself into the thickest ranks of his enemies. Nothing could withstand his fury; in what part soever he fought, he put the enemies to flight without receiving a single wound. Whether, says Piniarch, he was the particular care of some god who rewarded his valour that day with an extraordinary protection, or that his enemies, struck with the uncommonness of his dress, and beauty of his shape, supposed him something more than man, I shall not determine.

The gallantry of this action was judged so great by the Spartans, that the Ephors, or chief magistrates, decreed he should be presented with a garland; but, as soon as they had done so, fined him a thousand drachmas for going out to the battle unarmed.

Nº 503. FRIDAY, JULY 9, 1714

*Terræque tractantur æquæ, celsæque profundæ.  
VIRG. Georg. lib. vii. 251*

For God the whole created was inspired,  
Thro' heav'n and earth, and ocean's depths he throve  
His influence round, and kindles a new fire.  
DRYDEN.

I was yesterday about seven o'clock walking in the open fields, until the night season fell upon me. I at first amused myself with all the richness and variety of colours which appeared in the western parts of heaven; in proportion as they faded away and went out, several stars and planets appeared one after another, not that the whole firmament was in a glow. The bloom of the ether was exceedingly brightened and enlivened by the season of the year, and by the rays of all those luminaries that passed through it. The galaxy appeared in its most beautiful white. To complete the scene, the full moon rose at length in that clouded away which it is ten takes notice of, and opened to the eye a new picture of nature, which was more finely shaded

and disposed among softer lights, than that which the sun led before discovered to us.

As I was surveying the moon walking in her brightness, and taking her progress among the constellations, a thought rose in me which I believe very often perplexes and disturbs men of serious and contemplative natures. David himself fell into it in that reflection, 'When I consider the heavens the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained; what is man that thou art a jest of him, and the son of man that thou regard him?' In the same manner, when I considered that finite host of stars, or, to speak more philosophically, of sets which were then shining upon me, with those innumerable sets of planets or worlds, which were moving round their respective stars; when I still enlarged the idea, and supposed another heaven of suns and worlds, still above this which we discovered, and these still enlarged by a superior arrangement of luminaries, which are planted at so great a distance, that they may appear to the inhabitants of the former as the stars do to my planet, while I pursued this thought, I could not but reflect on that little insignificance of a globe which I myself here amidst the immensity of God's works.

Were the sun, which enlightens the part of the creation, with all the set of planetary worlds that move about him, strictly extended and amplified, they would not be more than a grain of sand upon a newshute. The space they possess is exceedingly little in comparison of the whole, that it would scarce make a black in the creation. The chosen world is imperceptible to an eye that could take in the whole compass of nature, and pass from one end of the creation to the other; as it is possible there may be such a sense in ourselves hereafter, or in creatures which are at present more exalted than ourselves. We see many stars by the help of glasses which we do not discover with our naked eyes; and the finer our telescopes are the more still are our discoveries. Huygenius carries this thought so far, that he does not think it impossible there may be stars whose light is not yet travelled down to us, since their first creation. There is no question but the universe has certain bounds set to it; but when we consider that it is the work of infinite power, prompted by infinite goodness, with an infinite space to exert itself in, how can our imagination set any bounds to it?

To return therefore to my first thought. I could not but look upon myself with secret horror, as a being that was not worth the smallest regard of our who had so great a work under his care and superintendency. I was afraid of being overlooked amidst the immensity of nature, and lost among that infinite variety of creatures, which in all probability swarm through all these immeasurable regions of matter.

In order to recover myself from this mortifying thought, I considered that it took its rise from those narrow conceptions which we are apt to entertain of the divine nature. We ourselves cannot attend to many different objects at the same time. If we are careful to inspect some things, we must of course neglect others. This imperfection, which we observe in ourselves, is an imperfection that cleaves in some degree to creatures of the highest capacities, as they are creatures, that is, beings of finite and limited natures. The presence of every created being is confined to a certain measure of space, and consequently his observation is stunted to a certain number of objects. The sphere in which we move, and act, and understand, is of a

wider circumference to one creature than another, according as we rise one above another in the scale of existence. But the widest of these our spheres has its circumference. When therefore we reflect on the divine nature, we are so used and accustomed to this imperfection in ourselves, that we cannot forbear in some measure ascribing it to him in whom there is no shadow of imperfection. Our reason indeed assures us that his attributes are infinite; but the poorness of our conceptions is such that it cannot forbear setting bounds to every thing it contemplates, until our reason comes again to our succour, and throws down all those little prejudices which rise in us unawares, and are natural to the mind of man.

We shall therefore utterly extinguish this melancholy thought, of our being overlooked by our Maker in the multitude of his works, and the infinity of those objects among which he seems to be incessantly employed, if we consider, in the first place, that he is omnipresent; and, in the second, that he is omniscient.

If we consider him in his omnipresence: his being passes through, penetrates, and supports the whole frame of nature. His creation, and every part of it, is full of him. There is nothing he has made that is either so distant, so little, or so broad extended, which he does not essentially inhabit. His substance is within the substance of every being, whether material or immaterial, and as intimately present to it as that being is to itself. It would be an imperfection in him, were he able to remove out of one place into another, or to withdraw himself from any thing he has created, or from any part of that space which is diffused and spread abroad to infinity. In short, to speak of him in the language of the old philosopher, he is a Being whose centre is every where, and his circumference no where.

In the second place, he is omniscient as well as omnipresent. His omniscience indeed necessarily and naturally flows from his omnipresence; he cannot but be conscious of every motion that arises in the whole material world, which he thus essentially pervades, and of every thought that is stirring in the intellectual world, to every part of which he is thus intimately united. Several moralists have considered the creation as the temple of God, which he has built with his own hands, and which is filled with his presence. Others have considered infinite space as the receptacle, or rather the habitation, of the Almighty; but the noblest and most exalted way of considering this infinite space is that of Sir Isaac Newton, who calls it the sensorium of the Godhead. Brutes and men have their *sensoria*, or little sensoriums, by which they apprehend the presence and perceive the actions of a few objects that lie contiguous to them. Their knowledge and observation turn within a very narrow circle. But as God Almighty cannot but perceive and know every thing in which he resides, infinite space gives room to infinite knowledge, and is, as it were, an organ to omniscience.

Were the soul separate from the body, and with one glance of thought should start beyond the bounds of the creation, should it for millions of years continue its progress through infinite space with the same activity, it would still find itself within the embrace of its Creator, and encompassed round with the immensity of the Godhead. While we are in the body he is not less present with us because he is concealed from us. 'O that I knew where I might find him!' says Job. 'Behold I go forward, but he is not there; and back . . .'

but I cannot perceive him: on the left hand, where he does work, but I cannot behold him: he hideth himself on the right hand that I cannot see him." To short, reason as well as revelation assures us that he cannot be absent from us, notwithstanding he is undiscovered by us.

To this consideration of God Almighty's omnipotence and omniscience every uncomfortable thought vanishes. We cannot but regard every thing that has being, especially such of his creatures who fear they are not regarded by him. He is privy to all their thoughts, and to that anxiety of heart in particular which is apt to trouble them on this occasion: for, as it is impossible he should overlook any of his creatures, so we may be confident that he regards, with an eye of mercy, those who endeavour to recommend themselves to his notice, and in an unfeigned humility of heart think themselves unworthy that he should be mindful of them.

ADDENDUM.

N<sup>o</sup> 566. MONDAY, JULY 12, 1714.

*Millicæ species amor est.*

OFFIC. Am. Am. L. L. ver. 223.

Love is a kind of warfare.

As my correspondents begin to grow pretty numerous, I think myself obliged to take some notice of them, and shall therefore make this paper a miscellany of letters. I have, since my re-assuming the office of Spectator, received abundance of epistles from gentlemen of the blade, who I find have been too used to action that they know not how to lie still. They seem generally to be of opinion that the fair at home ought to reward them for their services abroad, and that, till the cause of their country calls them into the field, they have a sort of right to quarter themselves upon the ladies. In order to favour their approaches, I am desirous by some to enlarge upon the accomplishments of their profession, and by others to give them my advice to the carrying on their attacks. But let us hear what the gentlemen say for themselves.

'MR SPECTATOR,

'THOUGH it may look somewhat perverse amidst the arts of peace to talk too much of war, it is but gratitude to pay the last office to its wars, since even peace itself is, in some measure, obliged to it for its being.

'You have, in your former papers, always recommended the accomplished to the favour of the fair; and I hope you will allow me to represent some part of a military life not altogether unnecessary to the forming a gentleman. I need not tell you that in France, whose fashions we have been formerly so fond of, almost every one derives his pretences to merit from the sword; and that a man has scarce the face to make his court to a lady, without some credentials from the service to recommend him. As the profession is very ancient, we have reason to think some of the greatest men among the old Romans derived many of their virtues from it, the commanders being frequently in other respects some of the most shining characters of the age.

'The army not only gives a man opportunities

of exercising those two great virtues, patience and courage, but often produces them in minds where they had scarce any footing before. I must add, that it is one of the best schools in the world to receive a general notion of mankind in, and a certain freedom of behaviour, which is not so easily acquired to any other place. At the same time I must own, that some military airs are pretty extraordinary, and that a man who goes into the army a coxcomb will come out of it a sort of public nuisance: but a man of sense, or one who had not been sufficiently used to a mixed conversation, generally takes the true turn. The court has in all ages been allowed to be the standard of good breeding; and I believe there is not a juster observation in Monsieur Rochefort's, than that "a man who has been bred up wholly to business can never get the air of a courtier at court, but will immediately catch it in the camp." The reason of this must certainly be, that the very essence of good-breeding and politeness consists in several niceties, which are so minute that they escape his observation, and he falls short of the original he would copy off; but when he sees the same things charged and aggravated to a fault, he no sooner endeavours to come up to the pattern which is set before him, than, though he stops somewhat short of that, he naturally rests where he really be ought. I was, two or three days ago, mightily pleased with the observation of a generous gentleman upon one of his friends, who was in other respects every way an accomplished person, that he wanted nothing but a dash of the coxcomb in him; by which he understood a little of that alertness and concern to the common actions of life, which is usually so visible among gentlemen of the army, and which a campaign or two would infallibly have given him.

'You will easily guess, sir, by this my parody upon a military education, that I am myself a soldier; and indeed I am so. I remember, within three years after I had been in the army, I was ordered into the country a recruiting. I had very particular success to this part of the service, and was over and above rewarded, at my going away, that I might have taken a young lady, who was the most considerable fortune to the country, along with me. I preferred the pursuit of fame at that time to all other considerations; and, though I was not absolutely bent on a wooden leg, resolved at least to get a scar or two for the good of Europe. I have at present so much desire of the sort of honour, and if you could recommend me effectually, should be well enough contented to pass the remainder of my days in the arms of some drab kind creature, and upon a pretty estate in the country. This, as I take it, would be following the example of Lucius Cinclus, the old Roman dictator, who, at the end of a war, left the camp to follow the plough. I am, sir, with all imaginable respect,

Your most obedient,

Isaac Newton.

'WILL WAREW.'

'MR SPECTATOR,

'I AM AN half-pay officer, and am at present with a friend in the country. Here is a rich widow in the neighbourhood, who has made fools of all the forgers within fifty miles of her. She declares she is old, is married, but has not yet been asked for the marriage bill. She usually admits her humble admirers to an audience at two o'clock, after she has been given their drink, will receive one then more. I am assured by a female relation

that I shall have fair play at her; but as my whole success depends on my first approaches, I desire your advice, whether I had best storm, or proceed by way of sap.

'I am, sir,  
'Yours, &c.'

P. S. I had forgot to tell you that I have already carried one of her out-works, that is, secured her maid.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I HAVE assisted in several sieges in the Low Countries, and being still willing to employ my talents as a soldier and engineer, lay down this morning at seven o'clock before the door of an obstinate female, who had for some time refused me admittance. I made a lodgment in an outer parlour about twelve; the enemy retired to her bed-chamber, yet I still pursued, and about two o'clock this afternoon she thought fit to capitulate. Her demands are indeed somewhat high, in relation to the settlement of her fortune. But, being in possession of the house, I intend to insist upon carte blanche, and am in hopes, by keeping off all other pretenders for the space of twenty-four hours, to starve her into a compliance. I beg your speedy advice, and am,

'Sir, yours,  
'PETER PUN.'

'From my camp in Red-lion-square, Saturday, four in the afternoon.'

N<sup>o</sup> 567. WEDNESDAY, JULY 11, 1714.

———— *Inceptus clamor frustratur hian'ce.*  
VIRG. *Æn. vi.* 'cc. 493.

———— The weak voice deceives their gasping throats.  
DRYDEN.

I HAVE received private advice from some of my correspondents, that if I would give my paper a general run I should take care to season it with scandal. I have indeed observed of late that few writings sell which are not filled with great names and illustrious titles. The reader generally casts his eye upon a new book, and, if he finds several letters separated from one another by a dash, he buys it up and peruses it with great satisfaction. An *M* and an *h*, a *T* and an *r*\*, with a short line between them, has sold many insipid pamphlets. Nay, I have known a whole edition go off by virtue of two or three well-written &c——s.

A sprinkling of the words 'faction, Frenchman, papist, plunderer,' and the like significant terms, in an Italic character, have also a very good effect upon the eye of the purchaser; not to mention 'scribbler, liar, rogue, rascal, knave, and villain,' without which it is impossible to carry on a modern controversy.

Our party-writers are so sensible of the secret virtue of an innuendo to recommend their productions, that of late they never mention the Q——n or P——t at length, though they speak of them with honour, and with that deference which is due to them from every private person. It gives a secret satisfaction to a peruser of those mysterious works that he is able to decipher them without help, and, by the strength of his own natural parts,

\* M and an h means *Marlborough*, and a T and an r means *Treasurer*.

to fill up a blank space, or make out a word that has only the first or last letter to it.

Some of our authors indeed, when they would be more satirical than ordinary, omit only the vowels of a great man's name, and fall most unmercifully upon all the consonants. This way of writing was first of all introduced by T——m Br——wn\*, of faccious memory, who, after having gutted a proper name of all its intermediate vowels, used to plant it in his works, and make as free with it as he pleased, without any danger of the statute.

That I may imitate these celebrated authors, and publish a paper which shall be more taking than ordinary, I have here drawn up a very curious libel, in which a reader of penetration will find a great deal of concealed satire, and if he be acquainted with the present posture of affairs, will easily discover the meaning of it.

'If there are four persons in the nation who endeavour to bring all things into confusion, and ruin their native country, I think every honest Englishman ought to be upon his guard. That there are such every one will agree with me, who hears me name \*\*\*, with his first friend and favourite \*\*\*, not to mention \*\*\* nor \*\*\*. These people may cry *ch-reh, ch-reh*, as long as they please; but, to make use of a homely proverb, "The proof of the p——dd—ng is in the eating." This I am sure of, that if a certain prince should concur with a certain prelate (and we have Monsieur Z——n's word for it), our posterity would be in a sweet p——ckle. Must the British nation suffer, forsooth, because my lady Q-p-t-s has been disoblige'd? Or is it reasonable that our English fleet, which used to be the terror of the ocean, should lie wind-bound for the sake of a ——? I love to speak out, and declare my mind clearly, when I am talking for the good of my country. I will not make my court to an ill-man, though he were a B——y or a T——t. Nay, I would not stick to call so wretched a politician a traitor, an enemy to his country, and a bl——nd-rb——s, &c. &c.'

The remaining part of this political treatise, which is written after the manner of the most celebrated authors in Great Britain, I may communicate to the public at a more convenient season. In the meanwhile I shall leave this with my curious reader, as some ingenious writers do their enigmas; and, if any sagacious person can fairly unravel it, I will print his explanation, and, if he pleases, acquaint the world with his name.

I hope this short essay will convince my readers it is not for want of abilities that I avoid state tracts, and that, if I would apply my mind to it, I might in a little time be as great a master of the political scratch as any the most eminent writer of the age. I shall only add, that in order to outshine all this modern race of synopsists, and thoroughly content my English reader, I intend shortly to publish a Spectator that shall not have a single vowel in it.

ANDISON.

\* Tom Brown.



N° 568. FRIDAY, JULY 16, 1714

*— Dum rectior, turpius est iocari.*

MART. Epig. 30. l. 1.

Rectifying makes it thine.

I was yesterday in a coffee-house not far from the Royal Exchange, where I observed three persons in close conference over a pipe of tobacco; upon which, having filled one for my own use, I lighted it at the little wax-candle that stood before them; and, after having thrown in two or three whiffs amongst them, sat down and made one of the company. I need not tell my reader that lighting a man's pipe at the same candle is looked upon among brother smokers as an overture to conversation and friendship. As we here laid our heads together in a very amicable manner, being contrived under a cloud of our own raving, I took up the last Spectator, and casting my eye over it, 'The Spectator,' says I, 'is very witty to-day; upon which a lusty lethargic old gentleman, who sat at the upper end of the table, having gradually blown out of his mouth a great deal of smoke which he had been collecting for some time before, 'Ay,' says he, 'more witty than wise, I am afraid.' His neighbour, who sat at his right hand, immediately coloured, and being an angry politician, laid down his pipe with so much wrath that he broke it in the middle, and by that means furnished me with a tobacco-stopper. I took it up very sedately, and, looking him full in the face, made use of it from time to time all the while he was speaking. 'This fellow,' says he, 'can't for his life keep out of politics. Do you see how he abuses four great men here? I fixed my eye very attentively on the paper, and asked him if he meant those who were represented by asterisks. 'Asterisks,' says he, 'do you call them? they are all of them stars—he might as well have put garters to them. Then pray do but mind the two or three next lines. Cack and piddling in the same sentence! Our clergy are very much beholden to him! Upon this the third gentleman, who was of a mild disposition, and, as I found, a whig in his heart, desired him not to be too severe upon the Spectator neither. 'For,' says he, 'you had he is very cautious of giving offence, and has therefore put two dashes into his pudding. 'A fig for his dash,' says the angry politician; 'in his next sentence he gives a plain instance that our posterity will be in a sweet pickle. What does the fool mean by his pickle? Why does he not write it at length, if he means honestly?—' I have read over the whole sentence,' says I; 'but I look upon the parenthesis in the belly of it to be the most dangerous part, and as full of insinuations as it can hold. But who,' says I, 'is my Lady Q-p-t-a's?—' Ay, answer that if you can, sir,' says the furthest statesman to the poor whig that sat over against him. But without giving him time to reply, 'I do assure you,' says he, 'were I my Lady Q-p-t-a, I would see him for scandalous insinuations. What is the world come to! Must every body be allowed to—' He had by this time filled a new pipe, and applying it to his lips, when we expected the last word of his answer, put us off with a whiff of tobacco which he redoubled with so much rage and trepidation that he almost stifled the whole company. After a short pause, I owned that I thought the Spectator had gone too far in the writing so many letters of

my Lady Q-p-t-a's name; 'but however,' says I, 'he has made a little amends for it in his next sentence, where he leaves a blank space without so much as a consonant to direct us. I mean,' says I, 'after those words, "the fleet that used to be the terror of the ocean, should be wind-bound for the sake of a—" after which ensues a cism, that in my opinion looks modest enough.'—'Sir,' says my antagonist, 'you may easily know his meaning by his gapping; I suppose he designs his chasm, as you call it, for an hole to creep out at, but I believe it will hardly serve his turn. Who can endure to see the great officers of state, the D-y's and T-y's, treated after so scurrilous a manner? 'I can't for my life,' says I, 'imagine who they are the Spectator means.'—'No I,' says he.—'Your humble servant, sir! Upon which he flung himself back in his chair after a contemptuous manner, and smiled upon the old lethargic gentleman as his best hand, who I found was his great admirer. The whig however had begun to contrive a goodwill towards me, and, seeing my pipe out, very generously offered me the use of his box, but I declined it with great civility, being obliged to meet a friend about that time in another quarter of the city.

At my leaving the coffee-house, I could not forbear reflecting with myself upon that gross tribe of fools who may be termed the *over-whig*, and upon the difficulty of writing any thing to this censorious age, which a weak head may not contrive into private satire and personal reflection.

A man who has a good nose at an innocent, smells treason and sedition in the most innocent words that can be put together, and never sees a vice or folly signalled, but finds out one or other of his acquaintance pointed at by the writer. I remember an empty pragmatical fellow to the country, who, upon reading over The Whole Duty of Man, had written the names of several persons in the village at the side of every sin which is mentioned by that excellent author; so that he had converted one of the best books in the world into a libel against the 'quire, churchwardens, vicars of the poor, and all other the most considerable persons in the parish. This book, with these extraordinary marginal notes, fell accidentally into the hands of one who had never seen it before; upon which there arose a current report that somebody had written a book against the 'quire and the whole parish. The minister of the place, having as that time a controversy with some of his congregation upon the account of his tithes, was under some suspicion of being the author, till the good man set the people right, by showing them that the satirical passages might be applied to several others of two or three neighbouring villages, and that the book was written against all the sinners in England.

ADDISON.

N<sup>o</sup> 569. MONDAY, JULY 19, 1714.

*Reges dicuntur multis urgere culullis  
Et torquere mero, quem persperisse laborent,  
An sit amicitia dignus*—

HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 434.

Wise were the kings who never chose a friend  
Till with full cups they had unmask'd his soul,  
And seen the bottom of his deepest thoughts.

ROSCOMMON.

No vices are so incurable as those which men are apt to glory in. One would wonder how drunkenness should have the good luck to be of this number. Anacharsis being invited to a match of drinking at Corinth, demanded the prize very humorously, because he was drunk before any of the rest of the company; 'for,' says he, 'when we run a race, he who arrives at the goal first is entitled to the reward;' on the contrary, in this thirsty generation, the honour falls upon him who carries off the greatest quantity of liquor, and knocks down the rest of the company. I was the other day with honest Will Funnel the West Saxon, who was reckoning up how much liquor had passed through him in the last twenty years of his life, which, according to his computation, amounted to twenty-three hogsheads of October, four ton of port, half a kilderkin of small beer, nineteen barrels of cider, and three glasses of champagne; besides which he had assisted at four hundred bowls of punch, not to mention sips, drams, and whets without number. I question not but every reader's memory will suggest to him several ambitious young men who are as vain in this particular as Will Funnel, and can boast of as glorious exploits.

Our modern philosophers observe, that there is a general decay of moisture in the globe of the earth. This they chiefly ascribe to the growth of vegetables, which incorporate into their own substance many fluid bodies that never return again to their former nature: but, with submission, they ought to throw into their account those innumerable rational beings which fetch their nourishment chiefly out of liquids; especially when we consider that men, compared with their fellow-creatures, drink much more than comes to their share.

But, however highly this tribe of people may think of themselves, a drunken man is a greater monster than any that is to be found among all the creatures which God has made; as indeed there is no character which appears more despicable and deformed, in the eyes of all reasonable persons, than that of a drunkard. Bonusus, one of our own countrymen, who was addicted to this vice, having set up for a share in the Roman empire, and being defeated in a great battle, hanged himself. When he was seen by the army in this melancholy situation, notwithstanding he had behaved himself very bravely, the common jest was, that the thing they saw hanging upon the tree before them was not a man, but a bottle.

This vice has very fatal effects on the mind, the body, and fortune, of the person who is devoted to it.

In regard to the mind, it first of all discovers every flaw in it. The sober man, by the strength of reason, may keep under and subdue every vice or folly to which he is most inclined; but wine makes every latent seed sprout up in the soul, and show itself; it gives fury to the passions, and force to those objects which are apt to produce them. When a young fellow complained to an old philo-

sopher that his wife was not handsome, 'Put less water in your wine,' says the philosopher, 'and you will quickly make her so.' Wine heightens indifference into love, love into jealousy, and jealousy into madness. It often turns the good-natured man into an idiot, and the choleric into an assassin. It gives bitterness to resentment, it makes vanity insupportable, and displays every little spot of the soul in its utmost deformity.

Nor does this vice only betray the hidden faults of a man, and show them in the most odious colours, but often occasions faults to which he is not naturally subject. There is more of turn than of truth in a saying of Seneca, that drunkenness does not produce but discover faults. Common experience teaches the contrary. Wine throws a man out of himself, and infuses qualities into the mind which she is a stranger to in her sober moments. The person you converse with, after the third bottle, is not the same man who at first sat down at table with you. Upon this maxim is founded one of the prettiest sayings I ever met with, which is ascribed to Publius Syrus, '*Qui ebrium ludificat, laedit absentem*;' 'He who jests upon a man that is drunk injures the absent.'

Thus does drunkenness act in a direct contradiction to reason, whose business it is to clear the mind of every vice which is crept into it, and to guard it against all the approaches of any that endeavour to make its entrance. But besides these ill effects which this vice produces in the person who is actually under its dominion, it has also a bad influence on the mind even in its sober moments, as it insensibly weakens the understanding, impairs the memory, and makes those faults habitual which are produced by frequent excesses.

I should now proceed to show the ill effects which this vice has on the bodies and fortunes of men; but these I shall reserve for the subject of some future paper.

ADDISON.

N<sup>o</sup> 570. WEDNESDAY, JULY 21, 1714.—*Nugae canora.*

HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 322.

Chiming trifles.

ROSCOMMON.

THERE is scarce a man living who is not actuated by ambition. When this principle meets with an honest mind and great abilities, it does infinite service to the world; on the contrary, when a man only thinks of distinguishing himself without being thus qualified for it, he becomes a very pernicious or a very ridiculous creature. I shall here confine myself to that petty kind of ambition, by which some men grow eminent for odd accomplishments and trivial performances. How many are there whose whole reputation depends upon a pun or a quibble? You may often see an artist in the streets gain a circle of admirers by carrying a long pole upon his chin or forehead in a perpendicular posture. Ambition has taught some to write with their feet, and others to walk upon their hands. Some tumble into fame, and others grow immortal by throwing themselves through a hoop.

'*Cetera de genere hoc adeo sunt multa, loquacem  
Delassare valent Fibiū*—

HOR. Sat. I. 1. ver. 12.

\* With thee is more of this ambitious rare  
Would tire even Fabius to relate each case.  
HORNECK.

I am led into this train of thought by an adventure I lately met with.

I was the other day at a tavern, where the master of the house\* accommodating as himself with every thing we wanted, I accidentally fell into a discourse with him; and talking of a certain great man, who shall be nameless, he told me that he had sometimes the honour to treat him with a whistle; adding (by the way of parenthesis) *for you must know, gentlemen, that I whistle the best of any man in Europe.* This naturally put me upon desiring him to give me a sample of his art; upon which he called for a case-knife, and, applying the edge of it to his mouth, converted it into a musical instrument, and entertained me with an Italian solo. Upon laying down his knife, he took up a pair of clean tobacco-pipes; and, after having slid the small end of them over the table in a most melodious trill, he fetched a tune out of them, whistling to them at the same time in concert. In short, the tobacco-pipes became musical pipes in the hands of our virtuoso, who confessed to me ingeniously, he had broke such quantities of them, that he had almost broke himself before he had brought this piece of music to any tolerable perfection. I then told him I would bring a company of friends to dine with him next week, as an encouragement to his ingenuity; upon which he thanked me, saying that he would provide himself with a new frying-pan against that day. I replied, that it was no matter; soot and boiled would serve our turn. He smiled at my simplicity, and told me that it was his design to give us a tune upon it. As I was surprised at such a promise, he sent for an old frying-pan, and, grating it upon the board, whistled to it in such a melodious manner, that you could scarcely distinguish it from a *hann-viel*. He then took his seat with us at the table, and, hearing my friend that was with me had ever a tune to himself, he told him if he would sing out he would accompany his voice with a tobacco-pipe. As my friend has an agreeable hum, he chose rather to sing to the frying-pan, and indeed between them they made up a most extraordinary concert. Finding our landlord so great a proficient in kitchen music, I asked him if he was master of the *tongs and key*. He told me that he had laid it down some years since as a little unfashionable; but that, if I pleased, he would give me a lesson upon the giddron. He then informed me that he had added two bars to the giddron, in order to give it a greater compass of sound; and I perceived was as well pleased with the invention as Sappho could have been upon adding two strings to the lute. To be short, I found that his whole kitchen was furnished with musical instruments; and could not but look upon this artist as a kind of burlesque musician.

He afterwards of his own accord fell into the imitation of several singing birds. My friends and I treated our mistresses to the nightingale, when all of a sudden we were surprised with the mimic of the thrush. He next proceeded to the skylark, mounting up by a proper scale of notes, and afterwards falling in the ground with a very regular and easy descent. He then contracted his whistle to the voice of several birds of the smallest size. As he is a man of a larger bulk and higher stature than ordinary, you would fancy him a giant when

you looked upon him, and a tom-tit when you shut your eyes. I must not omit acquainting my reader, that this accomplished person was formerly the master of a toyshop near Temple-bar; and that the famous Charles Mathers was bred up under him. I am told that the misfortunes which he has met with in the world are chiefly owing to his great application to his music; and therefore cannot but recommend him to my readers as one who deserves their favour, and may afford them great diversion over a bottle of wine, which he sells at the Queen's arms, near the end of the little piazza in Covent-garden\*.

Nº 571. FRIDAY, JULY 23, 1714.

*Caelum quid speramus ultra?*  
LTC.

What seek we beyond heaven?

As the work I have engaged in will not only consist of papers of humour and learning, but of several essays moral and divine, I shall publish the following one, which is founded on a former Spectator, and sent me by a particular friend, not questioning but it will please such of my readers as think it no disparagement to their understandings to give way sometimes to a serious thought.

\* SIX,

IN your paper of Friday the 9th instant you had occasion to consider the ubiquity of the Godhead, and, at the same time to show, that, as he is present to every thing, he cannot but be attentive to every thing, and privy to all the modes and parts of its existence; or, in other words, that his omniscience and omnipresence are co-existent, and run together through the whole infinitude of space. This consideration might furnish us with many incentives to devotion, and motives to morality; but, as this subject has been handled by several excellent writers, I shall consider it in a light wherein I have not seen it placed by others.

\* First, How disconsolate is the condition of an intellectual being, who is thus present with his Maker, but at the same time receives no extraordinary benefit or advantage from this his presence.

\* Secondly, How deplorable is the condition of an intellectual being, who feels no other effects from this his presence but such as proceed from divine wrath and indignation!

\* Thirdly, How happy is the condition of that intellectual being, who is sensible of his Maker's presence, from the secret effects of his mercy and loving-kindness!

\* First, How disconsolate is the condition of an intellectual being, who is thus present with his Maker, but at the same time receives no extraordinary benefit or advantage from this his presence. Every particle of matter is actuated by this Almighty Being which passes through it. The heavens and the earth, the stars and planets, move and gravitate by virtue of this great principle within them. All the dead parts of nature are invigorated by the presence of their Creator, and made capable of exerting their respective qualities. The several instincts, in the brute creation, do likewise operate and work towards the several ends which are agreeable to them by this divine

\* The host's name was Delany; and, being in the city of London, he was usually called Captain Delany.

\* This tavern was much frequented by Sir Isaac Newton, &c. See Nov. 261, 262, 270, and 272.

energy. Man only, who does not co-operate with this Holy Spirit, and is unattentive to his presence, receives none of those advantages from it, which are perfective of his nature, and necessary to his well-being. The Divinity is with him, and in him, and every where about him, but of no advantage to him. It is the same thing to a man without religion, as if there were no God in the world. It is indeed impossible for an infinite Being to remove himself from any of his creatures; but though he cannot withdraw his essence from us, which would argue an imperfection in him, he can withdraw from us all the joys and consolations of it. His presence may perhaps be necessary to support us in our existence; but he may leave this our existence to itself, with regard to its happiness or misery. For in this sense he may cast us away from his presence, and take his Holy Spirit from us. This single consideration one would think sufficient to make us open our hearts to all those infusions of joy and gladness which are so near at hand, and ready to be poured in upon us; especially when we consider, secondly, the deplorable condition of an intellectual being, who feels no other effects from his Maker's presence but such as proceed from divine wrath and indignation.

'We may assure ourselves that the great Author of nature will not always be as one who is indifferent to any of his creatures. Those who will not feel him in his love will he sure at length to feel him in his displeasure. And how dreadful is the condition of that creature, who is only sensible of the being of his Creator by what he suffers from him! He is as essentially present in hell as in heaven; but the inhabitants of the former behold him only in his wrath, and shrink within the flames to conceal themselves from him. It is not in the power of imagination to conceive the fearful effects of Omnipotence incensed.

'But I shall only consider the wretchedness of an intellectual being, who in this life lies under the displeasure of him, that at all times and in all places is intimately united with him. He is able to disquiet the soul, and vex it in all its faculties. He can hinder any of the greatest comforts of life from refreshing us, and give an edge to every one of its slightest calamities. Who then can bear the thought of being an outcast from his presence, that is, from the comforts of it; or of feeling it only in its terrors! How pathetic is that expostulation of Job, when for the trial of his patience he was made to look upon himself in this deplorable condition! "Why hast thou set me as a mark against thee, so that I am become a burden to myself?" But, thirdly, how happy is the condition of that intellectual being, who is sensible of his Maker's presence from the secret effects of his mercy and loving-kindness!

'The blessed in heaven behold him face to face, that is, are as sensible of his presence as we are of the presence of any person whom we look upon with our eyes. There is, doubtless, a faculty in spirits by which they apprehend one another as our senses do material objects; and there is no question but our souls, when they are disembodied, or placed in glorified bodies, will by this faculty, in whatever part of space they reside, be always sensible of the Divine Presence. We, who have this veil of flesh standing between us and the world of spirits, must be content to know that the Spirit of God is present with us, by the effects which he produced in us. Our outward senses are too gross to apprehend him; we may, however, taste and see how gracious he is, by his influence upon our

minds, by those virtuous thoughts which he awakens in us, by those secret comforts and refreshments which he conveys into our souls, and by those ravishing joys and inward satisfactions which are perpetually springing up, and diffusing themselves among all the thoughts of good men. He is lodged in our very essence, and is as a soul within the soul to irradiate its understanding, rectify its will, purify its passions, and enliven all the powers of man. How happy therefore is an intellectual being, who by prayer and meditation, by virtue and good works, opens this communication between God and his own soul! Though the whole creation frowns upon him, and all nature looks black about him, he has his light and support within him, that are able to cheer his mind, and bear him up in the midst of all those horrors which encompass him. He knows that his helper is at hand, and is always nearer to him than any thing else can be, which is capable of annoying or terrifying him. In the midst of calumny or contempt he attends to that Being who whispers better things to his soul, and whom he looks upon as his defender, his glory, and the lifter-up of his head. In his deepest solitude and retirement he knows that he is in company with the greatest of beings; and perceives within himself such real sensations of his presence, as are more delightful than any thing that can be met with in the conversation of his creatures. Even in the hour of death he considers the pains of his dissolution to be nothing else but the breaking down of that partition, which stands betwixt his soul and the sight of that Being who is always present with him, and is about to manifest itself to him in fullness of joy.

'If we would be thus happy, and thus sensible of our Maker's presence, from the secret effects of his mercy and goodness, we must keep such a watch over all our thoughts, that in the language of the scripture, his soul may have pleasure in us. We must take care not to grieve his Holy Spirit, and endeavour to make the meditations of our hearts always acceptable in his sight, that he may delight thus to reside and dwell in us. The light of nature could direct Seneca to this doctrine, in a very remarkable passage among his epistles: "*Sacer in est in nobis spiritus bonorum malorumque custos, et observator, et quemadmodum nos illum tractamus, ita et ille nos.*" "There is a holy spirit residing in us, who watches and observes both good and evil men, and will treat us after the same manner that we treat him." But I shall conclude this discourse with those more emphatical words in divine revelation, "If a man love me he will keep my words; and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him."

ADDISON.

Nº 572. MONDAY, JULY 26, 1714.

*Quod Medicorum est  
Promittunt Medici*

HOR. Ep. l. 1. 2. ver. 115.

Physicians only boast the healing art.

I AM the more pleased with these my papers, since I find they have encouraged several men of learning and wit to become my correspondents. I yesterday received the following essay against quacks, which I shall here communicate to my readers for the good of the public, begging the writer's pardon for those additions and retrenchments which I have made to it.



Well known to wounded goats; a sure relief  
 To draw the pointed steel, and ease the grief.  
 This Venus brings, in clouds involv'd; and brews  
 Th' extracted liquor with ambrosian dew,  
 And od'rous panacee; unseen she stands,  
 Temp'ring the mixture with her heav'nly hands;  
 And pours it in a bowl already crown'd  
 With juice of medicinal herbs, prepar'd to bathe the wound.  
 The leech, unknowing of superior art,  
 Which aids the cure, with this foment the part; }  
 And in a moment ceas'd the raging smart.  
 Stanch'd is the blood, and in the bottom stands:  
 The steel, but scarcely touch'd with tender hands,  
 Moves up and follows of its own accord;  
 And health and vigour are at once restor'd.  
 Iapis first perceived the closing wound;  
 And first the footsteps of a god he found:  
 'Arms, arms!' he cries: 'the sword and shield prepare,  
 And send the willing chief, renew'd, to war.  
 This is no mortal work, no cure of mine,  
 Nor art's effect, but done by hands divine.'

DR. PEARCE (afterwards Bp. of Rochester).

No 573. WEDNESDAY, JULY 28, 1714.

*Castigata remordent.*

JUV. Sat. II. ver. 35.

Chastised, the accusation they retort.

My paper on the club of widows has brought me in several letters; and, among the rest, a long one from Mrs. President, as follows:

'SMART SIR,

'You are pleased to be very merry, as you imagine, with us widows; and you seem to ground your satire on our receiving consolation so soon after the death of our dears, and the number we are pleased to admit for our companions; but you never reflect what husbands we have buried, and how short a sorrow the loss of them was capable of occasioning. For my own part, Mrs. President as you call me, my first husband I was married to at fourteen by my uncle and guardian (as I afterwards discovered) by way of sale, for the third part of my fortune. This fellow looked upon me as a mere child he might breed up after his own fancy: if he kissed my chambermaid before my face, I was supposed so ignorant, how could I think there was any hurt in it? When he came home roaring drunk at five in the morning, it was the custom of all men that live in the world. I was not to see a penny of money, for, poor thing, how could I manage it? He took a handsome cousin of his into the house (as he said) to be my house-keeper, and to govern my servants; for how should I know how to rule a family? and while she had what money she pleased, which was but reasonable for the trouble she was at for my gooil, I was not to be so censorious as to dislike familiarity and kindness between near relations. I was too great a coward to contend, but not so ignorant a child to be thus imposed upon. I resented his contempt as I ought to do, and as most poor passive blinded wives do, till it pleased heaven to take away my tyrant, who left me free possession of my own land, and a large jointure. My youth and money brought me many lovers, and several endeavoured to establish an interest in my heart while my husband was in his last sickness; the honourable Edward Waitfort was one of the first who addressed me, advised to it by a cousin of his that was my intimate friend, and knew to a penny what I was worth. Mr. Waitfort is a very agreeable man, and every body would like him as well as he does himself, if they did not plainly see that his esteem and

love is all taken up, and by such an object as it is impossible to get the better of; I mean himself. He made no doubt of marrying me within four or five months, and began to proceed with such an assured easy air, that piqued my pride, not to banish him; quite contrary, out of pure malice, I heard his first declaration with so much innocent surprise, and blushed so prettily, I perceived it touched his very heart, and he thought me the best-natured silly poor thing on earth. When a man has such a notion of a woman, he loves her better than he thinks he does. I was overjoyed to be thus revenged on him for designing on my fortune; and, finding it was in my power to make his heart ache, I resolved to complete my conquest, and entertained several other pretenders. The first impression of my undesigning innocence was so strong in his head, he attributed all my followers to the inevitable force of my charms; and, from several blushes and side glances, concluded himself the favourite; and, when I used him like a dog for my diversion, he thought it was all prudence and fear; and pitied the violence I did my own inclinations to comply with my friends, when I married Sir Nicholas Fribble of sixty years of age. You know, sir, the case of Mrs. Medlar. I hope you would not have had me cry out my eyes for such a husband. I shed tears enough for my widowhood a week after my marriage; and when he was put in his grave, reckoning he had been two years dead, and myself a widow of that standing, I married three weeks afterwards John Sturdy, Esq. his next heir. I had indeed some thoughts of taking Mr. Waitfort, but I found he could stay; and besides, he thought it indecent to ask me to marry again till my year was out; so, privately resolving him for my fourth, I took Mr. Sturdy for the present. Would you believe it, sir, Mr. Sturdy was just five-and-twenty, about six foot high, and the stoutest fox-hunter in the country, and I believe I wished ten thousand times for my old Fribble again; he was following his dogs all the day, and all the night keeping them up at table with him and his companions; however, I think myself obliged to them for leading him a chase in which he broke his neck. Mr. Waitfort began his addresses anew; and I verily believe I had married him now, but there was a young officer in the guards that had debauched two or three of my acquaintance, and I could not forbear being a little vain of his courtship. Mr. Waitfort heard of it, and read me such an insolent lecture upon the conduct of women, I married the officer that very day, out of pure spite to him. Half an hour after I was married I received a penitential letter from the honourable Mr. Edward Waitfort, in which he begged pardon for his passion, as proceeding from the violence of his love. I triumphed when I read it, and could not help, out of the pride of my heart, showing it to my new spouse: and we were very merry together upon it. Alas! my mirth lasted a short time; my young husband was very much in debt when I married him, and his first action afterwards was to set up a gilt chariot and six in fine trappings before and behind, I had married so hastily, I had not the prudence to reserve my estate in my own hands; my ready money was lost in two nights at the Groom-porter's; and my diamond necklace, which was stole, I did not know how, I met in the street upon Jenny Wheedle's neck. My plate vanished piece by piece; and I had been reduced to downright pewter, if my officer had not been deliciously killed in a duel, by a fellow that had cheated him

wards, at his own request, satisfied him and me too, by running him through the body. Mr Walford was still in love, and told me so again; and, to prevent all fears of ill usage, he desired me to reserve every thing in my own hands; but now my acquaintance began to wish me joy of his constancy, my charms were declining, and I could not resist the delight I took in showing the young spirits about town it was yet in my power to give pain to a man of sense; this, and some private hopes he would hang himself, and what a glory would it be for me, and how I should be envied, made me accept of being third wife to my Lord Friday. I proposed, from my rank and his estate, to live in all the joys of pride; but how was I mistaken! he was neither extravagant, nor intemperate, nor debauched. I suffered however more with him than with all my others. He was splenetic; I was forced to sit whole days hearkening to his imaginary ills; it was impossible to tell what would please him; what he liked when the sun shined made him sick when it rained; he had no distemper, but lived in constant fear of them all; my good genius dictated to me to bring him acquainted with Dr Grisel; from that day he was always contented, because he had names for all his complaints; the good doctor furnished him with reason for all his pains, and prescriptions for every fancy that troubled him; in hot weather he lived upon juleps, and let blood to prevent fevers; when it grew cloudy he generally apprehended a consumption; to shorten the history of this wretched part of my life, he raised a good constitution by endeavouring to mend it; and took several medicines, which ended in taking the grand remedy, which cured both him and me of all our weaknesses. After his death I did not expect to hear any more of Mr Walford. I knew he had renounced me to all his friends, and been very witty upon my choice, which he affected to talk of with great indifference. I gave over thinking of him, being told that he was engaged with a pretty woman and a great fortune; it vexed me a little, but not enough to make me neglect the advice of my cousin Wakewell, that came to see me the day my lord went into the country with Russell; she told me experimentally, nothing put an unfaithful lover and a dear husband so soon out of one's head as a new one; and, at the same time, proposed to me a kinsman of hers. "You understand enough of the world," said she, "to know money is the most valuable consideration; he is very rich, and I am sure cannot live long; he has a cough that must carry him off soon." I knew afterwards she had given the selfsame character of me to him; but however I was so much persuaded by her, I hastened on the match for fear he should die before the time came; he had the same fears, and was so peculiar, I married him in a fortnight, resolving to keep it private a fortnight longer. During this fortnight Mr Walford came to make me a visit; he told me he had waited on me sooner, but had that respect for me, he would not interrupt me in the first day of my affliction for my dear lord; that, as soon as he heard I was at liberty to make another choice, he had broke off a match very advantageous for his fortune, just upon the point of conclusion, and was forty times more in love with me than ever. I never received more pleasure in my life than from this declaration; but I composed my face to a grave air, and said the news of his engagement had touched me to the heart, that in a rash jealous fit I had married a man I could never have thought on, if I had not lost all hopes of life.

Good-natured Mr Walford had like to have dropped down dead at hearing this, but went from me with such an air as plainly showed me he laid all the blame upon himself, and hated those friends that had advised him to the fatal application; he seemed as much touched by my misfortune as his own, for he had not the least doubt I was still passionately in love with him. The truth of this story is, my new husband gave me reason to repent I had not staid for him; he had married me for my money, and I soon found he loved money to distraction; there was nothing he would not do to get it; nothing he would not suffer to preserve it; the smallest expense kept him awake whole nights; and when he paid a bill, it was with as many sighs, and after as many delays, as a man that endures the loss of a limb. I heard nothing but reproaches for extravagance whatever I did. I saw very well that he would have starved me, but for losing my jointures; and he suffered agonies between the grief of seeing me have so good a stomach, and the fear that, if he made me fast, it might prejudice my health. I did not doubt he would have broke my heart, if I did not break his, which was allowable by the law of self-defence. The way was very easy. I resolved to spend as much money as I could; and before he was aware of the stroke, appeared before him in a two thousand pounds diamond necklace; he said nothing, but went quietly to his chamber, and, as it is thought, composed himself with a dose of opium. I behaved myself so well upon the occasion that to this day I believe he died of an apoplexy. Mr Walford was resolved not to be too late this time, and I heard from him in two days. I am almost out of my wits at this present writing, and very doubtful whether I will marry him or no. I do not think of a seventh for the ridiculous reason you mention, but out of pure morality, that I think so much constancy should be rewarded, though I may not do it after all perhaps. I do not believe all the unreasonable notions of mankind can give a pretence why I should have been constant to the memory of any of the deceased, as have spent much time in grieving for an insolent, insignificant, negligent, extravagant, spiteful, or covetous husband; my first insulted me, my second was nothing to me, my third disgusted me, the fourth would have ruined me, the fifth tormented me, and the sixth would have starved me. If the other ladies you name would thus give to their husbands pictures at length, you would see they have had as little reason as myself to love their boys in weeping and waiting.

Nº 574. FRIDAY, JULY 20, 1714

Now from London to all the world  
A letter in my pocket occupies

From me to you, and from you to me  
I have been waiting with

For you, we wait for you in vain  
1714, JULY 20, 1714

But we wait those that find pleasure  
And a long time of waiting

The only time of happiness  
But in the time of waiting

But what a list of names  
And how they are to be

That he is the greatest of his kind  
The best of his kind

The best of his kind of power  
CRITIC

I was once very much in love with a Modest  
about the great secret. As this kind of love (I  
mean those of them who are not professed cheats) are





On the contrary, religion bears a more tender regard to human nature. It prescribes to every miserable man the means of bettering his condition; nay, it shows him that the bearing of his afflictions as he ought to do will naturally end in the removal of them: it makes him easy here, because it can make him happy hereafter.

Upon the whole, a contented mind is the great end blessing a man can enjoy in this world; and if in the present life his happiness arises from the satisfying of his desires, it will arise in the next from the gratification of them.

ADDENDUM.

Nº 575. MONDAY, AUGUST 2, 1714.

— Decus est etiam locus —

VIRG. Georg. lvi. ver. 236.

No room is left for death.

DEYTER.

A LEWD young fellow seeing an aged hermit go by him barefoot, 'Father,' says he, 'you are in a very miserable condition if there is not another world.'—True, son, said the hermit, 'but what is thy condition if there is?' Man is a creature designed for two different states of being, or rather for two different lives. His first life is short and transient; his second permanent and lasting. The question we are all concerned in is this, in which of those two lives it is our chief interest to make ourselves happy? Or, in other words, whether we should endeavour to secure to ourselves the pleasures and gratifications of a life which is uncertain and precarious, and at its utmost length of a very inconsiderable duration; or to secure to ourselves the pleasures of a life which is fixed and settled, and will never end. Every man, upon the first hearing of this question, knows very well which side of it he ought to close with. But however right we are in theory, it is plain that in practice we adhere to the wrong side of the question. We make provisions for this life as though it were never to have an end, and for the other life as though it were never to have a beginning.

Should a spirit of superior rank, who is a stranger to human nature, accidentally light upon the earth, and take a survey of its inhabitants; what would his notions of us be? Would not he think that we are a species of beings made for quite different ends and purposes than what we really are? Must not he imagine that we were placed to this world to get riches and honours? Would not he think that it was our duty to toil after wealth, and station, and title? Nay, would not he believe we were forbidden poverty by threats of eternal punishment, and rejoined to pursue our pleasures under pain of damnation? He would certainly imagine that we were influenced by a scheme of duties quite opposite to those which are indeed prescribed to us. And truly, according to such an imagination, he must conclude that we are a species of the most obedient creatures in the universe; that we are constant to our duty; and that we keep a steady eye on the end for which we were sent hither.

But how great would be his astonishment when he learned that we were beings not designed to exist in this world above threescore and ten years, and that the greatest part of this busy species fall short even of that age! How would he be lost in horror and admiration, when he should know that

this set of creatures, who lay out all their endeavours for this life, which scarce deserves the name of existence; when, I say, he should know that this set of creatures are to exist to all eternity to another life, for which they make no preparations! Nothing can be a greater disgrace to reason, than that men, who are persuaded of these two different states of being, should be perpetually employed to providing for a life of threescore and ten years, and neglecting to make provision for that which after many myriads of years will be still new, and still beginning; especially when we consider that our endeavours for making ourselves great, or rich, or honourable, or whatever else we place our happiness in, may after all prove unsuccessful; whereas, if we constantly and sincerely endeavour to make ourselves happy in the other life, we are sure that our endeavours will succeed, and that we shall not be disappointed of our hope.

The following question is started by one of the schoolmen. Supposing the whole body of the earth were a great ball or mass of the finest sand, and that a single grain or particle of this sand should be annihilated every thousand years? Supposing then that you had it in your choice to be happy all the while this prodigious mass of sand was consuming by this slow method till there was not a grain of it left, on condition you were to be miserable for ever after? Or, supposing that you might be happy for ever after on condition you would be miserable till the whole mass of sand were thus annihilated at the rate of one sand in a thousand years: which of these two cases would you make your choice?

It must be confessed in this case, so many thousands of years are to the imagination as a kind of eternity, though in reality they do not bear so great a proportion to that duration which is to follow them, as an ant does to the greatest number which you can put together to figure, or as one of those sands to the supposed heap. Reason therefore tells us, without any manner of hesitation, which would be the better part in this choice. However, as I have before intimated, our reason might in such a case be so overruled by the imagination as to dispose some persons to sink under the consideration of the great length of the first part of this duration, and of the great distance of that second duration which is to succeed it. The mind, I say, might give itself up to that happiness which is at hand, considering that it is so very near, and that it would last so very long. But when the choice we actually have before us is this, whether we will choose to be happy for the space of only threescore and ten, nay, perhaps of only twenty or ten years, I might say of only a day or an hour, and miserable to all eternity! Or, on the contrary, miserable for that short term of years, and happy for a whole eternity! what words are sufficient to express that folly and want of consideration which in such a case makes a wrong choice?

I here put the case even at the worst, by supposing, what seldom happens, that a course of virtue makes us miserable in this life; but if we suppose, as it generally happens, that virtue would make us more happy even in this life than a contrary course of vice, how can we sufficiently of value the stupidity or madness of those persons who are capable of making so absurd a choice!

Every wise man therefore will consider it a life only as it may conduce to the happiness of the other, and cheerfully sacrifice the pleasures of a few years to those of an eternity.

ADDITION.

N° 576. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 1, 1711.

A LETTER FROM MR. C. TO MR. D.  
 CONCERNING THE SINGULARITY OF LIFE.

TO MR. D. FROM MR. C.  
 THE SINGULARITY OF LIFE.

I am to begin a young man of very lively parts, and of a sprightly turn in conversation, who had only one fault, which was an inordinate desire of appearing singular. This ran him into many errors, and consequently into many disasters. He never got to bed till two o'clock in the morning, because he would not be a quiet fellow; and was every now and then knocked down by a cold, to moderate his vivacity. He was invited into half a dozen clubs before he was one-and-twenty; and so improved in them his natural gaiety of temper, that you might frequently trace him to his bed-room by a range of broken windows, and other like monuments of wit and gallantry. To be short, after having fully established his reputation of being a very agreeable man, he died of old age at five-and-twenty.

There is a kind of thing which betrays a man into many errors and inconveniences as the desire of not appearing singular: for which reason it is very necessary to form a right idea of singularity, that we may know when it is laudable, and when it is vicious.

In the first place every man of sense will agree with me, that singularity is laudable when, in contradiction to a multitude, it adheres to the dictates of common sense, morality, and honour. In these cases we ought to consider that it is not custom, but duty, which is the rule of action; and that we should be only so far singular, as we are reasonable creatures. Truth is never the less so for not being attended to; and it is the nature of actions, not the number of actors, by which we ought to regulate our behaviour. Singularity in conduct of this kind is to be looked upon as heroic bravery, in which a man leaves the species only as he soars above it. What greater instance can there be of a weak and pusillanimous temper than for a man to pass his whole life in opposition to his own sentiments; or not to dare to be what he thinks he ought to be?

Singularity, therefore, is only vicious when it makes men act contrary to reason, or when it puts them upon distinguishing themselves by trifles. As for the first of these, who are singular in any thing that is irreligious, immoral, or dishonourable, I believe every one will easily give them up. I shall therefore speak of those only who are remarkable for their singularity in things of no importance; as in dress, behaviour, conversation, and all the little intercourses of life. In these cases there is a certain deference due to custom; and, notwithstanding there may be a colour of reason to deviate from the multitude in some particulars, a man ought to sacrifice his private inclinations and opinions to the practice of the public. It must be confessed that good sense often makes an humorist; but then it qualifies him for being of any moment in the world, and renders him ridiculous to persons of a much inferior understanding.

I have heard of a gentleman in the north of England, who was a remarkable instance of this foolish singularity. He had laid it down as a rule

within him self, to act in the most indifferent parts of life according to the most abstracted notions of reason and good sense, without any regard to fashion or example. This humour broke out at first in a very little address: he had never any stated hours for his dinner, supper, or sleep; he never, said he, was ought to attend the calls of nature, and not set our appetites to our meals, but bring our meals to our appetites. In his conversation with country gentlemen he would not make use of a phrase that was not strictly true; he never told any of them that he was his humble servant, but that he was his well-wisher, and would rather be thought a malcontent than drink the King's health when he was not dry. He would thrust his head out of his chamber window every morning, and, after having gaped for fresh air about half an hour, repeat fifty verses as loud as he could hawl them, for the benefit of his lungs; to which end he generally took them out of Homer; the Greek tongue, especially in that author, being more deep and sonorous, and more conducive to expectoration than any other. He had many other particularities, for which he gave sound and philosophical reason. As this humour still grew upon him, he chose to wear a turban instead of a periwig; concluding very justly that a bandage of clean linen about his head was much more wholesome, as well as cleanly, than the curl of a wig which is soiled with frequent perspirations. He afterwards judiciously observed, that the many ligatures in our English dress must naturally check the circulation of the blood; for which reason he made his breeches and his doublet of one continued piece of cloth, after the manner of the Turks. In short, by following the pure dictates of reason, he at length departed so much from the rest of his countrymen, and indeed from his whole species, that his friends would have clapped him into Bedlam, and have begged his estate; but the judge, being informed that he did no harm, contented himself with issuing out a commission of lunacy against him, and putting his estate into the hands of proper guardians.

The fate of this philosopher puts me in mind of a remark in Monsieur Fontenelle's *Dialogues of the Dead*. 'The ambitious and the covetous,' says he, 'are madmen to all intents and purposes as much as those who are shut up in dark rooms; but they have the good luck to have numbers on their side; whereas the frenzy of one who is given up for a lunatic is a phrenzy *hors d'œuvre*; that is, in other words, something which is singular in its kind, and does not fall in with the madness of a multitude.'

The subject of this essay was occasioned by a letter which I received not long since, and which, for want of room at present, I shall insert in my next paper.

AMISON.

N<sup>o</sup> 577. FRIDAY, AUGUST 6, 1714.*Horribile, et non  
Ex fœdere incipias*

JUV. Sat. vi. ver. 613.

This might be borne with, if you did not rave.

Two letters mentioned in my last paper is as follows:

SIR,

You have so lately decr'd that custom, too much in use amongst most people of making themselves the subjects of their writings and conversation, that I had some difficulty to persuade myself to give you this trouble, till I had considered that though I should speak in the first person, yet I could not be justly charged with vanity, since I shall not add my name; so also, because what I shall write, will not, to say the best, redound to my praise; but is only designed to remove a prejudice conceived against me, as I hope with very little foundation. My short history is this.

I have lived for some years last past altogether in London, till about a month ago an acquaintance of mine, for whom I have done some small services in town, invited me to pass part of the summer with him at his house in the country. I accepted his invitation, and found a very hearty welcome. My friend, an honest plain man, not being qualified to pass away his time without the relief of business, has grafted the farmer upon the gentleman, and brought himself to submit even to the servile parts of that employment, such as inspecting his plough, and the like. This necessarily takes up some of his hours every day; and, as I have no relish for such diversions, I used at those times to retire either to my chamber, or a shady walk near the house, and entertain myself with some agreeable author. Now, you must know, Mr Spectator, that when I read, especially if it be poetry, it is very usual with me, when I meet with any passage or expression which strikes me much, to pronounce it aloud, with that tone of the voice which I think agreeable to the sentiments there expressed; and to this I generally add some motion or action of the body. It was not long before I was observed by some of the family in one of these heroic fits, who thereupon received impressions very much to my disadvantage. This however I did not soon discover, nor should have done probably, had it not been for the following accident. I had one day shut myself up in my chamber, and was very deeply engaged in the second book of Milton's *Paradise Lost*. I walked to and fro with the book in my hand; and, to speak the truth, I fear I made no little noise when, presently coming to the following lines:

"——— On a sudden open fly,  
With impetuous swell and jarring sound,  
The inward door, and on their hinges give  
Hark thence, &c."

I in great transport threw open the door of my chamber, and found the greatest part of the family standing on the outside in a very great consternation. I was in no less confusion, and begged pardon for having disturbed them addressing myself particularly to comfort one of the children who received an unlucky fall to the action, while he was so lately engaged in meditation, through

the key-hole. To be short, after this adventure I easily observed that great part of the family, especially the women and children, looked upon me with some apprehensions of fear; and my friend himself, though he still continues his civilities to me, did not seem altogether easy: I took notice that the butler was never after this accident or doted to leave the bottle upon the table after dinner. Add to this, that I frequently overheard the servants mention me by the name of "the crazed gentleman, the gentleman a little touched, the mad Londoner, and the like. This made me think it high time for me to shift my quarters, which I resolved to do the first handsome opportunity; and was confirmed in this resolution by a young lady in the neighbourhood who frequently visited us, and who one day, after having heard all the fine things I was able to say, was pleased with a scornful smile to bid me "go to sleep."

The first minute I got to my lodgings to town I set pen to paper to desire your opinion, whether, upon the evidence before you, I am mad or not. I can bring certificates that I behave myself soberly before company, and I hope there is at least some merit in withdrawing to be mad. Look you, sir, I am contented to be esteemed a little touched, as the phrase is, but should be sorry to be madder than my neighbours; therefore, pray let me be as much in my senses as you can afford. I know I could bring yourself an instance of a man who has confessed talking to himself; but yours is a particular case and cannot justify me, who have not kept silence any part of my life. What if I should own myself in love? You know lovers are always allowed the comfort of soliloquy. But I will say no more upon this subject, because I have long since observed the ready way to be thought mad is to contend that you are not so; as we generally conclude that man drunk who takes pains to be thought sober. I will therefore leave myself to your determination; but am the more desirous to be thought in my senses, that it may be no discredit to you when I assure you that I have always been very much

Your admirer

P. S. If I must be mad, I desire the young Lady may believe it is for her

*The humble Petition of John a Nokes and John a Styles,*

Sheweth,

THAT your petitioners have had names registered in Westminster-hall above two hundred years, and that we despair of ever seeing them brought to an issue; that your petitioners have not been involved in these lawsuits out of any wilful temper of their own, but by the instigation of contentious persons; that the young lawyers in our law of court are continually setting us together by the ears, and in all they do us no hurt, because they plead for us without a fee; that many of the gentlemen of the robe have no other clients in the world besides us; that when they have nothing else to do they make us plaintiffs and defendants, though they were never retained by any of us; that they threaten, threaten, or acquit us, without any regard to our reputations and great names in the world. Your petitioners therefore, being therein encouraged by the favourable reception which you lately gave to our humble Petition, do humbly pray that you will put us on to the continuance which have been so long depending between us your said petitioners, and that our equity may be

endure from generation to generation; it being our resolution to live hereafter as it becometh men of peaceable dispositions.

And your petitioners, as in duty bound, shall ever pray, &c. \* \* \*

N<sup>o</sup> 578. MONDAY, AUGUST 9, 1714.

— *Eque feris humana in corpora transit,  
Inque seras noster* —

OVID. Met. l. xv. ver. 167.

— Th' unbodied spirit flies  
And lodges where it lights in man or beast.  
DRYDEN.

THERE has been very great reason, on several accounts, for the learned world to endeavour at settling what it was that might be said to compose personal identity.

Mr. Locke, after having premised that the word person properly signifies a thinking intelligent being that has reason and reflection, and can consider itself as itself, concludes, that it is consciousness alone, and not an identity of substance, which makes this personal identity of sameness. 'Had I the same consciousness,' says that author, 'that I saw the ark and Noah's flood, as that I saw an overflowing of the Thames last winter; or as that I now write; I could no more doubt that I who write this now, that saw the Thames overflow last winter, and that viewed the flood at the general deluge, was the same self, place that self in what substance you please, than that I who write this am the same myself now while I write, whether I consist of all the same substance, material or immaterial, or no, that I was yesterday; for as to this point of being the same self, it matters not whether this present self be made up of the same or other substances.'

I was mightily pleased with a story in some measure applicable to this piece of philosophy, which I read the other day in the Persian Tales, as they are lately very well translated by Mr. Philips; and with an abridgment whereof I shall here present my readers.

I shall only premise that these stories are writ after the eastern manner, but somewhat more correct.

Fadlallah, a prince of great virtue, succeeded his father Bin Ortoe, in the kingdom of Mousel. He reigned over his faithful subjects for some time, and lived in great happiness with his beauteous consort Queen Zemroude, when there appeared at his court a young dervis of so lively and entertaining a turn of wit, as won upon the affections of every one he conversed with. His reputation grew so fast every day, that it at last raised a curiosity in the prince himself to see and talk with him. He did so; and, far from finding that common fame had flattered him, he was soon convinced that every thing he had heard of him fell short of the truth.

Fadlallah immediately lost all manner of relish for the conversation of other men; and, as he was every day more and more satisfied of the abilities of this stranger, offered him the first posts in his kingdom. The young dervis, after having thanked him with a very singular modesty, desired to be excused, as having made a vow never to accept of any employment, and preferring a free and independent state of life to all other conditions.

The king was infinitely charmed with so great an example of moderation; and though he could

not get him to engage in a life of business, made him however his chief companion and first favourite.

As they were one day hunting together, and happened to be separated from the rest of the company, the dervis entertained Fadlallah with an account of his travels and adventures. After having related to him several curiosities which he had seen in the Indies, "It was in this place," says he, "that I contracted an acquaintance with an old brachman, who was skilled in the most hidden powers of nature: he died within my arms, and with his parting breath communicated to me one of the most valuable of his secrets, on condition I should never reveal it to any man." The king immediately, reflecting on his young favourite's having refused the late offers of greatness he had made him, told him he presumed it was the power of making gold. "No, sir," says the dervis, "it is somewhat more wonderful than that; it is the power of reanimating a dead body, by flinging my own soul into it."

While he was yet speaking, a doe came bounding by them, and the king, who had his bow ready, shot her through the heart; telling the dervis, that a fair opportunity now offered for him to show his art. The young man immediately left his own body breathless on the ground, while at the same instant that of the doe was reanimated. She came to the king, fawned upon him, and, after having played several wanton tricks, fell again upon the grass; at the same instant the body of the dervis recovered its life. The king was infinitely pleased at so uncommon an operation, and conjured his friend by every thing that was sacred to communicate it to him. The dervis at first made some scruple of violating his promise to the dying brachman; but told him at last that he found he could conceal nothing from so excellent a prince; after having obliged him therefore by an oath to secrecy, he taught him to repeat two cabalistic words, in pronouncing of which the whole secret consisted. The king, impatient to try the experiment, immediately repeated them as he had been taught, and in an instant found himself in the body of the doe. He had but a little time to contemplate himself in this new being; for the treacherous dervis, shooting his own soul into the royal corpse, and bending the prince's own bow against him, had laid him dead on the spot, had not the king, who perceived his intent, fled swiftly to the woods.

The dervis, now triumphant in his villany, returned to Mousel, and filled the throne and bed of the unhappy Fadlallah.

The first thing he took care of, in order to secure himself in the possession of his new-acquired kingdom, was to issue out a proclamation, ordering his subjects to destroy all the deer in the realm. The king had perished among the rest, had he not avoided his pursuers by reanimating the body of a nightingale which he saw lie dead at the foot of a tree. In this new shape he winged his way in safety to the palace: where, perching on a tree which stood near the queen's apartment, he filled the whole place with so many melodious and melancholy notes as drew her to the window. He had the mortification to see that, instead of being pitied, he only moved the mirth of his princess, and of a young female slave who was with her. He continued however to serenade her every morning, till at last the queen, charmed with his harmony, sent for the bird-catchers, and ordered them to employ their utmost skill to put that little creature in her possession. The king, pleased with an

opportunity of being once more near his beloved consort, easily suffered himself to be taken; and when he was presented to her, though he showed a fearfulness to be touched by any of the other ladies, flew of his own accord, and hid himself in the queen's bosom. Zennonde was highly pleased at the unexpected fondness of her new favourite, and ordered him to be kept in an open cage in her own apartment. He had there an opportunity of making his court to her every morning, by a thousand little actions, which his shape allowed him. The queen passed away whole hours every day in hearing and playing with him. Fadlallah could even have thought himself happy in this state of life, had he not frequently endured the inexpressible torment of seeing the dervish enter the apartment and caress his queen even in his presence.

The usurper, amidst his toying with the prince, would often endeavour to ingratiate himself with her night-gale; and while the enraged Fadlallah pecked at him with his bill, beat his wings, and showed all the marks of an impatient rage, it only afforded his rival and the queen new matter for their diversion.

Zennonde was likewise fond of a little lap-dog, which she kept in her apartment, and which one night happened to die.

The king immediately found himself inclined to quit the shape of the night-gale, and to enter this new body. He did so, and the next morning Zennonde saw her favourite bird lie dead in the cage. It is impossible to express her grief on this occasion; and when she called to mind all its little actions, which even appeared to have somewhat in them like reason, she was inconsolable for her loss.

Her women immediately sent for the dervish to come and comfort her; who, after having in vain represented to her the weakness of being grieved at such an accident, touched at last by her repeated complaints, "Well, madam," says he, "I will exert the utmost of my art to please you. Your night-gale shall again revive every morning, and be made you as before." The queen beheld him with a look which easily showed she did not believe him; when, laying himself down in a sofa, he shot his soul into the night-gale, and Zennonde was amazed to see her bird revive.

The king, who was a spectator of all that passed, lying under the shape of a lap-dog in one corner of the room, immediately recovered his own body, and, running to the cage with the utmost indignation, twisted off the neck of the false night-gale.

Zennonde was more than ever amazed and concerned at this second accident, until the king entreating her to hear him, related to her his whole adventure.

The body of the dervish which was found dead in the wood, and his edict for killing all the deer, left her no room to doubt of the truth of it; but the story adds, that out of an extreme delicacy, peculiar to the oriental ladies, she was so highly afflicted at the innocent adultery in which she had for some time lived with the dervish, that no arguments, even from Fadlallah himself, could compose her mind. She shortly after died with grief, being galled in her garden with her first breath for what the most rigid justice could not have interpreted a crime.

The king was so affected with her death that he left his kingdom to one of his nearest relations, and passed the rest of his days in meditation and retirement.

Nº 510 WFDNESDAY, AUGUST 11, 1714.

Odore curam vix.

VIRG. Ecl. iv. ver. 132.

Sagacious boards:

In the reign of King Charles the First the company of Stationers, into whose hands the printing of the Bible is committed by patent, made a very remarkable error, or blunder, in one of their editions; for, instead of 'Thou shalt not commit adultery,' they printed off several thousands of copies with 'Thou shalt commit adultery.' Archbishop Laud, to punish this their negligence, laid a considerable fine upon that company in the star-chamber.

In this degenerate age, I am afraid that very many young prodigals of both sexes are possessed of this spurious edition of the Bible, and observe the commandment according to that faulty reading.

Adulterers in the first ages of the church were excommunicated for ever, and unqualified all their lives from bearing a part in Christian assemblies, notwithstanding they might seek it with tears, and all the appearances of the most unfeigned repentance.

I might here mention some ancient laws among the heathens, which punished this crime with death; and others of the same kind, which are now in force among several governments that have embraced the reformed religion. But, because a subject of this nature may be too serious for my ordinary readers, who are very apt to throw by my papers when they are not enlivened with something that is diverting or uncommon, I shall here publish the contents of a little manuscript lately fallen into my hands, and which pretends to great antiquity; though, by reason of some modern phrases and other particulars in it, I can by no means allow it to be genuine, but rather the production of a modern impostor.

It is well known by the learned, that there was a temple upon mount Aana dedicated to Vulcan, which was guarded by dogs of so exquisite a smell, say the historians, that they could discern whether the persons who came thither were chaste or otherwise. They used to meet and snuff upon such as were chaste, regarding them as the friends of their master Vulcan; but flew at those who were polluted, and never ceased barking at them till they had driven them from the temple.

My manuscript gives the following account of these dogs, and was probably designed as a comment upon this story.

These dogs were given to Vulcan by his sister Diana, the goddess of hunting and of chastity, having bred them out of some of her hounds, in which she had observed this natural instinct and sagacity. It was thought she did it in spite to Venus, who upon her return home, always found her by hand in a good art had become, according to the report which she met with from his dogs. They lived in the temple several years, but were such a nuisance that they frightened away most of the votaries. The women of Italy made a solemn deputation to the priest, by which they acquainted him, that they would not come up to the temple with their usual offerings, unless he would let his mastiffs, not at last compromised the matter with him, that the offering should always be brought by a chorus of young girls who were none of them above seven years old. It was wonderful how the goddess, so

see how different the treatment was which the dogs gave to these little misses, from that which they had shown to their mothers. It is said that the prince of Syracuse, having married a young lady, and being naturally of a jealous temper, made such an interest with the priests of this temple, that he procured a whelp from them of this famous breed. The young puppy was very troublesome to the fair lady at first, insomuch that she solicited her husband to send him away; but the good man cut her short with the old Sicilian proverb, "Love me, love my dog." From which time she lived very peaceably with both of them. The ladies of Syracuse were very much annoyed with him, and several of very good reputation refused to come to court till he was discarded. There were indeed some of them that defied his sagacity; but it was observed, though he did not actually bite them, he would growl at them most confoundedly. To return to the dogs of the temple; after they had lived here in great repute for several years, it so happened, that no one of the priests, who had been making a charitable visit to a widow who lived on the promontory of Lilybæum, returned home pretty late in the evening, the dogs flew at him with so much fury, that they would have worried him if his brethren had not come in to his assistance; upon which, says my author, the dogs were all of them hanged, as having lost their original instinct.

I cannot conclude this paper without wishing that we had some of this breed of dogs in Great Britain, which would certainly do justice, I should say honour, to the ladies of our country, and show the world the difference between pagan women and those who are instructed in sounder principles of virtue and religion.

ADDISON.

Nº 580. FRIDAY, AUGUST 13, 1714.

— *Si verbo audacia detur,  
Non mituum magni dixisse palatia cæli.*  
OVID. Met. l. i. ver. 175.

This place, the brightest mansion of the sky,  
I'll call the palace of the Deity.  
DRYDEN.

'SIR,

'I CONSIDERED in my two last letters \* that awful and tremendous subject, the ubiquity or omnipresence of the Divine Being. I have shown that he is equally present in all places throughout the whole extent of infinite space. This doctrine is so agreeable to reason, that we meet with it in the writings of the enlightened heathens, as I might show at large, were it not already done by other hands. But though the Deity be thus essentially present through all the immensity of space, there is one part of it in which he discovers himself in a most transcendent and visible glory; this is that place which is marked out in scripture under the different appellations of "paradise, the third heaven, the throne of God, and the habitation of his glory." It is here where the glorified body of our Saviour resides, and where all the celestial hierarchies, and the innumerable hosts of angels, are represented as perpetually surrounding the seat of God with hallelujahs and hymns of praise. This is that presence of God which some of the divines call his glorious, and others his majestic presence. He is indeed as essentially present in all other places as in this;

but it is here where he resides in a sensible magnificence, and in the midst of all those splendours which can affect the imagination of created beings.

'It is very remarkable that this opinion of God Almighty's presence in heaven, whether discovered by the light of nature, or by a general tradition from our first parents, prevails among all the nations of the world, whatsoever different notions they entertain of the Godhead. If you look into Homer, the most ancient of the Greek writers, you see the supreme power seated in the heavens, and encompassed with inferior deities, among whom the Muses are represented as singing incessantly about his throne. Who does not here see the main strokes and outlines of this great truth we are speaking of? The same doctrine is shadowed out in many other heathen authors, though not the same time, like several other revealed truths, dashed and adulterated with a mixture of fables and human inventions. But to pass over the notions of the Greeks and Romans, those more enlightened parts of the pagan world, we find there is scarce a people among the late-discovered nations who are not trained up in an opinion that heaven is the habitation of the divinity whom they worship.

'As in Solomon's temple there was the *Sanctum Sanctorum*, in which a visible glory appeared among the figures of the cherubims, and into which none but the high-priest himself was permitted to enter, after having made an atonement for the sins of the people; so if we consider the whole creation as one great temple, there is in it this Holy of Holies, into which the High-priest of our salvation entered, and took his place among angels and arch-angels, after having made a propitiation for the sins of mankind.

'With how much skill must the throne of God be erected! with what glorious designs is that habitation beautified, which is contrived and built by him who inspired Hiram with wisdom! how great must be the majesty of that place, where the whole art of creation has been employed, and where God has chosen to show himself in the most magnificent manner; what must be the architecture of infinite power under the direction of infinite wisdom? A spirit cannot but be transported after an ineffable manner with the sight of those objects, which were made to affect him by that Being who knows the inward frame of a soul, and how to please and ravish it in all its most secret powers and faculties. It is to this majestic presence of God we may apply those beautiful expressions in holy writ: "Behold even to the moon, and it shineth not; yea the stars are not pure in his sight." The light of the sun, and all the glories of the world in which we live, are but as weak and sickly glimmerings, or rather darkness itself, in comparison of those splendours which encompass the throne of God.

'As the glory of this place is transcendent beyond imagination, so probably is the extent of it. There is light behind light, and glory within glory. How far that space may reach, in which God thus appears in perfect majesty, we cannot possibly conceive. Though it is not infinite, it may be indefinite: and, though not immeasurable in itself, it may be so with regard to any created eye or imagination. If he has made these lower regions of matter so inconceivably wide and magnificent for the habitation of mortal and perishable beings, how great may we suppose the courts of his house to be, where he makes his residence in a more especial manner, and displays himself in the fulness of his glory among an innumerable

\* See also Nos. 565, 571, 590, and 622.

company of angels and spirits of just men made perfect?

"This is certain, that our imaginations cannot be raised too high when we think on a place where omnipotence and omniscience have so signally exerted themselves, because that they are able to produce a scene infinitely more great and glorious than what we are able to imagine. It is not impossible but at the consummation of all things these outward apartments of nature which are now suited to those beings who inhabit them, may be taken in and added to that glorious place of which I am here speaking, and by that means made a proper habitation for beings who are exempt from mortality, and cleared of their imperfections: for so the scripture seems to intimate when it speaks of "new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness."

"I have only considered this glorious place with regard to the sight and imagination, though it is highly probable that our other senses may here likewise enjoy their highest gratifications. There is nothing which more ravishes and transports the soul than harmony; and we have great reason to believe, from the descriptions of this place in holy scripture, that this is one of the entertainments of it. And if the soul of man can be so wonderfully affected with those strains of music which human art is capable of producing, how much more will it be raised and elevated by those in which is exerted the whole power of harmony! The senses are faculties of the human soul, though they cannot be employed, during this our vital union, without proper instruments to the body. Why therefore should we exclude the intellectual of these faculties, which we find by experience are inlets of great pleasure to the soul, from among those entertainments which are to make up our happiness hereafter? Why should we suppose that our hearing and seeing will not be gratified with those objects which are most agreeable to them, and which they cannot meet with in these lower regions of nature? "Objects, which neither eye hath seen, nor ear heard, nor can it enter into the heart of man to conceive!" "I know a man in Christ" (says St. Paul, speaking of himself) "above fourteen years ago (whether in the body, I cannot tell; or whether out of the body, I cannot tell; (God knoweth), such an one caught up in the third heaven. And I knew such a man (whether in the body or out of the body, I cannot tell; (God knoweth) how that he was caught up into Paradise, and heard unspeakable words, which it is not possible for a man to utter." It is here meant that what he heard was so infinitely different from any thing which he had heard in this world, that it was impossible to express it in such words as might convey a notion of it to his hearers.

"It is very natural for us to take delight in inquiring concerning any foreign country, where we are some time or other to make our abode; and as we all hope to be admitted into this glorious place. It is both a laudable and useful curiosity, to get what information we can of it, whilst we make use of revelation for our guide. When these events are drawing nigh, we may be sure that the pleasures and beauties of this place will fully transpire and our present fears and expectations; and that the glorious appearance of the throne of God will rise before us, beyond whatever we are able to conceive of it. We will here not stand more long with many other spectators on this subject, from the several hints which we find of it in the holy scriptures; but, whether there may not

be different mansions and apartments of glory to beings of different natures; whether, as they excel one another in perfection, they are not admitted nearer to the throne of the Almighty, and enjoy greater manifestations of his presence; whether there are not solemn times and occasions, when all the multitude of heaven celebrate the presence of their Maker in more extraordinary forms of praise and adoration; as Adam, though he had continued in a state of innocence, would, in the opinion of our divines, have kept holy the sabbath-day in a more particular manner than any other of the series. These, and the like speculations, we may very innocently indulge, so long as we make use of them to inspire us with a desire of becoming inhabitants of this delightful place.

"I have in this, and in two foregoing letters, treated on the most serious subject that can employ the mind of man, the omnipresence of the Deity; a subject which, if possible, should never depart from our meditations. We have considered the Divine Being, as he inhabits solitude, as he dwells among his works, as he is present to the mind of man, and as he discovers himself in a more glorious manner among the regions of the blest. Such a consideration should be kept awake in us at all times, and in all places, and powers our mind with a perpetual awe and reverence. It should be interwoven with all our thoughts and perceptions, and become one with the consciousness of our own being. It is not to be reflected on in the coldness of philosophy, but ought to sink us into the lowest prostration before him, who is so astonishingly great, wonderful, and holy."

#### ADDISON

N° 381 MONDAY, AUGUST 16, 1714

*Sunt bene, sunt quidem, sunt acriter, sunt multa plura  
Quæ fides*—

MART Ep. 17. L. 1

*Some good, some bad, some neither one nor t'other*

I am at present sitting with a heap of letters before me, which I have received under the character of Spectator. I have compliments from lovers, subscribers from projectors, scandal from ladies, congratulations, compliments, and advice, in abundance.

I have not been thus long an author, to be sensible of the natural foibles every person must have for their own productions; and I begin to think I have treated my correspondents a little too uncivilly in stringing them all together on a list, and letting them lie so long unregarded. I shall therefore, for the future, think myself at least oblig'd to take some notice of such letters as I receive, and may possibly do it at the end of every month.

In the meantime, I intend my present paper as a short answer to most of those which have been already sent me.

The public, however, is not to expect I should let them into all my secrets, and though I appear a stranger to some people, it is not that I have not been by my particular correspondents.

We will number your faith is very good, but not quite so good as to appear in print.

PS. Life will not be a little time, one day's query is by a word by a line, which is now in the press.

It was very improper at that time to comply with Mr. G.

Miss Kitty must excuse me.

The gentleman who sent me a copy of verses on his mistress's dancing is, I believe, too thoroughly in love to compose correctly.

I have too great a respect for both the universities to praise one at the expense of the other.

Tom Nimble is a very honest fellow, and I desire him to present my humble service to his cousin Fill Bumper.

I am obliged for the letter upon prejudice.

I may in due time inadvertent on the case of Grace Grumble.

The petition of P. S. granted.

That of Sarah Loveit refused.

The papers of A. S. are returned.

I thank Aristippus for his kind invitation.

My friend at Woodstock is a bold man, to undertake for all within ten miles of him.

I am afraid the entertainment of Tom Turn-over will hardly be relished by the good cities of London and Westminster.

I must consider further of it, before I indulge W. F. in those freedoms he takes with the ladies' stockings.

I am obliged to the ingenious gentleman who sent me an ode on the subject of the late Spectator, and shall take particular notice of his last letter.

When the lady who wrote me a letter, dated July the 20th, in relation to some passages in a lover, will be more particular in her directions, I shall be so in my answer.

The poor gentleman, who fancies my writings could reclaim an husband who can abuse such a wife as he describes, has, I am afraid, too great an opinion of my skill.

Philanthropos is, I dare say, a very well-meaning man, but a little too prolix in his compositions.

Constantius himself must be the best judge in the affair he mentions.

The letter dated from Lincoln is received.

Arethusa and her friend may hear further from me.

Celia is a little too hasty.

Harriet is a good girl, but must not courtesy to folks she does not know.

I must ingenuously confess my friend Samson Bentstaff has quite puzzled me, and writ me a long letter which I cannot comprehend one word of.

Collidan must also explain what he means by his 'drigelling.'

I think it beneath my spectatorial dignity to concern myself in the affair of the boiled dumpling.

I shall consult some literati on the project sent me for the discovery of the longitude.

I know not how to conclude this paper better, than by inserting a couple of letters which are really genuine, and which I look upon to be two of the smartest pieces I have received from my correspondents of either sex.

'BROTHER SPEC,

'WHILE you are surveying every object that falls in your way, I am wholly taken up with one. Had that sage, who demanded what beauty was, lived to see the dear angel I love, he would not have asked such a question. Had another seen her, he would himself have loved the person in whom heaven has made virtue visible; and, were you yourself to be in her company, you could never, with all your loquacity, say enough of her good-

humour and sense. I send you the outlines of a picture, which I can no more finish than I can sufficiently admire the dear original.

'I am

'Your most affectionate brother,  
'CONSTANTIO SPEC.'

'GOOD MR. PERT,

'I WILL allow you nothing till you resolve me the following question. Pray what is the reason that, while you only talk now upon Wednesdays, Fridays, and Mondays, you pretend to be a greater talker than when you spoke every day, as you formerly used to do? If this be your plunging out of your taciturnity, pray let the length of your speeches compensate for the scarceness of them.

'I am, good Mr. Pert,

'Your admirer,

'If you will be long enough for me,  
'AMANDA LOVELENGTH.'

Nº 582. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 18, 1714.

— Tenet insanabile multos  
Escribendi cacoethes —

JUV. Sat. vil. ver. 51.

The curse of writing is an endless itch.

CH. DRYDEN.

THERE is a certain distemper which is mentioned neither by Galen nor Hippocrates, nor to be met with in the London Dispensatory. Juvenal, in the motto of my paper, terms it a Cacoethes; which is a hard word for a disease called in plain English 'The itch of writing.' This cacoethes is as epidemic as the small-pox, there being very few who are not seized with it some time or other in their lives. There is however this difference in these two distempers, that the first, after having indisposed you for a time, never returns again; whereas this I am speaking of, when it is once got into the blood, seldom comes out of it. The British nation is very much afflicted with this malady; and, though very many remedies have been applied to persons infected with it, few of them have ever proved successful. Some have been cauterized with satires and lampoons, but have received little or no benefit from them; others have had their heads fastened for an hour together between the cleft board\*, which is made use of as a cure for the disease when it appears in its greatest malignity. There is indeed one kind of this malady which has been sometimes removed, like the biting of a tarantula, with the sound of a musical instrument, which is commonly known by the name of a cat-call. But if you have a patient of this kind under your care, you may assure yourself there is no other way of recovering him effectually, but by forbidding him the use of pen, ink, and paper.

But, to drop the allegory before I have tired it out, there is no species of scribblers more offensive, and more incurable, than your periodical writers, whose works return upon the public on certain days and at stated times. We have not the consolation in the perusal of these authors which we find at the reading of all others, namely, that we are sure if we have but patience we may come to the end of their labours. I have often admired an humorous saying of Diogenes, who, reading a dull author to several of his friends, when every one began to be

\* That is, put in the pillory.



thred, finding he was almost come to a blank leaf at the end of it, cried, 'Courage, lads, I see land.' On the contrary, our progress through that kind of writers I am now speaking of is never at an end. One day makes work for another—we do not know when to promise ourselves rest.

It is a melancholy thing to consider that the art of printing, which might be the greatest blessing to mankind, should prove detrimental to us, and that it should be made use of to scatter prejudice and ignorance through a people, instead of conveying to them truth and knowledge.

I was lately reading a very whimsical treatise, entitled William Ramsay's Vindication of Astrology. This profound author, among many mystical passages, has the following one: 'The absence of the sun is not the cause of night, so much as his light is so great that it may illuminate the earth all over at once as clear as broad day; but there are tenebrious and dark stars, by whose influence night is brought on, and which do ray out darkness and obscurity upon the earth as the sun does light.'

I consider writers in the same view this astrologer does the heavenly bodies. Some of them are stars that scatter light as others do darkness. I could mention several authors who are tenebrious comets of the first magnitude, and point out a knot of gentlemen who have been dull in concert, and may be looked upon as a dark constellation. The nation has been a great while brightened with several of these antiluminaries. I directed them to ray out their darkness as long as I was able to endure it, till at length I came to a resolution of rising upon them, and hope in a little time to drive them quite out of the British hemisphere.

#### APPENDIX.

#### Nº 533. FRIDAY, AUGUST 20, 1714.

*Ipsa thymum pinguis ferax de montibus altis  
Tecta utat talia circum, solida curat  
Ipsa labore mentis dura et ardua parat  
Ipsa humo plantat, et amara erigit herba.*

VILG. Georg. iv. ver. 112.

With his own hand the guardian of the bees  
For his pe of plants may watch the mountain trees;  
And with wild thyme and savory plant the plain,  
Till his hard horny ting to ache with pain;  
And deck with fruitful trees the field around,  
And with refreshing waters drench the ground.

D. J. D. L. N.

EVERY station of life has duties which are proper to it. Those who are determined by chance to any particular kind of business are indeed more happy than those who are determined by necessity; but both are under an equal obligation of fixing on employments, which may be either useful to themselves or beneficial to others; no one of the sons of Adam ought to think himself exempt from that labour and sedustry which were decreed to our first parent, and is him to all his posterity. Those, to whom birth or fortune may seem to make such an application unnecessary, ought to find out some calling, or profession for themselves, that they may not lie as a burd on the species, and be the only useless parts of the creation.

Many of our country gentlemen in their boy years apply themselves wholly to the chase, or to some other diversion which they find in the fields and woods. This gave even to one of our most eminent poets writers to represent every one of them as lying under a kind of extreme procreancy

to them in the words of Goliath, 'I will give thee to the fowls of the air, and to the beasts of the field.'

Though exercises of this kind, when indulged with moderation, may have a good influence both on the mind and body, the country affords many other amusements of a more noble kind.

Among these I know none more delightful to itself, and beneficial to the public, than that of planting. I could mention a nobleman whose fortune has placed him in several parts of England, and who has always left these visible marks behind him, which show he has been there; he never hired a house in his life, without leaving all about it the seeds of wealth, and bestowing legacies on the posterity of the owner. Had all the gentlemen of England made the same improvements upon their estates, our whole country would have been at this time as one great garden. Nor ought such an employment to be looked upon as too ignominious for men of the highest rank. There have been heroes in this art, as well as in others. We are told in particular of Cyrus the Great, that he planted all the Lesser Asia. There is indeed something truly magnificent in this kind of amusement: it gives a nobler air to several parts of nature; it fills the earth with a variety of beautiful scenes, and has something in it like creation. For this reason the pleasure of one who plants is something like that of a poet, who, as Aristotle observes, is more delighted with his productions than any other a writer or artist whatsoever.

Plantations have one advantage in them which is not to be found in most other works, as they give a pleasure of a more lasting date, and continually improve to the eye of the planter. When you have finished a building, or any other undertaking of the like nature, it immediately decays upon your hands; you see it brought to its utmost point of perfection, and from that time hastening to its ruin. On the contrary, when you have finished your plantations, they are still arriving at greater degrees of perfection as long as you live, and appear more delightful in every succeeding year than they did in the foregoing.

But I do not only recommend this art to men of estates as a pleasing amusement, but as it is a kind of virtuous employment, and may therefore be calculated by moral motives; particularly from the love which we ought to have for our country, and the regard which we ought to bear to our posterity. As for the first, I need not mention what is frequently observed by others that the increase of forests does by no means bear a proportion to the destruction of them, insomuch that in a few ages the nation may be at a loss to supply itself with timber sufficient for the fleets of England. I know when a man talks of posterity in matters of this nature he is looked upon with an eye of ridicule by the cunning and selfish part of mankind. Good people are of the humour of an old fellow of a college, who, when he was pressed by the society to come into something that might redress the ruin of their successors, grew very peevish: 'We are always doing, says he, something for posterity, but I would fain see posterity do something for us.'

But I think men are unreasonable, who fast in a duty of this nature, since it is so easily discharged. When a man considers that the putting a few trees into the ground is doing good to men who will make his appearance in the world about fifty years hence, or that he is perhaps making one of his own descendants cast as such, by his inconsiderate expence if he does himself agree to it, he will

conclude that he has a poor and base heart, void of all generous principles and love to mankind.

There is one consideration which may very much enforce what I have here said. Many honest minds, that are naturally disposed to do good in the world, and become beneficial to mankind, complain within themselves that they have not talents for it. This therefore is a good office, which is suited to the meanest capacities, and which may be performed by multitudes, who have not abilities sufficient to deserve well of their country, and to recommend themselves to their posterity, by any other method. It is the phrase of a friend of mine, when any useful country neighbour dies, that 'you may trace him;' which I look upon as a good funeral oration at the death of an honest husbandman, who hath left the impressions of his industry behind him in the place where he has lived.

Upon the foregoing considerations, I can scarce forbear representing the subject of this paper as a kind of moral virtue; which, as I have already shown, recommends itself likewise by the pleasure that attends it. It must be confessed that this is none of those turbulent pleasures which is apt to gratify a man in the heats of youth; but, if it be not so tumultuous, it is more lasting. Nothing can be more delightful than to entertain ourselves with prospects of our own making, and to walk under those shades which our own industry has raised. Amusements of this nature compose the mind, and lay at rest all those passions which are uneasy to the soul of man, besides that they naturally engender good thoughts, and dispose us to laudable contemplations. Many of the old philosophers passed away the greatest parts of their lives among their gardens. Epicurus himself could not think sensual pleasure attainable in any other scene. Every reader, who is acquainted with Homer, Virgil, and Horace, the greatest geniuses of all antiquity, knows very well with how much rapture they have spoken on this subject; and that Virgil in particular has written a whole book on the art of planting.

This art seems to have been more especially adapted to the nature of man in his primeval state, when he had life enough to see his productions flourish in their utmost beauty, and gradually decay with him. One who lived before the flood might have seen a wood of the tallest oaks in the æorn. But I only mention this particular, in order to introduce, in my next paper, a history which I have found among the accounts of China, and which may be looked upon as an antediluvian novel.

ADDISON.

Nº 554. MONDAY, AUGUST 23, 1714.

*Hic gelidi fontes, hic mollia prata, Lycori,  
Hic nemus, hic toto tecum consuever ævo.*  
VIRG. Ecl. x. ver. 42.

Come see what pleasures in our plains abound;  
The woods, the fountains, and the flow'ry ground:  
Here I could live, and love, and die, with only you.  
DRYDEN.

HILPA was one of the hundred and fifty daughters of Zilpah, of the race of Cohu, by whom some of the learned think is meant Cain. She was exceedingly beautiful; and, when she was but a girl of threescore and ten years of age, received the addresses of several who made love to her. Among these were two brothers, Harpath and Shalum. Harpath, being the first-born, was master of that

fruitful region which lies at the foot of mount Tirzah, in the southern parts of China. Shalum (which is to say the planter, in the Chinese language) possessed all the neighbouring hills, and that great range of mountains which goes under the name of Tirzah. Harpath was of a haughty contemptuous spirit; Shalum was of a gentle disposition, beloved both by God and man.

It is said that, among the antediluvian women, the daughters of Cohu had their minds wholly set upon riches; for which reason the beautiful Hilpa preferred Harpath to Shalum, because of his numerous flocks and herds, that covered all the low country which runs along the foot of mount Tirzah, and is watered by several fountains and streams breaking out of the sides of that mountain.

Harpath made so quick a dispatch of his courtship, that he married Hilpa in the hundredth year of her age; and, being of an insolent temper, laughed to scorn his brother Shalum for having pretended to the beautiful Hilpa, when he was master of nothing but a long chain of rocks and mountains. This so much provoked Shalum, that he is said to have cursed his brother in the bitterness of his heart, and to have prayed that one of his mountains might fall upon his head if ever he came within the shadow of it.

From this time forward Harpath would never venture out of the vallies, but came to an untimely end in the two hundred and fiftieth year of his age, being drowned in a river as he attempted to cross it. This river is called to this day, from his name who perished in it, the river Harpath; and, what is very remarkable, issues out of one of those mountains which Shalum wished might fall upon his brother, when he cursed him in the bitterness of his heart.

Hilpa was in the hundred and sixtieth year of her age at the death of her husband, having brought him but fifty children before he was snatched away, as has been already related. Many of the antediluvians made love to the young widow; though no one was thought so likely to succeed in her affections as her first lover Shalum, who renewed his court to her about ten years after the death of Harpath; for it was not thought decent in those days that a widow should be seen by a man within ten years after the decease of her husband.

Shalum falling into a deep melancholy, and resolving to take away that objection which had been raised against him when he made his first addresses to Hilpa, began, immediately after her marriage with Harpath, to plant all that mountainous region which fell to his lot in the division of this country. He knew how to adapt every plant to its proper soil, and is thought to have inherited many traditional secrets of that art from the first man. This employment turned at length to his profit as well as to his amusement: his mountains were in a few years shaded with young trees, that gradually shot up into groves, woods, and forests, intermixed with walks, and lawns, and gardens; insomuch that the whole region, from a naked and desolate prospect, began now to look like a second Paradise. The pleasantness of the place, and the agreeable disposition of Shalum, who was reckoned one of the mildest and wisest of all who lived before the flood, drew into it multitudes of people, who were perpetually employed in the sinking of wells, the digging of treaches, and the hollowing of trees, for the better distribution of water through every part of this spacious plantation.

The habitations of Shalum looked every year more beautiful in the eyes of Ilipa, who, after the space of seventy autumns, was wonderfully pleased with the distant prospect of Shalum's hills, which were then covered with innumerable tufts of trees, and gloomy scenes, that gave a magnificence to the place, and converted it into one of the finest landscapes the eye of man could behold.

The Chinese record a letter which Shalum is said to have written to Ilipa in the eleventh year of her widowhood. I shall here translate it, without departing from that noble simplicity of sentiments and plainness of manners which appear in the original.

Shalum was at this time one hundred and eighty years old, and Ilipa one hundred and seventy.

*'Shalum, Master of Mount Tizrah, to Ilipa, Mistress of the Valleys.'*

*'In the 76th year of the creation.'*

'WHAT HAVE I not suffered, O thou daughter of Zilpah, since thou gavest thyself away to marriage to my rival! I grew weary of the light of the sun, and have ever since been covering myself with woods and forests. These threescore and ten years have I bewailed the loss of thee on the tops of Mount Tizrah, and soothed my melancholy among a thousand gloomy shades of my own raising. My dwellings are at present as the garden of God; every part of them is filled with fruits, and flowers, and fountains. The whole mountain is perfumed for thy reception. Come up into it, O my beloved, and let us people this spot of the new world with a beautiful race of mortals; let us multiply exceedingly among these delightful shades, and fill every quarter of them with sons and daughters. Remember, O thou daughter of Zilpah, that the age of man is but a thousand years; that beauty is the admiration but of a few centuries. It flourishes as a mountain oak, or as a cedar on the top of Tizrah, which in three or four hundred years will fade away, and never be thought of by posterity, unless a young wood springs from its roots. Think well on this, and remember thy neighbour in the mountains.'

Having here inserted this letter, which I look upon as the only antediluvian billet-doux now extant, I shall in my next paper give the answer to it, and the sequel of this story.

ADMON.

N° 253. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 25, 1711.

*Inter leti la virens ad amara jactant  
Infanti montis illic juva carissimam pupam,  
Ipse solum arboribus*

VIRG. *Eclog. v. ver. 62.*

The mountains to tops unborn, the rocks rejoice;  
The lovely shrubs partake of human voice.

DAVID.

THE SEQUEL OF THE STORY OF SHALEM AND ILIPA.

THE letter inserted in my last had so good an effect upon Ilipa, that she answered it in less than a twelvemonth, after the following manner:

*'Ilipa, Mistress of the Valleys, to Shalum, Master of Mount Tizrah.'*

*'In the 77th year of the creation.'*

'WHAT HAVE I to do with thee, O Shalum! Thou praisest Ilipa's beauty, but art thou not secretly

enamoured with the verdure of her meadows? Art thou not more affected with the prospect of her green valleys than thou wouldest be with the sight of her person? The lowings of my herds, and the bleatings of my flocks, make a pleasant echo in thy mountains, and sound sweetly in thy ears. What though I am delighted with the windings of thy forests, and those breezes of perfumes which flow from the top of Tizrah, are these like the riches of the valley?

'I knew thee, O Shalum; thou art more wise and happy than any of the sons of men. Thy dwellings are among the cedars; thou searchest out the diversity of soils, thou understandest the influences of the stars, and markest the change of seasons. Can a woman appear lovely in the eyes of such an one? Disquiet me not, O Shalum; let me alone, that I may enjoy these goodly possessions which are fallen to my lot. Win me not by thy enticing words. May thy trees increase and multiply; mayest thou add wood to wood, and shade to shade; but tempt not Ilipa to destroy thy solitude, and make thy retirement populous.'

The Chinese say that a little time afterwards she accepted of a treat in one of the neighbouring hills to which Shalum had invited her. This treat lasted for two years, and is said to have cost Shalum two hundred antelopes, two thousand ostriches, and a thousand tuns of milk; but what most of all recommended it, was that variety of delicious fruits and pot herbs, in which no person then living could any way equal Shalum.

He treated her in the bower which he had planted amidst the wood of nightingales. This wood was made up of such fruit-trees and plants as are most agreeable to the several kinds of singing-birds; so that it had drawn into it all the music of the country, and was filled from one end of the year to the other with the most agreeable concert to mortals.

He showed her every day some beautiful and surprising scene in this new region of woodlands; and, as by this means he had all the opportunities he could wish for of opening his mind to her, he succeeded so well, that upon her departure she made him a kind of promise, and gave him her word to return him a positive answer in less than fifty years.

She had not been long among her own people in the valleys, when she received new visitors, and at the same time a most splendid visit, from Ilipach, who was a mighty man of old, and had built a great city, which he called after his own name. Every house was made for at least a thousand years, say, there were some that were leased out for three lives; so that the quantity of stone and timber consumed in this building is scarce to be imagined by those who live in the present age of the world. This great man entertained her with the value of musical instruments which had been lately invented, and danced before her to the sound of the tambour. He also presented her with several domestic animals wrought in brass and iron, which had been newly found out for the convenience of life. In the meantime Shalum grew very angry with himself, and was sorely displeased at Ilipa for the reception which she had given to Ilipach, inasmuch that he never went to her or spoke of her during a whole revolution of winters; but, finding that this intercourse was no further than a void, he again renewed his address to her; who, during his long absence, is said very often to have cast a wishing eye upon mount Tizrah.

Her mind continued wavering about twenty years longer between Shalum and Mispach; for though her inclinations favoured the former, her interest pleaded very powerfully for the other. While her heart was in this unsettled condition, the following accident happened, which determined her choice. A high tower of wood that stood in the city of Mispach having caught fire by a flash of lightning, in a few days reduced the whole town to ashes. Mispach resolved to rebuild the place, whatever it should cost him; and, having already destroyed all the timber of the country, he was forced to have recourse to Shalum, whose forests were now two hundred years old. He purchased these woods with so many herds of cattle and flocks of sheep, and with such a vast extent of fields and pastures, that Shalum was now grown more wealthy than Mispach; and therefore appeared so charming in the eyes of Zilpah's daughter, that she no longer refused him in marriage. On the day in which he brought her up into the mountains he raised a most prodigious pile of cedar, and of every sweet-smelling wood, which reached above three hundred cubits in height: he also cast into the pile bundles of myrrh and sheaves of spikenard, enriching it with every spicy shrub, and making it fat with the gums of his plantations. This was the burnt-offering which Shalum offered in the day of his espousals: the smoke of it ascended up to heaven, and filled the whole country with incense and perfume.

ADDISON.

N° 586. FRIDAY, AUGUST 27, 1714.

*Quæ in vita usurpant homines, cogitant, curant, vident quæque agunt vigilantes, agitantque, ea cuique in somno accidunt.*

CIC. de Div.

The things which employ men's waking thoughts and actions recur to their imaginations in sleep.

By the last post I received the following letter, which is built upon a thought that is new, and very well carried on; for which reasons I shall give it to the public without alteration, addition, or amendment.

SIR,

'It was a good piece of advice which Pythagoras gave to his scholars—that every night before they slept they should examine what they had been doing that day, and so discover what actions were worthy of pursuit to-morrow, and what little vices were to be prevented from slipping unawares into a habit. If I might second the philosopher's advice, it should be mine, that in a morning before my scholar rose he should consider what he had been about that night, and with the same strictness as if the condition he has believed himself to be in was real. Such a scrutiny into the actions of his fancy must be of considerable advantage; for this reason, because the circumstances which a man imagines himself in during sleep are generally such as entirely favour his inclinations, good or bad, and give him imaginary opportunities of pursuing them to the utmost; so that his temper will lie fairly open to his view, while he considers how it is moved when free from those constraints which the accidents of real life put it under. Dreams are certainly the result of our waking thoughts, and our daily hopes and fears are what give the mind such nimble relishes of pleasure, and such severe touches

of pain, in its midnight rambles. A man that murders his enemy, or deserts his friend in a dream, had need to guard his temper against revenge and ingratitude, and take heed that he be not tempted to do a vile thing in the pursuit of false or the neglect of true honour. For my part, I seldom receive a benefit, but in a night or two's time I make most noble returns for it; which, though my benefactor is not a whit the better for, yet it pleases me to think that it was from a principle of gratitude in me that my mind was susceptible of such generous transport, while I thought myself repaying the kindness of my friend: and I have often been ready to beg pardon, instead of returning an injury, after considering that when the offender was in my power I had carried my resentments much too far.

'I think it has been observed in the course of your papers, how much one's happiness or misery may depend upon the imagination: of which truth those strange workings of fancy in sleep are no inconsiderable instances; so that not only the advantage a man has of making discoveries of himself, but a regard to his own ease or disquiet, may induce him to accept of my advice. Such as are willing to comply with it, I shall put into a way of doing it with pleasure, by observing only one maxim which I shall give them, viz. "To go to bed with a mind entirely free from passion, and a body clear of the least intemperance."

'They, indeed, who can sink into sleep with their thoughts less calm or innocent than they should be, do but plunge themselves into scenes of guilt and misery; or they who are willing to purchase any midnight disquietudes for the satisfaction of a full meal, or a skin full of wine; these I have nothing to say to, as not knowing how to invite them to reflections full of shame and horror: but those that will observe this rule, I promise them they shall awake into health and cheerfulness, and be capable of recounting with delight those glorious moments, wherein the mind has been indulging itself in such luxury of thought, such noble hurry of imagination. Suppose a man's going supperless to bed should introduce him to the table of some great prince or other, where he shall be entertained with the noblest marks of honour and plenty, and do so much business after, that he shall rise with as good a stomach to his breakfast as if he had fasted all night long: or suppose he should see his dearest friends remain all night in great distresses, which he could instantly have disengaged them from, could he have been content to have gone to bed without the other bottle; believe me these effects of fancy are no contemptible consequences of commanding or indulging one's appetite.

'I forbear recommending my advice upon many other accounts till I hear how you and your readers relish what I have already said; among whom, if there be any that may pretend it is useless to them, because they never dream at all, there may be others perhaps who do little else all day long. Were every one as sensible as I am of what happens to him in his sleep, it would be no dispute whether we pass so considerable a portion of our time in the condition of stocks and stones, or whether the soul were not perpetually at work upon the principle of thought. However, it is an honest endeavour of mine to persuade my countrymen to reap some advantage from so many unemployed hours, and as such you will encourage it.

'I shall conclude giving you a sketch of two of my way of

"If I have any business of consequence to do to-morrow, I am scarce dropped asleep to-night but I am in the midst of it; and when awake, I consider the whole procession of the affair, and get the advantage of the next day's experience before the sun has risen upon it.

"There is scarce a great post but what I have some time or other been in; but my behaviour while I was master of a college pleases me so well, that whenever there is a province of that nature vacant I intend to step in as soon as I can.

"I have done many things that would not pass examination, when I have had the art of flying or being invisible; for which reason I am glad I am not possessed of those extraordinary qualities.

"Lastly, Mr. Spectator, I have been a great correspondent of yours, and have read many of my letters in your paper which I never wrote you. If you have a mind I should really be so, I have got a parcel of visions and other miscellanies in my noctuary, which I shall send to enrich your paper with on proper occasions.

"I am, &c.

"JOHN SHALLOW."

"Oxford, Aug. 20.

BYRON.

Nº 557. MONDAY, AUGUST 30, 1714.

Index, of an odd novel.

PERC. BUT. BL. ver. 20.

I know thee in thy broken; from within  
Thy shallow centre, to the utmost skin.  
DRYDEN.

THOUGH the author of the following vision is unknown to me, I am apt to think it may be the work of that ingenious gentleman, who promised me, in the last paper, some extracts out of his noctuary.

"SIR,

"I was the other day reading the life of Mahomet. Among many other extravagancies, I find it recorded of that impostor, that in the fourth year of his age the angel Gabriel caught him up while he was among his playfellows; and, carrying him aside, cut open his breast, plucked out his heart, and wrung out of it that black drop of blood, in which, says the Turkish diviner, is contained the *Fumes Peccati*, so that he was free from sin ever after. I immediately said to myself, though this story be a fiction, a very good moral may be drawn from it, would every man but apply it to himself, and endeavour to squeeze out of his heart whatever sin or ill qualities be laden in it.

"While my mind was wholly taken up with this contemplation, I insensibly fell into a most pleas-

ing slumber, when methought I saw porters entered my chamber, carrying a large chest between them. After having set it down in the middle of the room they departed. I immediately endeavoured to open what was sent me, when a shape, like that in which we paint our angels, appeared before me, and forbade me. "Inclosed," said he, "are the hearts of several of your friends and acquaintances; but, before you can be qualified to see and understand on the fallings of others, you must be pure yourself;" whereupon he drew out his incision-knife, cut me open, took out my heart, and began to squeeze it. I was in a great confusion to see how many things, which I had always cherished as virtues, issued out of my heart on this occasion. In short, after it had been thoroughly squeezed, it looked like an empty bladder; when the phantom, breathing a fresh particle of divine air into it, restored it safe to its former repository; and, having sewed me up, we began to examine the chest.

"The hearts were all inclosed in transparent phials, and preserved in liquor which looked like spirits of wine. The first which I cast my eye upon I was afraid would have broke the glass which contained it. It shot up and down, with incredible swiftness, through the liquor in which it swam, and very frequently bounced against the side of the phial. The fumes, or spirit in the middle of it, was not large, but of a red fiery colour, and seemed to be the cause of these violent agitations. "That," says my instructor, "is the heart of Tom Drendonough, who behaved himself well in the late wars, but has for these ten years lost past been dining at some post of honour to no purpose. He is lately retired into the country, where, quite choked up a lib spleen and cholera, he rails at better men than himself, and will be for ever uneasy, because it is impossible he should think his merits sufficiently rewarded." The next heart that I examined was remarkable for its smallness; it lay stiff at the bottom of the phial, and I could hardly perceive that it beat at all. The fumes was quite black, and had almost diffused itself over the whole heart. "This," says my interpreter, "is the heart of Dick Gloomy, who never thrived after any thing but money. Notwithstanding all his endeavours, he is still poor. This has hung him into a most deplorable state of melancholy and despair. He is a composition of envy and ill-will; hates mankind, but gives them their revenge by being more envious in himself than in any one else."

"The phial I looked upon next contained a large fair heart which beat very strongly. The fumes or spirit in it was exceeding small; but I could not help observing, that which way soever I turned the phial it always appeared appetent, and in the strongest point of light. "The heart you are examining," says my companion, "belongs to Will Worthy. He has, indeed, a most public soul, and is possessed of a thousand good qualities. The speech which you discover is usual."

"Here," says the angel, "is the heart of I love, your intimate friend."—"I love a d—," said I, "are at present very cold to one another, and I do not care for looking on the heart of a man which I fear is present with rancour." My teacher commanded me to look upon it; I did so, and, to my unspeakable surprise, found that a small swelling spot, which I at first took to be ill will towards me, was really poison; and that upon my coarse inspection it wholly disappeared; upon which the phantom told me I perceive was one of the best-natured men alive.

"This paper was written by Mr. John Byron, who formerly wrote the letters in the next paper, Nº 556, and in Nº 558. He was the author of the pastoral poem to Nº 422. Mr. Byron was born at Kew, near Manchester, in 1691, and educated first at Merchant Taylors' school, and afterwards at Trinity college, Cambridge, where he was elected a fellow. In 1716 he went to France for his health, and on his return to London he applied to Pope with a view of making him his patron; and in a short time he was the great distinction of the poet's relation, and with little or no favour. He was reported to have principally by teaching a well-balanced system of orthodoxy in 1723, he was elected a fellow of the Royal society, and soon after, by the death of an older brother, succeeded him in the paternal estate at Kew, and he has been a great benefactor to the poor. He was a great lover of the law, and a great poet, and in 1724 he was elected a member of the Royal society, and in 1725 he was elected a member of the Royal society, and in 1726 he was elected a member of the Royal society. Mr. Byron died at Kew, on the 20th of August, 1726.

"This," says my teacher, "is a female heart of your acquaintance." I found the *fomes* in it of the largest size, and of an hundred different colours, which were still varying every moment. Upon my asking to whom it belonged, I was informed that it was the heart of Coquetilla.

I set it down, and drew out another, in which I took the *fomes* at first sight to be very small, but was amazed to find that, as I looked stedfastly upon it, it grew still larger. It was the heart of Melissa, a noted prude who lives the next door to me.

"I show you this," says the phantom, "because it is indeed a rarity, and you have the happiness to know the person to whom it belongs." He then put into my hands a large crystal glass, that included an heart, in which, though I examined it with the utmost nicety, I could not perceive any blemish. I made no scruple to affirm that it must be the heart of Seraphina; and was glad, but not surprised, to find that it was so. "She is indeed," continued my guide, "the ornament, as well as the envy of her sex." At these last words he pointed to the hearts of several of her female acquaintance which lay in different phials, and had very large spots in them, all of a deep blue. "You are not to wonder," says he, "that you see no spot in an heart, whose innocence has been proof against all the corruptions of a depraved age. If it has any blemish, it is too small to be discovered by human eyes."

I laid it down, and took up the hearts of other females, in all of which the *fomes* ran in several veins, which were twisted together, and made a very perplexed figure. I asked the meaning of it, and was told it represented deceit.

I should have been glad to have examined the hearts of several of my acquaintance, whom I knew to be particularly addicted to drinking, gaming, intriguing, &c. but my interpreter told me I must let that alone till another opportunity, and flung down the cover of the chest with so much violence as immediately awoke me\*.

BYRON.

Nº 588. WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1714.

*Dicilis, omnis in imbecillitate est et gratia, et caritas.*  
CICERO.

You pretend that all kindness and benevolence is founded in weakness.

MAN may be considered in two views, as a reasonable and as a social being; capable of becoming himself either happy or miserable, and of contributing to the happiness or misery of his fellow-creatures. Suitably to this double capacity, the Contriver of human nature hath wisely furnished it with two principles of action, self-love, and benevolence; designed one of them to render man wakeful to his own personal interest, the other to dispose him for giving his utmost assistance to all engaged in the same pursuit. This is such an account of our frame, so agreeable to reason, so much for the honour of our Maker, and the credit of our species, that it may appear somewhat unaccountable what should induce men to represent human nature as they do under characters of disadvantage;

\* This vision of hearts, the dissection of the beau's head, Nº 275, and of the coquette's heart, Nº 281, probably suggested to George Alexander Stevens the first idea of his celebrated lectures on heads.

or, having drawn it with a little and sordid aspect, what pleasure they can possibly take in such a picture. Do they reflect that it is their own, and, if we would believe themselves, is not more odious than the original? One of the first that talked in this lofty strain of our nature was Epicurus. Benevolence, would his followers say, is all founded in weakness; and, whatever he pretended, the kindness that passeth between men and men is by every man directed to himself. This, it must be confessed, is of a piece with the rest of that hopeful philosophy, which, having patched man up out of the four elements, attributes his being to chance, and derives all his actions from an unintelligible declination of atoms. And for these glorious discoveries the poet is beyond measure transported in the praises of his hero, as if he must needs be something more than man, only for an endeavour to prove that man is in nothing superior to beasts. In this school was Mr. Hobbes instructed to speak after the same manner, if he did not rather draw his knowledge from an observation of his own temper\*; for he somewhere unluckily lays down this as a rule, that from the similitudes of thoughts and passions of one man to the thoughts and passions of another, whosever looks into himself and considers what he doth when he thinks, hopes, fears, &c. and upon what grounds, he shall hereby read and know what are the thoughts and passions of all other men upon the like occasions. Now we will allow Mr. Hobbes to know best how he was inclined; but in earnest, I should be heartily out of conceit with myself if I thought myself of this unamiable temper as he affirms, and should have as little kindness for myself as for any body in the world. Hitherto I always imagined that kind and benevolent propensions were the original growth of the heart of man; and, however checked and overtopped by counter-inclinations that have since sprung up within us, have still some force in the worst of tempers, and a considerable influence on the best. And methinks it is a fair step towards the proof of this, that the most beneficent of all beings is he who hath an absolute fulness of perfection in himself, who gave existence to the universe, and so cannot be supposed to want that which he communicated, without diminishing from the plenitude of his own power and happiness. The philosophers before-mentioned have indeed done all that in them lay to invalidate this argument; for, placing the gods in a state of the most elevated blessedness, they describe them as selfish as we poor miserable mortals can be, and shut them out from all concern for mankind, upon the score of their having no need of us. But if he that sitteth in the heavens waits not us, we stand in continual need of him; and, surely, next to the survey of the immense treasures of his own mind, the most exalted pleasure he receives is from beholding millions of creatures, lately drawn out of the gulf of non-existence, rejoicing in the various degrees of being and happiness imparted to them. And as this is the true, the glorious character of the Deity, so in forming a reasonable creature he would not, if possible, suffer his image to pass out of his hands unadorned with a resemblance of himself in this most lovely part of his nature. For what complacency could a mind, whose love is as

\* We must consider this reflection on Hobbes as liberal and unfounded; for by various testimonies we learn, that he was a good and an amiable man, as well as possessed of superior understanding and uncommon perspicacity and penetration: exceptionable as his writings are, his life appears to have been without reproach.

unbounded as his knowledge, have in a work so unlike himself; a creature that should be capable of knowing and conversing with a vast circle of objects, and love none but himself? What proportion would there be between the head and the heart of such a creature, its affections, and its understanding? Or could a society of such creatures, with no other bottom but self-love on which to maintain a commerce, ever flourish? Reason, it is certain, would oblige every man to pursue the general happiness as the means to procure and establish his own; and yet, if, besides this consideration, there were not a natural instinct, prompting men to desire the welfare and satisfaction of others, self-love, in defiance of the admonitions of reason, would quickly run all things into a state of war and confusion. As nearly interested as the soul is in the fate of the body, our provident Creator saw it necessary, by the constant returns of hunger and thirst, those importunate appetites, to put it in mind of its charge; knowing that if we should eat and drink no oftener than cold abstracted speculation should put us upon these exercises, and then leave it to reason to prescribe the quantity, we should soon reflect ourselves out of this bodily life. And, indeed, it is obvious to remark, that we follow nothing heartily unless carried to it by inclinations which anticipate our reason, and, like a bias, draw the mind strongly towards it. In order, therefore, to establish a perpetual intercourse of benefits amongst mankind, their bleaker would not fall to give them this generous prepossession of benevolence, if, as I have said, it were possible. And from whence can we go about to argue its impossibility? Is it inconsistent with self-love? Are their motions contrary? No more than the diurnal rotation of the earth is opposed to its annual, or its motion round its own centre, which might be improved as an illustration of self-love, to that which whisks it about the common centre of the world, answering to universal benevolence. Is the force of self-love abated, or its interest prejudiced by benevolence? So far from it, that benevolence, though a distinct principle, is extremely serviceable to self-love, and then doth most service when it is least designed.

But to descend from reason to matter of fact; the pity which arises on sight of persons in distress, and the satisfaction of mind which is the consequence of having removed them into a happier state, are instead of a thousand arguments to prove such a thing as a disinterested benevolence. Did pity proceed from a reflection we make upon our liability to the same ill accidents we see befall others, it were nothing to the present purpose; but this is awaking an artificial cause of a natural passion, and can by no means be admitted as a tolerable account of it, because children and persons most thoughtless about their own condition, and incapable of entering into the prospects of fatality, feel the most violent touches of compassion. And then, as to that charming delight which immediately follows the giving joy to another, or relieving his sorrow, and is, when the objects are numerous, and the kindness of importance really inexpressible, what can this be owing to but a consciousness of a man's having done something praiseworthy, and expressive of a great soul? Whereas, if in all this he only sacrificed to vanity and self-love, as there would be nothing brave to exult that make the most obliging appearance, so nature would not have rewarded them with this divine pleasure; nor could the commendations, which a person receives for benefits done upon

selfish views, be at all more satisfactory than when he is applauded for what he doth without design; because in both cases the ends of self-love are equally answered. The conscience of approving oneself a benefactor to mankind is the noblest recompence for being so; doubtless it is, and the most interested cannot propose any thing so much to their own advantage, notwithstanding which, the inclination is nevertheless selfish. The pleasure which attends the gratification of our hunger and thirst, is not the cause of these appetites; they are previous to any such prospect; and so likewise is the desire of doing good; with this difference, that, being seated in the intellectual part, this last, though antecedent to reason, may yet be improved and regulated by it; and, I will add, is no otherwise a virtue than as it is so. Thus have I contended for the dignity of that nature I have the honour to partake of; and, after all the evidence produced, I think I have a right to conclude, against the motto of this paper, that there is such a thing as generosity to the world. Though, if I were under a mistake in this, I should say as Cicero in relation to the immortality of the soul, I willingly err, and should believe it very much for the interest of mankind to lie under the same delusion. For the contrary notion naturally tends to dispirit the mind, and sinks it into a meaner fatal to the God-like zeal of doing good; as, on the other hand, it teaches people to be ungrateful, by persuading them with a persuasion concerning their benefactors, that they have no regard to them in the benefits they bestow. Now be that handles gratitude from among men, by so doing stops up the stream of beneficence; for though in conferring kindness a truly generous man doth not aim at a return, yet he looks to the qualities of the person obliged; and so nothing renders a person more unworthy of a benefit than his being without all resentment of it, he will not be extremely forward to oblige such a man.

GROVE<sup>o</sup>.

N<sup>o</sup> 589. FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1714.

*Perque hinc ortus sit ruens fabricaque tandem  
Irisq; tonitruis adducta que funibus arbor  
Cervicem*

OWID. Met. l. vii. ver. 774.

The Impious are the pious loud strokes resemble;  
Till dragg'd with ropes, and scold with many a word,  
The bowen'd tree comes rushing to the ground.

\* 171.

\* I AM so great an admirer of trees, that the spot of ground I have chosen to build a small seat upon in the country is almost in the midst of a large wood. I was oblig'd, much against my will, to cut down several trees, that I might have any such thing as a walk in my garden; but then I have taken care to leave the space, between every walk, as much a wood as I could fill. The moment you turn either to the right or left you are in a forest, where nature presents you with a much more beautiful scene than could have been raised by art.

\* Instead of tulips or carnations I sow now you shall in my garden of four hundred years standing, and a knot of vines that might shelter a troop of bears from the rain.

\* It is not without the utmost bad grail that I observe several prodigious young bears in the neigh-

\* Mr. Henry Corne was a dunc<sup>o</sup> of his own, and kept an academy at Finsbury. See Jan. 24, 1714 and 1715.

bourhood felling down the most glorious monuments of their ancestors' industry, and ruining, in a day, the product of ages.

'I am mightily pleased with your discourse upon planting, which put me upon looking into my books, to give you some account of the veneration the ancients had for trees. There is an old tradition, that Abraham planted a cypress, a pine, and a cedar; and that these three incorporated into one tree, which was cut down for the building of the temple of Solomon.

'Isidorus, who lived in the reign of Constantine, assures us, that he saw even in his time that famous oak in the plains of Mamre, under which Abraham is reported to have dwelt; and adds, that the people looked upon it with a great veneration, and preserved it as a sacred tree.

'The heathens still went further, and regarded it as the highest piece of sacrilege to injure certain trees which they took to be protected by some deity. The story of Eriethon, the grove at Dodona, and that at Delphi, are all instances of this kind.

'If we consider the machine in Virgil, so much blamed by several critics, in this light, we shall hardly think it too violent.

'Æneas, when he built his fleet in order to sail for Italy, was obliged to cut down the grove on mount Ida, which however he durst not do until he had obtained leave from Cybele, to whom it was dedicated. The goddess could not but think herself obliged to protect these ships, which were made of consecrated timber, after a very extraordinary manner, and therefore desired Jupiter, that they might not be obnoxious to the power of waves or winds. Jupiter would not grant this, but promised her, that as many as came safe to Italy should be transformed into goddesses of the sea; which the poet tells us was accordingly executed.

"And now at length the number'd hours were come,  
Prefix'd by Fate's irrevocable doom,  
When the great mother of the god—was free  
To save her ships, and finish Jove's decree.  
First, from the quarter of the morn there sprung  
A light that sing'd the heavens, and shot along;  
Then from a cloud, fring'd round with golden brea,  
Were timbrels heard, and Bercynthian quires:  
And last a voice, with more than mortal sounds,  
Both hosts in arms oppos'd, with equal horror wounds.  
"O Trojan race, your needless aid forbear;  
And know my ships are my peculiar care.  
With greater ease the bold Rutulian may,  
With hissing brands, attempt to burn the sea,  
Than singe my sacred pines. But you, my charge,  
Loos'd from your crooked anchors, launch at large,  
Exalted each a nymph; forsake the sand,  
And swim the seas, at Cybele's command.  
No sooner had the goddess ceas'd to speak,  
When lo, th' obedient ships their hawsers break;  
And, strange to tell, like dolphins in the main,  
They plunge their prows, and dive, and spring again:  
As many beauteous maids the billows sweep,  
As rode before tall vessels on the deep."

DRYDEN's Virgil.

'The common opinion concerning the nymphs, whom the ancients called Hamadryads, is more to the honour of trees than any thing yet mentioned. It was thought the fate of these nymphs had so near a dependence on some trees, more especially oaks, that they lived and died together. For this reason they were extremely grateful to such persons who preserved those trees with which their being subsisted. Apollonius tells us a very remarkable story to this purpose, with which I shall conclude my letter.

'A certain man, called Rhæcus, observing an old oak ready to fall, and being moved with a sort of compassion towards the tree, ordered his ser-

vants to pour in fresh earth at the roots of it, and set it upright. The Hamadryad, or nymph, who must necessarily have perished with the tree, appeared to him the next day, and, after having returned him her thanks, told him she was ready to grant whatever he should ask. As she was extremely beautiful, Rhæcus desired he might be entertained as her lover. The Hamadryad, not much displeased with the request, promised to give him a meeting, but commanded him for some days to abstain from the embraces of all other women, adding, that she would send a bee to him, to let him know when he was to be happy. Rhæcus was, it seems, too much addicted to gaming, and happened to be in a run of ill-luck when the faithful bee came buzzing about him; so that, instead of minding his kind invitation, he had like to have killed him for his pains. The Hamadryad was so provoked at her own disappointment, and the ill usage of her messenger, that she deprived Rhæcus of the use of his limbs. However, says the story, he was not so much a cripple, but he made a shift to cut down the tree, and consequently to fell his mistress.'

Nº 590. MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1714.

— *Assiduo labuntur tempora molu  
Non secus ac flumen. Neque enim consistere flumen,  
Nec levis hora potest: sed ut unda impellitur unda,  
Ugeturque prior venienti, urgetque priorem,  
Tempora sic fugiunt pariter, pariterque sequuntur;  
Et nova sunt semper. Nam quod fuit ante, relictum est;  
Futuræ quod haud fuerat: momentaque cuncta novantur.*  
OVID. Met. xv. ver. 179.

Even times are in perpetual flux, and run,  
Like rivers from their fountains, rolling on.  
For time, no more than streams is at a stay;  
The flying hour is ever on her way:  
And as the fountain still supplies their store,  
The wave behind impels the wave before;  
Thus in successive course the minutes run,  
And urge their predecessor minutes on.  
Still moving, ever new: for former things  
Are laid aside, like abdicated kings;  
And ev'ry moment alters what is done,  
And innovates some act, till then unknown.  
DRYDEN.

The following discourse comes from the same hand  
with the Essays upon infinitude\*.

'We consider infinite space as an expansion without a circumference: we consider eternity, or infinite duration, as a line that has neither a beginning nor an end. In our speculations of infinite space, we consider that particular place in which we exist as a kind of centre to the whole expansion. In our speculations of eternity, we consider the time which is present to us as the middle, which divides the whole line into two equal parts. For this reason many witty authors compare the present time to an isthmus or narrow neck of land, that rises in the midst of an ocean, immeasurably diffused on either side of it.

'Philosophy, and indeed common sense, naturally throws eternity under two divisions, which we may call in English that eternity which is past, and that eternity which is to come. The learned terms of *Æternitas a parte ante*, and *Æternitas a parte post*, may be more amusing to the reader, but can have no other idea affixed to them than what is conveyed to us by those words, an eternity that is past, and an eternity that is to come.

\* See Nos. 565

: an.



Each of these extremities is bounded at the one extreme, or, in other words, the former has an end, and the latter a beginning.

Let us first of all consider that eternity which is past, reserving that which is to come for the subject of another paper. The nature of this eternity is utterly inconceivable by the mind of man; our reason demonstrates to us that it has been, but at the same time can frame no idea of it, but what is big with absurdity and contradiction. We can have no other conception of any duration which is past, than that all of it was once present; and whatever was once present is at some certain distance from us, and whatever is at any certain distance from us, be the distance never so remote, cannot be eternity. The very notion of any duration being past implies that it was once present, for the idea of being once present is actually included in the idea of its being past. This therefore is a depth not to be sounded by human understanding. We are sure that there has been an eternity, and yet contradict ourselves when we measure this eternity by any notion which we can frame of it.

If we go to the bottom of this matter, we shall find that the difficulties we meet with in our conceptions of eternity proceed from this single reason, that we can have no other idea of any kind of duration, than that by which we ourselves, and all other created beings, do exist; which is, a successive duration made up of past, present, and to come. There is nothing which exists after this manner, all the parts of whose existence were not once actually present, and consequently may be retributed by a certain number of years applied to it. We may ascend as high as we please, and employ our being to that eternity which is to come, in adding millions of years to millions of years, and we can never come up to any fountain head of duration, to any beginning to eternity; but at the same time we are sure, that whatever was once present does lie within the reach of numbers, though perhaps we can never be able to put enough of them together for that purpose. We may as well say, that any thing may be actually present in any part of infinite space, which does not lie at a certain distance from us, as that any part of infinite duration was once actually present, and does not also lie at some determined distance from us. The distance in both cases may be immeasurable and infinite as to our faculties; but our reason tells us that it cannot be so to itself. Here therefore is that difficulty which human understanding is not capable of surmounting. We are sure that something must have existed from eternity, and are at the same time unable to conceive, that any thing which exists, according to our notion of existence, can have existed from eternity.

It is hard for a reader, who has not rolled this thought in his own mind, to follow in such an abstracted speculation; but I have been the longer on it, because I think it is a demonstrative argument of the being and eternity of a God; and, though there are many other demonstrations which lead us to this great truth, I do not think we ought to lay aside any proofs in this matter, which the light of reason has suggested to us, especially when it is such an one as has been urged by men famous for their penetration and force of understanding, and which appears altogether conclusive to those who will be at the pains to examine it.

Having thus considered that eternity which is past, according to the best idea we can frame of it, I shall now draw up these several articles on this subject, which are dictated to us by the light

of reason, and which may be looked upon as the creed of a philosopher in this great point.

First, It is certain that no being could have made itself; for, if so, it must have acted before it was, which is a contradiction.

Secondly, That therefore some being must have existed from all eternity.

Thirdly, That whatever exists after the manner of created beings, or according to any notions which we have of existence, could not have existed from eternity.

Fourthly, That this Eternal Being must therefore be the great Author of nature, "the Ancient of Days," who, being at an infinite distance in his perfections from all finite and created beings, exists in a quite different manner from them, and in a manner of which they can have no idea.

I know that several of the schoolmen, who would not be thought ignorant of any thing, have pretended to explain the manner of God's existence, by telling us that he comprehends infinite duration in every moment; that eternity is with him a *præteritum præteritum*, a fixed point; or, which is as good sense, an infinite instant; that nothing with reference to his existence is either past or to come: in which the ingenious Mr. Cowley alludes in his description of heaven:

"Nothing is there to come, and nothing past,  
But an eternal now does always last."

For my own part, I look upon these propositions as words that have no ideas annexed to them; and think men had better own their ignorance than advance doctrines by which they were setting us, and which, indeed, are self-contradictory. We cannot be so modest in our disquisitions when we meditate on him, who is surrounded with so much glory and perfection, who is the source of being, the fountain of all that existence which we and his whole creation derive from him. Let us therefore with the utmost humility acknowledge, that, as some being must necessarily have existed from eternity, so this being does exist after an incomprehensible manner, since it is impossible for a being to have existed from eternity after our manner or notions of existence. Revelation confirms these natural dictates of reason in the accounts which it gives us of the divine existence, where it tells us, that he is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever; that he is the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending; that a thousand years are with him as one day, and one day as a thousand years; by which, and the like expressions, we are taught that his existence with relation to time or duration is infinitely different from the existence of any of his creatures, and consequently that it is impossible for us to frame any adequate conceptions of it.

In the first revelation which he makes of his own being he calls himself, "I Am that I Am;" and when Moses desires to know what a name he shall give him in his embassy to Pharaoh, he bids him say that "I Am hath sent you." The great Creator, by this revelation of himself, does in a manner exclude every thing else from a real existence, and distinguishes himself from his creatures as the only being which truly and really exists. The ancient Platonic notion, which was drawn from speculations of eternity, wonderfully agrees with this revelation which God has made of himself. There is nothing, say they, which is real to itself, who's existence, as we call it, is placed up of past, present, and to come. Such a being and succession of existence is rather a shadow of existence, and something which is like it, than existence itself.

He only properly exists whose existence is entirely present; that is, in other words, who exists in the most perfect manner, and in such a manner as we have no idea of.

'I shall conclude this speculation with one useful inference. How can we sufficiently prostrate ourselves and fall down before our Maker, when we consider that ineffable goodness and wisdom which contrived this existence for finite natures? What must be the overflowings of that good-will, which prompted our Creator to adapt existence to beings, in whom it is not necessary; especially when we consider that he himself was before in the complete possession of existence and of happiness, and in the full enjoyment of eternity? What man can think of himself as called out and separated from nothing, of his being made a conscious, a reasonable and a happy creature, in short, of being taken in as a sharer of existence, and a kind of partner in eternity, without being swallowed up in wonder, in praise, in adoration! It is indeed a thought too big for the mind of man, and rather to be entertained in the secrecy of devotion, and in the silence of his soul, than to be expressed by words. The Supreme Being has not given us powers or faculties sufficient to extol and magnify such unutterable goodness.

'It is however some comfort to us, that we shall be always doing what we shall be never able to do, and that a work which cannot be finished will however be the work of an eternity.'

ADDISON.

Nº 591. WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1714.

*Tenerorum luxur amorum.*

OVID. Trist. Eleg. 3. l. lil. ver. 73.

Love the soft subject of his sportive muse.

I HAVE just received a letter from a gentleman, who tells me he has observed, with no small concern, that my papers have of late been very barren in relation to love\*; a subject which, when agreeably handled, can scarce fail of being well received by both sexes.

If my invention therefore should be almost exhausted on this head, he offers to serve under me in the quality of a love casuist; for which he conceives himself to be thoroughly qualified, having made this passion his principal study, and observed it in all its different shapes and appearances, from the fifteenth to the forty-fifth year of his age.

He assures me with an air of confidence, which I hope proceeds from his real abilities, that he does not doubt of giving judgment to the satisfaction of the parties concerned on the most nice and intricate cases which can happen in an amour; as,

How great the contraction of the fingers must be before it amounts to a squeeze by the hand.

What can be properly termed an absolute denial from a maid, and what from a widow.

What advances a lover may presume to make, after having received a pat upon his shoulder from his mistress's fan.

Whether a lady, at the first interview, may allow an humble servant to kiss her hand.

How far it may be permitted to caress the maid in order to succeed with the mistress.

What constructions a man may put upon a smile, and in what cases a frown goes for nothing.

On what occasions a sheepish look may do service, &c.

As a further proof of his skill, he has also sent me several maxims in love, which he assures me are the result of a long and profound reflection, some of which I think myself obliged to communicate to the public, not remembering to have seen them before in any author.

'There are more calamities in the world arising from love than from hatred.

'Love is the daughter of idleness, but the mother of inquietude.

'Men of grave natures, says Sir Francis Bacon, are the most constant; for the same reason men should be more constant than women.

'The gay part of mankind is most amorous, the serious most loving.

'A coquette often loses her reputation while she preserves her virtue.

'A prude often preserves her reputation when she has lost her virtue.

'Love refines a man's behaviour, but makes a woman's ridiculous.

'Love is generally accompanied with good-will in the young, interest in the middle-aged, and a passion too gross to mine in the old.

'The endeavours to revive a decaying passion generally extinguish the remains of it.

'A woman who from being a slattern becomes over-neat, or from being over-neat becomes a slattern, is most certainly in love.'

I shall make use of this gentleman's skill as I see occasion; and, since I am got upon the subject of love, shall conclude this paper with a copy of verses which were lately sent me by an unknown hand, as I look upon them to be above the ordinary run of sonnetteers.

The author tells me they were written in one of his despairing fits; and I find entertains some hope that his mistress may pity such a passion as he has described, before she knows that she is herself Corinna.

'Conceal, fond man, conceal the mighty smart,  
Nor tell Corinna she has fir'd thy heart.  
In vain would'st thou complain, in vain pretend  
To ask a pity which she must not lend.  
She's too much thy superior to comply,  
And too, too fair to let thy passion die.  
Languish in secret, and with dumb surprise  
Drink the restless glances of her eyes.  
At awful distance entertain thy grief,  
Be still in pain, but never ask relief.  
Ne'er tempt her scorn of thy consuming stale,  
Be any way undone, but fly her hate.  
Thou must submit to see thy charmer bless  
Some happier youth that shall admire her less;  
Who in that lovely form, that heavenly mind,  
Shall miss ten thousand beauties thou could'st find.  
Who with low fancy shall approach her charms,  
While, half enjoy'd, she sinks into his arms.  
She knows not, must not know, thy nobler fire,  
Whom she, and whom the muses do inspire;  
Her image only shall thy breast employ,  
And fill thy captive soul with shades of joy;  
Direct thy dreams by night, thy thoughts by day;  
And never, never from thy bosom stray \*.'

\* These verses were written by Gilbert, second brother of Eustace Budgell.

N<sup>o</sup> 592. FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1714.— *Sculptum sine dolo esse*

HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 402.

Art without a vein.

ROBSONMOM.

I look upon the playhouse as a world within itself. They have lately furnished the middle region of it with a new set of meteors, in order to give the sublime to many modern tragedies. I was there last winter at the first rehearsal of the new thunder \*, which is much more deep and sonorous than any hitherto made use of. They have a Bolonians behind the scenes who plays it off with great success. Their lightnings are made to flash more briskly than heretofore, their clouds are also better furbeledow, and more voluminous; not to mention a violent storm locked up in a great chest, that is designed for the Tempest. They are also provided with above a dozen showers of snow, which, as I am informed, are the plays of many unsuccessful poets artificially cut and shredded for that use. Mr. Rymer's Edgar is to fall in snow at the next act of King Lear, in order to belighten, or rather to alleviate, the distress of that unfortunate prince; and to serve by way of decoration to a piece which that great critic has written against.

I do not indeed wonder that the actors should be such professed enemies to those among our nation who are commonly known by the name of critics, since it is a rule among these gentlemen to fall upon a play, not because it is ill written, but because it takes. Several of them lay it down as a maxim, that whatever dramatic performance has a long run must of necessity be good for nothing; as though the first precept in poetry were 'not to please.' Whether this rule holds good or not, I shall leave to the determination of those who are better judges than myself; if it does, I am sure it tends very much to the honour of those gentlemen who have established it; few of their pieces having been disgraced by a run of three days, and most of them being so exquisitely written, that the town would never give them more than one night's bearing.

I have a great esteem for a true critic, such as Aristotle and Longinus among the Greeks; Horace and Quintilian among the Romans; Boileau and Dacier among the French. But it is our misfortune that some, who set up for professed critics among us, are so stupid that they do not know how to put ten words together with elegance or common propriety; and whilst so illiterate, that they have no taste of the learned languages, and therefore critique upon old authors only at second hand. They judge of them by what others have written, and not by any notions they have of the authors themselves. The words trill, action, sentiment, and diction, pronounced with an air of authority, give them a figure among unlearned readers, who are apt to believe they are very deep because

they are unintelligible. The ancient critics are full of the praises of their contemporaries; they discover beauties which escaped the observation of the vulgar, and very often find out reasons for palliating and excusing such little slips and overights as were committed in the writings of eminent authors. On the contrary, most of the snarlers in criticism, who appear among us, make it their business to vilify and undervalue every new production that gains applause, to decry imaginary beauties, and to prove, by far-fetched arguments, that what pass for beauties in any celebrated piece are faults and errors. In short, the writings of these critics, compared with those of the ancients, are like the works of the sophists compared with those of the old philosophers.

Envy and cavil are the natural fruits of laziness and ignorance; which was probably the reason that in the heathen mythology Momus is said to be the son of Nox and Somnus, of darkness and sleep. Idle men, who have not been at the pains to accomplish or distinguish themselves, are very apt to detract from others; as ignorant men are very subject to decry those beauties in a celebrated work which they have not eyes to discover. Many of our sons of Momus, who dignify themselves by the name of critics, are the grovelling descendants of these two illustrious ancestors. They are often led into those common absurdities in which they daily instruct the people, by not considering that, first, there is sometimes a greater judgment shown in deviating from the rules of art than in adhering to them; and, secondly, that there is more beauty in the works of a great genius, who is ignorant of all the rules of art, than in the works of a little genius, who not only knows but scrupulously observes them.

First, we may often take notice of men who are perfectly acquainted with all the rules of good writing, and notwithstanding choose to depart from them on extraordinary occasions. I could give instances out of all the tragic writers of antiquity who have shown their judgment in this particular; and purposely receded from an established rule of the drama, when it has made way for a much higher beauty than the observation of such a rule would have born. Those who have surveyed the noblest pieces of architecture and statuary, both ancient and modern, know very well that there are frequent deviations from art to the works of the greatest masters, which have produced a much nobler effect than a more accurate and exact way of proceeding could have done. This often arises from what the Italians call the *grinta grande* in these arts, which is what we call the sublime in writing.

In the next place, our critics do not seem sensible that there is more beauty in the works of a great genius, who is ignorant of the rules of art, than in those of a little genius who knows and observes them. It is of these men of genius that Terence speaks, in opposition to the little artificial cullers of his time:

\* *Quorum circulatori scripta negligenter  
Pulsi, quos si datus ad aures digne sonus.*

\* Whose negligence he would rather blame than their want of a due discernment.

A critic may have the same revolution in the ill success of his play as Dr. Saur tells us a physician has at the death of a patient, that he was killed *per seipsum errorem*. Our inimitable Shakespeare is a stumbling block to the whole tribe of these rigid critics. Who would not rather read one of his plays, where there is not a single rule of the stage observed, than any production of a modern critic,

\* Mr. Tinsley's new and improved method of making thunder. Demos has received this thunder for the advantage of his tragedy of Appius and Virginia; the players highly approved of it, and it is the same that is used at the present day. Retributing the effect of this thunder, however, the play was badly received, and laid aside. Some nights after, Demos being in the pit at the representation of Macbeth, and hearing the thunder made use of, arose from his seat in a violent passion, exclaiming with an oath, that that was his thunder. I saw (and he) how these rascals use you; they will not let my play run, and yet they steal my thunder.

where there is not any one of them violated! Shakspeare was indeed born with all the seeds of poetry, and may be compared to the stone in Pyrrhus's ring, which, as Pliny tells us, had the figure of Apollo and the nine Muses in the veins of it, produced by the spontaneous hand of nature without any help from art.

ADDISON.

Nº 593. MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1714.

*Quate per incertam lunam sub luce maligna  
Est iter in ælis—*

VIRG. Æn. vi. ver. 270.

Thus wander travellers in woods by night,  
By the moon's doubtful and malignant light.  
DRYDEN.

My dreaming correspondent, Mr. Shadow, has sent me a second letter, with several curious observations on dreams in general, and the method to render sleep improving: an extract of his letter will not, I presume, be disagreeable to my reader.

'SINCE we have so little time to spare, that none of it may be lost, I see no reason why we should neglect to examine those imaginary scenes we are presented with in sleep, only because they have a less reality in them than our waking meditations. A traveller would bring his judgment in question, who should despise the directions of his map for want of real roads in it, because here stands a dot instead of a town, or a cypher instead of a city; and it must be a long day's journey to travel through two or three inches. Fancy in dreams gives us much such another landscape of life as that does of countries; and, though its appearances may seem strangely jumbled together, we may often observe such traces and footsteps of noble thoughts, as, if carefully pursued, might lead us into a proper path of action. There is so much rapture and ecstacy in our fancied bliss, and something so dismal and shocking in our fancied misery, that, though the inactivity of the body has given occasion for calling sleep the image of death, the briskness of the fancy affords us a strong intimation of something within us that can never die.

'I have wondered that Alexander the Great, who came into the world sufficiently dreamed of by his parents, and had himself a tolerable knack at dreaming, should often say that sleep was one thing which made him sensible he was mortal. I, who have not such fields of action in the day-time to divert my attention from this matter, plainly perceive that in those operations of the mind, while the body is at rest, there is a certain vastness of conception very suitable to the capacity, and demonstrative of the force of that divine part in our composition which will last for ever. Neither do I much doubt but, had we a true account of the wonders the hero last mentioned performed in his sleep, his conquering this little globe would hardly be worth mentioning. I may affirm, without vanity, that, when I compare several actions in Quintus Curtius, with some others in my own noctuary, I appear the greater hero of the two.'

I shall close this subject with observing, that while we are awake we are at liberty to fix our thoughts on what we please, but in sleep we have not the command of them. The ideas which strike the fancy arise in us without our choice, either from the occurrences of the day past, the temper we lie down in, or it may be the direction of some superior being,

It is certain the imagination may be so differently affected in sleep, that our actions of the day might be either rewarded or punished with a little age of happiness or misery. St. Austin was of opinion that, if in Paradise there was the same vicissitude of sleeping and waking as in the present world, the dreams of its inhabitants would be very happy.

And as far as present are our dreams in our power, that they are generally conformable to our waking thoughts; so that it is not impossible to convey ourselves in a concert of music, the conversation of distant friends, or any other entertainment which has been before lodged in the mind.

My readers, by applying these hints, will find the necessity of making a good day of it, if they heartily wish themselves a good night.

I have often considered Marcin's prayer, and Lavin's account of Cato in this light.

'*Marc.* O ye immortal powers, that guard the just,  
Watch round his couch, and soften his repose,  
Banish his sorrows, and becalm his soul  
With easy dreams; remember all his virtues,  
And show mankind that goodness is your care.

'*Luc.* Sweet are the slumbers of the virtuous man  
O Marcus, I have seen thy godlike father;  
Some power invisible supports his soul,  
And bears it up in all his wonted greatness.  
A kind refreshing sleep is fallen upon him:  
I saw him stretch'd at ease, his fancy lost  
In pleasing dreams; as I drew near his couch  
He smil'd and cry'd, Caesar, thou canst not hurt me.'

Mr. Shadow acquaints me in a postscript, that he has no manner of title in the vision which succeeded his first letter; but adds, that, as the gentleman who wrote it dreams very sensibly, he shall be glad to meet him some night or other under the great elm-tree, by which Virgil has given us a fine metaphorical image of sleep, in order to turn over a few of the leaves together, and oblige the public with an account of the dreams that lie under them.

NYRORI \*.

Nº 594. WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1714.

*Absentem qui rodit amicum;  
Qui non defendit ulio culpante; solutos  
Qui caput risus hominum, famamque dicacis;  
Ingere qui non tuta potest; commissa tacere  
Qui nequit; hic niger est: hunc tu, Romane, caveto.*  
HOIT. Sat. iv. l. 1. ver. 81.

He that shall rail against his absent friends,  
Or hears them scandalized, and not defends;  
Sports with their fame, and speaks whatever he can,  
And only to be thought a witty man;  
Tells tales, and brings his friend in disesteem:  
That man's a knave;—be sure beware of him.  
CREECH.

WERE all the vexations of life put together, we should find that a great part of them proceed from those calumnies and reproaches which we spread abroad concerning one another.

There is scarce a man living who is not, in some degree, guilty of this offence; though at the same time, however we treat one another, it must be confessed that we all consent in speaking ill of the persons who are notorious for this practice. It generally takes its rise either from an ill-will to mankind, a private inclination to make ourselves esteemed, an ostentation of wit, a vanity of being thought in the secrets of the world, or from a desire of gratifying any of these dispositions of mind in those persons with whom we converse.

\* See Nos. 586, 587, and 603.

The publisher of scandal is more or less odious to mankind, and criminal in himself, as he is influenced by any one or more of the foregoing motives. But, whatever may be the occasion of spreading these false reports, he ought to consider that the effect of them is equally prejudicial and pernicious to the person at whom they are aimed. The injury is the same, though the principle from which it proceeds may be different.

As every one looks upon himself with too much indulgence when he passes a judgment on his own thoughts or actions, and as very few would be thought guilty of this abominable proceeding, which is so universally practised, and at the same time so universally blamed, I shall lay down three rules, by which I would have a man examine and search into his own heart before he stands acquitted to himself of that evil disposition of mind which I am here mentioning.

First of all, let him consider whether he does not take delight in hearing the faults of others.

Secondly, Whether he is not too apt to believe such little blackening accounts, and more inclined to be credulous on the uncharitable than on the good-natured side.

Thirdly, Whether he is not ready to spread and propagate such reports as tend to the disreputation of another.

These are the several steps by which this vice proceeds, and grows up into slander and defamation.

In the first place, a man who takes delight in hearing the faults of others, shows sufficiently that he has a true relish of scandal, and consequently the seeds of this vice within him. If his mind is gratified with hearing the reproaches which are cast on others, he will find the same pleasure in relating them, and be the more apt to do it, as he will naturally imagine every one he converses with is delighted in the same manner with himself. A man should endeavour therefore to wear out of his mind this criminal curiosity, which is perpetually heightened and inflamed by listening to such stories as tend to the disreputation of others.

In the second place, a man should consult his own heart, whether he be not apt to believe such little blackening accounts, and more inclined to be credulous on the uncharitable than on the good-natured side.

Such a credulity is very vicious in itself, and generally arises from a man's consciousness of his own secret corruption. It is a pretty saying of Thales, 'Falsehood is just as far distant from truth as the ears are from the eyes.' By which he would intimate, that a wise man should not easily give credit to the report of actions which he has not seen. I shall, under this head, mention two or three remarkable rules to be observed by the members of the celebrated Abbey de la Trappe, as they are published in a little French book.<sup>1</sup>

The fathers are there ordered never to give an ear to any accounts of base or criminal actions; to turn off all such discourse if possible; but, in case they hear any thing of this nature so well attested that they cannot disbelieve it, they are then to suppose that the criminal action may have proceeded from a good intention to him who is guilty of it. This is, perhaps, carrying charity to an extravagance; but it is certainly much more laudable

than to suppose, as the ill-natured part of the world does, that indifferent and even good actions proceed from bad principles and wrong intentions.

In the third place, a man should examine his heart, whether he does not find in it a secret inclination to propagate such reports as tend to the disreputation of another.

When the disease of the mind, which I have hitherto been speaking of, arises to this degree of malignity, it discovers itself in its worst symptoms, and is in danger of becoming incurable. I need not therefore insist upon the gull in this particular, which every one cannot but disapprove, who is not void of humanity, or even common discretion. I shall only add, that, whatever pleasure any man may take in spreading whispers of this nature, he will find an infinitely greater satisfaction in conquering the temptation he is under, by letting the secret die within his own breast.

Nº 593. FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1714.

Non ut plebs coarctet lentis, non ut  
serpens artus gendivorus, Ugnibus agat.  
1702. Ars Poet. ver. 17

— Nature, and the common laws of sense,  
Forbidden to reconcile antipathies;  
Or make a snake repender with a dove,  
And hungry tigers court the tender lambs.  
ROSCOMMON.

If ordinary authors would condescend to write as they think, they would at least be allowed the praise of being intelligible. But they really take pains to be ridiculous; and, by the studied ornaments of style, perfectly disguise the little sense they utter. There is a grievance of this sort to the commonwealth of letters, which I have for some time resolved in redress, and accordingly I have set this day apart for justice. What I mean is, the misuse of inconsistent metaphors, which is a fault but too often found in learned writers, but in all the unlearned without exception.

In order to set this matter in a clear light to every reader, I shall in the first place observe, that a metaphor is a simile in one word, which serves to convey the thoughts of the mind under resemblances and images which affect the senses. There is not any thing in the world, which may not be compared to several things, if considered in several distinct lights; nor, in other words, the same thing may be expressed by different metaphors. But the mischief is, that an unskilful author shall run these metaphors so absurdly into one another, that there shall be no simile, no agreeable picture, no apt resemblance, but confusion, obscurity, and noise. Thus I have known a hero compared to a thunderbolt, a lion, and the sea; all and each of them proper metaphors for impetuosity, courage, and force. But by bad management it hath happened, that the thunderbolt hath overflowed its banks, the lion hath been darted through the skies, and the billows have rolled out of the Trojan desert.

The absurdity in this instance is obvious. And yet every time that clashing metaphors are put together this fault is committed more or less. It hath already been said, that metaphors are images of things which affect the senses. As language, therefore, taken from what acts upon the sight, cannot, without violence, be applied to the hearing; and

<sup>1</sup> *Brochet Rem. 61.*

<sup>2</sup> *Felicien, Description de l'Abbaye de la Trappe, Paris, 1714.*

so of the rest. It is no less an impropriety to make any being in nature or art to do things in its metaphorical state, which it could not do in its original. I shall illustrate what I have said by an instance which I have read more than once in controversial writers. 'The heavy lashes,' saith a celebrated author, 'that have dropped from your pen, &c.' I suppose this gentleman, having frequently heard of 'gall dropping from a pen, and being lashed in a satire,' he was resolved to have them both at any rate, and so uttered this complete piece of non sense. It will more effectually discover the absurdity of these monstrous notions, if we will suppose these metaphors or images actually painted. Imagine then a hand holding a pen, and several lashes of whiplash falling from it, and you have the true representation of this sort of eloquence. I believe, by this very rule, a reader may be able to judge of the union of all metaphors whatsoever, and determine which are homogeneous, and which heterogeneous; or, to speak more plainly, which are consistent and which inconsistent.

There is yet one evil more which I must take notice of, and that is the running of metaphors into fabulous allegories; which, though an error on the better hand, causes confusion as much as the other. This becomes abominable, when the lustre of one word leads a writer out of his road, and makes him wander from his subject for a page together. I remember a young fellow of this turn, who, having said by chance that his mistress had a world of charms, thereupon took occasion to consider her as one possessed of frigid and torrid zones, and pursued her from the one pole to the other.

I shall conclude this paper with a letter written in that enormous style, which I hope my reader hath by this time set his heart against. The epistle hath heretofore received great applause; but, after what hath been said, let any man commend it if he dare.

\* MR,

'ART thou the many heavy lashes that have fallen from your pen, you may justly expect in return all the load that my ink can lay upon your shoulders. You have quartered all the foul language upon me that could be raked out of the mire of Billings-gate, without knowing who I am, or whether I deserve to be copped and scarified at this rate. I tell you once for all, turn your eyes where you please, you shall never smell me out. Do you think that the panics, which you sow about the parish, will ever build a monument to your glory? No, sir, you may fight these battles as long as you will, but when you come to balance the account, you will find that you have been fishing in troubled waters, and that an *ignis fatuus* hath bewildered you, and that indeed you have built upon a sandy foundation, and brought your hogs to a fair market.

'I am, sir,  
'Yours, &c.'

MEARES.

Nº 596. MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1714.

*Molle meum levibus cor est violabile telis.*  
OVID. Ep. xv. ver. 79.

Cupid's light darts my tender bosom move.  
POPE.

THE case of my correspondent, who sends me the following letter, has somewhat in it so very whimsical, that I know not how to entertain my readers better than by laying it before them.

\* SIR,

'Middle Temple, Sept. 18.

'I AM fully convinced that there is not upon earth a more impertinent creature than an importunate lover. We are daily complaining of the severity of our fate to people who are wholly unconcerned in it; and hourly improving a passion, which we would persuade the world is the torment of our lives. Notwithstanding this reflection, sir, I cannot forbear acquainting you with my own case. You must know then, sir, that, even from my childhood, the most prevailing inclination I could perceive in myself was a strong desire to be in favour with the fair sex. I am at present in the one-and-twentieth year of my age; and should have made choice of a she-hedfellow many years since, had not my father, who has a pretty good estate of his own getting, and passes in the world for a prudent man, been pleased to lay it down as a maxim, that nothing spoils a young fellow's fortune so much as marrying early; and that no man ought to think of wedlock till six-and-twenty. Knowing his sentiments upon this head, I thought it in vain to apply myself to women of condition, who expect settlements; so that all my amours have hitherto been with ladies who had no fortunes: but I know not how to give you so good an idea of me, as by laying before you the history of my life.

'I can very well remember, that at my school-mistress's, whenever we broke up, I was always for joining myself with the miss who lay-in, and was constantly one of the first to make a party in the play of Husband and Wife. This passion for being well with the females still increased as I advanced in years. At the dancing-school I contracted so many quarrels by struggling with my fellow-scholars for the partner I liked best, that upon a hall-night, before our mothers made their appearance, I was usually up to the nose in blood. My father, like a discreet man, soon removed me from this stage of softness to a school of discipline, where I learnt Latin and Greek. I underwent several severities in this place, till it was thought convenient to send me to the university; though, to confess the truth, I should not have arrived so early at that seat of learning, but from the discovery of an intrigue between me and my master's housekeeper; upon whom I had employed my rhetoric so effectually, that, though she was a very elderly lady, I had almost brought her to consent to marry me. Upon my arrival at Oxford, I found logic so dry, that, instead of giving attention to the dead, I soon fell to addressing the living. My first amour was with a pretty girl whom I shall call Parthenope: her mother sold ale by the town-wall. Being often caught there by the proctor, I was forced at last, that my mistress's reputation might receive no blemish, to confess my addresses were honourable. Upon this I was immediately sent home; but Parthenope soon after marrying a shoemaker, I was again suffered to return. My next affair was with my tailor's daughter, who deserted me for the sake of a young barber. Upon my complaining to one of my particular friends of this misfortune, the cruel wag made a mere jest of my calamity, and asked me with a smile, Where the needle should turn but to the pole? After this I was deeply in love with a milliner, and at last with my hed-maker, upon which I was sent away, or, in the university phrase, rusticated for ever.

'Upon my coming home, I settled to my studies so heartily, and contracted so great a reservedness

\* The ordinary sign of a barber's shop; much more common at that time than at present.

by being kept from the company I most affected, that my father thought he might venture me at the Temple.

Within a week after my arrival I began to shine again, and became enamoured with a mighty pretty creature, who had every thing but money to recommend her. Having frequent opportunities of uttering all the soft things which an heart formed for love could inspire me with, I soon galloped her consent to treat of marriage; but, unfortunately for us all, in the absence of my charmer I usually talked the same language to her elder sister, who is also very pretty. Now, I assure you, Mr Spectator, this did not proceed from any real affection I had conceived for her; but, being a perfect stranger to the conversation of men, and strongly addicted to associate with the women, I knew no other language but that of love. I should however be very much obliged to you if you could free me from the perplexity I am at present in. I have sent word to my old gentleman in the country that I am desperately in love with the younger sister; and her father, who knew no better, poor man, acquainted him by the same post, that I had for some time made my addresses to the elder. Upon this old Testy sends me up word, that he has heard so much of my exploits, that he intends immediately to order me to the South Sea. Sir, I have occasionally talked so much of dying, that I begin to think there is not much in it; and if the oldquire persists in his design, I do hereby give him notice that I am providing myself with proper instruments for the destruction of despairing lovers; let him therefore look to it, and consider that by his obstinacy he may himself lose the son of his strength, the world an hopeful lawyer, my mistress a passionate lover, and you, Mr Spectator,

Your constant admirer,

JEREMY LOVENOXES

N<sup>o</sup> 597. WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1714.

— *More slow powder had it.* —

PETR.

The mind encumber'd plays.

SINCE I received my friend Shadaw's letter, several of my correspondents have been pleased to send me an account how they have been employed in sleep, and what notable adventures they have been engaged in during that moonshine to the brain. I shall lay before my readers an abridgment of some few of their extravagancies, in hopes that they will in these accounts themselves to dream a little more to the purpose.

One, who styles himself Gladio, complains heavily that his fair one charges him with inconstancy, and does not use him with half the kindness which the sincerity of his passion may demand; the said Gladio having by valour and stratagem put to death tyrants, enchanters, monsters, kalbis, &c. without number, and exposed himself to all manner of dangers for her sake and safety. He desires in his postscript to know whether, from a constant success in them, he may not promise himself to succeed in her return at last.

Another, who is very proud in his narrative, writes me word, that, having vent a venture beyond sea, he took occasion one night to fancy himself gone along with it, and grown as a soldier the richest man in all the Indies. Having been there about a year or two, a gust of wind, that forced

open his casement, blew him over to his native country again, where awaking at six o'clock, and the change of the air not agreeing with him, he turned to his left side in order to a second voyage; but ere he could get on shipboard was unfortunately apprehended for stealing a horse, tried and condemned for the fact, and to a fair way of being executed, if somebody stepping hastily into his chamber had not brought him a reprieve. This fellow too wants Mr. Shadaw's advice; who, I dare say, would bid him be content to rise after his first nap, and learn to be satisfied as soon as nature is.

The next is a public-spirited gentleman, who tells me, that on the second of September at night the whole city was on fire, and would certainly have been reduced to ashes again by this time if he had not flown over it with the New River on his back, and happily extinguished the flames before they had prevailed too far. He would be informed whether he has not a right to petition the Lord Mayor and aldermen for a reward.

A letter, dated September the ninth, acquaints me, that the writer, being resolved to try his fortune, had fasted all that day; and, that he might be wroth of dreaming upon something at night, procured an handsome slice of bride-cake, which he placed very conveniently under his pillow. In the morning his memory happened to fail him, and he could recollect nothing but an odd fancy that he had eaten his cake; which being found upon search reduced to a few crumbs, he is resolved to remember more of his dreams another time, believing from this that there may possibly be somewhat of truth in them.

I have received numerous complaints from several delicious dreamers, desiring me to invent some method of silencing those noisy slaves whose occupations lead them to take their early revues about the city in a morning, doing a deal of mischief, and working strange confusion in the affairs of its inhabitants. Several months have done me the honour to acquaint me how often they have been shook from their respective throats by the rattling of a coach, or the rumbling of a wheelbarrow. And many private gentlemen, I find, have been bawled out of vast estates by fellows not worth three-pence. A fair lady was just upon the point of being married to a young, handsome, rich, ingenious nobleman, when an impertinent dapper passing by forbade the nuptials; and an hopeful youth, who had been newly advanced to great honour and preferment, was forced by a neighbouring collier to resign all for an old song. It has been represented to me that those inconsiderable rascals do nothing but go about dwelling of marriages, and spoiling of fortunes, impoverishing rich and ruining great people, interrupting beauties in the midst of their conquests, and generals in the course of their victories. A buxomous peripatetic dodder goes through a street without waking half a dozen kings and princes, to open their shops or clean shoes, frequently transforming sceptres into paring-knives, and proclamations into bills. I have by me a letter from a young statesman, who in five or six hours came to be emperor of Europe, after which he made war upon the Great Turk, routed him horse and foot, and was crowned lord of the universe in Constantinople the confessor of all his victories in, that on the 12th instant, about seven in the morning, his imperial majesty was deposed by a chimney-sweepers.

On the other hand, I have upholding too many of gratitude from many substantial people, who are

to this clamorous tribe frequent deliverances from great misfortunes. A small-coal man\*, by waking one of these distressed gentlemen, saved him from ten years imprisonment. An honest watchman, bidding aloud good-morrow to another, freed him from the malice of many potent enemies, and brought all their designs against him to nothing. A certain valetudiniarian confesses he has often been cured of a sore throat by the hoarseness of a carman, and relieved from a fit of the gout by the sound of old shoes. A noisy puppy that plagued a sober gentleman all night long with his impertinence, was silenced by a cinder-wench with a word speaking.

Iustead therefore of suppressing this order of mortals, I would propose it to my readers to make the best advantage of their morning salutations. A famous Macedonian prince, for fear of forgetting himself in the midst of his good fortune, had a youth to wait on him every morning, and bid him remember that he was a man. A citizen, who is waked by one of these criers, may regard him as a kind of remembrancer, come to admonish him that it is time to return to the circumstances he has overlooked all the night-time, to leave off fancying himself what he is not, and prepare to act suitably to the condition he is really placed in.

People may dream on as long as they please, but I shall take no notice of any imaginary adventures that do not happen while the sun is on this side the horizon. For which reason I stifle Fritilla's dream at church last Sunday, who, while the rest of the audience were enjoying the benefit of an excellent discourse, was losing her money and jewels to a gentleman at play, till after a strange run of ill luck she was reduced to pawn three lovely pretty children for her last stake. When she had thrown them away, her companion went off discovering himself by his usual tokens, a cloven foot and a strong smell of brimstone; which last proved a bottle of spirits, which a good old lady applied to her nose, to put her in a condition of hearing the preacher's third head concerning time.

If a man has no mind to pass abruptly from his imagined to his real circumstances, he may employ himself a while in that new kind of observation which my oneirocritical correspondent has directed him to make of himself. Pursuing the imagination through all its extravagancies, whether in sleeping or waking, is no improper method of correcting and bringing it to act in subordination to reason, so as to be delighted only with such objects as will affect it with pleasure when it is never so cool and sedate.

humours from degenerating into the neighbouring extreme; there being a natural tendency in the one to a melancholy moroseness, and in the other to a fantastic levity.

The merry part of the world are very amiable, while they diffuse a cheerfulness through conversation at proper seasons and on proper occasions; but, on the contrary, a great grievance to society when they infect every discourse with insipid mirth, and turn into ridicule such subjects as are not suited to it. For though laughter is looked upon by the philosophers as the property of reason, the excess of it has been always considered as the mark of folly.

On the other side, seriousness has its beauty whilst it is attended with cheerfulness and humanity, and does not come in unseasonably to pall the good humour of those with whom we converse.

These two sets of men, notwithstanding they each of them shine in their respective characters, are apt to bear a natural aversion and antipathy to one another.

What is more usual than to hear men of serious tempers, and austere morals, calarging upon the vanities and follies of the young and gay part of the species, while they look with a kind of horror upon such pomps and diversions as are innocent in themselves, and only culpable when they draw the mind too much?

I could not but smile upon reading a passage in the account which Mr Baxter gives of his own life, wherein he represents it as a great blessing that in his youth he very narrowly escaped getting a place at court.

It must indeed be confessed that levity of temper takes a man off his guard, and opens a pass to his soul for any temptation that assaults it. It favours all the approaches of vice, and weakens all the resistance of virtue: for which reason a renowned statesman in Queen Elizabeth's days, after having retired from court and public business, in order to give himself up to the duties of religion, when any of his old friends used to visit him, had still this word of advice in his mouth, 'be serious.'

An eminent Italian author of this cast of mind, speaking of the great advantage of a serious and composed temper, wishes very gravely, that for the benefit of mankind he had Trophonius's cave in his possession; which, says he, would contribute more to the reformation of manners than all the work-houses and bridewells in Europe.

We have a very particular description of this cave in Pausanias, who tells us that it was made in the form of a huge oven, and had many particular circumstances, which disposed the person who was in it to be more pensive and thoughtful than ordinary; insomuch, that no man was ever observed to laugh all his life after, who had once made his entry into this cave. It was usual in those times, when any one carried a more than ordinary gloominess in his features, to tell him that he looked like one just come out of Trophonius's cave.

On the other hand, writers of a more merry complexion have been no less severe on the opposite party; and have had one advantage above them, that they have attacked them with more turns of wit and humour.

After all, if a man's temper were at his own disposal, I think he would not choose to be of either of these parties; since the most perfect character is that which is formed out of both of them. A man would neither choose to be a hermit nor a buffoon: human nature is not so miserable, as that we should be at

Nº 598. FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1714.

*Jamne igitur laudas, quod de sapientibus alter  
Idebnt, quolres a lunare moverat unum  
Protuleratque pedem: flebat contrarius alter?*  
JUV. Sat. x. ver. 28.

Will ye not now the pair of sages praise,  
Who the same end pursu'd by several ways?  
One pity'd, one condemn'd the woful times;  
One laugh'd at follies, one lamented crimes.  
DRYDEN.

MANKIND may be divided into the merry and the serious, who both of them make a very good figure in the species so long as they keep their respective

\* The name of this famous musical small-coal man was Thomas Britton. See Hawkins's Hist. of Music, vol. v.



as that we should be always merry. In a word, a man should not live as if there was no God in the world; nor, at the same time, as if there were no men to it.

ADDISON.

Nº 509. MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1714

——— *Ubiqum* ———  
*Lactum, ubique parum* ———  
VIRG. *Æn. II. ver. 308.*  
All parts resonant with tumult, plaints, and fears.  
DRYDEN.

It has been my custom, as I grow old, to allow myself in some little indulgencies, which I never took in my youth. Among others is that of an afternoon's nap, which I fell into in the fifty-fifth year of my age, and have continued for the three years last past. By this means I enjoy a double morning, and rise twice a day fresh to my speculations. It happens very luckily for me, that some of my dreams have proved instructive to my countrymen, so that I may be said to sleep, as well as to wake, for the good of the public. I was yesterday meditating on the account with which I have already entertained my readers concerning the cave of Trophobolus. I was no sooner fallen into my usual slumber, but I dreamed that this cave was put into my possession, and that I gave public notice of its virtue, inviting every one to it who had a mind to be a serious man for the remaining part of his life. Great multitudes immediately resorted to me. The first who made the experiment was a Merry-andrew, who was put into my hands by a neighbouring justice of peace, in order to reclaim him from that profligate kind of life. Poor Pickle-berry had not taken above one turn in it, when he came out of the cave like a hermit from his cell, with a penitential look and a most rueful countenance. I then put in a young laughing fop, and, watching for his return, asked him with a smile, how he liked the place! He replied, 'Prythee, friend, be not impatient!' and walked by me as grave as a judge. A citizen then desired me to give free ingress and egress to his wife, who was dressed in the gayest coloured ribbons I have ever seen. She went in with a flirt of her fan and a smirking countenance, but came out with the severity of a vestal; and, throwing from her several female gewgaws, told me with a sigh, that she resolved to go into deep mourning, and to wear black all the rest of her life. As I had had many coquettes recommended to me by their parents, their husbands, and their lovers, I let them in all at once, desiring them to divert themselves together as well as they could. Upon their emerging again into daylight, you would have fancied my cave to have been a nursery, and that you had seen a solemn procession of religious marching out, one behind another, in the most profound silence and the most exemplary decency. As I was very much delighted with so edifying a sight, there came towards me a great company of males and females, laughing, singing, and dancing, in such a manner, that I could hear them a great while before I saw them. Upon my asking their leader what brought them thither! they told me all at once that they were I reach protestants lately arrived in Great Britain, and that, finding themselves of too gay a humour for my country, they applied themselves to me, in order to compose them for British conversations. I told them that, to oblige them, I would

soon spoil their mirth; upon which I admitted a whole shoal of them, who, after having taken a survey of the place, came out in very good order, and with looks entirely English. I afterwards put in a Dutchman, who had a great fancy to see the keeper, as he called it, but I could not observe that I had made any manner of alteration to him.

A comedian, who had gained great reputation in parts of humour, told me that he had a mighty mind to act Alexander the Great, and fancied that he should succeed very well in it if he could strike two or three laughing features out of his face. He tried the experiment, but contracted so very solid a look by it, that I am afraid he will be fit for no part hereafter, but a Timon at Athens, or a Mute in the Funeral.

I then clapped up an empty fantastic citizen, in order to qualify him for an alderman. He was succeeded by a young rake of the Middle Temple, who was brought to me by his grandmother; but, to her great sorrow and surprise, he came out a quaker. Seeing myself surrounded with a body of free thinkers and scoffers at religion, who were making themselves merry at the sober looks and thoughtful brows of those who had been in the cave, I threw them all in, one after another, and locked the door upon them. Upon my opening it, they all looked as if they had been frightened out of their wits, and were marching away with ropes in their hands to a wood that was within sight of the place. I found they were not able to bear themselves in their first serious thoughts; but, knowing these would quickly bring them to a better frame of mind, I gave them into the custody of their friends till that happy change was wrought in them.

The last that was brought to me was a young woman, who at the first sight of my short face fell into an immoderate fit of laughter, and was forced to hold her sides all the while her mother was speaking to me. Upon this I interrupted the old lady, and, taking her daughter by the hand, 'Madam,' said I, 'be pleased to retire into my closet while your mother tells me your case.' I then put her into the mouth of the cave, when the mother, after having begged pardon for the girl's rudeness, told me that she often treated her father, and the gravest of her relations, in the same manner; that she would sit giggling and laughing with her companions from one end of a tragedy to the other; nay, that she would sometimes burst out in the middle of a sermon, and set the whole congregation a staring at her. The mother was going on, when the young lady came out of the cave to me with a composed countenance and a low curtsy. She was a girl of such exuberant mirth that her visit to Trophobolus only reduced her to a more than ordinary decency of behaviour, and made a very pretty pride of her. After having performed innumerable curtesies, I looked about me with great satisfaction, and saw all my patients walking by themselves in a very pensive and musing posture, so that the whole place seemed covered with philosophers. I was at length resolved to go into the cave myself, and see what it was that had produced such wonderful effects upon the company; but as I was stooping at the entrance, the door being somewhat low, I gave such a nod in my chair that I awoke. After having recovered myself from my first startle, I was very well pleased at the accident which had befallen me, as not knowing but a little stay in the place might have spoiled my Spectator.

N<sup>o</sup> 600. WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1714.*Solenne suum, sua sidera norant.*VIRG. *Æn.* vi. ver. 651.Stars of their own, and their own suns, they know.  
DRYDEN.

I HAVE always taken a particular pleasure in examining the opinions which men of different religions, different ages, and different countries, have entertained concerning the immortality of the soul, and the state of happiness which they promise themselves in another world. For, whatever prejudices and errors human nature lies under, we find that either reason, or tradition from our first parents, has discovered to all people something in these great points which bears analogy to truth, and to the doctrines opened to us by divine revelation. I was lately discoursing on this subject with a learned person, who has been very much conversant among the inhabitants of the more western parts of Africa\*. Upon his conversing with several in that country, he tells me that their notion of heaven or of a future state of happiness is this, that every thing we there wish for will immediately present itself to us. We find, say they, our souls are of such a nature that they require variety, and are not capable of being always delighted with the same objects. The Supreme Being, therefore, in compliance with this taste of happiness which he has planted in the soul of man, will raise up from time to time, say they, every gratification which it is in the humour to be pleased with. If we wish to be in groves or bowers among running streams or falls of water, we shall immediately find ourselves in the midst of such a scene as we desire. If we would be entertained with music and the melody of sounds, the concert arises upon our wish, and the whole region about us is filled with harmony. In short, every desire will be followed by fruition; and whatever a man's inclination directs him to will be present with him. Nor is it material whether the Supreme Power creates in conformity to our wishes, or whether he only produces such a change in our imagination as makes us believe ourselves conversant among those scenes which delight us. Our happiness will be the same, whether it proceed from external objects, or from the impressions of the Deity upon our own private fancies. This is the account which I have received from my learned friend. Notwithstanding this system of belief he in general very chimerical and visionary, there is something sublime in its manner of considering the influence of a Divine Being on a human soul. It has also, like most other opinions of the heathen world upon these important points; it has, I say, its foundation in truth, as it supposes the souls of good men after this life to be in a state of perfect happiness; that in this state there will be no barren hopes, nor fruitless wishes, and that we shall enjoy every thing we can desire. But the particular circumstance which I am most pleased with in this scheme, and which arises from a just reflection upon human nature, is that variety of pleasures which it supposes the souls of good men will be possessed of in another world. This I think highly probable, from the dictates both of reason

and revelation. The soul consists of many faculties, as the understanding, and the will, with all the senses both outward and inward; or, to speak more philosophically, the soul can exert herself in many different ways of action. She can understand, will, imagine, see, and hear; love, and discourse, and apply herself to many other the like exercises of different kinds and natures; but, what is more to be considered, the soul is capable of receiving a most exquisite pleasure and satisfaction from the exercise of any of these its powers, when they are gratified with their proper objects; she can be entirely happy by the satisfaction of the memory, the sight, the hearing, or any other mode of perception. Every faculty is as a distinct taste in the mind, and hath objects accommodated to its proper relish. Doctor Tillotson somewhere says, that he will not presume to determine in what consists the happiness of the blessed, because God Almighty is capable of making the soul happy by ten thousand different ways. Besides those several avenues to pleasure which the soul is endowed with in this life, it is not impossible, according to the opinions of many eminent divines, but there may be new faculties in the souls of good men made perfect, as well as new senses in their glorified bodies. This we are sure of, that there will be new objects offered to all those faculties which are essential to us.

We are likewise to take notice that every particular faculty is capable of being employed on a very great variety of objects. The understanding, for example, may be happy in the contemplation of moral, natural, mathematical, and other kinds of truth. The memory likewise may turn itself to an infinite multitude of objects, especially when the soul shall have passed through the space of many millions of years, and shall reflect with pleasure on the days of eternity. Every other faculty may be considered in the same extent.

We cannot question but that the happiness of a soul will be adequate to its nature; and that it is not endowed with any faculties which are to lie useless and unemployed. The happiness is to be the happiness of the whole man; and we may easily conceive to ourselves the happiness of the soul while any one of its faculties is in the fruition of its chief good. The happiness may be of a more exalted nature in proportion as the faculty employed is so: but, as the whole soul acts in the exertion of any of its particular powers, the whole soul is happy in the pleasure which arises from any of its particular acts. For, notwithstanding, as has been before hinted, and as it has been taken notice of by one of the greatest modern philosophers\*, we divide the soul into several powers and faculties, there is no such division in the soul itself, since it is the whole soul that remembers, understands, wills, or imagines. Our manner of considering the memory, understanding, will, imagination, and the like faculties, is for the better enabling us to express ourselves in such abstracted subjects of speculation, not that there is any such division in the soul itself.

Seeing then that the soul has many different faculties; or, in other words, many different ways of acting; that it can be intensely pleased or made happy by all these different faculties, or ways of acting; that it may be endowed with several latent faculties, which it is not at present in a condition to exert; that we cannot believe the soul is endowed with any faculty which is of no use to it;

\* Probably Addison's father, Dean Lancelot Addison, who published *An Account of West Barbary*, &c. As the dean died in his 71st year, April 1703, this paper was probably written in his lifetime, many years, a dozen at least, before the date of its publication in the Spectator.

\* Locke.

that, whenever any one of these faculties is transcendently pleased, the soul is in a state of happiness; and, in the last place, considering that the happiness of another world is to be the happiness of the whole man, who can question but that there is an infinite variety in those pleasures we are speaking of; and that this fulness of joy will be made up of all those pleasures which the nature of the soul is capable of receiving.

We shall be the more confirmed in this doctrine if we observe the nature of variety with regard to the mind of man. The soul does not care to be always in the same bent. The faculties relieve one another by turns, and receive an additional pleasure from the novelty of those objects about which they are conversant.

Revelation likewise very much confirms this notion, under the different views which it gives us of our future happiness. In the description of the throne of God it represents to us all those objects which are able to gratify the senses and imagination: in very many places it intimates to us all the happiness which the understanding can possibly receive in that state, where all things shall be revealed to us, and we shall know even as we are known; the raptures of devotion, of divine love, the pleasure of conversing with our blessed Saviour, with an innumerable host of angels, and with the spirits of just men made perfect, are likewise revealed to us in several parts of the holy writings. There are also mentioned those hierarchies or governments in which the blessed shall be ranged one above another, and in which we may be sure a great part of our happiness will likewise consist; for it will not be there as in this world, where every one is aiming at power and superiority; but, on the contrary, every one will find that station the most proper for him in which he is placed, and will probably think that he could not have been so happy in any other station. These, and many other particulars, are marked in divine revelation, as the several ingredients of our happiness in heaven, which all imply such a variety of joys, and such a gratification of the soul in all its different faculties, as I have been here mentioning.

Some of the rabbins tell us that the cherubims are a set of angels who know most, and the seraphims a set of angels who love most. Whether this distinction be not altogether imaginary, I shall not here examine; but it is highly probable that, among the spirits of good men, there may be some who will be more pleased with the employment of one faculty than of another; and this perhaps according to those innocent and virtuous habits or inclinations which have here taken the deepest root.

I might here apply this consideration to the spirits of wicked men, with relation to the pain which they shall suffer in every one of their faculties, and the respective miseries which shall be appropriated to each faculty in particular. But, leaving this to the reflection of my readers, I shall conclude with observing how we ought to be thankful to our great Creator, and rejoice in the being which he has bestowed upon us, for having made the soul susceptible of pleasure by so many different ways. We see by what a variety of passages joy and gladness may enter into the thoughts of man; how wonderfully a human spirit is framed, to imbibes its proper satisfactions, and taste the goodness of its creator. We may therefore look into ourselves with joy and amazement, and cannot sufficiently express our gratitude to him who has con-

ferred us with such a profusion of blessings, and opened us in so many capacities of enjoying them.

There cannot be a stronger argument that God has designed us for a state of future happiness, and for that heaven which he has revealed to us, than that he has thus naturally qualified the soul for it, and made it a being capable of receiving so much bliss. He would never have made such faculties in vain, and have endowed us with powers that were not to be exerted on such objects as are suited to them. It is very manifest, by the inward frame and constitution of our minds, that he has adapted them to an infinite variety of pleasures and gratifications which are not to be met with in this life. We should therefore at all times take care that we do not disappoint this his gracious purpose and intention towards us, and make those faculties, which he formed as so many qualifications for happiness and rewards, to be the instruments of pain and punishment.

ADDISON.

N<sup>o</sup> 601. FRIDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1714.

'O wretched wretched wretched.

ANTONY. Lk. 14.

Man is naturally a benevolent creature.

The following essay comes from a hand which has entertained my readers once before\*.

\* NOTWITHSTANDING a narrow contracted temper be that which abides most in the world, we must not therefore conclude this to be the genuine characteristic of mankind; because there are some who delight in nothing so much as in doing good, and receive more of their happiness at second-hand, or by rebound from others, than by direct and immediate acquisition. Now, though these heroic souls are but few, and to appearance so far advanced above the groveling multitude as if they were of another order of beings, yet in reality their nature is the same; moved by the same springs, and endowed with all the same essential qualities; only cleared, refined, and cultivated. Water is the same fluid body in winter and in summer; when it stands diffused in ice as when it flows along in gentle streams, gladdening a thousand fields in its progress. It is a property of the heat of sun to be diffused its kind wheresoever abroad over the face of the creation; and if there be stone, as we may observe too many of them, who are all wrapped up in their own dear selves, without any viable concern for their species, let us suppose that their good-nature is frozen, and by the prevailing force of some contrary quality, restrained in its operation. I shall therefore endeavour to assign some of the principal checks upon this generous propensity of the human soul, which will enable us to judge whether, and by what method, this most useful principle may be unfettered, and restored to its native freedom of exercise.

\* The first and leading cause is an unhappy complexion of body. The brutish, ignorant, and true source of moral evil, generally charged it on the obliquity of matter, which, being eternal and independent, was incapable of change to any of its properties, even by the Almighty Mind, who, when he came to fashion it into a world of beings, must take it as he found it. This notion, as most

others of theirs, is a composition of truth and error. That matter is eternal, that, from the first union of a soul to it, it perverted its inclinations, and that the ill influence it hath upon the mind is not to be corrected by God himself, are all very great errors, occasioned by a truth as evident, that the capacities and dispositions of the soul depend, to a great degree, on the bodily temper. As there are some fools, others are knaves by constitution; and particularly it may be said of many, that they are born with an illiberal cast of mind; the matter that composes them is tenacious as birdlime; and a kind of cramp draws their hands and their hearts together, that they never care to open them, unless to grasp at more. It is a melancholy lot this; but attended with one advantage above theirs, to whom it would be as painful to forbear good offices as it is to these men to perform them; that whereas persons naturally beneficent often mistake instinct for virtue, by reason of the difficulty of distinguishing when one rules them and when the other, men of the opposite character may be more certain of the motive that predominates in every action. If they cannot confer a benefit with that ease and frankness which are necessary to give it a grace in the eye of the world, in requital, the real merit of what they do is enhanced by the opposition they surmount in doing it. The strength of the virtue is seen in rising against the weight of nature; and every time they have the resolution to discharge their duty they make a sacrifice of inclination to conscience, which is always too grateful to let its followers go without suitable marks of its approbation. Perhaps the entire cure of this ill quality is no more possible than of some distempers that descend by inheritance. However, a great deal may be done by a course of beneficence obstinately persisted in; this, if any thing, being a likely way of establishing a moral habit, which shall be somewhat of a counterpoise to the force of mechanism. Only it must be remembered that we do not intermit, upon any pretence whatsoever, the custom of doing good, in regard, if there be the least cessation, nature will watch the opportunity to return, and in a short time to recover the ground it was so long in quitting; for there is this difference between mental habits and such as have their foundation in the body: that these last are in their nature more forcible and violent; and, to gain upon us, need only not to be opposed; whereas the former must be continually reinforced with fresh supplies, or they will languish and die away. And this suggests the reason why good habits in general require longer time for their settlement than bad, and yet are sooner displaced; the reason is, that vicious habits, as drunkenness for instance, produce a change in the body, which the others not doing, must be maintained the same way they are acquired, by the mere dint of industry, resolution, and vigilance.

Another thing which suspends the operations of benevolence, is the love of the world; proceeding from a false notion men have taken up, that an abundance of the world is an essential ingredient in the happiness of life. Worldly things are of such a quality as to lessen upon dividing; so that the more partners there are, the less must fall to every man's private share. The consequence of this is, that they look upon one another with an evil eye, each imagining all the rest to be embarked in an interest that cannot take place but to his prejudice. Hence are those eager competitions for wealth or power; hence one man's success becomes another's disappointment; and, like pretenders to

the same mistress, they can seldom have common charity for their rivals. Not that they are naturally disposed to quarrel and fall out; but it is natural for a man to prefer himself to all others, and to secure his own interest first. If that which men esteem their happiness were, like the light, the same sufficient and unconfined good, whether ten thousand enjoy the benefit of it or but one, we should see men's good-will and kind endeavours would be as universal.

*"Homo qui erranti comiter monstrat viam,  
Quasi lucem de suo lumine accendat, facit,  
Nihilominus ipsi luceat, cum illi accenderit."*

"To direct a wanderer in the right way, is to light another man's candle by one's own, which loses none of its light by what the other gains."

But, unluckily, mankind agree in making choice of objects which inevitably engage them in perpetual differences. Learn, therefore, like a wise man, the true estimate of things. Desire not more of the world than is necessary to accommodate you in passing through it; look upon every thing beyond, not as useless only, but burdensome. Place not your quiet in things which you cannot have without putting others beside them, and thereby making them your enemies; and which, when attained, will give you more trouble to keep than satisfaction in the enjoyment. Virtue is a good of a nobler kind; it grows by communication; and so little resembles earthly riches, that the more hands it is lodged in the greater is every man's particular stock. So, by propagating and mingling their fires, not only all the lights of a branch together cast a more extensive brightness, but each single light burns with a stronger flame. And lastly, take this along with you, that if wealth be an instrument of pleasure, the greatest pleasure it can put into your power is that of doing good. It is worth considering, that the organs of sense act within a narrow compass, and the appetites will soon say they have enough. Which of the two therefore is the happier man—he who, confining all his regard to the gratification of his own appetites, is capable but of short fits of pleasure—or the man who, reckoning himself a sharer in the satisfactions of others, especially those which come to them by his means, enlarges the sphere of his happiness?

The last enemy to benevolence I shall mention is uneasiness of any kind. A guilty, or a discontented mind, a mind ruffled by ill fortune, discontented by its own passions, snared by neglect, or fretting at disappointments, hath not leisure to attend to the necessity or unreasonableness of a kindness desired, nor a taste for those pleasures which wait on beneficence, which demand a calm and unpolluted heart to relish them. The most miserable of all beings is the most envious; as, on the other hand, the most communicative is the happiest. And if you are in search of the seat of perfect love and friendship, you will not find it till you come to the region of the blessed, where happiness like a refreshing stream, flows from heart to heart in an endless circulation, and is preserved sweet and unaltered by the motion. It is old advice, if you have a favour to request of any one, to observe the softest times of address, when the soul, in a flush of good-humour, takes a pleasure to show itself pleased. Persons conscious of their own integrity, satisfied with themselves and their condition, and full of confidence in a Supreme Being, and the hope of immortality, survey all about them with a flow of good-will. As trees which like their soil, they shoot out in expressions

of kindness, and bend beneath their own precious load, to the hand of the gatherer. Now if the mind be not thus easy, it is an infallible sign that it is not in its natural state; place the mind in its right posture, it will immediately discover its innate propensity to beneficence.

[GROVE.]

N<sup>o</sup> 602. MONDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1714.

*Faci hoc illis hyacinthos.*

JUV. Sat. vi. ver. 110.

This makes them hyacinths.

THE following letter comes from a gentleman who, I find, is very diligent in making his observations, which I think too material not to be communicated to the public.

SIR,

In order to execute the office of the love-carnist of Great Britain, with which I take myself to be invested by your paper of September 8<sup>th</sup>, I shall make some further observations upon the two sexes in general, beginning with that which always ought to have the upper hand. After having observed with much curiosity the accomplishments which are apt to captivate female hearts, I find that there is no person so irresistible as one who is a man of importance, provided it be in matters of no consequence. One who makes himself talked of, though it be for the particular cock of his hat, or for prating aloud to the boxes at a play, is in a fair way of being a favourite. I have known a young fellow make his fortune by knocking down a constable; and may venture to say, though it may seem a paradox, that many a fair one has died by a duel in which both the combatants have survived.

About three winters ago I took notice of a young lady at the theatre, who conceived a passion for a notorious rake that headed a party of cut-throats; and was credibly informed that the Emperor of the Mohocks married an rich widow within three weeks after having rendered himself formidable in the cities of London and Westminster. Scouring and breaking of windows have done frequent execution upon the sex. But there is no set of these male characters who make their way more successfully than those who have gained themselves a name for intrigue, and have ruined the greatest number of reputations. There is a strange curiosity in the female world to be acquainted with the dear man who has been loved by others, and to know what it is that makes him so agreeable. His reputation does more than half his business. Every one, that is ambitious of being a woman of fashion, looks out for opportunities of being in his company; so that, to use the old proverb, "When his name is up he may lie a-bed."

I was very sensible of the great advantage of being a man of importance upon these occasions on the day of the king's entry, when I was seated in a balcony beheld a cluster of very pretty country ladies, who had one of these shewy gentlemen in the midst of them. The first trick I caught him at was bowing to several persons of quality whom he did not know; nay, he had the impudence to bow at a blue garter who had a silver equipage than ordinary; and seemed a little concerned at the impatient buzzes of the mob, that hindered his

friend from taking notice of him. There was, indeed, one who pulled off his hat to him; and, upon the ladies asking who it was, he told them it was a foreign minister that he had been very merry with the night before; whereas in truth it was the city common hunt.

He was never at a loss when he was asked any person's name, though he seldom knew any one under a peer. He found dukes and earls among the aldermen, very good-natured fellows among the privy-councillors, with two or three agreeable old rakes among the bishops and judges.

In short, I collected from his whole discourse that he was acquainted with every body, and knew nobody. At the same time, I am mistakes if he did not that day make more advances in the affections of his mistress, who sat near him, than he could have done in half a year's courtship.

Ovid has finely touched this method of making love, which I shall here give my reader in Mr. Dryden's translation.

Page the eleventh.

"Then love to theatre did first improve,  
And theatres are still the scene of love;  
Nor shun the chariot's and the coachman's race;  
The Circus is no more a vacant place.  
Nor need is there of talking on the hand,  
Nor nods, nor sighs, which lovers understand;  
But boldly next the fair year set provide,  
Come as you can to hers, and side by side;  
Pleas'd, or displeas'd, no matter, crowding all;  
For so the laws of public shows permit.  
Then find occasion in legions to discourse,  
Inquire whose chariot this, and whose that horse;  
To whatsoever side she is inclin'd,  
Swill all your inclinations to her mind.  
Like what she likes, from thence your court begin,  
And whom she favours wish that he may win."

Again, page the sixteenth.

"O where will come the day by Heavens design'd,  
When those, the best and fairest of mankind,  
Drawn by white horses, shall in triumph ride,  
With conquering slaves attending on their side,  
Slaves that no longer can be said to fight;  
O glorious object! O surprising sight!  
O day of public joy, too good to end in night!  
On such a day, if then, and next to these  
Some beauty sit, the spectacle to see;  
If she inspire the wiles of conquering kings,  
Of mountains, rivers, and their hidden springs;  
Answer to all those know'd; and, if need be,  
Of things unknown seem to speak knowingly;  
This is Empress, crown'd with roses and red roses;  
Flows the swift Tigris, with his steppes has  
Torn new pieces of things unknown before;  
Call this Armenia, that the Caspian shore;  
Call this a Nile, and that the Persian youth;  
Talk proudly; no matter for the truth."

Supposed by SUBMIT.

N<sup>o</sup> 603. WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1714.

*Ducit ab urbe domum, non carnalis, ducit Pyramus*  
PSAL. LXX. ver. 14.

— Restore my chariot,  
My hanging taphans, to my hanging arms.  
PSAL. V.

THE following copy of verses comes from one of my correspondents, and has something in it so original that I do not much doubt but it will divert my readers.

"My love, O Pyramus, was happily spent,  
When I was with her, with her sweetest friend;

"My Pharo was a woman, daughter of the East and West,  
And her name was particularly of Egypt, her name was Pharo."

Ten thousand sweet pleasures I felt in my breast :  
 Sure never fond shepherd like Colin was bless'd !  
 But now she is gone, and has left me behind,  
 What a marvellous change on a sudden I find !  
 When things were as fine as could possibly be,  
 I thought 'twas the spring ; but alas ! it was she.

' With such a companion, to tend a few sheep,  
 To rise up and play, or to lie down and sleep,  
 I was so good-humour'd, so cheerful and gay,  
 My heart was as light as a feather all day.  
 But now I so cross and so peevish am grown,  
 So strangely uneasy as never was known.  
 My fair one is gone, and my joys are all drown'd,  
 And my heart—t' am sure it weighs more than a pound.

' The fountain that wont to run sweetly along,  
 And dance in soft murmurs the pebbles among ;  
 Thou know'st, little Cupid, if Phœbe was there,  
 'Twas pleasure to look at, 'twas music to hear :  
 But now she is absent, I walk by its side,  
 And still as it murmurs do nothing but chide ;  
 Must you be so cheerful while I go in pain ?  
 Peace there with your bubbling, and hear me complain.

' When my lambskins around me would oftentimes play,  
 And when Phœbe and I were as joyful as they,  
 How pleasant their sporting, how happy their time,  
 When spring, love, and beauty were all in their prime ?  
 But now in their frolics when by me they pass,  
 I sing at their fleeces a handful of grass ;  
 Be still, then, I cry, for it makes me quite mad,  
 To see you so merry while I am so sad.

' My dog I was ever well pleas'd to see  
 Come wagging his tail to my fair one and me ;  
 And Phœbe was pleas'd too, and to my dog said,  
 Come hither, poor fellow ; and patted his head.  
 But now, when he's yawning, I with a frow look  
 Cry, Surrah ! and give him a blow with my crook ;  
 And I'll give him another, for why should not Tray  
 Be as dull as his master, when Phœbe's away ?

' When walking with Phœbe, what sights have I seen !  
 How fair was the flower, how fresh was the green !  
 What a lovely appearance the trees and the shade,  
 The corn fields and hedges, and every thing made !  
 But now she has left me, though all are still there,  
 'Tis none of them now so delightful appear :  
 'Twas nought but the magic, I find, of her eyes,  
 Made so many beautiful prospects arise.

' Sweet music went with us both all the wood thro',  
 The lark, linnet, thrush, and nightingale too ;  
 Winds over us whisper'd, flocks by us did beat,  
 And chirp went the grasshopper under our feet.  
 But now she is absent, though still they sing on,  
 The woods are but lonely, the melody's gone ;  
 Her voice in the concert, as now I have found,  
 Gave ev'ry thing else its agreeable sound.

' Rose, what is become of thy delicate hue ?  
 And where is the violet's beautiful blue ?  
 Does aught of its sweetness the blossom beguile ?  
 That meadow, those daisies, why do they not smile ?  
 Ah ! rivals, I see what it was that you drest  
 And made yourselves fine for ; a place on her breast :  
 You put on your colours to pleasure her eye,  
 To be pluck'd by her hand, on her bosom to die.

' How slowly Time creeps, till my Phœbe return !  
 While amidst the soft Zephyr's cool breezes I burn !  
 Methinks if I knew whereabouts he would tread,  
 I could breathe on his wings, and 'twould melt down the  
 lead.  
 Fly swifter, ye minutes, bring hither my dear,  
 And rest so much longer for't when she is here.  
 Ah, Colin ! old Time is full of delay,  
 Nor will budge one foot faster for all thou canst say.

' Will no pitying power that hears me complain,  
 Or cure my disquiet or soften my pain ?  
 To be cur'd, thou must, Colin, thy passion remove ;  
 But what swain is so silly to live without love ?  
 O, Deity, bid the dear nymph to return,  
 For ne'er was poor shepherd so sadly forlorn.  
 Ah ! what shall I do ? I shall die with despair !  
 Take heed, all ye swains, how ye love one so fair.'

BYRON.

ter of Trinity College, Cambridge, who died in 1742. She was afterwards married to Dr. Dennison Cumberland, Bishop of Clonfert in Killaloe in Ireland, and grandson of Dr. Richard Cumberland, Bishop of Peterborough.

Nº 604. FRIDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1714.

*Tu ne quasiris (scire nefas) quem mihi, quem tibi,  
 Invenit Dii dederint, Læconoe; nec Babylonios  
 Tentaris numeros* —

HOR. Od. xl. l. 1. ver. 1.

Ah ! do not strive too much to know,  
 My dear Læconoe,  
 What the kind gods design to do  
 With me and thee.

CREECH.

THE desire of knowing future events is one of the strongest inclinations in the mind of man. Indeed an ability of foreseeing probable accidents is what, in the language of men, is called wisdom and prudence ; but, not satisfied with the light that reason holds out, mankind hath endeavour'd to penetrate more compendiously into futurity. Magic, oracles, omens, lucky hours, and the various arts of superstition, owe their rise to this powerful cause. As this principle is founded in self-love, every man is sure to be solicitous in the first place about his own fortune, the course of his life, and the time and manner of his death.

If we consider that we are free agents, we shall discover the absurdity of such inquiries. One of our actions, which we might have performed or neglected, is the cause of another that succeeds it, and so the whole chain of life is linked together. Pain, poverty, or infamy, are the natural product of vicious and imprudent acts, as the contrary blessings are of good ones ; so that we cannot suppose our lot to be determin'd without impiety. A great enhancement of pleasure arises from its being unexpected ; and pain is doubled by being foreseen. Upon all these, and several other accounts, we ought to rest satisfied in this portion bestow'd on us ; to adore the hand that hath fitted every thing to our nature, and hath not more displayed his goodness in our knowledge than in our ignorance.

It is not unworthy observation, that superstitions inquiries into future events prevail more or less, in proportion to the improvement of liberal arts and useful knowledge in the several parts of the world. Accordingly, we find that magical incantations remain in Lapland : in the more remote parts of Scotland they have their second sight \* ; and several of our own countrymen have seen abundance of fairies. In Asia this credulity is strong : and the greatest part of refin'd learning there consists in the knowledge of amulets, talismans, occult numbers, and the like.

When I was at Grand Cairo I fell into the acquaintance of a good-natur'd Mussulman, who promised me many good offices which he design'd to do me when he became prime minister, which was a fortune bestow'd on his imagination by a doctor very deep in the curious sciences. At his repeated solicitations I went to learn my destiny of this wonderful sage. For a small sum I had his promise, but was desir'd to wait in a dark apartment until he had run through the preparatory ceremonies. Having a strong propensity, even then, to dreaming, I took a nap upon the sofa where I was placed, and had the following vision, the particulars whereof I picked up the other day among my papers.

I found myself in an unbounded plain, where methought the whole world, in several habits and with different tongues, was assembled. The multi-

\* Dr. Beattie, in his 'Essays,' 4to. edit. p. 424 &c. has some excellent remarks on this visionary faculty.

to glide swiftly along, and I found in myself a strong inclination to mingle in the train. My eyes quickly singled out some of the most splendid figures. Several in rich costumes and glittering turbans bustled through the throng, and trampled over the bodies of those they threw down; until, to my great surprise, I found that the great pace they went only hastened them to a scaffold or a bow-string. Many beautiful damsels on the other side moved forward with great gaiety; some danced until they fell all along; and others palated their faces until they lost their noses. A tribe of creatures with busy looks falling into a fit of laughter at the misfortunes of the unhappy ladies, I turned my eyes upon them. They were each of them filling his pockets with gold and jewels; and, when there was no room left for more, these wretches, looking round with fear and horror, slipped away before my face with families and discontent.

This prospect of human misery struck me dumb for some miles. Then it was that, to disburden my mind, I took pen and ink, and did every thing that hath since happened under my office of Spectator. While I was employing myself for the good of mankind, I was surprised to meet with very unsuitable returns from my fellow-creatures. Never was poor author so beset with pamphleteers, who sometimes marched directly against me, but oftener shot at me from strong bulwarks, or rose up suddenly in ambush. They were of all characters and capacities; some with emblems of dignity, and others in liveries; but what most surprised me was to see two or three in black gowns among my enemies. It was no small trouble to me, sometimes to have a man come up to me with an angry face, and reproach me for having disappointed him, when I had never seen or heard of him in my life. With the ladies it was otherwise: many became my enemies for not being particularly pointed out; as they were others who resented the satire which they imagined I had directed against them. My great comfort was to the company of half a dozen friends, who I found since were the club which I have so often mentioned in my papers. I laughed often at Sir Roger in my sleep, and was the more diverted with Will Honeycomb's gallantries (when we afterwards became acquainted), because I had forgotten his marriage with a farmer's daughter. The regret which arose in my mind upon the death of my companions, my anxieties for the public, and the many calamities still floating before my eyes, made me repent my curiosity; when the magician entered the room, and awakened me, by telling me (when it was too late) that he was just going to begin.

N. B. I have only delivered the prophecy of that part of my life which is past, it being inconvenient to divulge the second part until a more proper opportunity.

\* Doubtless an allusion to the hirelings and black gowns employed by the administration in the last years of the queen's reign: Dean Swift, Prior, Atterbury, Dr. Freind, Dr. King, Mr. Aldworth, Mrs. Mauley, the writers of the *Liturgist*, &c.

N<sup>o</sup> 603. MONDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1711.

*Errata et additamenta animarum cultusque frequent,  
In quacunque vice artem, hinc lenda se putant  
VIRG. Georg. lib. 3. v. 31.*

— They change their savage mind,  
Their wilderness live, and, quitting nature's part,  
Obey the rules and discipline of art.  
DIXON.

HAVING perused the following letter, and finding it to run upon the subject of love, I referred it to the learned cavalier, whom I have retained in my service for speculations of that kind. He returned it to me the next morning with his report annexed to it, a lib both of which I shall here present my reader.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'FINDING that you have entertained an useful person in your service in quality of love-cavalier, I apply myself to you, under a very great difficulty, that hath for some months perplexed me. I have a couple of humble servants, one of which I have no aversion to; the other I think of very kindly. The first hath the reputation of a man of good sense, and is one of those people that your sex are apt to value. My spark is reckoned a coxcomb among the men, but is a favourite of the ladies. If I marry the man of worth, as they call him, I shall oblige my parents, and improve my fortune; but with my dear bean I promise myself happiness, although not a jointure. Now I would ask you, whether I should consent to lead my life with a man that I have only no objection to, or with him against whom all objections to me appear frivolous. I am determin'd to follow the cavalier's advice, and dare say he will not put me upon so serious a thing as matrimony contrary to my inclination.

'I am, &c.

'FANNY PICKLE.

'P. B. I forgot to tell you that the pretty gentleman is the most complaisant creature in the world, and is always of my mind; but the other, forsooth, fancies he has as much wit as myself, affects my lip-dex, and hath the insolence to contradict me when he thinks I am not in the right. About half an hour ago he maintained to my face that a patch always implies a pimple.'

As I look upon it to be my duty rather to side with the parents than the daughter, I shall propose some considerations to my gentle spirit, which may incline her to comply with those under whose direction she has and at the same time ensure her, that it is not impossible but she may, in time, have a true affection for him who is at present so different to her; or, to use the old family maxim, that, 'if she marries first, she will come after.'

The only objection that she seems to intimate against the gentleman proposed to her, is his want of complaisance, which, I perceive, she is very willing to return. Now I can discover from this very circumstance, that she and her lover, whatever they may think of it, are very good friends in their hearts. It is difficult to determine whether love delights more in giving pleasure or pain. Let Miss Pickle ask her own heart, if she does not

take a secret pride in making this man of good sense look very silly. Hath she ever been better pleased than when her behaviour hath made her lover ready to hang himself? or doth she ever rejoice more than when she thinks she hath driven him to the very brink of a purling stream? Let her consider, at the same time, that it is not impossible but her lover may have discovered her tricks, and hath a mind to give her as good as she brings. I remember a handsome young baggage that treated a hopeful Greek of my acquaintance, just come from Oxford, as if he had been a barbarian. The first week after she had fixed him, she took a pinch of snuff out of his rival's box, and apparently touched the enemy's little finger. She became a professed enemy to the arts and sciences, and scarce ever wrote a letter to him without wilfully mis-spelling his name. The young scholar, to be even with her, railed at coquettes as soon as he had got the word; and did not want parts to turn into ridicule her men of wit and pleasure of the town. After having irritated one another for the space of five months, she made an assignation with him four-score miles from London. But, as he was very well acquainted with her pranks, he took a journey the quite contrary way. Accordingly they met, quarrelled, and in a few days were married. Their former hostilities are now the subject of their mirth, being content at present with that part of love only which bestows pleasure.

Women who have been married some time, not having it in their heads to draw after them a numerous train of followers, find their satisfaction in the possession of one man's heart. I know very well that ladies in their bloom desire to be excused in this particular. But, when time hath worn out their natural vanity and taught them discretion, their fondness settles on its proper object. And it is probably for this reason that, among husbands, you will find more that are fond of women beyond their prime than of those who are actually in the insolence of beauty. My reader will apply the same observation to the other sex.

I need not insist upon the necessity of their pursuing one common interest, and their united care for their children; but shall only observe, by the way, that married persons are both more warm in their love and more hearty in their hatred than any others whatsoever. Mutual favours and obligations, which may be supposed to be greater here than in any other state, naturally beget an intense affection in generous minds. As, on the contrary, persons who have bestowed such favours have a particular bitterness in their resentments, when they think themselves ill treated by those of whom they have deserved so much.

Besides, Miss Fickle may consider that, as there are often many faults concealed before marriage, so there are sometimes many virtues unobserved.

To this we may add the great efficacy of custom and constant conversation to produce a mutual friendship and benevolence in two persons. It is a nice reflection, which I have heard a friend of mine make, that you may be sure a woman loves a man when she uses his expressions, tells his stories, or imitates his manner. This gives a secret delight; for imitation is a kind of artless flattery, and mightily favours the powerful principle of self-love. It is certain that married persons, who are possessed with a mutual esteem, not only catch the air and way of talk from one another, but fall into the same traces of thinking and liking. Nay, some have carried the remark so far as to assert, that the features of man and wife grow, in time, to re-

semble one another. Let my fair correspondent therefore consider, that the gentleman recommended will have a good deal of her own face in two or three years; which she must not expect from the beau, who is too full of his dear self to copy after another. And I dare appeal to her own judgment, if that person will not be the handsomest that is the most like herself.

We have a remarkable instance to our present purpose in the history of King Edgar, which I shall here relate, and leave it with my fair correspondent to be applied to herself.

This great monarch, who is so famous in British story, fell in love, as he made his progress through his kingdom, with a certain duke's daughter, who lived near Winchester, and was the most celebrated beauty of the age. His importunities and the violence of his passion were so great, that the mother of the young lady promised him to bring her daughter to his bed the next night, though in her heart she abhorred so infamous an office. It was no sooner dark than she conveyed into his room a young maid of no disagreeable figure, who was one of her attendants, and did not want address to improve the opportunity for the advancement of her fortune. She made so good use of her time, that, when she offered to rise a little before day, the king could by no means think of parting with her; so that, finding herself under a necessity of discovering who she was, she did it in so handsome a manner, that his majesty was exceeding gracious to her, and took her ever after under his protection: insomuch that, our chronicles tell us, he carried her along with him, made her his first minister of state, and continued true to her alone, until his marriage with the beautiful Elfrida.

[Supposed by BUNDELL.]

Nº 606. WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1714.

— *longum cantu solata laborem*  
*Arguto confur percurrit pectine telas.*  
VIRG. Georg. l. ver. 294.

— meantime at home  
The good wife singing plies the various loom.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘I HAVE a couple of nieces under my direction, who so often run gadding abroad, that I do not know where to have them. Their dress, their tea, and their visits, take up all their time, and they go to bed as tired with doing nothing as I am after quilting a whole under-pecicoat. The only time they are not idle is while they read your Spectators; which being dedicated to the interests of virtue, I desire you to recommend the long-neglected art of needle-work. Those hours which in this age are thrown away in dress, play, visits, and the like, were employed, in my time, in writing out receipts, or working beds, chairs, and hangings, for the family. For my part, I have plied my needle these fifty years, and by my good will would never have it out of my hand. It grieves my heart to see a couple of proud idle flirts sipping their tea, for a whole afternoon, in a room hung round with the industry of their great grandmother. Pray, sir, take the laudable mystery of embroidery into your serious consideration; and, as you have a great deal of the virtue of the last age in you, continue your endeavours to reform the present.

‘I am, &c.’



and if he be a freeman or a villain\*. And if his said neighbours make oath that he hath for him all these three points rehear-ed, then shall the bacon be taken down and brought to the hall door, and shall there be laid upon one half quarter of wheat, and upon one other of rye. And he that demandeth the bacon shall kneel upon his knees, and shall hold his right hand upon a book, which book shall be laid upon the bacon and the corn, and shall make oath in this manner:

‘Hear ye, Sir Philip de Somerville, lord of Whichenore, mayntener and gyver, of this bacon: that I A sithe I wedded B my wife, and sithe I had byr in my keepyng, and at my wyll, by a year and a day after our marriage, I would not have changed for none other; farrre no sower; richer no poorer; no for none other descended of greater lvyng; sleeping no waking, at oon tyme. And if the seyd B were sole, and I sole, I would take her to be my wife before all the wymen of the worlde, of what condicions soever they be, good or evyll; as help me God and his sayntes, and this flesh and all besches.’

“And his neighbours shall make oath, that they trust verily he hath said truly. And if it be found by his neighbours before named, that he be a freeman, there shall be delivered to him half a quarter of wheat and a cheese; and if he be a villain, he shall have half a quarter of rye without cheese. And then shall Knightleye, the lord of Radlow, be called for, to carry all these things tofore rehearsed; and the said corn shall be laid on one horse and the bacon above it; and he to whom the bacon appertaineth shall ascend upon his horse, and shall take the cheese before him, if he have a horse. And if he have none, the lord of Whichenore shall cause him to have one horse and saddle, to such time as he be passed his lordship; and so shall they depart the manor of Whichenore with the corn and the bacon, tofore him that hath won it, with trumpets, taborets, and other manner of munitry. And all the free tenants of Whichenore shall conduct him to be passed the lordship of Whichenore. And then shall they all return, except him to whom appertaineth to make the carriage and journey without the county of Stafford, at the costs of his lord of Whichenore.’

F<sup>o</sup> 608. MONDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1714.

— *Perjurii rictus amicum.*

OFFID. AN AM. L. REC. CXX.

— *Playing with a snail.*  
The perjury that may make beguile,  
DRYDEN.

\* MR. SPECTATOR,

‘According to my promise I herewith transmit to you a list of several persons, who from time to time demanded the sitch of bacon of Sir Philip de Somerville, and his descendants; as it is preserved in an ancient manuscript under the title of “The Register of Whichenore-hall, and of the bacon sitch there maintained.”

‘In the beginning of this record is recited the law or institution in force, as it is already printed in your last papers to which are added two by-laws, as a comment upon the general law, the substance whereof is, that the wife shall take the same

oath as the husband, *scilicet matrem;* and that the judges shall, as they think meet, interrogate or cross-examine the witnesses. After this proceeds the register in manner following:

‘Aubrey de Falstaff, son of Sir John Falstaff, Kt. with dame Maudie his wife, were the first that demanded the bacon, he having bribed twain of his father’s companions to swear falsely in his behalf, whereby he gained the sitch; but he and his said wife falling immediately into a dispute how the said bacon should be dressed, it was by order of the judges taken from him, and hung up again in the hall.

‘Alison, the wife of Stephen Freckle, brought her said husband along with her, and set forth the good conditions and behaviour of her consort, adding whithal that she doubted not but that he was ready to attest the like of her, his wife; whereupon he, the said Stephen, shaking his head, she turned short upon him, and gave him a box on the ear.

‘Philip de Waverland, having laid his hand upon the book, when the clause, “were I sole and she sole,” was rehearsed, found a secret compunction rising in his mind, and stole it off again.

‘Richard de Lovelem, who was a coortier, and a very well-bred man, being observed to hesitate at the words “after our marriage,” was thereupon required to explain himself. He replied, by talking very largely of his exact complaisance while he was a lover; and alleged that he had not in the least disobliged his wife for a year and a day before marriage, which he hoped was the same thing.

‘Rejected.

‘Joceillae Jelly, Esq. making it appear, by unquestionable testimony, that he and his wife had preserved full and entire affection for the space of the first month, commonly called the honey-moon, he had in consideration thereof one rather bestowed upon him.

‘After this, says the record, many years passed over before any demandant appeared at Whichenore-hall; inasmuch that one would have thought that the whole country were turned Jews, so little was their affection to the sitch of bacon.

‘The next couple enrolled had like to have raved it, if one of the witnesses had not deposed, that dining on a Sunday with the demandant, whose wife had sat below the squire’s lady at church, she the said wife dropped some expressions, as if she thought her husband deserved to be knighted; to which he returned a passionate pique the judges, taking the primers into consideration, declared the aforesaid behaviour to imply an unwarrantable ambition in the wife, and anger in the husband.

‘It is recorded as a sufficient disqualification of a certain wife, that, speaking of her husband, she said “God forgive him.”

‘It is likewise remarkable that a couple were rejected upon the deposition of one of their neighbours, that the lady had once told her husband, that “it was her duty to obey” to which he replied, “O, my dear! you are never in the wrong!”

‘The violent passion of one lady for her lap-dog (the turning away of the old house-maid by another; a tavern-bill torn by the wife, and a tailor’s by the husband); a quarrel about the halting-crook spoiling of dinners, and coming in late at night, are no many several articles which occasioned the reprehension of some women of demandants, whose names are recorded in the aforesaid register.

‘Without enumerating other particular primers, I shall content myself with observing, that the sentence pronounced against one Germaine Pouchard, is,

\* That is, as the words then meant, ‘a free man or a villain.’

that "he might have had bacon to his eggs, if he had not hitherto scolded his wife when they were overboiled." And the deposition against Dorothy Doltittle runs in these words, "that she had so far usurped the dominion of the coal fire, (the stirring whereof her husband claimed to himself) that by her good-will she never would suffer the poker out of her hand."

"I find but two couples in this first century that were successful; the first was a sea-captain and his wife, who since the day of their marriage had not seen one another till the day of the claim. The second was an honest pair in the neighbourhood; the husband was a man of plain good sense and a peaceable temper; the woman was dumb."

N<sup>o</sup> 609. WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1714.

*Farrago libelli.*

JUV. Sat. l. ver. 86.

The miscellaneous subjects of my book.

MR. SPECTATOR,

"I HAVE for some time desired to appear in your paper, and have therefore chosen a day \* to steal into the Spectator, when I take it for granted you will not have many spare minutes for speculations of your own. As I was the other day walking with an honest country gentleman, he very often was expressing his astonishment to see the town so mightily crowded with doctors of divinity; upon which I told him he was very much mistaken if he took all those gentlemen he saw in scarfs to be persons of that dignity; for that a young divine, after his first degree in the university, usually comes hither only to show himself; and, on that occasion, is apt to think he is but half equipped with a gown and cassock for his public appearance, if he hath not the additional ornament of a scarf of the first magnitude to entitle him to the appellation of Doctor from his landlady and the boy at Child's. Now since I know that this piece of garniture is looked upon as a mark of vanity or affectation, as it is made use of among some of the little spruce adventurers of the town, I should be glad if you would give it a place among those extravagancies you have justly exposed in several of your papers, being very well assured that the main body of the clergy, both in the country and the universities, who are almost to a man untainted with it, would be very well pleased to see this venerable foppery well exposed. When my patron did me the honour to take me into his family (for I must own myself of this order), he was pleased to say he took me as a friend and companion; and whether he looked upon the scarf like the lace and shoulder-knot of a footman, as a badge of servitude and dependence, I do not know, but he was so kind as to leave my wearing of it to my own discretion; and, not having any just title to it from my degrees, I am content to be without the ornament. The privileges of our nobility to keep a certain number of chaplains are undisputed, though perhaps not one in ten of those reverend gentlemen have any relation to the noble families their scarfs belong to; the right generally of creating all chaplains, except the domestic (where there is one), being nothing more than the perquisite of a steward's place, who, if he happens to outlive any considerable number

of his noble masters, shall probably, at one and the same time, have fifty chaplains, all in their proper accoutrements, of his own creation; though perhaps there hath been neither grace nor prayer said in the family since the introduction of the first coronet.

'I am, &c.'

MR. SPECTATOR,

"I WISH you would write a philosophical paper about natural antipathies, with a word or two concerning the strength of imagination. I can give you a list, upon the first notice, of a rational china cup, of an egg that walks upon two legs, and a quart pot that sings like a nightingale. There is in my neighbourhood a very pretty prattling shoulder of veal, that squalls out at the sight of a knife. Then, as for natural antipathies, I know a general officer who was never conquered but by a smothered rabbit; and a wife that domineers over her husband by the help of a breast of mutton. A story that relates to myself on this subject may be thought not unentertaining, especially when I assure you that it is literally true. I had long made love to a lady, in the possession of whom I am now the happiest of mankind, whose hand I should have gained with much difficulty, without the assistance of a cat. You must know then that my most dangerous rival had so strong an aversion to this species, that he infallibly swooned away at the sight of that harmless creature. My friend Mrs. Lucy, her maid, having a greater respect for me and my purse than she had for my rival, always took care to pin the tail of a cat under the gown of her mistress, whenever she knew of his coming; which had such an effect, that, every time he entered the room, he looked more like one of the figures in Mrs. Salmon's wax-work \* than a desirable lover. In short, he grew sick of her company: which the young lady taking notice of (who no more knew why than he did), she sent me a challenge to meet her in Lincoln's-inn chapel, which I joyfully accepted; and have, amongst other pleasures, the satisfaction of being praised by her for my stratagem.

'I am, &c.'

'From the Hoop.

'TOM NIMBLE.'

MR. SPECTATOR,

"THE virgins of Great Britain are very much obliged to you for putting them upon such tedious drudgeries in needle-work as were fit only for the Hilpas and the Nilpas that lived before the flood. Here is a stir indeed with your histories in embroidery, your groves with shades of silk and streams of mohair! I would have you to know, that I hope to kill a hundred lovers before the best housewife in England can stitch out a battle; and do not fear but to provide boys and girls much faster than your disciples can embroider them. I love birds and beasts as well as you, but am content to fancy them when they are really made. What do you think of gilt leather for furniture? There is your pretty hangings for a chamber; and, what is more, our own country is the only place in Europe where work of that kind is tolerably done†. Without minding your musty lessons, I

\* An exhibition then to be seen near St. Dunstan's-church, Fleet-street; but which toward the close of the century, was removed to the opposite side of the way, somewhat nearer to Temple-bar.

† About this time there was a celebrated manufactory of tapestry at Chelsea.

\* The day of the coronation of King George I.

am this minute going to Paul's church-yard to bespeak a screen and a set of hangings; and am resolved to encourage the manufacture of my country.

'Yours,  
'CLEONIA.'

N<sup>o</sup> 610. FRIDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1714.

*Sic, cum transferret me  
Anlio cum strepitibus duci,  
Plebeis maribus abster,  
Illi moerens gressu levabat,  
Qui, motus auctu commisit,  
Ignotus mortis sibi.*

RENECA.

Thus, when my fleeting days, at last,  
Unberd, silently are past,  
Calmy I shall resign my breath;  
In life unknown, forgot in death;  
While he, overtaken unprepared,  
Finds death an evil to be fear'd,  
Who dies, to others too much known,  
A stranger to himself alone.

I HAVE often wondered that the Jews should contrive such a worthless greatness for the Deliverer whom they expected, as to dress him up in external pomp and pageantry, and represent him to their imaginations as making havoc amongst his creatures, and executed with the poor ambidoo of a Caesar or an Alexander. How much more illustrious does he appear in his real character, when considered as the author of universal benevolence among men, as refining our passions, exalting our nature, giving us vast ideas of immortality, and teaching us a contempt of that little showy grandeur wherein the Jews made the glory of their Messiah to consist!

'Nothing,' says Longinus, 'can be great, the contempt of which is great.' The possession of wealth and riches cannot give a man a title to greatness, because it is looked upon as a greatness of mind to contemn these gifts of fortune, and to be above the desire of them. I have therefore been inclined to think that there are greater men who lie concealed among the species, than those who come out and draw upon themselves the eyes and admiration of mankind. Virgil would never have been heard of, had not his domestic misfortunes driven him out of his obscurity, and brought him to Rome.

If we suppose that there are spirits, or angels, who look into the ways of men, as it is highly probable there are, both from reason and revelation; how different are the passions which they entertain of us, from those which we are apt to form of one another! Were they to give us in their catalogue of such worthies as are now living, how different would it be from that which any of our own species would draw up!

We are dazzled with the splendour of titles, the ostentation of learning, the noise of victories; they, on the contrary, see the philosopher in the cottage, who possesses his soul in patience and thankfulness, under the pressures of what little minds call poverty and distress. They do not look for great men as the head of armies, or among the pumps of a court, but after find them out in shades and solitude, in the private walks and by-paths of life. The evening's walk of a wise man is more illustrious in their sight than the march of a general at the head of an hundred thousand men. A contemplation of God's works; a voluntary act of justice to our detriment; a generous concern for the good of mankind; tears that are shed in silence for the mi-

series of others; a private desire or resentment broken and subdued; in short, an unfeigned exercise of humility, or any other virtue, are such actions as are glorious in their sight, and disseminate men great and reputable. The most famous among us are often looked upon with pity, with contempt, or with indignation; whilst those who are most obscure among their own species are regarded with love, with approbation, and esteem.

The moral of the present speculation amounts to this; that we should not be led away by the censures and applauses of men, but consider the figure that every person will make at that time when 'Wisdom shall be justified of her children; and nothing pass for great or illustrious which is not an ornament and perfection to human nature.'

The story of Gyges, the rich Lydian monarch, is a memorable instance to our present purpose. The oracle, being asked by Gyges, who was the happiest man, replied Aglasis. Gyges, who expected to have heard himself named on this occasion, was much surprised, and very curious to know who this Aglasis should be. After much inquiry he was found to be an obscure countryman, who employed all his time in cultivating a garden, and a few acres of land about his house.

Cowley's agreeable relation of this story shall close this day's speculation.

'Thus Aglasis (a man unknown to men,  
But the gods knew, and therefore loved him then)  
Thus W<sup>rd</sup> obscurely there without a name,  
Aglasis, now cougl'd in t' eternal fame.  
For Gyges, the rich king, wicked and great,  
Presum'd at what Apollo's Delphic seat,  
Presum'd to ask, O show, the whole world's eye,  
Send thou a man that happier is than I!  
The god, who seem'd to answer him, reply'd,  
Aglasis happier is. But Gyges cry'd,  
In a proud rage, who can that Aglasis be?  
We've heard as yet of no such king as he,  
And true it was, through the whole earth abroad,  
No king of such a name was to be found.  
Is some old hero of that name alive,  
Who his high race does from the gods derive?  
Is it some mighty general that has done  
Wonders in fight, and gain'd his honour so?  
Is it some man of restless wealth? said he?  
None, none of these. Who can this Aglasis be?  
After long search and vain inquiries past,  
In an obscure Arcadian vale at last,  
(Th' Arcadian life has always shady been)  
Near Asop's town (which he best never had seen)  
This Aglasis, who monarch's envy drew,  
Where he happens the gods stood witness to,  
This mighty Aglasis was labouring found,  
With his own hands, in his own little ground.

'O Asop, gentle Asop, (if it may befall be,  
Among those fountains join to mention there)  
So let me rest, on such a private stage,  
The last dull scenes of my declining age!  
After long toils and voyages in vain,  
This quiet port let my poor soul remain!  
Of heavenly rest this is the truest seat,  
Let my life stay, and learn to love to wait.'

N<sup>o</sup> 611. MONDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1714.

*Perfidus! et duris genitrix te cunctibus herrens  
Cunctos, Mithrasque et non minus ubera Reges  
Vixit. R. N. P. vii. 34.*

Perfidus thou! thy power was a sort,  
And some Mithras Reges give thee sort.

I am willing to postpone every thing, to do my  
the least service for the drawing and unfortunate.  
Accordingly I have caused the following letter to

• Cowley's Works, Bro. edit. 1712, vol. 2. p. 724

he inserted in my paper the moment that it came to my hands, without altering one tittle in an account which the lady relates so handsomely herself.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I FLATTER myself you will not only pity, but, if possible, redress a misfortune myself and several others of my sex lie under. I hope you will not be offended, nor think I mean by this to justify my own imprudent conduct, or expect you should. No! I am sensible how severely, in some of your former papers, you have reproved persons guilty of the like mismanagements. I was scarce sixteen, and, I may say without vanity, handsome, when courted by a false perjured man; who, upon promise of marriage, rendered me the most unhappy of women. After he had deluded me from my parents, who were people of very good fashion, in less than three months he left me. My parents would not see nor hear from me; and, had it not been for a servant who had lived in our family, I must certainly have perished for want of bread. However, it pleased Providence, in a very short time, to alter my miserable condition. A gentleman saw me, liked me, and married me. My parents were reconciled; and I might be as happy in the change of my condition, as I was before miserable, but for some things, that you shall know, which are insupportable to me; and I am sure you have so much honour and compassion as to let those persons know, in some of your papers, how much they are in the wrong. I have been married near five years, and do not know that in all that time I ever went abroad without my husband's leave and approbation. I am obliged, through the importunities of several of my relations, to go abroad oftener than suits my temper. Then it is I labour under insupportable agonies. That man, or rather monster, haunts every place I go to. Base villain! by reason I will not admit his nauseous wicked visits and appointments, he strives all the ways he can to ruin me. He left me destitute of friend or money, nor ever thought me worth inquiring after, till he unfortunately happened to see me in a front-box, sparkling with jewels. Then his passion returned. Then the hypocrite pretended to be a penitent. Then he practised all those arts that helped before to undo me. I am not to be deceived a second time by him. I hate and abhor his odious passion; and, as he plainly perceives it, either out of spite or diversion he makes it his business to expose me. I never fail seeing him in all public company, where he is always most industriously spiteful. He hath, in short, told all his acquaintance of our unhappy affair; they tell theirs; so that it is no secret among his companions, which are numerous. They to whom he tells it, think they have a title to be very familiar. If they bow to me, and I out of good manners return it, then I am pestered with freedoms that are no way agreeable to myself or company. If I turn my eyes from them, or seem displeased, they sour upon it, and whisper the next person; he his next; till I have at last the eyes of the whole company upon me. Nay, they report abominable falsehoods, under that mistaken notion, "She that will grant favours to one man will to a hundred." I beg you will let those who are guilty know how ungenerous this way of proceeding is. I am sure he will know himself the person aimed at, and perhaps put a stop to the insolence of others. Cursed is the fate of unhappy women! that men may boast and glory in those things that we must think of with shame and hor-

ror! You have the art of making such odious customs appear detestable. For my sake, and, I am sure, for the sake of several others who dare not own it, but, like me, lie under the same misfortune, make it as infamous for a man to boast of favours, or expose our sex, as it is to take the lie or a box on the ear, and not resent it.

Your constant reader,

and admirer,

LESBIA.

P. S. I am the more impatient under this misfortune, having received fresh provocation, last Wednesday, in the Abbey.

I entirely agree with the amiable and unfortunate Lesbia, that an insult upon a woman in her circumstances is as infamous in a man, as a tame behaviour when the lie or a buffet is given; which truth I shall beg leave of her to illustrate by the following observation.

It is a mark of cowardice passively to forbear resenting an affront, the resentment of which would lead a man into danger; it is no less a sign of cowardice to affront a creature that hath not power to avenge itself. Whatever name therefore this ungenerous man may bestow on the helpless lady he hath injured, I shall not scruple to give him, in return for it, the appellation of coward.

A man, that can so far descend from his dignity as to strike a lady, can never recover his reputation with either sex, because no provocation is thought strong enough to justify such treatment from the powerful towards the weak. In the circumstances in which poor Lesbia is situated, she can appeal to no man whatsoever to avenge an insult, more grievous than a blow. If she could open her mouth, the base man knows that a husband, a brother, a generous friend, would die to see her righted.

A generous mind, however enraged against an enemy, feels its resentments sink and vanish away when the object of its wrath falls into its power. An estranged friend, filled with jealousy and discontent towards a bosom acquaintance, is apt to overflow with tenderness and remorse, when a creature that was once dear to him undergoes any misfortune. What name then shall we give to his ingratitude, who (forgetting the favours he solicited with eagerness, and received with rapture) can insult the miseries that he himself caused, and make sport with the pain to which he owes his greatest pleasure? There is but one being in the creation whose province it is to practise upon the imbecilities of frail creatures, and triumph in the woes which his own artifices brought about; and we well know, those who follow his example will receive his reward.

Leaving my fair correspondent to the direction of her own wisdom and modesty; and her enemy, and his mean accomplices, to the compunction of their own hearts; I shall conclude this paper with a memorable instance of revenge, taken by a Spanish lady upon a guilty lover, which may serve to show what violent effects are wrought by the most tender passion, when sonred into hatred; and may deter the young and nawary from unlawful love. The story, however romantic it may appear, I have heard affirmed for a truth.

Not many years ago an English gentleman, who, in a rencounter by night in the streets of Madrid, had the misfortune to kill his man, fled into a church-porch for sanctuary. Leaning against the door he was surprised

ope. a gli

mering light in the church. He had the courage to advance towards the light; but was terribly startled at the sight of a woman in white, who ascended from a grave with a bloody knife in her hand. The phantom marched up to him, and asked him what he did there. He told her the truth, without reserve, believing that he had met a ghost; upon which she spoke to him in the following manner: 'Stranger, thou art in my power: I am a murderer as thou art. Know then, that I am a nun of a noble family. A base perjured man willed me, and boasted of it. I soon had him dispatched; but, not content with the murder, I have bribed the sexton to let me enter his grave, and have now plucked out his false heart from his body; and thus I use a traitor's heart.' At these words she tore it in pieces, and trampled it under her feet.

“Yesterday was published, Mr Steele’s Apology for himself and his writings; occasioned by his expulsion from the house of commons.

Nº 612. WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1714.

*Murricus hic, altero et altero antiquo somnium  
Necesse per rigorem actus gerit omne Latine.  
Prescriptum populo etque ingenuis turbis sacris  
Ereclit, effunditque sole.*—

VIRG. Æn. lib. vi. 822.

Murricus, boasting of his blood, that springs  
From a long royal race of Latian kings,  
Is by the Trojan line his chariot thrown,  
Crush’d with the weight of an awfully stone.  
DRYDEN.

It is highly laudable to pay respect to men who are descended from worthy ancestors, not only out of gratitude to those who have done good to mankind, but as it is an encouragement to others to follow their example. But this is an honour to be received, not demanded, by the descendants of great men; and they, who are apt to remind us of their ancestors, only put us upon making comparisons to their own disadvantage. There is some pretence for boasting of wit, beauty, strength, or wealth, because the communication of them may give pleasure or profit to others; but we can have no merit, nor ought we to claim any respect, because our fathers acted well, whether we would or no.

The following letter ridicules the folly I have mentioned, in a new, and, I think, not disagreeable light.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘Were the genealogy of every family preserved, there would probably be no man valued or despised on account of his birth. There is scarce a beggar in the streets, who would not find himself lineally descended from some great man; nor any one of the highest title, who would not discover several base and indigent persons among his ancestors. It would be a pleasant entertainment to see one pedigree of men appear together, under the same characters they bore when they acted their respective parts among the living. Suppose therefore a gentleman, full of his illustrious family, should, in the same manner as Virgil makes Æneas look over his descendants, see the whole line of his progenitors put in a review before his eyes—with how many varying passions would he behold shepherds and soldiers, statesmen and officers, princes and beggars, walk in the procession of five thousand years! How would his heart sink or flutter at the several spots of fortune in a scene so diversified

with rage and purple, handicraft tools and sceptres, emblems of dignity and emblems of disgrace! And how would his fears and apprehensions, his transports and mortifications, succeed one another, as the line of his genealogy appeared bright or obscure!

‘In most of the pedigrees hang up in old mansions-houses, you are sure to find the first in the catalogue a great statesman, or a soldier with an honourable commission. The honest artificer that begot him, and all his frugal ancestors before him, are torn off from the top of the register; and you are not left to imagine that the noble founder of the family ever had a father. Were we to trace many boasted lines farther backwards, we should lose them in a mob of tradesmen, or a crowd of rustics, without hope of seeing them emerge again; not unlike the old Apian way, which, after having run many miles in length, loses itself in a bog.

‘I lately made a visit to an old country gentleman, who is very far gone in this sort of family madness. I found him in his study perusing an old register of his family, which he had just then discovered, as it was branched out in the form of a tree, upon a skin of parchment. Having the honour to have some of his blood in my veins, he permitted me to cast my eye over the boughs of this venerable plant and asked my advice in the reforming of some of the superfluous branches.

‘We passed slightly over three or four of our immediate forefathers, whom we knew by tradition, but were soon stopped by an alderman of London, who I perceived made my kinsman’s heart go pit-a-pat. His confusion increased when he found the alderman’s father to be a grazier; but he recovered his fright upon seeing Justice of the quorum at the end of his titles. Things went on pretty well as we threw our eyes occasionally over the tree, when unfortunately he perceived a westland-tailor perched on a bough, who was said greatly to have increased the estate; he was just going to cut him off if he had not seen great, after the name of his son; who was recorded to have mortgaged one of the manors his honest father had purchased. A weaver, who was burnt for his religion in the reign of Queen Mary, was pruned away without mercy; as was likewise a yeoman, who died of a fall from his own cart. But great was our triumph in one of the blood who was beheaded for high treason; which nevertheless was not a little allayed by another of our ancestors who was hanged for stealing of sheep. The expectations of my good cousin were wonderfully raised by a match into the family of a knight; but, unfortunately for us, this branch proved barren; on the other hand, Murrery the mill-maid, being twined round a bough, it drooped out into so many shoots, and bent with so much fruit, that the old gentleman was quite out of countenance. To comfort me under this disgrace, he singled out a branch ten times more fruitful than the other, which he told me he valued more than any in the tree, and bade me be of good comfort. This enormous bough was a graft out of a Welsh heirew, with so many Apes upon it that it might have made a little grove by itself. From the trunk of the pedigree, which was chiefly composed of labourers and shepherds, arose a huge sprout of farmers; this was branched out into yeomen, and ended in a sheriff of the county, who was rewarded for his good service to the crown in bringing up an alderman. Several of the names that seemed in disparage the family, being looked upon as mistakes, were lopped off as rotten or withered; as, on the contrary, so small a number appear-

ing without any title, my cousin, to supply the defects of the manuscript, added *esq.* at the end of each of them.

'The tree, so pruned, dressed, and cultivated, was, within a few days, transplanted into a large sheet of vellum, and placed in the great hall, where it attracts the veneration of his tenants every Sunday morning, while they wait till his worship is ready to go to church; wondering that a man who had so many fathers before him, should not be made a knight, or at least a justice of the peace.

No 613. FRIDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1714.

— *Studia Surreptum in Ecclesiis off.*  
Vulg. Georg. iv. ver. 564.

Affecting studies of less noisy praise.  
MAYBLES.

It is reckoned a piece of ill-breeding for one man to engross the whole talk to himself. For this reason, since I keep three visiting days in the week, I am content now and then to let my friends put in a word. There are several advantages hereby accruing both to my reader, and myself. As, first, young and modest writers have an opportunity of getting into print; again, the town enjoys the pleasures of variety; and posterity will see the humour of the present age, by the help of these little lights into private and domestic life. The benefits I receive from thence are such as these; I gain more time for future speculations; pick up hints which I improve for the public good; give advice; redress grievances; and, by leaving commodious spaces between the several letters that I print, furnish out a Spectator, with little labour and great ostentation.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I was mightily pleased with your speculation of Friday. Your sentiments are noble, and the whole worked up in such a manner as cannot but strike upon every reader. But give me leave to make this remark; that while you write so pathetically on contentment and a retired life, you sooth the passion of melancholy, and depress the mind from actions truly glorious. Titles and honours are the reward of virtue; we therefore ought to be affected with them; and though light souls are too much puffed up with exterior pomp, yet I cannot see why it is not as truly philosophical, to admire the glowing ruby, or the sparkling green of an emerald, as the fainter and less permanent beauties of a rose or a myrtle. If there are men of extraordinary capacities who lie concealed from the world, I should impute it to them as a blot in their characters did not I believe it owing to the meanness of their fortune rather than of their spirit. Cowley, who tells the story of Aglaniis with so much pleasure, was no stranger to courts nor insensible of praise.

"What shall I do to be for ever known,  
And make the age to come my own?"

was the result of a laudable ambition. It was not until after frequent disappointments that he termed himself the melancholy Cowley; and he praised solitude when he despaired of shining in a court. The soul of a man is an active principle. He, therefore, who withdraws himself from the scene before he has played his part, ought to be hissed off the stage, and cannot be deemed virtuous, because he refuses to answer his end. I must own I am

fired with an honest ambition to imitate every illustrious example. The battles of Blenheim and Ramillies have more than once made me wish myself a soldier. And, when I have seen those actions so nobly celebrated by our poets, I have secretly aspired to be one of that distinguished class. But in vain I wish, in vain I pant with the desire of action. I am chained down in obscurity, and the only pleasure I can take is in seeing so many brighter geniuses join their friendly lights, to add to the splendour of the throne. Farewell then, dear Spec, and believe me to be, with great emulation, and no envy,

'Your professed admirer,  
'WILL HOPELESS.'

'SIR,

'Middle Temple, Oct. 26, 1714.

'Though you have formerly made eloquence the subject of one or more of your papers, I do not remember that you ever considered it as possessed by a set of people, who are so far from making Quintilian's rules their practice, that, I dare say for them, they never heard of such an author, and yet are no less masters of it than Tully or Demosthenes among the ancients, or whom you please among the moderns. The persons I am speaking of are our common beggars about this town; and, that what I say is true, I appeal to any man who has a heart one degree softer than a stone. As for my part, who do not pretend to more humanity than my neighbours, I have ostentatiously gone from my chambers with money in my pocket, and returned to them not only penniless, but destitute of a farthing, without bestowing of it any other way than on these seeming objects of pity. In short, I have seen more eloquence in a look from one of those despicable creatures than in the eye of the fairest she I ever saw, yet no one a greater admirer of that sex than myself. What I have to desire of you is, to lay down some directions in order to guard against these powerful orators, or else I know nothing to the contrary but I must myself be forced to leave the profession of the law, and endeavour to get the qualifications necessary to that more profitable one of begging. But, in whichever of these two capacities I shine, I shall always desire to be your constant reader, and ever will be

'Your most humble servant,  
'J. B.'

'SIR,

'Uran reading a Spectator last week, where Mrs. Fanny Fickle submitted the choice of a lover for life to your decisive determination, and imagining I might claim the favour of your advice in an affair of the like, but much more difficult nature, I called for pen and ink, in order to draw the characters of seven humble servants, whom I have equally encouraged for some time. But alas! while I was reflecting on the agreeable subject, and contriving an advantageous description of the dear person I was most inclined to favour, I happened to look into my glass. The sight of the small-pox, out of which I am just recovered, tormented me at once with the loss of my captivating arts and my captives. The confusion I was in, on this unhappy unseasonable discovery, is inexpressible. Believe me, sir, I was so taken up with the thoughts of your fair correspondent's case, and so intent on my own design, that I fancied myself as triumphant in my conquests as ever.

'Now, sir, finding I was incapacitated to amuse myself on that p<sup>t</sup> resolved to

apply myself to you, or your consensual agent, for advice to my present circumstances. I am sensible the fluctuation of my skin, and the regularity of my features, which the malice of my late illness has altered, are irrecoverable; yet do not despair but that loss, by your assistance, may in some measure be repairable, if you will please to propose a way for the recovery of one only of my fugitives.

One of them is in a more particular manner beholden to me than the rest; he, for some private reasons, being desirous to be a lover incognito, always addressed me with billet-doux, which I was so careful of in my sickness, that I secured the key of my love magazine under my head, and, hearing a noise of opening a lock in my chamber, endangered my life by getting out of bed, to prevent, if it had been attempted, the discovery of that amour.

I have formerly made use of all those artifices which our sex daily practices over yours, to draw, as it were undesignedly, the eyes of a whole congregation to my person; I have taken a pride in the number of admirers at my afternoon levee; but am now quite another creature. I think, could I regulate the attractive influence I once had, if I had a legion of suitors I should never be ambitious of entertaining more than one. I have almost contracted an antipathy to the trifling discourses of impertinent lovers; though I must needs own I have thought it very odd of late to hear gentlemen, instead of their usual complaisances, fall into disputes before me of politics, or else weary me with the tedious repetition of how thankful I ought to be, and satisfied with my recovery out of so dangerous a distemper; this, though I am very sensible of the blessing, yet I cannot but dislike, because such advice from them rather seems to lessen than comfort me, and reminds me too much of what I was; which melancholy consideration I cannot yet perfectly surmount, but hope your sentiments on this head will make it supportable.

To show you what a value I have for your dictates, these are to certify the persons concerned, that unless one of them returns to his colours, if I may so call them now, before the winter is over, I will voluntarily condone myself to a retirement, where I will punish them all with my needle. I will be revenged on them by decyphering them on a carpet, humbly begging admittance, myself scornfully refusing it. If you disapprove of this, as savouring too much of malice, be pleased to acquaint me with a draught you like better, and it shall be faithfully performed.

By the unfortunate

“MISTRESS.”

N<sup>o</sup> 614. MONDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1711

*As this was written, the author was in a great deal of haste, and so the style is not so good as it might have been. The author is a woman, and so the style is not so good as it might have been. The author is a woman, and so the style is not so good as it might have been.*

VICED. An. 11. ver. 12.

When I am in a great deal of haste, I am not so good as I might have been. The author is a woman, and so the style is not so good as it might have been. The author is a woman, and so the style is not so good as it might have been.

REVISED

The following account hath been transmitted to me by the late Mrs. M.

• 1711. 11. 11. 11. 11. 11. 11. 11. 11. 11.

“MR. SPECTATOR,”

HAVING in some former papers taken care of the two states of virginity and marriage, and being willing that all people should be served in their turn, I this day draw out my drawer of widows, where I met with several cases, to each whereof I have returned satisfactory answers by the post. The cases are as follow:

Q. Whether a widow be bound by a promise of marriage to Philander, made during her husband's life?

A. Whether Sempronius, having faithfully given a promise to two several persons during the last sickness of her husband, is not thereby left at liberty to choose which of them she pleases, or to reject them both for the sake of a new lover?

Cleora asks me, whether she be obliged to continue single according to a vow made to her husband at the time of his presenting her with a diamond necklace; she being informed by a very pretty young fellow, of a good conscience, that such vows are in their nature sinful.

Another inquires, whether she hath not the right of widowhood, to dispose of herself to a gentleman of great merit, who presses very hard; her husband being irrecoverably gone in a consumption?

An unreasonable creature hath the confidence to ask, whether it be proper for her to marry a man who is younger than her eldest son?

A scrupulous well-spoken maid, who gives me a great many good words, only doubts whether she is not obliged in conscience to shut up her two marriageable daughters, until such time as she hath comfortably disposed of herself?

Sophocles, who seems by her phrase and spelling to be a person of condition, sets forth, that whereas she hath a great estate, and is but a woman, she desires to be informed whether she would not do prudently to marry Camillus, a very idle tall young fellow, who hath no fortune of his own, and consequently hath nothing else to do but to manage hers.

Before I speak of widows, I cannot but observe one thing, which I do not know how to account for; a widow is always more sought after than an old maid of the same age. It is common enough among ordinary people, for a stale virgin to set up a shop in a place where she is not known; where the large than-rings, supposed to be given her by her husband, quickly recommends her to some wealthy neighbour, who takes a liking to the jolly widow, that would have overlooked the venerable spinster.

The truth of it is, if we look into this set of women, we find, according to the different characters or circumstances wherein they are left, that widows may be divided into those who hate love, and those who raise compassion.

Not not to ramble from this subject, there are two things to which consists chiefly the glory of a widow—the love of her deceased husband, and the care of her children; to which may be added a third, arising out of the former, such a prudent conduct as may do honour to both.

A widow possessed of all these three qualities makes not only a virtuous but a sublime character.

There is something so great and so generous in this state of life, when it is accompanied with all its virtues, that it is the subject of one of the finest among our modern tragedies in the person of Andromache, and has not with an universal and deserved applause, when introduced upon our English stage by Mr. Philips.

The most memorable widow in history is Queen Artemesia, who not only erected the famous mau-soleum, but drank up the ashes of her dead lord; thereby enclosing them in a nobler monument than that which she had built, though deservedly esteemed one of the wonders of architecture.

This last lady seems to have had a better title to a second husband than any I have read of, since not one dust of her first was remaining. Our modern heroines might think a husband a very bitter draught, and would have good reason to complain, if they might not accept of a second partner, until they had taken such a troublesome method of losing the memory of the first.

I shall add to these illustrious examples out of ancient story, a remarkable instance of the delicacy of our ancestors, in relation to the state of widowhood, as I find it recorded in Cowell's Interpreter. 'At East and West Enborne, in the county of Berks, if a customary tenant die, the widow shall have what the law calls her freebench in all his copyhold lands, *dum sola et casta fuerit*; that is, while she lives single and chaste; but if she commit incontinency she forfeits her estate; yet if she will come into the court, riding backward upon a black ram, with his tail in her hand, and say the words following, the steward is bound by the custom to re-admit her to her freebench \*:

'Here I am,  
Riding upon a black ram,  
Like a whore as I am;  
And for my *crincum crancum*,  
Have lost my *bincum bancum*;  
And for my tail's game,  
Have done this worldly shame;  
Therefore I pray you, Mr. Steward, let me have my land again.'

The like custom there is in the manor of Torre, in Devonshire, and other parts of the West.

It is not impossible but I may in a little time present you with a register of Berkshire ladies, and other western dames, who rode publicly upon this occasion; and I hope the town will be entertained with a cavalcade of widows †.

Nº 615. WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1714.

— *Qui Decorum*  
*Muneribus sapienter uti,*  
*Duramque catell pauperiem pati,*  
*Pepusque letho flagitium timet:*  
*Non ille pro caris amicis*  
*Aut patria timidus perire.*

HOR. Od. ix. l. 4. ver. 47.

Who spend their treasure freely, as 'twas giv'n  
By the large bounty of indulgent heav'n:  
Who in fix'd unalterable state  
Smile at the doubtful tide of fate,  
And scorn alike her friendship and her hate:  
Who poison less than falsehood fear,  
Loth to purchase life so dear;  
But kindly for their friend embrace cold death,  
And seal their country's love with their departing breath.

STEPNEY.

It must be owned that fear is a very powerful passion, since it is esteemed one of the greatest of virtues to subdue it. It being implanted in us for

\* See Jacob's Law Dictionary, art. Free-bench.—Frank Bank, or Free-bench [*Sedes Libera*, or in Law-Latin *Frankus Bancus*], is that estate in copyhold lands, which the wife, being married, a virgin hath after the decease of her husband for her dower. Fitzherbert calls this a custom by which in some cities the wife shall have all the lands of her husband for dower.—*Les Termes de la Ley*, edit. 1667, p. 575.

† See Nº 623. The custom in the manors of East and West Enborne, of Torre, and other parts in the West of England, is a kind of penance among jocular tenures, to purge the offence, and has there it seems the force and validity of statute law. Jacob's Dict. *ut supra*, edit. 1736, in folio.

our preservation, it is no wonder that it sticks close to us as long as we have any thing we are willing to preserve. But as life, and all its enjoyments, would be scarce worth the keeping, if we were under a perpetual dread of losing them, it is the business of religion and philosophy to free us from all unnecessary anxieties, and direct our fear to its proper object.

If we consider the painfulness of this passion, and the violent effects it produces, we shall see how dangerous it is to give way to it upon slight occasions. Some have frightened themselves into madness, others have given up their lives to these apprehensions. The story of a man who grew grey in the space of one night's anxiety is very famous.

'O! *non quam longa es, quæ facis una senem!*

'A tedious night indeed, that makes a young man old!'

These apprehensions, if they proceed from a consciousness of guilt, are the sad warnings of reason; and may excite our pity, but admit of no remedy. When the hand of the Almighty is visibly lifted against the impious, the heart of mortal man cannot withstand him. We have this passion sublimely represented in the punishment of the Egyptians, tormented with the plague of darkness, in the apocryphal book of Wisdom, ascribed to Solomon.

'For when unrighteous men thought to oppress the holy nation; they being shut up in their houses, the prisoners of darkness, and fettered with the bonds of a long night, lay there exiled from the eternal Providence. For while they supposed to lie hid in their secret sins, they were scattered under a dark veil of forgetfulness, being horribly astonished and troubled with strange apparitions.—For wickedness, condemned by her own witness, is very timorous, and, being oppressed with conscience, always forecasteth grievous things. For fear is nothing else but a betraying of the succours which reason offereth—For the whole world shineth with clear light, and none were hindered in their labour. Over them only was spread a heavy night, an image of that darkness which should afterwards receive them; but yet were they unto themselves more grievous than the darkness \*.

To fear so justly grounded, no remedy can be proposed; but a man (who hath no great guilt hanging upon his mind, who walks in the plain path of justice and integrity, and yet, either by natural complexion, or confirmed prejudices, or neglect of serious reflection, suffers himself to be moved by this abject and unmanly passion) would do well to consider that there is nothing which deserves his fear, but that beneficent Being who is his friend, his protector, his father. Were this one thought strongly fixed in the mind, what calamity would be dreadful? What load can infamy lay upon us when we are sure of the approbation of Him who will repay the disgrace of a moment with the glory of eternity? What sharpness is there in pain and diseases, when they only hasten us on to pleasures that will never fade? What sting is in death, when we are assured that it is only the beginning of life? A man who lives so as not to fear to die, is inconsistent with himself if he delivers himself up to any incidental anxiety.

The intrepidity of a just good man is so nobly set forth by Horace, that it cannot be too often repeated:

'The man resolv'd, and steady to his trust,  
Inflexible to ill, and obstinately just,  
May the rude rabble's insolence despise,  
Their senseless clamours and tumultuous cries:

\* Wisd. xvii. *et seq.*



The tyrant's fierceness he beguiles,  
And the stern brow, and the harsh voice declines,  
And with superior greatness smiles.

'Not the rough whistling that deforms  
Aria's black gulf, and vexes it with storms,  
The stubborn virtue of his soul can move;  
Not the red arm of angry Jove,  
That flings the thunder from the sky,  
And gives it rage to roar, and strength to fly.

'Should the whole frame of nature round him break,  
In ruin and confusion hurled,  
He, unconcern'd, would bear the mighty crash,  
And stand secure amidst a falling world.'

The vanity of fear may be yet further illustrated if we reflect,

First, What we fear may not come to pass. No human scheme can be so accurately projected, but some little circumstance intervening may spoil it. He who directs the heart of man at his pleasure, and understands the thoughts long before, may by ten thousand accidents, or an immediate change in the inclinations of men, disconcert the most subtle project, and turn it to the benefit of his own servants.

In the next place we should consider, though the evil we imagine should come to pass, it may be much more supportable than it appeared to be. As there is no prosperous state of life without its calamities, so there is no adversity without its benefits. Ask the great and powerful if they do not feel the pang of envy and ambition. Inquire of the poor and needy if they have not tasted the sweets of quiet and contentment. Even under the pains of body, the infidelity of friends, or the mis-contrivances put upon our laudable actions, our minds, when for some time accustomed to these pressures, are sensible of secret flowings of comfort, the present reward of a pious resignation. The evils of this life appear like rocks and precipices, rugged and barren at a distance; but at our nearer approach we find little fruitful spots, and refreshing springs, mixed with the harshness and deformities of nature.

In the last place we may comfort ourselves with this consideration, that, as the thing feared may not reach us, so we may not reach what we fear. Our lives may not extend to that dreadful point which we have in view. He who knows all our fallings, and will not suffer us to be tempted beyond our strength, is often pleased, to his tender severity, to separate the soul from its body and miseries together.

If we look forward to him for help, we shall never be in danger of falling down those precipices which our imagination is apt to create. Like those who walk upon a line, if we keep our eye fixed upon one point, we may step forward securely; whereas an imprudent or cowardly glance on either side, will infallibly destroy us.

Nº 616. FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1746.

Get thee home ere dark, poor little fellow.  
MARK Lp. s. 13

A pretty fellow is but half a man.

Given half observed, that a jest is better uttered with a better grace than when it is accompanied with a serious countenance. When a pleasant thought plays in the frons before it discovers itself in words, it takes too great an expectation, and loses the advantage of giving surprise. Wit

and humour are no less poorly recommended by a levity of phrase, and that kind of language which may be distinguished by the name of Cant. Ridicule is never more strong than when it is concealed in gravity. True humour lies in the thought, and arises from the representation of images in odd circumstances and uncommon lights. A pleasant thought strikes us by the force of its natural beauty; and the mirth of it is generally rather palled than heightened, by that ridiculous phraseology which is so much in fashion among the pretenders to humour and pleasantry. This tribe of men are like our room-banks; they make a man a wit by putting him in a fantastic habit.

Our little burlesque authors, who are the delight of ordinary readers, generally abound in these pert phrases, which have in them more vivacity than wit.

I lately saw an instance of this kind of writing, which gave me so lively an idea of it, that I could not forbear begging a copy of the letter from the gentleman who showed it to me. It is written by a country wit, upon the occasion of the rejoicings on the day of the king's coronation.

'DEAR JACK,  
'Twas two o'clock, and a  
'Twas twenty morning.  
'I HAVE just left the right worshipful and his myrmidons about a score of five galleons. The whole magistracy was pretty well drenched before I gave them the slip. Our friend the alderman was half-sick over before the bonfire was out. We had with us the attorney, and two or three other bright fellows. The doctor plays least in sight.

'At three o'clock in the evening we set fire to the whore of Babylon. The devil acted his part to a miracle. He has made his fortune by it. We equipped the young dog with a tender apiece. Honest old Frowa of England was very drunk, and showed his loyalty to the tune of a hundred rockets. The mob drank the king's health on their marrow-bones, to Mother Day's double. They whipped as half a dozen horseheads. Poor Tom Tyler had like to have been demolished with the end of a sky-rocket, that fell upon the bridge at his nose as he was drinking the king's health, and spoiled his tip. The mob were very loyal until about midnight, when they grew a little mischievous for more liquor. They had like to have discomfited the justice, but his clerk came to to his assistance, and took them all down in black and white.

'When I had been buzzed out of my seven senses, I made a visit to the women, who were gazing very comfortably. Mrs. Mayores clipped the king's English. Cluck was the word.

'I forgot to tell thee that every one of the poor had his hat cocked with a stick; the women sent us down a cargo of ribbon and metre for the occasion.

'Sir Richard, to show his zeal for the Protestant religion, is at the expense of a tar-barrel and a ball. I perched into the knight's great hall, and saw a very pretty bevy of squanders. My dear rec. bet was amongst them, and antled in a country dance as usual by the last of them.

'May all his majesty's huge subjects love him as well as his good people of this his ancient borough. Adieu.'

Nº 647. MONDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1714.

*Torva Mimallonis impleunt cornua bombis,  
Et raptum titulo caput ablatura superbo  
Bassaris, et Lynceum Mænas sterura corymbis,  
Eclon ingeminat: reparabilis adsonat echo.*  
PERSIUS, Sat. i. ver. 104.

Their crooked horns the Mimallonian crew  
With blasts inspir'd; and Bassaris, who slew  
The scornful calf, with sword advanc'd on high,  
Made from his neck his haughty head to fly.  
And Mænas, when, with Ivy-bridles bound,  
She led the spotted lynx, then Evion rung around,  
Evion from woods and floods repairing echo's sound.  
DRYDEN.

THERE are two extremes, in the style of humour, one of which consists in the use of that little pert phraseology which I took notice of in my last paper; the other in the affectation of strained and pompous expressions, fetched from the learned languages. The first savours too much of the town; the other of the college.

As nothing illustrates better than example, I shall here present my reader with a letter of pedantic humour, which was written by a young gentleman of the university to his friend, on the same occasion, and from the same place, as the lively epistle published in my last Spectator:

'DEAR CHUM \*,

'It is now the third watch of the night, the greatest part of which I have spent round a capacious bowl of china, filled with the choicest products of both the Indies. I was placed at a quadrangular table, diametrically opposite to the mace-bearer. The visage of that venerable herald was, according to custom, most gloriously illuminated on this joyful occasion. The mayor and aldermen, those pillars of our constitution, began to totter; and if any one at the board could have so far articulated, as to have demanded intelligibly a reinforcement of liquor, the whole assembly had been by this time extended under the table.

'The celebration of this night's solemnity was opened by the obstreperous joy of drummers, who, with their parchment thunder, gave a signal for the appearance of the mob under their several classes and denominations. They were quickly joined by the melodious clank of narrowbone and cleaver, while a chorus of bells filled up the concert. A pyramid of stack-faggots cheered the hearts of the populace with the promise of a blaze; the guns had no sooner uttered the prologue, but the heavens were brightened with artificial meteors and stars of our own making; and all the High-street lighted up from one end to another with a galaxy of candles. We collected a largess for the multitude, who tippled eleemosynary until they grew exceedingly vociferous. There was a pasteboard pontiff, with a little swarthy demon at his elbow, who by his diabolical whispers and insinuations, tempted his holiness into the fire, and then left him to shift for himself. The mobile were very sarcastic with their clubs, and gave the old gentleman several thumps upon his triple head-piece†. Tom Tyler's phiz is something damaged by the fall of a rocket, which hath almost spoiled the guoman of his countenance. The mirth of the

commons grew so very outrageous, that it found work for our friend of the quorum, who, by the help of his amanuensis, took down all their names and their crimes, with a design to produce his manuscript at the next quarter sessions, &c. &c. &c.\*

I shall subjoin to the foregoing piece of a letter the following copy of verses translated from an Italian poet, who was the Cleveland of his age, and had multitudes of admirers. The subject is an accident that happened under the reign of Pope Leo, when a fire-work, that had been prepared upon the castle of St. Angelo, began to play before its time, being kindled by a flash of lightning. The author has written a poem in the same kind of style as that I have already exemplified in prose. Every line in it is a riddle, and the reader must be forced to consider it twice or thrice, before he will know that the Cynic's tenement is a tub, and Bacchus's cast-coat a hog'shead, &c.

\* 'Twas night, and Heav'n, a Cyclops all the day,  
And Argus now did countless eyes display;  
In every window Rome her joy declares,  
All bright, and studded with terrestrial stars.  
A blazing chain of lights her roofs entwines,  
And round her neck the mingled lustre shines:  
The Cynic's rolling tenement conspires,  
With Bacchus his cast-coat to feed the fires.

'The pile, still big with undiscover'd shows,  
The Tuscan pile did last its freight disclose,  
Where the proud tops of Rome's new Ætna rise,  
Whence giants sally and invade the skies.

'Whilst now the multitude expect the time,  
And their tir'd eyes the lofty mountain climb,  
As thousand iron mouths their voices try,  
And thunder out a dreadful harmony,  
In treble notes the small artillery plays.  
The deep-mouth'd cannon bellows in the bass,  
The lab'ring pile now heaves, and, having given  
Proofs of its travail, sighs in flames to Heaven.

'The clouds envelop'd Heav'n from human sight,  
Quench'd ev'ry star, and put out ev'ry light;  
Now real thunder grumbles in the skies,  
And in disdainful murmurs Rome defies;  
Nor doth its answer'd challenge Rome decline;  
But, whilst both parties in full concert join,  
While heav'n and earth in rival peals resound,  
The doubtful cracks the hearer's sense confound;  
Whether the claps of thunderbolts they hear,  
Or else the burst of cannon wounds their ear;  
Whether clouds rag'd by struggling metals rent,  
Or struggling clouds in Roman metals pent:  
But O, my Muse, the whole adventure tell,  
As ev'ry accident in order fell.

'Tall groves of trees the Hadrian tow'r surround,  
Fictitious trees with paper garlands crown'd.  
These know no spring but when their bodies sprout  
In fire, and shoot their gilded blossoms out;  
When blazing leaves appear above their head,  
And into branching flames their bodies spread.  
Whilst real thunder splits the firmament,  
And heav'n's whole roof in one vast cleft is rent,  
The three-fork'd tongue amidst the rapture lol's,  
Then drops, and on the airy turret falls.  
The trees now kindle, and the garland burns,  
A thousand thunderbolts for one returns!  
Brigades of burning archers upward fly,  
Bright spears and shining spear-men mount on high,  
Flash in the clouds, and glitter in the sky.  
A seven-fold shield of spheres doth heaven defend,  
And back again the blunted weapons send;  
Unwillingly they fall, and, dropping down,  
Pour out their souls, their sulph'rous souls, and groan.

'With joy, great sir, we view'd this pompous show,  
While Heav'n, that sat spectator still till now,  
Itself turn'd actor, proud to pleasure you;

\* From the Armoric *chom* (to live together), one that lodges in the same room.

† The tiara, or triple mitre.

\* These verses are translated from the Latin in Strada's *Prolusiones Academicæ*, &c. and are an imitation originally of the style and manner of Camillo Querno, surnamed the Arch-poet, who was poet and buffoon to Leo X. and the common butt of that facetious pontiff and his courtiers. See Bayle's Dictionary, art. Leo X. and Seward's *Anecdotes*, vol. iii. edit. 1798. p. 621

And so 'tis fit, when Leo's fires appear,  
That Horace's itself should turn an engine;  
That Horace's itself should all its wonders show,  
And arts above consent with arts below.

N<sup>o</sup> 618. WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1714.

*Neque enim considero verum  
Dicitur esse verum: neque enim verum, uti mori,  
Dicitur esse verum, pulchrum hinc est verum.*  
HOR. Sat. iv. l. l. ver. 45.

'Tis not enough the mensor's feet to chase;  
Nor will you give a poet's verse to those,  
Whose humble verse, his mine, approaches prove.

'MR. SPECTATOR,  
'You having, in your two last Spectators, given the town a couple of remarkable letters in very different styles, I take this opportunity to offer to you some remarks upon the epistolary way of writing in verse. This is a species of poetry by itself, and has not so much as been hinted at in any of the arts of poetry that have ever fallen into my hands: neither has it in any age, or in any nation, been so much cultivated as the other several kinds of poetry. A man of genius may, if he please, write letters in verse upon all manner of subjects that are capable of being embellished with wit and language, and may render them new and agreeable by giving the proper turn to them. But, in speaking at present of epistolary poetry, I would be understood to mean only such writings in this kind as have been in use among the ancients, and have been copied from them by some moderns. These may be reduced into two classes: in the one I shall range love-letters, letters of friendship, and letters upon mournful occasions: in the other I shall place such epistles in verse as may properly be called familiar, critical, and moral; to which may be added letters of mirth and humour. Ovid for the first, and Horace for the latter, are the best originals we have left.

'He, that is ambitious of succeeding in the Ovidian way, should first examine his heart well, and feel whether his passions (especially those of the gentler kind) play easy: since 'tis not his wit, but the delicacy and tenderness of his sentiments, that will affect his readers. His versification likewise should be soft, and all his numbers flowing and querulous.

'The qualifications requisite for writing epistles, after the model given us by Horace, are of a quite different nature. He that wou'd excel in this kind must have a good fund of strong maxims; sense in this there must be joined a thorough knowledge of mankind, together with an insight into the business and the prevailing humours of the age. Our author must have his mind well seasoned with the finest precepts of morality, and be filled with nice reflections upon the bright and the dark sides of human life; he must be a master of refined gallantry, and understand the delicacies as well as the absurdities of conversation. He must have a lively turn of wit, with an easy and concise manner of expression: every thing he says must be in a free and disengaged manner. He must be glibly of something that betrays the air of a recluse, but appear a man of the world throughout. His illustrations, his comparisons, and the greatest part of his images, must be drawn from common life. Strictures of satire and criticism, as well as puns, are, judiciously thrown in (and as it were by the by) give a wonderful life and ornament to compositions of this kind. But let our poet, while he writes epistles,

though never so familiar, still remember that he writes in verse, and must for that reason have a more than ordinary care not to fall into prose, and a vulgar diction, excepting where the nature and humour of the thing does necessarily require it. In this point Horace hath been thought by some critics to be sometimes careless, as well as too negligent of his versification; of which he seems to have been sensible himself.

'All I have to add is, that both these manners of writing may be made as entertaining, in their way, as any other species of poetry, if undertaken by persons duly qualified; and the latter sort may be managed so as to become in a peculiar manner instructive. I am, &c.'

I shall add an observation or two to the remarks of my ingenious correspondent; and, in the first place, take notice, that subjects of the most sublime nature are often treated in the epistolary way with advantage, as in the famous epistle of Iliac to Augustus. The poet surprises us with his pomp, and seems rather betrayed into his subject than to have aimed at it by design. He appears, like the visit of a king incognito, with a mixture of familiarity and grandeur. In works of this kind, when the dignity of the subject buries the poet into descriptions and sentiments seemingly unprepared, by a sort of inspiration, it is usual for him to recollect himself, and fall back gracefully into the natural style of a letter.

I might here mention an epistolary poem, just published by Mr. Lander, on the king's accession to the throne\*, wherein, among many other noble and beautiful strokes of poetry, his reader may see this rule very happily observed.

N<sup>o</sup> 619. FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1714.

*Stare  
Exceat imperio, et remota compescere fœdera.  
VIRG. Georg. lib. vi. ver. 572.*

*Exceat a rigoribus vestri,  
And keep the too tumultuous thoughts away.*

I HAVE often thought that if the several letters which are written to me under the character of Spectator, and which I have not made use of, were published in a volume, they would not be an uninteresting collection. The variety of the subjects, styles, sentiments, and informations, which are transmitted to me, would lead a very curious, or very idle, reader, insensibly along through a great many pages. I know some authors who would pick up a secret history out of such materials, and make a bookeller an alderman by the copy. I shall therefore carefully preserve the original papers in a room set apart for that purpose, to the end that they may be of service to posterity; but shall at present content myself with owing the receipt of several letters, lately come to my hands, the authors whereof are impatient for an answer.

Charles, whose letter is dated from Cornhill, desires to be cited in your examples relating to the throne.

\* A letter to Mr. Ashmole, on the King's accession to the throne.

\* There were afterwards published (with several poems a volume) by Charles L. l. c. in 7 vols. 8vo. 1717.

† The original of this letter was an address to Mr. L. to Charles, who had been a bookeller, and was of a good and noble mind, and a very well bred man of letters.

skill of astrologers.—' Referred to the dumb man for an answer.'

J. C. who proposes a love-case, as he calls it, to the love-casnist, is hereby desired to speak of it to the minister of the parish; it being a case of conscience.

The poor young lady, whose letter is dated October 26, who complains of a harsh guardian, and an unkind brother, can only have my good wishes, unless she pleases to be more particular.

The petition of a certain gentleman, whose name I have forgot, famous for renewing the curls of decayed periwigs, is referred to 'the censor of small wares.'

The remonstrance of T. C. against the profanation of the sabbath by barbers, shoe-cleaners, &c. had better be offered to 'the society of reformers.'

A learned and laborious treatise upon the art of fencing, 'returned to the author.'

To the gentleman of Oxford, who desires me to insert a copy of Latin verses, which were denied a place in the university book. Answer: *Nonum prematur in annum.*

To my learned correspondent who writes against masters' gowns, and poke sleeves, with a word in defence of large scarves. Answer: 'I resolve not to raise animosities amongst the clergy.'

To the lady who writes with rage against one of her own sex, upon the account of party warmth. Answer: 'Is not the lady she writes against reckoned handsome?'

I desire Tom Truelove (who sends me a sonnet upon his mistress, with a desire to print it immediately) to consider that it is long since I was in love.

I shall answer a very profound letter from my old friend the upholsterer, who is still inquisitive whether the king of Sweden be living or dead, by whispering him in the ear, 'that I believe he is alive.'

Let Mr. Dapperwit consider, 'What is that long story of the cuckoldom to me?'

At the earnest desire of Monimia's lover, who declares himself very penitent, he is recorded in my paper by the name of 'The faithful Castalio.'

The petition of Charles Cocksure, which the petitioner styles very reasonable,—'rejected.'

The memorial of Philander, which he desires may be dispatched out of hand, 'postponed.'

I desire S. R. not to repeat the expression 'under the sun,' so often in his next letter.

The letter of P. S. who desires either to have it printed entire, or committed to the flames. 'Not to be printed entire.'

Nº 620. MONDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1714.

*Hic vir, hic est, tibi quem promitti sapius audis.*  
VIRG. *Æn.* vi. ver. 791.

Behold the promis'd chief!

HAVING lately presented my reader with a copy of verses full of the false sublime, I shall here communicate to him an excellent specimen of the true: though it hath not been yet published, the judicious reader will readily discern it to be the work of a master; and if he hath read that noble poem *On the Prospect of Peace*, he will not be at a loss to guess at the author\*.

\* Tickell. See Nº 529, and Nº 532.

# THE ROYAL PROGRESS.

'When Brunswick first appear'd, each honest heart  
Intent on verse, disdain'd the rules of art;  
For him the song-ter, in unmeasur'd odes,  
Debas'd Alcides, and dethron'd the gods;  
In golden chains the kings of India led,  
Or rent the turban from the Sultan's head.  
One, in old fables, and the pagan strain  
With nymphs and tritons, waltz him o'er the main;  
Another draws fierce Lucifer in arms,  
And fills th' infernal region with alarms;  
A third awakes some druid, to foretell  
Each future triumph, from his dreary cell.  
Exploded fancies! that in vain deceive,  
While the mind nauseates what she can't believe.  
My muse th' expected hero shall pursue  
From clime to clime, and keep him still in view:  
His shining march describe in faithful lays,  
Content to paint him, nor presume to praise;  
Their charms, if charms they have, the truth supplies,  
And from the theme unlabour'd beauties rise.

'By longing nations for the throne design'd,  
And call'd to guard the rights of humankind;  
With secret grief his godlike soul repines,  
And Britain's crown with joyless lustre shines,  
While prayers and tears his destin'd progress stay,  
And crowds of mourners choke their sov'reign's way.  
Not so he march'd when hostile squadrons stood  
In scenes of death, and fir'd his generous blood;  
When his hot courser paw'd th' Hungarian plain,  
And adverse legions stood the shock in vain.  
His frontiers past, the Belgian bounds he views,  
And cross the level fields his march pursues.  
Here, pleas'd the land of freedom to survey,  
He greatly scorns the thirst of boundless sway.  
O'er the thin soil, with silent joy, he spies  
Transplanted woods, and borrow'd verdure rise;  
Where ev'ry meadow won with toll and blood,  
From haughty tyrants, and the raging flood,  
With fruits and flowers the careful hand supplies,  
And clothes the marshes in a rich disguise.  
Such wealth for frugal hands doth Heaven decree,  
And such thy gifts, celestial Liberty!  
Through stately towns, and many a fertile plain,  
The pomp advances to the neighbouring main.  
Whole nations crowd around with joyful cries,  
And view the hero with insatiate eyes.

'In Haga's towers he waits, till eastern gales  
Propitious rise to swell the British sails.  
Hither the fame of England's monarch brings  
The vows and friendships of the neighb'ring kings;  
Mature in wisdom, his extensive mind  
Takes in the blended interests of mankind,  
The world's great patriot. Calm thy anxious breast,  
Secure in him, O Europe, take thy rest;  
Henceforth thy kingdoms shall remain confin'd  
By rocks and streams, the bounds which Heav'n design'd;  
The Alps their new-made monarch shall restrain,  
Nor shall thy hills, Pirene, rise in vain.

'But see, to Britain's Isle the squadron stand,  
And leave the sinking towers and less'ning land.  
The royal bark bounds o'er the floating plain,  
Breaks through the billows, and divides the main.  
O'er the vast deep, great monarch, dart thine eyes;  
A watery prospect bounded by the skies:  
Ten thousand vessels, from ten thousand shores,  
Bring guns and gold, and either India's stores,  
Behold the tributes hast'ning to thy throne,  
And see the wide horizon all thy own.

'Still is it thine; tho' now the cheerful crew  
Hail Aibion's cliffs just whitening to the view.  
Before the wind with swelling sails they ride,  
Till Thames receives them in his opening tide.  
The monarch hears the thund'ring peals around  
From trembling woods and echoing hills rebound,  
Nor misses yet, amid the deaf'ning train,  
The roarings of the hoarse resounding main.

'As in the flood he sails, from either side,  
He views his kingdom in its rural pride;  
A various scene the wide-spread landscape yields,  
O'er rich inclosures and luxuriant fields:  
A lowing herd each fertile pasture fills,  
And distant flocks stray o'er a thousand hills.  
Fair Greenwich hid in woods with new delight,  
(Shade above shade) now rises to the sight:  
His woods ordain'd to visit every shore,  
And guard the island which they grac'd before.

'The sun, now rolling down the western way,  
A blaze of fire, renews the fading day;  
Dunsmoor'd looks the regal barge embold,  
Bright'ning the twilight with his beamy gold;  
Low thick the smoky shrouds, a cowardly fry,  
Before the wrinkle or kingly dolphin fly;  
In one vast sheet he weds the crowded strand,  
And in a peal of thunder gains the land.

'Welcome, great stranger, to our longing eyes,  
Oh! King dear'd, adopted Alben cries,  
For thee the rust breath'd out a purp'rous breeze;  
Bright were the suns, and gently swirl'd the seas.  
Thy presence did each doubtful heart compose,  
And fictitious wonder'd that they once were foes;  
That joyful day they lost each hostile name,  
The same their aspect, and their voice the same.

'So two fair twins, whose features were design'd  
At one soft moment in the mother's mind,  
Show each the other with reflected grace,  
And the same beauties bloom in either face;  
The purged strangers which in either inquire,  
Delusion grateful to the smiling air.

'From that fair bill', where hoary saps boast  
To raise the stars, and count the heavenly host,  
By the next dawn doth great Argente rise,  
Proud toward the nobler scene beneath the skies.  
O'er Thames her thousand spires their towers shed,  
And a vast navy hides his ample bed—  
A bounding fun! From the distant strand  
A line of golden cars strikes over the land;  
Britanna's poets in pomp and rich array,  
Before their King, triumphant lead the way  
For as the eye can reach, the grand train,  
A bright procession, shines along the plain.

'So hew'd thro' the heav'n's wide pathless ways  
A comet draws a long-extending blaze;  
From east to west burns through th' ethereal frame,  
And half heav'n's swarms glitter with the flame.

'Now to the regal towers securely brought,  
He plans Britanna's glories in his thought,  
Reveries the dejected pen or pen,  
Reveries the faithful, and restores the brave.  
Whom shall the Muse from out the string throng  
Select, to laughter and adorns her song?  
There, thine! To thy espacious mind,  
O man approv'd, in Britain's wealth consigned,  
Her coin (while Roman fought) deludes and rede,  
By thee in beauty and in truth reveal'd,  
An ardour work! again thy charge we see,  
And thy own care sees more returns to thee.  
O! Britain's in every scene to see and please,  
Mix'd with pomp, and dignity with ease;  
The call'd to shine aloft, those will not scorn  
To see in hearts thyself did once adorn;  
For this thy name succeeding time shall praise,  
And envy less thy garter than thy bay.

'The muse, if it's with thy enraptured breast  
Perhaps still aim at more exalted themes;  
Record our labours in a nobler strain,  
And sing the inspiring wonders of his reign;  
Bright Cavendish's heavenly benefits trace,  
Her virtuous consort, and his blooming race.  
A train of kings thy faithful love supplies,  
A glorious scene to Alben's ravish'd eyes;  
Who sees by Brunswick's hand her sceptre crown'd,  
And through his line from age to age convey'd.

• Flamm'd House on Greenwich-hill.

Nº 521. WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1711.

Postquam ex hinc per  
Imperat, sollemnes reges extraxit, et extra  
Pura pulis, vultu quanta sub nocte jaceat  
Sedulo dico, vultuque mei habebat.

LUCAN. Lib. VII.

Now to the blessed shade, with wonder I  
The stars and moving planets he beheld;  
Then, looking down on the earth's dark bay,  
Sorrow'd our dark, faint, imperfect day,  
And under what a cloud of night we lay!

ROWE.

The following letter having in it some observations  
out of the common road, I shall make it the enter-  
tainment of this day.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'THE common topics against the pride of man,  
which are labour'd by florid and declamatory  
writers, are taken from the baseness of his original,  
the imperfections of his nature, or the short duration  
of those goods in which he makes his boast. Though  
it be true that we can have nothing in us that ought  
to raise our vanity, yet a consciousness of our own  
merit may be sometimes laudable. The folly  
therefore lies here: we are apt to pride ourselves  
in worthless, or perhaps shameful things; and on  
the other hand count that disgraceful which is our  
true glory.

'Hence it is that the lovers of praise take wrong  
measures to attain it. Would a vain man consult  
his own heart, he would find that if others knew  
his weaknesses as well as he himself doth, he could  
not have the impudence to expect the public  
esteem. Pride therefore flows from want of re-  
flection, and ignorance of ourselves. Knowledge  
and humility come upon us together.

'The proper way to make an estimate of our  
actions, is to consider seriously what it is we value  
or despise in others. A man who boasts of the  
goods of fortune, a gay dress, or a new title, is  
generally the mark of ridicule. We ought there-  
fore not to admire in ourselves what we are so  
ready to laugh at in other men.

'Much less can we with reason pride ourselves  
in those things, which at some time of our life we  
shall certainly despise. And yet, if we will give  
ourselves the trouble of looking backward and  
forward on the several changes which we have  
already undergone, and hereafter must try, we  
shall find that the greater degrees of our knowledge  
and wisdom serve only to show us our own imper-  
fections.

'As we rise from childhood to youth, we look  
with contempt on the toys and trifles which our  
hearts have hitherto been set upon. When we ad-  
vance to manhood, we are held wise, in proportion  
to our shame and regret for the rashness and extrava-  
gance of youth. Old age fills us with mortifying  
reflections upon a life mispent in the pursuit of  
unjust wealth, or uncertain honour. Agreeable  
to this gradation of thought in this life, it may be  
reasonably supposed that, in a future state, the  
wisdom, the experience, and the maturity of old  
age, will be looked upon by a separate spirit, in  
much the same light as an ardent man now sees  
the little follies and vanities of infancy. The  
poets, the historians, the politicians, and arts of medi-  
cal men, will be thought as trifling as baby-  
hoes, much trifles, or any other sports that now  
employ all the casual, and strength, and sense.

tion, of rational beings, from four years old to nine or ten.

"If the notion of a gradual rise in beings from the meanest to the most high be not a vain imagination, it is not improbable that an angel looks down upon a man as a man doth upon a creature which approaches the nearest to the rational nature. By the same rule, if I may indulge my fancy in this particular, a superior brute looks with a kind of pride on one of an inferior species. If they could reflect, we might imagine, from the gestures of some of them, that they think themselves the sovereigns of the world, and that all things were made for them. Such a thought would not be more absurd in brute creatures than one which men are apt to entertain, namely, that all the stars in the firmament were created only to please their eyes and amuse their imaginations. Mr. Dryden, in his fable of the Cock and the Fox, makes a speech for his hero the cock, which is a pretty instance for this purpose:

"Then turning, said to Partlet, 'See, my dear,  
How lavish nature hath adorn'd the year;  
How the pale primrose and the violet spring,  
And birds essay their throats, disus'd to sing:  
All these are ours, and I with pleasure see,  
Man strutting on two legs and aping me."

"What I would observe from the whole is this, that we ought to value ourselves upon those things only which superior beings think valuable, since that is the only way for us not to sink in our own esteem hereafter.

Nº 622. FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1714.

— *Fallentis semita vale.*

HOR. Ep. xviii. l. 1. ver 103.

— A safe private quiet, which betrays  
Itself to ease, and cheats away the days.  
POOLY.

MR. SPECTATOR,

"In a former speculation you have observed that true greatness doth not consist in that pomp and noise wherein the generality of mankind are apt to place it. You have there taken notice that virtue in obscurity often appears more illustrious in the eye of superior beings, than all that passes for grandeur and magnificence among men.

"When we look back upon the history of those who have borne the parts of kings, statesmen, or commanders, they appear to us stripped of those outside ornaments that dazzled their contemporaries; and we regard their persons as great or little in proportion to the eminence of their virtues or vices. The wise sayings, generous sentiments, or disinterested conduct of a philosopher under mean circumstances of life, set him higher in our esteem than the mighty potentates of the earth, when we view them both through the long prospect of many ages. Were the memoirs of an obscure man, who lived up to the dignity of his nature and according to the rules of virtue, to be laid before us, we should find nothing in such a character which might not set him on a level with men of the highest station. The following extract, out of the private papers of an honest country gentleman, will set this matter in a clear light. Your reader will perhaps conceive a greater idea of him from these notions done in secret, and without a witness, than those which have drawn upon them the admiration of multitudes.

MEMOIRS.

"In my twenty-second year I found a violent affection for my cousin Charles's wife growing upon me; wherein I was had not upon that account foreign countries.

"A little after my vate meeting with my offer of his estate; and disinherit his son Ned.

"Mem. Never to think hardly of his de continues to speak ill of.

"Prevented a scandalous law-suit betwixt my nephew Harry and his mother, by allowing her underhand, out of my own pocket, so much money yearly as the dispute was about.

"Procured a benefice for a young divine, who is sister's son to the good man who was my tutor, and hath been dead twenty years.

"Gave ten pounds to a poor Mrs. —, my friend H——'s widow.

"Mem. To retrench one dish at my table, until I have fetched it up again.

"Mem. To repair my house and finish my garden by poor people after harvest-time.

"Ordered John to let out Goodman D——'s sheep that were pounded by night; but not to let his fellows servants know it.

"Prevailed upon Mr. T. esq. not to take the law of the farmer's son for shooting a partridge, and to give him his gun again.

"Paid the apothecary for curing an old woman that confessed herself a witch.

"Gave away my favourite dog, for biting a beggar.

"Made the minister of the parish and a whig justice of one mind, by putting them to explain their notions to one another.

"Mem. To turn off Peter, for shooting a doe while she was eating a corn-out of his hand.

"When my neighbor John, who hath often injured me, comes to marry, he shou'd requite to-morrow: I shou'd requite him.

"Mem. I have forgiven him, and sold my horse, to relieve the poor in a scarcity of corn.

"Laid up my chariot, and committed to my tenants a fifth part of their rents.

"In the same year I sold my day I fell into a thought As I was airing to and fro, I hope, be the that warmed my heart, I shou'd live.

"As I was airing to and fro, I hope, be the better for it as long as I shou'd live.

"Mem. To charge my son in private to erect no monument for me; but not to put this in my last will."

cond year I found a violent Charles's wife growing upon danger of succeeding, if I count begun my travels into

return to England, at a princely uncle Francis, I refused the prevailed upon him not to

call this to Ned, lest he should ceased father; though he continued for this very reason.

scandalous law-suit betwixt my his mother, by allowing her own pocket, so much money was about.

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live. son in private to erect no

not to put this in my last will."

Nº 625. MONDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1714.

*Sed nihil vel fallax optem prius lama delectat,  
Pulchre concupiscit adque me fulmine ad strabes,  
Fallit in umbra Erebi nocturnoque propinquum,  
Aute pudor, quam te violens, aut tua jura vocamus.  
Iste moros, primus qui me nidi fuerat, a meo  
Abstulit; ille habet totum æreque sepulchro*  
VIRG. ÆN. IV. ver. 25.

But first let yawning earth a passage rend,  
And let me through the dark abyss descend;  
Tost let avenging Jove, with flames from high,  
Drive down my body to the nether sky;  
Condemn'd with ghosts in endless night to lie;  
Before I break the pighted faith I gave;  
No; he who had my vows shall ever have;  
For whom I loved on earth I worship in the grave.

DRYDEN.

I AM obliged to my friend, the love-crazeist \*, for the following curious piece of antiquity, which I shall communicate to the public in his own words.

\* MR. SPECTATOR,

You may remember that I lately transmitted to you an account of an ancient custom in the manors of East and West Enborne, in the county of Berks, and elsewhere †. "If a customary tenant die, the widow shall have what the law calls her free-bench, to all his copyhold lands, *dom sola et casta fuerit* that is, while she lives single and chaste; but if she commits incontinency she forfeits her estate; yet if she will come into the court riding backward upon a black ram, with his tail in her hand, and say the words following, the steward is bound by the custom to re-admit her to her free-bench.

"Here I am,  
Riding upon a black ram,  
Like a whore as I am;  
And for my enormous cranium,  
Have lost my glorious baculum;  
And for my tail's guise,  
Have done this worldly shame;  
Therefore I pray you, Mr. Steward, let me have  
my land again."

After having informed you that my Lord Coko observes, that this is the most frail and slippery tenure of any in England, I shall tell you, since the writing of that letter, I have, according to my promise, been at great pains in searching out the records of the black rams and have at last met with the proceedings of the court baron, held in that behalf, for the space of a whole day. The record saith, that a strict inquisition having been made into the right of the tenants to their several estates, by a crafty old steward, he found that many of the lands of the manor were, by default of the several widows, forfeited to the lord, and accordingly would have entered on the premises upon which the good women demanded the "benefit of the ram." The steward, after having perused their several pleas, adjourned the court to Barnaby-bright ‡, that they might have day enough before them.

The court being set, and filled with a great concourse of people, who came from all parts to see the solemnity: the first who entered was the widow Froothly, who had made her appearance in the last year's cavalcade. The register observes, that, finding it an eery pad-ram, and foretelling

she might have further occasion for it, she purchased it of the steward.

Mrs. Sarah Daltry, relict of Mr. John Daltry, who was the greatest prodo in the parish, came next in the procession. She at first made some difficulty of taking the tail in her hand; and was observed, in pronouncing the form of penance, to soften the two most emphatical words into *cliam cliam*: but the steward took care to make her speak plain English before he would let her have her land again.

The third widow that was brought to this worldly shame, being mounted upon a vicious ram, had the misfortune to be thrown by him; upon which she hoped to be excused from going through the rest of the ceremony; but the steward, being well versed in the law, observed very wisely upon this occasion, that the breaking of the rope does not hinder the execution of the criminal.

The fourth lady upon record was the widow Ogle, a famous coquette, who had kept half a score young fellows off and on for the space of two years; but having been more kind to her carter John, she was introduced with the huzzas of all her lovers at her.

Mrs. Sable appearing in her weeds, which were very new and fresh, and of the same colour with her whimsical palfrey, made a very decent figure to the solemnity.

Another, who had been summoned to make her appearance, was excused by the steward, as well knowing in his heart that the good squire himself had qualified her for the ram.

Mrs. Quick, having nothing to object against the lodgment, pleaded her belly. But it was remembered that she made the same excuse the year before. Upon which the steward observed, that she might so contrive it, as never to do the service of the manor.

The widow Fidget, being cited into court, insisted that she had done no more since the death of her husband than what she used to do in his lifetime; and whilst desired Mr. Steward to consider his own wife's case if he should chauce to die before her.

The next in order was a dawgier of a very corpulent make, who would have been excused as not *riding* any ram that was able to carry her; upon which the steward commated her penit<sup>t</sup>ment, and ordered her to make her entry upon a black ox.

The widow Blackwell, a woman who had long lived with a most unblemished character, having termed off her old chambermaid in a pet, was by that resentful creature brought in upon the black ram nine times the same day.

Several widows of the neighbourhood, being brought upon their trial, showed that they did not hold of the manor, and were discharged accordingly.

A pretty young creature who closed the procession came ambling in with so bewitching an air, that the steward was observed to cast a sheep's eye upon her, and married her within a month after the death of his wife.

N. B. Mrs. Touchwood appeared, according to custom, but had nothing left in her charge; having lived irreproachable since the decease of her husband, who left her a widow in the sixty-ninth year of her age.

\* See Nos. 571, 607, 608, 616 and 623.

† See Nº 614.

‡ June 11th; nearly the longest day in the year.

N<sup>o</sup> 624. WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1714.

*Audire, atque togam jubeo componere, quisquis  
Ambitione mala, aut argenti pallet amore,  
Quisquis luxuria*

HOR. Sat. ili. l. 2. ver. 77.

Sit still, and hear, those whom proud thoughts do swell,  
Those that look pale by loving coin too well;  
Whom luxury corrupts.

CREECH.

MANKIND is divided into two parts, the busy and the idle. The busy world may be divided into the virtuous and the vicious. The vicious again into the covetous, the ambitious, and the sensual. The idle part of mankind are in a state inferior to any one of these. All the other are engaged in the pursuit of happiness, though often misplaced, and are therefore more likely to be attentive to such means as shall be proposed to them for that end. The idle, who are neither wise for this world nor the next, are emphatically called by Doctor Tillotson 'fools at large.' They propose to themselves no end, but run adrift with every wind. Advice therefore would be but thrown away upon them, since they would scarce take the pains to read it. I shall not fatigue any of this worthless tribe with a long harangue; but will leave them with this short saying of Plato, that 'labour is preferable to idleness, as brightness to rust.'

The pursuits of the active part of mankind are either in the paths of religion and virtue; or, on the other hand, in the roads to wealth, honours, or pleasure. I shall, therefore, compare the pursuits of avarice, ambition, and sensual delight, with their opposite virtues; and shall consider which of these principles engages men in a course of the greatest labour, suffering, and assiduity. Most men, in their cool reasonings, are willing to allow that a course of virtue will in the end be rewarded the most amply; but represent the way to it as rugged and narrow. If therefore it can be made appear, that men struggle through as many troubles to be miserable, as they do to be happy, my readers may perhaps be persuaded to be good when they find they shall lose nothing by it.

First, for avarice. The miser is more industrious than the saint: the pains of getting, the fears of losing, and the inability of enjoying his wealth, have been the mark of satire in all ages. Were his repentance upon his neglect of a good bargain, his sorrow for being over-reached, his hope of improving a sum, and his fear of falling into want, directed to their proper objects, they would make so many different Christian graces and virtues. He may apply to himself a great part of Saint Paul's catalogue of sufferings. 'In journeying often; in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils among false brethren. In weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often.'—At how much less expense might he 'lay up to himself treasures in heaven?' Or, if I may in this place be allowed to add the saying of a great philosopher, he may 'provide such possessions as fear neither arms, nor men, nor Jove himself.'

In the second place, if we look upon the toils of ambition in the same light as we have considered those of avarice, we shall readily own that far less trouble is requisite to gain lasting glory than the power and reputation of a few years; or, in other words, we may with more ease deserve honour than obtain it. The ambitious man should remember

Cardinal Wolsey's complaint, 'Had I served God with the same application wherewith I served my king, he would not have forsaken me in my old age.' The cardinal here softens his ambition by the specious pretence of 'serving his king;' whereas his words, in the proper construction, imply, that, if instead of being acted \* by ambition he had been acted by religion, he should now have felt the comforts of it, when the whole world turned its back upon him.

Thirdly, let us compare the pains of the sensual with those of the virtuous, and see which are heavier in the balance. It may seem strange, at the first view, that the men of pleasure should be advised to change their course, because they lead a painful life. Yet when we see them so active and vigilant in quest of delight; under so many disquiets, and the sport of such various passions; let them answer, as they can, if the pains they undergo do not outweigh their enjoyments. The insidelities on the one part between the two sexes, and the caprices on the other, the debasement of reason, the pangs of expectation, the disappointments in possession, the stings of remorse, the vanities and vexations attending even the most refined delights, that make up this business of life, render it so silly and uncomfortable, that no man is thought wise until he hath got over it, or happy, but in proportion as he hath cleared himself from it.

The sum of all is this. Man is made an active being. Whether he walks in the paths of virtue or vice he is sure to meet with many difficulties to prove his patience and excite his industry. The same, if not greater labour, is required in the service of vice and folly as of virtue and wisdom; and he hath this easy choice left him, whether, with the strength he is master of, he will purchase happiness or repentance.

N<sup>o</sup> 625. FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1714.

*amoris  
De tenero meditatur ungui.*

HOR. Od. vi. l. 3. ver. 23.

Love, from her tender years, her thoughts employ'd.

THE love-casualist † hath referred to me the following letter of queries, with his answers to each question, for my approbation. I have accordingly considered the several matters therein contained, and hereby confirm and ratify his answers, and require the gentle querist to conform herself thereto.

'SIR,  
'I was thirteen the 9th of November last, and must now begin to think of settling myself in the world, and so I would humbly beg your advice what I must do with Mr. Foodle, who addresses to me. He is a very pretty man, hath the blackest eyes and whitest teeth. Though he is but a young fellow, he dresses like a man of quality, and will go into a room like him. I know he will make great offers, but I know he will never have the good fortune to be loved by me, and so I forbid him.



of verses; for he is one of the greatest wits in town. My eldest sister, who with her good will would call me Miss as long as I live, must be married before me they say. She tells them that Mr. Fondle makes a fool of me, and will spall the child, as she calls me, like a confident thing as she is. In short, I am resolved to marry Mr. Fondle, if it be but to spite her. But, because I would do nothing that is imprudent, I beg of you to give me your answers to some questions I will write down, and desire you to get them printed in the Spectator, and I do not doubt but you will give such advice, as, I am sure, I shall follow.

'When Mr. Fondle looks upon me for half an hour together, and calls me an angel, is he not in love?'

Answer, No.

'May not I be certain he will be a kind husband, that has promised me half my portion to pin-money, and to keep me a coach and six in the bargain?'

No.

'Whether I, who have been acquainted with him this whole year almost, am not a better judge of his merit than my father and mother, who never heard him talk but at table?'

No.

'Whether I am not old enough to choose for myself?'

No.

'Whether it would not have been rude in me to refuse a lock of his hair?'

No.

'Should not I be a very barbarous creature if I did not pity a man who is always sighing for my sake?'

No.

'Whether you would not advise me to run away with the poor man?'

No.

'Whether you do not think, that if I will not have him, he will drown himself?'

No.

'What shall I say to him the next time he asks me if I will marry him?'

No.

The following letter requires neither introduction nor answer.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I wonder that in the present situation of affairs, you can take pleasure in writing anything but news; for, in a word, who minds any thing else? The pleasure of increasing to knowledge, and learning something new every hour of life, is the noblest entertainment of a rational creature. I have a very good ear for a secret, and am naturally of a communicative temper; by which means I am capable of doing you great services in this way. In order to make myself useful, I am early in the antichamber, where I thrust my head into the thick of the press, and catch the news at the opening of the door, while it is warm. Sometimes I stand by the beer-caters, and take the bus as it is passed by me. At other times I lay my ear close to the wall, and mark in many a valuable whisper, as it runs in a straight line from corner to corner. When I am weary with standing, I repair to one of the neighbouring coffee-houses, where I sit sometimes for a whole day, and have the news as it comes from court, street and street. In short, sir, I spare no pains to know how the world goes. A piece of news loses its flavour when it hath

been an hour in the air. I love, if I may so speak, to have it fresh from the tree; and to convey it to my friends before it is faded. Accordingly my expenses in coach-hire make no small article; which you may believe when I assure you that I post away from coffee-house to coffee-house, and forestall the Evening Post by two hours. There is a certain gentleman, who hath given me the slip twice or thrice, and hath been beforehand with me at Child's. But I have played him a trick. I have purchased a pair of the best coach-horses I could buy for money, and now let him outstrip me if he can. Once more, Mr. Spectator, let me advise you to deal in news. You may depend upon my assistance. But I must break off abruptly, for I have twenty letters to write.

'Yours, in haste,

'TRO. QUINQUX.'

N<sup>o</sup> 696. MONDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1714.

— Delight exults moderate lengths.

OTVID. Met. l. 4. ver. 234.

With sweet novelty your taste I'll please.

LUXEM.

I HAVE seen a little work of a learned man, consisting of extemporary speculations, which owed their birth to the most trifling occurrences of life. His usual method was, to write down a any sudden start of thought which arose in his mind upon the sight of any odd gesture in a man, any whimsical mimicry of reason in a beast, or whatever appeared remarkable to any subject of the visible creation. He was able to moralize upon a snuff-box, would flourish eloquently upon a tucker or a pair of ruffles, and draw practical inferences from a full-bottomed periwig. This I thought fit to mention, by way of excuse for my ingenuous correspondent who hath introduced the following letter by an image which, I will beg leave to tell him, is too ridiculous in so serious and noble a speculation.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'WHEN I have seen young pews playing her wanton gambols, and with a thousand antic shapes express her own gaiety at the same time that she moved wiles, while the old gramma hath set by with a most exemplary gravity, unmoved at all that passed, it hath made me reflect what should be the occasion of humours so opposite in two creatures, between whom there was no visible difference but that of ages; and I have been able to resolve it into nothing else but the force of novelty.

'In every species of creatures, those who have been least time in the world appear best pleased with their condition; for, besides that to a new corner the world hath a freshen on it that strikes the sense after a most agreeable manner, being itself, unattended with any great variety of enjoyments, excites a sensation of pleasure; but, as age advances every thing seems to wither, the senses are disgusted with their old entertainments, and existence turns flat and tedious. We may see this exemplified in mankind; the child, let him be free from pain, and granted in the change of toys, is directed with the smallest trade. Nothing disturbs the mirth of the boy but a little punishment or embarrassment. The youth soon have more silent pleasures to employ his times; the man loves the beauty of an active life, devoted to the pursuits of wealth



town back again into the country, continually shifting postures, and placing life in all the different lights they can think of; "verily," say I to myself, "life is vain, and the man beyond expression stupid or prejudiced, who from the vanity of life cannot gather that he is designed for immortality \*."

[GROVE.]

N° 627. WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1714

*Tantum inter densas umbrae circumstante fagus  
Aurora veniebat; ubi haec inconvulsa solus  
Alonibus et videri studio perhibet amor.*

VIRG. *Æl. II.* ver. 3.

He, underneath the beechen shade alone,  
Takes to the woods and mountains made his home.  
DAYDEN.

THE following account, which came to my hands some time ago, may be an disagreeable entertainment to such of my readers as have tender hearts, and nothing to do.

\* MR. SPECTATOR,

A FRIEND of mine died of a fever last week, which he caught by walking too late in a dewy evening amongst his reapers. I must inform you that his greatest pleasure was in husbandry and gardening. He had some humours which seemed inconsistent with that good nature he was otherwise master of. His enmities in the company of women was very remarkable in a man of such perfect good breeding; and his avoiding one particular walk in his garden, where he had used to pass the greatest part of his time, raised abundance of idle conjectures in the village where he lived. Upon looking over his papers we found out the reason, which he never intimated to his nearest friends. He was, it seems, a passionate lover in his youth, of which a large parcel of letters he left behind him are a witness. I send you a copy of the last he ever wrote upon that subject, by which you will find that he concealed the true name of his mistress under that of Zelinda.

"A LONG month's absence would be insupportable to me, if the business I am employed in were not for the service of my Zelinda, and of such a nature as to place her every moment in my mind. I have furnished the house exactly according to your fancy, or, if you please, my own; for I have long since learned to like nothing but what you do. The apartment designed for your use is as exact a copy of that which you live in, that I often think myself in your home when I step into it, but sigh when I find it without its proper inhabitant. You will have the most delicious prospect from your closet window that England affords: I am sure I should think it so, if the landscape that shows such variety did not at the same time suggest to me the greatness of the space that lies between us.

"The gardens are laid out very beautifully; I have dressed up every hedge in woodbines, sprinkled bowers and arbours in every corner, and made a little paradise around me; yet I am still like the first man in his solitude, but half blessed without a partner in my happiness. I have directed one walk to be made for two persons, where

I promise ten thousand satisfactions to myself in your conversation. I already take my evening's turn in it, and have worn a path upon the edge of this little alley, while I soothed myself with the thought of your walking by my side. I have held many imaginary discourses with you, in this retirement; and when I have been weary have sat down with you in the midst of a row of yew-trees. The many expressions of joy and rapture I use in these silent conversations have made me for some time the talk of the parish; but a neighbouring young fellow, who makes love to the farmer's daughter, hath found me out, and made my case known to the whole neighbourhood.

"To planting of the fruit-trees, I have not forgot the peach you are so fond of. I have made a walk of elms along the river side, and intend to sow all the place about with cowslips, which I hope you will like as well as that I have heard you talk of by your father's house in the country.

"Oh! Zelinda, what a scheme of delight have I drawn up in my imagination! What day-dreams do I indulge myself in! When will the six weeks be at an end, that lie between me and my promised happiness!

"How could you break off so abruptly in your last, and tell me you must go and dress for the play? If you loved as I do, you would find some more company in a crowd than I have in my solitude.

"I am, &c."

"On the back of this letter is written, in the hand of the deceased, the following piece of history:

"MRS. HAVING waited a whole week for an answer to this letter, I hurried to town, where I found the perfidious creature married to my rival. I will bear it as becomes a man, and endeavour to find out happiness for myself in that retirement which I had prepared in vain for a false ungrateful woman."

"I am, &c."

N° 628. FRIDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1714.

*Labitur et labitur in omnia rotabilis ævus.*

HOV. *Ep. II. L. 3.* ver. 43.

It rolls, and rolls, and will for ever roll.

\* MR. SPECTATOR,

"THERE are none of your speculations which please me more than those upon infinity and eternity \*. You have already considered that part of eternity which is past, and I wish you would give us your thoughts upon that which is to come.

"Your readers will perhaps receive greater pleasure from this view of eternity than the former, since we have every one of us a concern in that which is to come; whereas a speculation on that which is past is rather curious than useful.

"Besides, we can easily conceive it possible for successive durations never to have an end; though, as you have justly observed, that eternity which never had a beginning is altogether incomprehensible; that is, we can conceive an eternal duration which may be, though we cannot see eternal duration which hath been; or, if I may use the philosophical terms, we may apprehend a potential though not an actual eternity.

"This notion of a future eternity, which is in

\* Dr. J. Newton thought this essay one of the best pieces in the English language. — Newton's Life of A. K. 1688, vol. II. p. 24. rect.

tural to the mind of man, is an unanswerable argument that he is a being designed for it; especially if we consider that he is capable of being virtuous or vicious here: that he hath faculties impruvenable to all eternity; and, by a proper or wrong employment of them, may be happy or miserable throughout that infinite duration. Our idea indeed of this eternity is not of an adequate or fixed nature, but is perpetually growing and enlarging itself toward the object, which is too big for human comprehension. As we are now in the beginnings of existence, so shall we always appear to ourselves as if we were for ever entering upon it. After a million or two of centuries, some considerable things, already past, may slip out of our memory; which, if it be not strengthened in a wonderful manner, may possibly forget that ever there was a sun or planets; and yet, notwithstanding the long race that we shall then have run, we shall still imagine ourselves just starting from the goal, and find no proportion between that space which we know had a beginning and what we are sure will never have an end.

‘But I shall leave this subject to your management, and question not but you will throw it into such lights as shall at once improve and entertain your reader.

‘I have, inclosed, sent you a translation \* of the speech of Cato on this occasion, which hath accidentally fallen into my hands, and which, for conciseness, purity, and elegance of phrase, cannot be sufficiently admired.

## ACT V. SCENE I.

CATO solus, &amp;c.

*‘Sic, sic se habere rem necesse prorsus est,  
Ratione cinctis, do habens manus, Plata.  
Quid enim dedisset, quæ dedit frustra nihil,  
Aternitatis in vitam cupidinem  
Naturæ? Quorsum hæc dulcis expectatio;  
Vitæque non explenda melioris situs?  
Quid vult sibi aliud, iste redeundum in nihil  
Horror, sub imis quemque agens præcordiis?  
Cur territa in se refugit anima, cur tremil  
Attonita, quoties, morte ne pereat, timet?  
Particulæ nempe: cuique nascenti indita  
Dignior; quæ corpus incolens agit;  
Homini que succinit, tuu est aternitas.  
Aternitas! O lubricum nimis aspicil,  
Mistumque dulci gaudium formidinet*

*‘Quæ demigrabitur alia hinc in corpora?  
Quæ terra mori incognita? Quis orbis nquus  
Manet incolentius? Quamvis erit mutatio?  
Hæc intuenti spatia mihi quæque patent  
Immensa: sed caliginosa non premit;  
Nec luce clara vult videri singula.  
Figendus hic pes; certa sunt hæc haecenus;  
Si quod gubernet nimen humanum genus,  
(At, quod gubernet, esse clamant omnia)  
Virtute non gaudere certe non potest:  
Nec esse non benta, qua gaudet, potest.  
Sed quæ beata sede? Quæ in tempore?  
Hæc quanta terra, tota est Cæsaris.  
Quid dubius hæc animus usque adeo? Brevis  
Hic nodum hic cinnem expediet. Arma en induor.  
[Ensi manum admoventes.  
In utramque partem facta; quæque vim inferant,  
Et quæ propulsent! Dextera intentat necem;  
Vitam sinistra: vulnus hæc dabit manus;  
Altera medelam vulneris: hic ad exitum*

*Deducet, iectu simplici; hæc retant mori.  
Secura ridet anima mucronis minus,  
Læscque strictor, interire nescia.  
Extinguet atus sidera inturnior:  
Ætule languens igne sol obscurus  
Emittet orbi consenscenti jubar:  
Nutura et ipsa sentiet quoniam vices  
Ætatis; aunis ipsa deficient gravis:  
At tibi juvenis, at tibi immortalitas:  
Tibi parva diuini est vita. Periment mutuis  
Elementa sese et interibunt icibus.  
Tu permancbis sola semper integra,  
Tu cuncta rerum quassæ, cuncta naufragæ,  
Jam portu in ipsa luta, contemplantur.  
Compage rupta, corruent in se irruent,  
Orbesque fractis ingerentur orbibus;  
Illæ tu sedebis extra fragmina.’*

## ACT V. SCENE I.

CATO alone, &amp;c.

‘IT must be so—Plato, thou reason’st well—  
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,  
This longing after immortality?  
Or whence this secret dread and inward horror,  
Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul  
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?  
’Tis the divinity that stirs within us;  
’Tis Heaven itself that points out an hereafter,  
And intimates eternity to man.  
Eternity? thou pleasing, dreadful thought!

‘Through what variety of untry’d being,  
Thro’ what new scenes and changes must we pass!  
The wide, th’ unbounded prospect lies before me;  
But shadows, clouds, and darkness, rest upon it,  
Here will I hold. If there’s a Power above us,  
(And that there is all Nature cries aloud  
Through all her works) he must delight in virtue;  
And that which he delights in must be happy.  
But when, or where!—This world was made for Cæsar.  
I’m weary of conjectures—This must end them

[Laying his hand on his sword.  
‘Thus am I doubly arm’d; my death and life,  
My bane and antidote are both before me.  
This in a moment brings me to an end;  
But this informs me I shall never die.  
The soul, secur’d in her existence, smiles  
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.  
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself  
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;  
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,  
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,  
The wrecks of matter, and the crush of worlds.’

Nº 629. MONDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1714.

— *Experiar quid concedatur in illos,  
Quorum Flaminia tegitur cinis, a quæ Latina.*  
JUV. Sat. i. ver. 178.

— Since none the living dare implead,  
Arraign them in the persons of the dead.  
DRYDEN.

NEXT to the people who want a place, there are none to be pitied more than those who are solicited for one. A plain answer with a denial in it is looked upon as pride, and a civil answer as a promise.

Nothing is more ridiculous than the pretensions of people upon these occasions. Every thing a man hath suffered, whilst his enemies were in play, was certainly brought about by the malice of the opposite party. A bad cause would not have been lost, if such an one had not been upon the bench; nor a profligate youth disinherited, if he had not got drunk every night by toasting an outed ministry. I remember a tory, who, having been fined in a court of justice for a prank that deserved the pillory, desired upon the merit of it to be made a justice of peace when his friends came into power; and shall never forget a whig criminal, who, being indicted for a rape, told his friends,

\* This was done by Mr. (afterwards Dr.) Bland, formerly head master of Eton school, then provost of the college there, and dean of Durham.

† Cato (says Dr. Johnson) was translated by Salvini into Italian, and acted at Florence; and by the Jesuits of St. Omer’s into Latin, and played by their pupils. Of this version a copy was sent to Mr. Addison: it is to be wished that it could be found, for the sake of comparing their version of the soliloquy with that of Bland. Dr. Johnson’s Lives of English Poets, vol. II. p. 341, 8vo. edit. 1794.

see what a man suffers for sticking to his principles.

The truth of it is, the sufferings of a man in a party are of a very doubtful nature. When they are such as have promoted a good cause, and fallen upon a man undeservedly, they have a right to be heard and recompensed beyond any other pretensions. But when they rise out of rashness or indiscretion, and the pursuit of such measures as have rather ruined than promoted the interest they aim at, which hath always been the case of many great sufferers, they only serve to recommend them to the children of violence or folly.

I have by me a bundle of memorials presented by several cavaliers upon the restoration of King Charles II. which may serve as so many instances to our present purpose.

Among several persons and pretensions recorded by my author, he mentions one of a very great estate, who, for having roasted an ox whole, and distributed a hoghead upon King Charles's birthday, desired to be provided for as his majesty in his great wisdom should think fit.

Another put in to be Prince Henry's governor, for having dared to drink his health in the worst of times.

A third petitioned for a colonel's commission, for having turned Oliver Cromwell, the day before his death, on a public bowling-green.

But the most whimsical petition I have met with is that of B. B. Esq. who desired the honour of knighthood, for having cuckolded Sir T. W. a notorious roundhead.

There is likewise the petition of one who, having let his beard grow from the martyrdom of King Charles the First until the restoration of King Charles the Second, desired in consideration thereupon to be made a privy-counsellor.

I must not omit a memorial setting forth, that the memorialist had, with great dispatch, carried a letter from a certain lord to a certain lord, whereupon, as it afterwards appeared, measures were concerted for the restoration, and without which he verily believes that happy revolution had never been effected, who thereupon humbly prays to be made postmaster-general.

A certain gentleman, who seems to write with a great deal of spirit, and uses the words gallantry and gentleman-like very often in his petition, begs that (in consideration of his having worn his hat for ten years past in the loyal cavalier-cock, to his great danger and detriment) he may be made a captain of the guards.

I shall close my account of this collection of memorials with the copy of one petition at length, which I recommend to my reader as a very valuable piece.

#### *'The Petition of E. H. Esq.*

*'HUMBLY SHOWETH,*

*'THAT your petitioner's father's brother's uncle, Colonel W. H. lost the third finger of his left-hand at Edgehill fight.*

*'That your petitioner, notwithstanding the smallness of his fortune (he being a younger brother), always kept hospitality, and drank confusion to the roundheads in half a score bumpers every Sunday in the year, as several honourable gentlemen (whose names are under-written) are ready to testify.*

*'That your petitioner is remarkable in his country, for having dared to treat Sir P. P. a cured sequestrator, and three members of the merciful af-*

*flidices, with brawn and salaced pies upon new-year's day.*

*'That your said humble petitioner hath been five times imprisoned in five several country-gaols, for having been a ring-leader in five different riots, into which his zeal for the royal cause hurried him, when men of greater estates had not the courage to rise.*

*'That he the said E. H. hath had six duels and four-and-twenty boxing matches in defence of his majesty's title; and that he received such a blow upon the head at a boarfire in Stratford-upon-Avon, as he hath been never the better for from that day to this.*

*'That your petitioner hath been so far from improving his fortune, to the late damnable theory, that he verily believes, and hath good reason to imagine, that if he had been master of an estate he had infallibly been plundered and sequestered.*

*'Your petitioner, in consideration of his said exertions and sufferings, humbly requests that he may have the place of receiver of the taxes, collector of the customs, clerk of the peace, deputy-lieutenant, or whatsoever else he shall be thought qualified for. And your petitioner shall ever pray, &c.'*

Nº 630. WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1714.

*Parce Mergis*—

MON. O.L.L. L.3. VOL. 2.

With more attention wait.

HAVING no spare time to write any thing of my own, or to correct what is sent me by others, I have thought fit to publish the following letters.

*'Sir,*

*'Oxford, November 22.*

*'If you would be so kind to me, as to accept of that satisfaction, which the learned world must receive in reading one of your speculations, by publishing this endeavour, you will very much oblige and improve one, who has the boldness to hope that he may be admitted into the number of your correspondents.*

*'I have often wondered to hear men of good sense and good-nature profess a dislike to music, when at the same time they do not scruple to own that it has the most agreeable and improving influences over their minds: it seems to me an unhappy contradiction, that those persons should have an indifference for an art which raises in them such a variety of sublime pleasures.*

*'However, though some few, by their own or the unreasonable prejudices of others, may be led into a dislike for those musical societies which are erected merely for entertainment, yet soon I may venture to say that no one can have the least reason for disaffection to that solemn kind of melody which consists of the praises of our Creator.*

*'You have, I presume, already perceived me in an argument upon this occasion, which some divines have successfully advanced upon a much greater, that musical sacrifice and adoration has claimed a place in the laws and customs of the most different nations, as the Ceremonies and Rites of the profane, the Jews and Christians of the sacred world, all unanimously agree in this, no less dangerous to all other parts of their economy.*

*'I know there are not wanting some who are of opinion that the pompous and ostentatious which is used in foreign churches, is the worst sort of idolatry, as it most affects our senses. But I am swayed by my*

judgment to the modesty which is observed in the musical part of our devotions. Methinks there is something very laudable in the custom of a voluntary before the first lesson; by this we are supposed to be prepared for the admission of those divine truths which we are shortly to receive. We are then to cast all worldly regards from off our hearts, all tumults within are then hushed, and there should be nothing near the soul but peace and tranquillity. So that in this short office of praise the man is raised above himself, and is almost lost already amidst the joys of futurity.

'I have heard some nice observers frequently commend the policy of our church in this particular, that it leads us on by such easy and regular methods that we are perfectly deceived into piety. When the spirits begin to languish, (as they too often do with a constant series of petitions) she takes care to allow them a pious respite, and relieves them with the raptures of an anthem. Nor can we doubt that the sublimest poetry, softened in the most moving strains of music, can never fail of humbling or exalting the soul to any pitch of devotion. Who can hear the terrors of the Lord of Hosts described in the most expressive melody, without being awed into a veneration? Or who can hear the kind and endearing attributes of a merciful father, and not be softened into love towards him?

'As the rising and sinking of the passions, the casting soft or noble hints into the soul, is the natural privilege of music in general, so more particularly of that kind which is employed at the altar. Those impressions which it leaves upon the spirits are more deep and lasting, as the grounds from which it receives its authority are founded more upon reason. It diffuses a calmness all around us, it makes us drop all those vain or immodest thoughts which would be an hindrance to us in the performance of that great duty of thanksgiving\*, which, as we are informed by our Almighty Benefactor, is the most acceptable return which can be made for those infinite stores of blessings which he daily condescends to pour down upon his creatures. When we make use of this pathetic method of addressing ourselves to him, we can scarce contain from raptures! The heart is warmed with a sublimity of goodness! We are all piety and all love!

'How do the blessed spirits rejoice and wonder to behold unthinking man prostrating his soul to his dread Sovereign in such a warmth of piety as they themselves might not be ashamed of!

'I shall close these reflections with a passage taken out of the third book of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, where those harmonious beings are thus nobly described:

"Then crown'd again, their golden harps they took,  
Harps ever tun'd, that, glittering by their side,  
Like quivers hung, and with preamble sweet  
Of charming symphony they introduce  
The sacred song, and waken raptures high:  
No one exempt, no voice but well could join  
Melodious part—such concord is in heaven!"

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'THE town cannot be unacquainted that in divers parts of it there are vociferous sets of men who are called Rattling Clubs; but what shocks me most is,

they have now the front to invade the church, and institute these societies there, as a clan of them have in late times done, to such a degree of insolence as has given the partition where they reside in a church near one of the city gates, the denomination of the Rattling Pew. These gay fellows, from humble lay professions, set up for critics without any tincture of letters or reading, and have the vanity to think they can lay hold of something from the parson which may be formed into ridicule.

'It is needless to observe, that the gentlemen who every Sunday have the hard province of instructing these wretches in a way they are in no present disposition to take, have a fixed character for learning and eloquence, not to be tainted by the weak efforts of this contemptible part of their audiences. Whether the pulpit is taken by these gentlemen or any strangers their friends, the way of the club is this: if any sentiments are delivered too sublime for their conception; if any uncommon topic is entered on, or one in use now modified with the finest judgment and dexterity; or any controverted point be never so elegantly handled; in short, whatever surpasses the narrow limits of their theology, or is not suited to their taste, they are all immediately upon the watch, fixing their eyes upon each other with as much wrath as our gladiators of Hockley-in-the-Hole, and waiting like them for a hit; if one touches, all take fire, and their nodules instantly meet in the centre of the pew; then, as by beat of drum, with exact discipline, they rear up into a full length of stature, and with odd looks and gesticulations confer together in so loud and enormous a manner, continued to the close of the discourse, and during the after-psalm, as is not to be silenced but by the bells. Nor does this suffice them, without aiming to propagate their noise through all the church, by signals given to the adjoining seats, where others designed for this fraternity are sometimes placed upon trial to receive them.

'The folly as well as rudeness of this practice is in nothing more conspicuous than this, that all that follows in the sermon is lost; for, whenever our sparks take alarm, they blaze out and grow so tumultuous that no after-explanation can avail, it being impossible for themselves or any near them to give an account thereof. If any thing really novel is advanced, how averse soever it may be to their way of thinking, to say nothing of duty, men of less levity than these would be led by a natural curiosity to hear the whole.

'Laughter, where things sacred are transacted, is far less pardonable than whooping at a conventicle; the last has at least a semblance of grace, and where the affectation is unseen may possibly imprint wholesome lessons on the sincere; but the first has no excuse, breaking through all the rules of order and decency, and manifesting a remissness of mind in those important matters which require the strictest composure and steadiness of thought: a proof of the greatest folly in the world.

'I shall not here enter upon the veneration due to the sanctity of the place, the reverence owing the minister, or the respect that so great an assembly as a whole parish may justly claim. I shall only tell them, that, as the Spanish cobbler, to reclaim a profligate son, bid him have some regard to the dignity of his family, so they as gentlemen (for we citizens assume to be such one day in a week) are bound for the future to repent of, and abstain from, the gross abuses here mentioned, whereof they have

\* The day before this paper was published, a proclamation was issued for a thanksgiving for King George's accession, to be observed January 20th.

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Among several persons and pretensions recorded by my author, he mentions one of a very great estate, who, for having roasted an ox whole, and distributed a hoghead upon King Charles's birthday, desired to be provided for as his majesty in his great wisdom should think fit.

Another put in to be Prince Henry's governor, for having dared to drink his health in the worst of times.

A third petitioned for a colonel's commission, for having earned Oliver Cromwell, the day before his death, on a public bowling-green.

But the most whimsical petition I have met with is that of B. B. esq. who desired the honour of knighthood, for having cockbilled Sir T. W. a notorious roundhead.

There is likewise the petition of one who, having let his beard grow from the martyrdom of King Charles the First until the restoration of King Charles the Second, desired in consideration thereupon to be made a privy-counsellor.

I must not omit a memorial setting forth, that the memorialist had, with great dispatch, carried a letter from a certain lord to a certain lord, a heretic, as it afterwards appeared, measures were concerted for the restoration, and without which he verily believes that happy revolution had never been effected; who thereupon humbly prays to be made postmaster-general.

A certain gentleman, who seems to write with a great deal of spirit, and uses the words gallantry and gentleman-like very often in his petition, begs that (in consideration of his having worn his hat for ten years past in the loyal cavalier-cock, to his great danger and detriment) he may be made a captain of the guards.

I shall close my account of this collection of memorials with the copy of one petition at length, which I recommend to my reader as a very valuable piece.

#### *The Petition of E. H. Esq.*

*HUMBLY SHOWN,*

THAT your petitioner's father's brother's uncle, Colonel W. H. lost the third finger of his left-hand at Edgehill fight.

THAT your petitioner, notwithstanding the smallness of his fortune (he being a younger brother), always kept hospitality, and drank confusion to the roundheads in half a score bumper every Sunday in the year, as several honest gentlemen (whose names are under-written) are ready to testify.

THAT your petitioner is remarkable in his country, for having dared to treat Sir P. P. a cruel sequestrator, and three members of the assembly of

divines, with brawn and minced pies upon new-year's day.

THAT your said humble petitioner hath been five times imprisoned in five several county-gaols, for having been a ringleader in five different riots; into which his zeal for the royal cause hurried him, when men of greater estates had not the courage to rise.

THAT he the said E. H. hath had six duels and four-and-twenty boxing matches in defence of his majesty's title; and that he received such a blow upon the head at a bonfire in Stratford-upon-Avon, as he hath been never the better for from that day to this.

THAT your petitioner hath been so far from improving his fortune, in the late damnable times, that he verily believes, and hath good reason to imagine, that if he had been master of an estate he had lawfully been plundered and sequestered.

Your petitioner, in consideration of his said merits and sufferings, humbly requests that he may have the place of receiver of the taxes, collector of the customs, clerk of the peace, deputy-warden, or whatsoever else he shall be thought qualified for. And your petitioner shall ever pray, &c.

N<sup>o</sup> 530. WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1714.

*Prints Englis*

NO. 530. OL. L. L. 3. VOL. 2.

With much attention wait.

HAVE no spare time to write any thing of my own, or to correct what is sent me by others, I have thought fit to publish the following letters.

*Stu,*

*Oxford, November 22.*

If you would be so kind to me, as in respect that satisfaction, which the learned world must receive in reading one of your speculations, by publishing this endeavour, you will very much oblige and improve one, who has the boldness to hope that he may be admitted into the number of your correspondents.

I have often wondered to hear men of good sense and good-sense profess a dislike to music, when at the same time they do not scruple to own that it has the most agreeable and improving influences over their minds; it seems to me an unhappy contradiction, that those persons should have no indifference for an art which raises in them such a variety of sublime pleasures.

However, though some few, by their own or the unreasonable prejudices of others, may be led into a dispute for those musical societies which are erected merely for entertainment, yet now I may venture to say that no one can have the least reason for disaffection to that solemn kind of melody which consists of the praises of our Creator.

You have, I presume, already perceived me in an argument upon this occasion, which some dissenters have successfully advanced upon a much greater, that musical sacrifice and adoration has claimed a place in the laws and customs of the most different nations, as the Greeks and Romans of the profane, the Jews and Christians of the sacred world, did unanimously agree in this as they disagreed in all other parts of their economy.

I know there are not wanting some who are of opinion that the poems which are sung in church are in the most artificial, as it most affects our senses. But I am swayed by my

judgment to the modesty which is observed in the musical part of our devotions. Methinks there is something very laudable in the custom of a voluntary before the first lesson; by this we are supposed to be prepared for the admission of those divine truths which we are shortly to receive. We are then to cast all worldly regards from off our hearts, all tumults within are then becalmed, and there should be nothing near the soul but peace and tranquillity. So that in this short office of praise the soul is raised above himself, and is almost lost already amidst the joys of futurity.

'I have heard some nice observers frequently commend the policy of our church in this particular, that it leads us on by such easy and regular methods that we are perfectly deceived into piety. When the spirits begin to languish, (as they too often do with a constant series of petitions) she takes care to allow them a pious respite, and relieves them with the raptures of an anthem. Nor can we doubt that the sublimest poetry, softened in the most moving strains of music, can never fail of humbling or exalting the soul to any pitch of devotion. Who can hear the terrors of the Lord of Hosts described in the most expressive melody, without being awed into a veneration? Or who can hear the kind and endearing attributes of a merciful father, and not be softened into love towards him?

'As the rising and sinking of the passions, the casting soft or noble hints into the soul, is the natural privilege of music in general, so more particularly of that kind which is employed at the altar. Those impressions which it leaves upon the spirits are more deep and lasting, as the grounds from which it receives its authority are founded more upon reason. It diffuses a calmness all around us, it makes us drop all those vain or immodest thoughts which would be an hindrance to us in the performance of that great duty of thanksgiving\*, which, as we are informed by our Almighty Benefactor, is the most acceptable return which can be made for those infinite stores of blessings which he daily condescends to pour down upon his creatures. When we make use of this pathetic method of addressing ourselves to him, we can scarce contain from raptures! The heart is warmed with a sublimity of goodness! We are all piety and all love!

'How do the blessed spirits rejoice and wonder to behold unthinking man prostrating his soul to his dread Sovereign in such a warmth of piety as they themselves might not be ashamed of!

'I shall close these reflections with a passage taken out of the third book of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, where those harmonious beings are thus nobly described:

"Then crown'd again, their golden harps they took,  
Harps ever tun'd, that, glittering by their side,  
Like quivers hung, and with preamble sweet  
Of charming symphony they introduce  
The sacred song, and waken raptures high:  
No one exempt, no voice but well could join  
Melodious part—such concord is in heaven!"

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'THE town cannot be unacquainted that in divers parts of it there are vociferous sets of men who are called Rattling Clubs; but what shocks me most is,

\* The day before this paper was published, a proclamation was issued for a thanksgiving for King George's accession, to be observed January 20th.

they have now the front to invade the church, and institute those societies there, as a clan of them have in late times done, to such a degree of insolence as has given the partition where they reside in a church near one of the city gates, the denomination of the Rattling Pew. These gay fellows, from humble lay professions, set up for critics without any tincture of letters or reading, and have the vanity to think they can lay hold of something from the parson which may be formed into ridicule.

'It is needless to observe, that the gentlemen who every Sunday have the hard province of instructing these wretches in a way they are in no present disposition to take, have a fixed character for learning and eloquence, not to be tainted by the weak efforts of this contemptible part of their audiences. Whether the pulpit is taken by these gentlemen or any strangers their friends, the way of the club is this: if any sentiments are delivered too sublime for their conception; if any uncommon topic is entered on, or one in use new modified with the finest judgment and dexterity; or any controverted point be never so elegantly handled: in short, whatever surpasses the narrow limits of their theology, or is not suited to their taste, they are all immediately upon the watch, fixing their eyes upon each other with as much wariness as our gladiators of Hockley-in-the-Hole, and waiting like them for a hit; if one touches, all take fire, and their nodules instantly meet in the centre of the pew; then, as by beat of drum, with exact discipline, they rear up into a full length of stature, and with odd looks and gesticulations confer together in so loud and clamorous a manner, continued to the close of the discourse, and during the after-psalm, as is not to be silenced but by the bells. Nor does this suffice them, without aiming to propagate their noise through all the church, by signals given to the adjoining seats, where others designed for this fraternity are sometimes placed upon trial to receive them.

'The folly as well as rudeness of this practice is in nothing more conspicuous than this, that all that follows in the sermon is lost; for, whenever our sparks take alarm, they blaze out and grow so tumultuous that no after-explanation can avail, it being impossible for themselves or any near them to give an account thereof. If any thing really novel is advanced, how averse soever it may be to their way of thinking, to say nothing of duty, men of less levity than these would be led by a natural curiosity to hear the whole.

'Laughter, where things sacred are transacted, is far less pardonable than whining at a conventicle; the last has at least a semblance of grace, and where the affectation is unseen may possibly imprint wholesome lessons on the sincere; but the first has no excuse, breaking through all the rules of order and decency, and manifesting a remissness of mind in those important matters which require the strictest composure and steadiness of thought: a proof of the greatest folly in the world.

'I shall not here enter upon the veneration due to the sanctity of the place, the reverence owing the minister, or the respect that so great an assembly as a whole parish may justly claim. I shall only tell them, that, as the Spanish cobbler, to reclaim a profligate son, bid him have some regard to the dignity of his family, so they as gentlemen (for we citizens assume to be such one day in a week) are bound for the future to repent of, and abstain from, the gross abuses here mentioned, whereof they have







N<sup>o</sup> 633. WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1714.

*Quem profecto cum ex cunctis rebus referret ad humanam aeternitatem magnificentiisque et docti et scribit CICERO.*

The contemplation of celestial things will make a man both speak and think more nobly and magnificently when he descends to human affairs.

The following discourse is printed as it came to my hands, without variation.

Cambridge, Dec. 11.

'It was a very common inquiry among the ancients, why the number of excellent orators, under all the encouragements the most flourishing states could give them, fell so far short of the number of those who excelled in all other sciences. A friend of mine used merrily to apply to this case an observation of Herodotus, who says, that the most useful animals are the most fruitful in their generation; whereas the species of those beasts that are fierce and mischievous to mankind are but scarcely continued. The historian instances in a hare, which always either breeds or brings forth; and a lioness, which brings forth but once, and then loses all power of conception. But leaving my friend to his mirth, I am of opinion that in these latter ages we have greater cause of complaint than the ancients had. And since that solemn festival is approaching\*, which calls for all the power of oratory, and which affords as noble a subject for the pulpit as any revelation has taught us, the design of this paper shall be to show that our moderns have greater advantages towards true and solid eloquence than any which the celebrated speakers of antiquity enjoyed.

'The first great and substantial difference is, that their common places, in which almost the whole force of amplification consisted, were drawn from the profit or honesty of the action, as they regarded only this present state of duration. But Christianity, as it exalts morality to a greater perfection, so it brings the consideration of another life into the question, as it proposes rewards and punishments of a higher nature and a longer continuance, is more adapted to affect the minds of the audience, naturally inclined to pursue what it imagines its greatest interest and concern. If Pericles, as historians report, could shake the firmest resolutions of his hearers, and set the passions of all Greece in a ferment, when the present welfare of his country, or the fear of hostile invasions, was the subject; what may be expected from that orator who warns his audience against those evils which have no remedy, when once undergone, either from prudence or time? As much greater are the evils to a future state than these at present, so much are the motives to persuasion under Christianity greater than those which were moral considerations could supply us with. But what I now mention relates only to the power of moving the affections. There is another part of eloquence which is indeed its masterpiece; I mean the marvellous, as sublime. In this the Christian orator has the advantage beyond contradiction. Our ideas are sensibly enlarged by revelation, the eye of reason has so wide a prospect into eternity, the notions of a deity are so worthy and reduced, and the accounts we have of a state of happiness or misery so clear and evident, that the contemplation of

\* Christmas.

such objects will give our discourse a noble vigour, an invincible force, beyond the power of any human consideration. Truly requires in his perfect orator some skill in the nature of heavenly bodies; because, says he, his mind will become more extensive and unconfined; and when he descends to treat of human affairs, he will both think and write in a more exalted and magnificent manner. For the same reason that excellent master would have recommended the study of those great and glorious mysteries which revelation has discovered to us; to which the noblest parts of this system of the world are as much inferior as the creature is less excellent than its Creator. The wisest and most knowing among the heathens had very poor and imperfect notions of a future state. They had indeed some uncertain hopes, either received by tradition, or gathered by reason, that the existence of virtuous men would not be determined by the separation of soul and body; but they either disbelieved a future state of punishment and misery; or, upon the same account that Apelles painted Antigonus with one side only towards the spectator, that the loss of his eye might not cast a blemish upon the whole piece; so these represented the condition of man in its fairest view, and endeavoured to conceal what they thought was a deformity to human nature. I have often observed, that whenever the above-mentioned orator in his philosophical discourses is led by his argument to the mention of immortality, he seems like one awaked out of sleep; roused and alarmed with the dignity of the subject, he stretches his imagination to conceive something uncommon, and, with the greatness of his thoughts, casts, as it were, a glory round the sentence. Uncertain and unsettled as he was, he seems fixed with the contemplation of it. And nothing but such a glorious prospect could have forced so great a lover of truth as he was to declare his resolution never to part with his persuasion of immortality, though it should be proved to be an erroneous one. But had he lived to see all that Christianity has brought to light, how would he have lavished out all the force of eloquence in these noblest contemplations which human nature is capable of, the resurrection and the judgment that follows it! How had his breast glowed with pleasure, when the whole compass of eternity lay open and exposed to his view! How would his imagination have hurried him on in the pursuit of the mysteries of the incarnation! How would he have entered, with the force of lightning, into the affections of his hearers, and fixed their attention, in spite of all the opposition of corrupt nature, upon those glorious themes which his eloquence hath painted in such lively and lasting colours!

'This advantage Christianity has; and it was with no small pleasure I lately met with a fragment of Longinus, which is preserved, as a testimony of that critic's judgment, at the beginning of a manuscript of the New Testament in the Vatican library. After that author has numbered up the most celebrated orators among the Greeks, he says, "add to these Paul of Tarsus, the patron of an opinion not yet fully proved." As a brother, he condemns the Christian religion; and, as an impartial critic, he judges in favour of the preacher and preacher of it. To me it seems that the latter part of his judgment affords great weight to his opinion of St. Paul's abilities, since, under all the prejudice of opinion directly opposite, he is constrained to acknowledge the merit of that apostle. And no doubt such as Longinus describes St. Paul, such he appeared to the spectators of

those countries which he visited and blessed with those doctrines he was divinely commissioned to preach. Sacred story gives us, in one circumstance, a convincing proof of his eloquence, when the men of Lystra called him Mercury, "because he was the chief speaker," and would have paid divine worship to him, as to the God who invented and presided over eloquence. This one account of our apostle sets his character, considered as an orator only, above all the celebrated relations of the skill and influence of Demosthenes and his contemporaries. Their power in speaking was admired, but still it was thought human: their eloquence warmed and ravished the hearers, but still it was thought the voice of man, not the voice of God. What advantage then had St. Paul above those of Greece or Rome? I confess I can ascribe this excellence to nothing but the power of the doctrines he delivered, which may have still the same influence on his hearers; which have still the power, when preached by a skilful orator, to make us break out in the same expressions as the disciples who met our Saviour in their way to Emmaus made use of; "Did not our hearts burn within us when he talked to us by the way, and while he opened to us the scriptures?" I may be thought bold in my judgment by some, but I must affirm that no one orator has left us so visible marks and footsteps of his eloquence as our apostle. It may perhaps be wondered at that, in his reasonings upon idolatry at Athens, where eloquence was born and flourished, he confines himself to strict argument only; but my reader may remember what many authors of the best credit have assured us, that all attempts upon the affections and strokes of oratory were expressly forbidden by the laws of that country in courts of judicature. His want of eloquence therefore here was the effect of his exact conformity to the laws; but his discourse on the resurrection to the Corinthians, his harangue before Agrippa upon his own conversion, and the necessity of that of others, are truly great, and may serve as full examples to those excellent rules for the sublime, which the best of critics has left us. The sum of all this discourse is, that our clergy have no further to look for an example of the perfection they may arrive at than to St. Paul's harangues; that when he, under the want of several advantages of nature, as he himself tells us, was heard, admired, and made a standard to succeeding ages by the best judges of a different persuasion in religion; I say our clergy may learn that, however instructive their sermons are, they are capable of receiving a great addition; which St. Paul has given them a noble example of, and the Christian religion has furnished them with certain means of attaining to.

[DR. PEARCE, afterwards Bp. of Rochester.]

Nº 634. FRIDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1714.

Ὁ ἑαυτῶν δὲοιμὲν ὁ ἑαυτῶν ὁιμὲν.

SOCRATES, apud XEN.

The fewer our wants, the nearer we resemble the gods.

It was the common boast of the heathen philosophers, that, by the efficacy of their several doctrines, they made human nature resemble the divine. How much mistaken soever they might be in the several means they proposed for this end, it must be owned that the design was great and glori-

ous. The finest works of invention and imagination are of very little weight when put in the balance with what refines and exalts the rational mind. Longinus excuses Homer very handsomely, when he says the poet made his gods like men, that he might make his men appear like the gods. But it must be allowed that several of the ancient philosophers acted as Cleero wishes Homer had done: they endeavoured rather to make men like gods than gods like men.

According to this general maxim in philosophy, some of them have endeavoured to place men in such a state of pleasure, or indolence at least, as they vainly imagined the happiness of the Supreme Being to consist in. On the other hand, the most virtuous sect of philosophers have created a chimerical wise man, whom they made exempt from passions and pain, and thought it enough to pronounce him all-sufficient.

This last character, when divested of the glare of human philosophy that surrounds it, signifies no more than that a good and wise man should so arm himself with patience, as not to yield tamely to the violence of passion and pain; that he should learn so to suppress and contract his desires as to have few wants; and that he should cherish so many virtues in his soul as to have a perpetual source of pleasure in himself.

The Christian religion requires that, after having framed the best idea we are able of the divine nature, it should be our next care to conform ourselves to it as far as our imperfections will permit. I might mention several passages in the sacred writings on this head, to which I might add many maxims and wise sayings of moral authors among the Greeks and Romans.

I shall only instance a remarkable passage, to this purpose, out of Julian's *Cæsars* \*. That emperor having represented all the Roman emperors, with Alexander the Great, as passing in review before the gods, and striving for the superiority, lets them all drop, excepting Alexander, Julius Cæsar, Augustus Cæsar, Trajan, Marcus Aurelius, and Constantine. Each of these great heroes of antiquity lays in his claim for the upper place; and, in order to it, sets forth his actions after the most advantageous manner. But the gods, instead of being dazzled with the lustre of their actions, inquire by Mercury into the proper motive and governing principle that influenced them throughout the whole series of their lives and exploits. Alexander tells them that his aim was to conquer; Julius Cæsar, that his was to gain the highest post in his country; Augustus, to govern well; Trajan, that his was the same as that of Alexander, namely, to conquer. The question, at length, was put to Marcus Aurelius, who replied, with great modesty, that it had always been his care to imitate the gods. This conduct seems to have gained him the most votes and best place in the whole assembly. Marcus Aurelius, being afterwards asked to explain himself, declares, that, by imitating the gods, he endeavoured to imitate them in the use of his understanding and of all other faculties; and, in particular, that it was always his study to have as few wants as possible in himself, and to do all the good he could to others.

Among the many methods by which revealed religion has advanced morality, this is one, that it has given us a more just and perfect idea of that Being whom every reasonable creature ought to imitate. The young man, in a heathen comedy, might

\* Spanheim, *Les Cæsars de L'Empereur Julien*, 4to. 1728.

justify his lewdness by the example of Jupiter; as, indeed, there was scarce any crime that might not be countenanced by those notions of the deity which prevailed among the common people in the heathen world. Revealed religion sets forth a proper object for imitation in that Being who is the pattern, as well as the source, of all spiritual perfection.

While we remain in this life we are subject to innumerable temptations, which, if listened to, will make us deviate from reason and goodness, the only things wherein we can imitate the Supreme Being. In the next life we meet with nothing to excite our inclinations that doth not deserve them. I shall therefore dismiss my reader with this maxim, viz. 'Our happiness in this world proceeds from the suppression of our desires, but in the next world from the gratification of them.'

[The Author uncertain.]

Nº 633. MONDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1714

*Scitis te videm hominem ad deum contemplari; quæ ut illis parva (ut ait) tibi videtur. hæc curiosa ac perpetua spectatio; illa humana conclusio.*

CICERO *FLORA*, Scip.

I perceive you contemplate the seat and habitation of men; which, if it appears as little as you as it really is, fix your eyes perpetually upon heavenly objects, and despise earth.

THE following essay comes from the ingenious author of the letter upon Novelty, printed in a late Spectator; the notions are drawn from the Platonic way of thinking; but, as they contribute to raise the mind, and may inspire noble sentiments of our own future grandeur and happiness, I think it well deserves to be presented to the public.

IF the universe be the creature of an intelligent mind, this mind could have no immediate regard to himself in producing it. He needed not to make trial of his omnipotence to be informed what effects were within its reach; the world, as existing in his eternal idea, was then as beautiful as now it is drawn forth into being; and in the immense abyss of his essence are contained far brighter scenes than will be ever set forth to view; it being impossible that the great Author of nature should bound his own power by giving existence to a system of creatures so perfect that he cannot improve upon it by any other exertions of his almighty will. Between finite and infinite there is an unmeasured interval not to be filled up in endless ages; for which reason the most excellent of all God's works must be equally short of what his power is able to produce as the most imperfect, and may be exceeded with the same ease.

This thought hath made some imagine (what it must be confessed is not impossible) that the unfathom'd space, is ever teeming with new births the younger still inheriting a greater perfection than the elder. But, as this doth not fall within my present view, I shall content myself with taking notice, that the considerations now mentioned prove undeniably, that the Ideal worlds in the Divine understanding yield a prospect incomparably more ample, various, and delightful, than

any created world can do; and that therefore, as it is not to be supposed that God should make a world merely of insensible matter, however diversified or inhabited only by creatures of no higher an order than brutes, so the end for which he designed his reasonable offspring is the contemplation of his works, the enjoyment of himself, and in both to be happy; having, to this purpose, endowed them with correspondent faculties and desires. He can have no greater pleasure from a bare review of his works than from the survey of his own ideas; but we may be assured that he is well pleased in the satisfaction derived to beings capable of it, and for whose entertainment he hath erected this immense theatre. Is not this more than an intimation of our immortality? Man, who, when considered, as on his probation for a happy existence hereafter, is the most remarkable instance of Divine wisdom, if we cut him off from all relation to eternity, is the most wonderful and unaccountable composition in the whole creation. He hath capacities to lodge a much greater variety of knowledge than he will be ever master of, and an insatiable curiosity to tread the secret paths of nature and providence; but with this, his organs, in their present structure, are rather fitted to serve the necessities of a vile body, than to minister to his understanding; and, from the little spot to which he is chained, he can frame but wandering guesses concerning the innumerable worlds of light that encompass him, which, though in themselves of a prodigious bigness, do but just glimmer to the remote spaces of the heavens; and when, with a great deal of time and pains, he hath laboured a little way up the steep ascent of truth, and beholds with pity the grovelling multitude beneath, in a moment his foot slides, and he tumbles down headlong into the grave.

Thinking on this, I am obliged to believe, in justice to the Creator of the world, that there is another state when man shall be better situated for contemplation, or rather have it in his power to remove from object to object, and from world to world; and be accommodated with senses, and other helps, for making the quickest and most accurate discoveries. How doth such a genius as Sir Isaac Newton, from amidst the darkness that involves human understanding, break forth, and appear like one of another species! The vast machine we inhabit lies open to him; he seems not unacquainted with the general laws that govern it; and while with the transport of a philosopher he beholds and admires the glorious work, he is capable of paying at once a more devout and more rational homage to his Maker. Not, alas! how narrow is the prospect even of such a mind! And how obscure, to this compass that is taken in by the lens of an angel, or of a soul but newly escaped from its imprisonment in the body! For my part, I freely indulge myself in the confidence of its future grandeur; it pleases me to think that I, who know so small a portion of the works of the Creator, and with slow and painful steps creep up and down on the surface of this globe, shall ere long shoot away with the swift flow of imagination, trace out the hidden springs of nature's operations, be able to keep pace with the heavenly bodies in the rapidity of their career, be a spectator of the long chain of events in the natural and moral worlds, shift the several apartments of the creation, know how they are furnished and how inhabited, comprehend the order, and perceive the magnificence and duration of those orders, which to us seem disjointed without any regular design, and set all in the same circular motion: the de-

pendance of the darts of each system, and (if our minds are big enough to grasp the theory) of the several systems upon one another, from whence results the harmony of the universe. In eternity a great deal may be done of this kind. I find it of use to cherish this generous ambition; for, besides the secret refreshment it diffuses through my soul, it engages me in an endeavour to improve my faculties, as well as to exercise them conformably to the rank I now hold among reasonable beings, and the hope I have of being once advanced to a more exalted station.

The other, and the ultimate end of man, is the enjoyment of God, beyond which he cannot form a wish. Dim at the best are the conceptions we have of the Supreme Being, who, as it were, keeps his creatures in suspense, neither discovering nor hiding himself; by which means, the libertine hath a handle to dispute his existence, while the most are content to speak him fair, but in their hearts prefer every trifling satisfaction to the favour of their Maker, and ridicule the good man for the singularity of his choice. Will there not a time come when the free-thinker shall see his impious schemes overturned, and be made a convert to the truths he hates? When deluded mortals shall be convinced of the folly of their pursuits; and the few wise, who followed the guidance of Heaven, and, scorning the blandishments of sense, and the sordid bribery of the world, aspired to a celestial abode, shall stand possessed of their utmost wish in the vision of the Creator? Here the mind heaves a thought now and then towards him, and hath some transient glances of his presence: when in the instant it thinks itself to have the fastest hold, the object eludes its expectations, and it falls back tired and baffled to the ground. Doubtless there is some more pr

versing with heavenly beings. Are not spirits capable of mutual intelligence, unless immersed in bodies, or by their intervention? Must superior natures depend on inferior for the main privilege of sociable beings, that of conversing with, and knowing each other? What would they have done had matter never been created? I suppose, not have lived in eternal solitude. As incorporeal substances are of a nobler order, so be sure their manner of intercourse is answerably more expedite and intimate. This method of communication we call intellectual vision, as somewhat analagous to the sense of seeing, which is the medium of our acquaintance with this visible world. And in some such way can God make himself the object of immediate intuition to the blessed; and as he can, it is not improbable that he will, always condescending, in the circumstances of doing it, to the weakness and proportion of finite minds. His works but faintly reflect the image of his perfections; it is a second-hand knowledge: to have a just idea of him it may be necessary to see him as he is. But what is that? It is something that never entered into the heart of man to conceive; yet what we can easily conceive, will be a fountain of unspeakable and everlasting rapture. All created glories will fade and die away in his presence. Perhaps it will be my happiness to compare the world with the fair exemplar of it in the Divine Mind; perhaps, to view the original plan of those wise designs that have been executing in a long succession of ages. Thus employed in finding out his works, and contemplating their Author, how shall I fall prostrate and adoring, my body swallowed up in the immensity of matter, my mind in the infinitude of his perfections!

[GROVE.]

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FINIS.

N<sup>o</sup> 384. FRIDAY, MAY 23, 1712.

*Omnia trifoliosa severa, cum rebus faciendo, cum studiis graviter, cum paratulis comiter error.*

TULL.

THE piece of Latin on the head of this paper is part of a character extremely vicious; but I have set down no more than may fall in with the rules of justice and honour. Cicero spoke of Catiline, who, he said, 'lived with the sad severely, with the cheerful agreeably, with the old gravely, with the young pleasantly;' he added, 'with the wicked boldly, with the wanton lasciviously.' The two last instances of his complaisance I forbear to consider, having it in my thoughts at present only to speak of obsequious behaviour as it sits upon a companion in pleasure, not a man of design and intrigue. To vary with every humour in this manner, cannot be agreeable, except it comes from a man's own temper and natural complexion; to do it out of an ambition to excel that way, is the most frivolous and unbecoming prostitution imaginable. To put on an artificial part to obtain no other end but an unjust praise from the underbearing, is of all endeavours the most despicable. A man must be sincerely pleased to become pleasure, or not to interrupt that of others; for this reason it is a most calamitous circumstance, that many people who want to be alone, or should be so, will come into conversation. It is certain that all men, who are the least given to reflection, are seized with an inclination that way, when, perhaps, they had rather be inclined to company; but indeed they had better go home and be tired with themselves, than force themselves upon others to recover their good-humour. It is all this the case of communicating to a friend a sad thought or difficulty, in order to relieve a heavy heart, stands excused; but what is here meant is, that a man should always go with inclination to the term of the company he is going into, or not pretend to be of the party. It is certainly a very happy temper to be able to live with all kinds of dispositions, because it argues a mind that lies open to receive what is pleasing to others, and not obstinately bent on any particularity of his own.

This it is which makes me pleased with the character of my good acquaintance Acuto. You meet him at the tables and conversations of the wise, the impertinent, the grave, the frolic, and the witty; and yet his own character has nothing in it that can make him particularly agreeable to any one sort of men; but Acuto has natural good sense, good-nature, and discretion, so that every man enjoys himself in his company; and though Acuto contributes nothing to the entertainment, he never was at a place where he was not welcome a second time. Without these subordinate good qualities of Acuto, a man of wit and learning would be painful to the generality of mankind, instead of being pleasing. Witty men are apt to imagine they are agreeable as such, and by that means grow the worst companions imaginable; they deride the absent or rally the present in a wrong manner, not knowing that if you pinch or tickle a man till he is uneasy in his seat, or ungracefully distinguished from the rest of the company, you equally hurt him.

I was going to say, the true art of being agreeable is company (but there can be no such thing as art in it) is to appear well pleased with those you

are engaged with, and rather to seem well entertained, than to bring entertainment to others. A man thus disposed is not indeed what we ordinarily call a good companion, but essentially is such, and in all the parts of his conversation has something friendly in his behaviour, which conciliates men's minds more than the highest sallies of wit or starts of humour can possibly do. The feebleness of age in a man of this turn, has something which should be treated with respect even in a man no otherwise venerable. The forwardness of youth, when it proceeds from alacrity, and not insolence, has also its allowances. The companion who is formed for such by nature, gives to every character of life his due regards, and is ready to account for their imperfections, and receive their accomplishments as if they were his own. It must appear that you receive law from, and not give it to your company, to make you agreeable.

I remember Tully, speaking, I think, of Antony, says, that in *co faciente erat, quæ sula ars traditur*: 'He had a witty spirit, which could be acquired by no art.' This quality must be of the kind of which I am now speaking; for all sorts of behaviour which depend upon observation and knowledge of life, are to be acquired; but that which no one can describe, and is apparently the act of nature, must be every where prevalent, because every thing it meets is a fit occasion to exert it; for he who follows nature, can never be improper or unreasonable.

How unaccountable then must their behaviour be, who, without any manner of consideration of what the company they have just now entered are upon, give themselves the air of a stranger, and make no distinct relations of the occurrences they last met with, as if they had been dispatched from those they talk to, to be precisely exact in a report of those circumstances. It is unpardonable to those who are met to enjoy one another, that a fresh man shall pop in, and give me only the last part of his own life, and put a stop to ours during the history. If such a man comes from 'Chancery, whether you will or not, you must hear how the stacks go; and, though you are ever so lately employed as a graver subject, a young fellow of the other end of the town will take his place, and tell you, Mrs. Such-a-one is charmingly handsome, because he just now saw her. But I think I need not dwell on this subject, since I have acknowledged there can be no rules made for excelling this way; and precepts of this kind are like rules for writing poetry, which, it is said, may have prevented all poets, but never made good ones.

STILL.

T.

N<sup>o</sup> 385. SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1712.

Quid paret tranquillæ.

HOR. Ep. sat. l. i. ver. 192.

What eases the breast, and makes the mind serene.

In my last Saturday's paper I spoke of cheerfulness as it is a moral habit of the mind, and accordingly mentioned such moral motives as are apt to cherish and keep alive this happy temper in the soul of man; I shall now consider cheerfulness in its natural state, and reflect on those motives to it, which are indifferent either as to virtue or vice.

Cheerfulness is, in the first place, the best pre-

\* N<sup>o</sup> 381. See also N<sup>o</sup> 273.

moter of health. Repinings, and secret murmurs of heart, give imperceptible strokes to those delicate fibres of which the vital parts are composed, and wear out the machine insensibly; not to mention those violent ferments which they stir up in the blood, and those irregular disturbed motions which they raise in the animal spirits. I scarce remember, in my own observation, to have met with many old men, or with such, who (to use our English phrase) wear well, that had not at least a certain indolence in their humour, if not a more than ordinary gaiety and cheerfulness of heart. The truth of it is, health and cheerfulness mutually beget each other; with this difference, that we seldom meet with a great degree of health which is not attended with a certain cheerfulness, but very often see cheerfulness where there is no great degree of health.

Cheerfulness bears the same friendly regard to the mind as to the body. It banishes all anxious care and discontent, soothes and composes the passions, and keeps the soul in a perpetual calm. But having already touched on this last consideration, I shall here take notice, that the world in which we are placed, is filled with innumerable objects that are proper to raise and keep alive this happy temper of mind.

If we consider the world in its subserviency to man, one would think it was made for our use; but if we consider it in its natural beauty and harmony, one would be apt to conclude it was made for our pleasure. The sun, which is as the great soul of the universe, and produces all the necessities of life, has a particular influence in cheering the mind of man, and making the heart glad.

Those several living creatures which are made for our service or sustenance, at the same time either fill the woods with their music, furnish us with game, or raise pleasing ideas in us by the delightfulness of their appearance. Fountains, lakes, and rivers, are as refreshing to the imagination, as to the soil through which they pass.

There are writers of great distinction, who have made it an argument for Providence, that the whole earth is covered with green rather than with any other colour, as being such a right mixture of light and shade, that it comforts and strengthens the eye, instead of weakening or grieving it. For this reason several painters have a green cloth hanging near them, to ease the eye upon, after too great an application to their colouring. A famous modern philosopher \* accounts for it in the following manner: All colours that are more luminous, overpower and dissipate the animal spirits which are employed in sight: on the contrary, those that are more obscure do not give the animal spirits a sufficient exercise; whereas the rays that produce in us the idea of green, fall upon the eye in such a due proportion, that they give the animal spirits their proper play, and by keeping up the struggle in a just balance, excite a very pleasing and agreeable sensation. Let the cause be what it will, the effect is certain; for which reason the poets ascribe to this particular colour the epithet of cheerful.

To consider further this double end in the works of nature, and how they are at the same time both useful and entertaining, we find that the most important parts in the vegetable world are those which are the most beautiful. These are the seeds by which the several races of plants are propagated and continued, and which are always lodged in *flowers or blossoms*. Nature seems to hide her

principal design, and to be industrious in making the earth gay and delightful, while she is carrying on her great work, and intent upon her own preservation. The husbandman after the same manner is employed in laying out the whole country into a kind of garden or landscape, and making every thing smile about him, whilst in reality he thinks of nothing but of the harvest, and the increase which is to arise from it.

We may further observe how Providence has taken care to keep up this cheerfulness in the mind of man, by having formed it after such a manner, as to make it capable of conceiving delight from several objects which seem to have very little use in them; as from the wildness of rocks and deserts, and the like grotesque parts of nature. Those who are versed in philosophy may still carry this consideration higher, by observing that if matter had appeared to us endowed only with those real qualities which it actually possesses, it would have made but a very joyless and uncomfortable figure: and why has Providence given it a power of producing in us such imaginary qualities, as tastes and colours, sounds and smells, heat and cold, but that man, while he is conversant in the lower stations of nature, might have his mind cheered and delighted with agreeable sensations? In short, the whole universe is a kind of theatre filled with objects that either raise in us pleasure, amusement, or admiration.

The reader's own thoughts will suggest to him the vicissitude of day and night, the change of seasons, with all that variety of scenes which diversify the face of nature, and fill the mind with a perpetual succession of beautiful and pleasing images.

I shall not here mention the several entertainments of art, with the pleasures of friendship, books, conversation, and other accidental diversions of life, because I would only take notice of such incitements to a cheerful temper as offer themselves to persons of all ranks and conditions, and which may sufficiently show us that Providence did not design this world should be filled with murmurs and repinings, or that the heart of man should be involved in gloom and melancholy.

I the more inculcate this cheerfulness of temper, as it is a virtue in which our countrymen are observed to be more deficient than any other nation. Melancholy is a kind of demon that haunts our island, and often conveys herself to us in an easterly wind. A celebrated French novelist, in opposition to those who begin their romances with the flowery season of the year, enters on his story thus: 'In the gloomy month of November, when the people of England hang and drown themselves, a disconsolate lover walked out into the fields,' &c.

Every one ought to fence against the temper of his climate or constitution, and frequently to indulge in himself those considerations which may give him a serenity of mind, and enable him to bear up cheerfully against those little evils and misfortunes which are common to human nature, and which by a right improvement of them will produce a satiety of joy, and an uninterrupted happiness.

At the same time that I would engage my reader to consider the world in its most agreeable lights, I must own there are many evils which naturally spring up amidst the entertainments that are provided for us; but these, if rightly considered, should be far from overcasting the mind with sorrow, or destroying that cheerfulness of temper which I have been recommending. This interspersing of

\* Sir Isaac Newton,

